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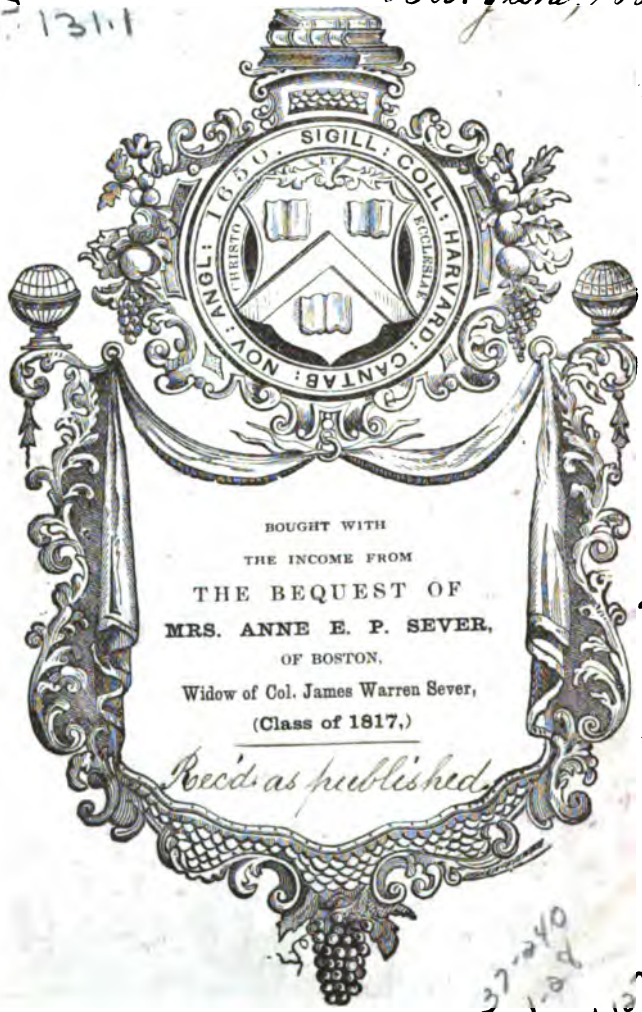

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A TURKISH EFFENDI ON CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAM.

In the suburb of one of the most romantically situated towns in Asia Minor there lives the most remarkable oriental whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Travelling through that interesting country a few months ago, with the view of assisting the British Government to introduce some much-needed reforms, I arrived at ——. I purposely abstain from mentioning the name of the place, as my Eastern friend, to whom I am indebted for the following paper, desires his *incognito* to be observed, for reasons which the reader will easily understand on its perusal. I remained there some weeks examining the state of the surrounding country, at that time a good deal disturbed, and giving the local authorities the benefit of a little wholesome counsel and advice, which, I need scarcely say, they wholly disregarded. My officious interference in their affairs not unnaturally procured me some notoriety; and I received, in consequence, numerous visits from members of all classes of the community detailing their grievances, and anxious to know what chance there might be of a forcible intervention on the part of England by which these should be redressed. In my intercourse with them I was struck by their constant allusion to an apparently mysterious individual, who evidently enjoyed a reputation for an almost supernatural sagacity, and whose name they never mentioned except in terms of the greatest reverence, and indeed, I might almost say, of awe. My curiosity at last became excited, and I made special inquiries in regard to this unknown sage. I found that he lived about a mile and a half out of the town, on a farm which he had purchased about five years ago; that no one knew from whence he had come; that he spoke both Turkish and Arabic as his native tongues; but that some supposed him to be a Frank, owing to his entire neglect of all the ceremonial observances of a good Moslem, and to a certain foreign mode of thought; while others maintained that no man who had not been born an oriental could adapt himself so naturally to the domestic life of the East, and acquire its social habits with such ease and

perfection. His erudition was said to be extraordinary, and his life seemed passed in studying the literature of many languages—his agent for the purchase and forwarding of such books and papers as he needed, being a foreign merchant at the nearest seaport. He seemed possessed of considerable wealth, but his mode of life was simple in the extreme; and he employed large sums in relieving the distress by which he was surrounded, and in protecting by the necessary bribes those who were unable to protect themselves from oppression. The result was, that he was adored by the country people for miles round, while he was rather respected and feared than disliked by the Turkish officials—for he was extremely tolerant of their financial necessities, and quite understood that they were compelled to squeeze money out of the peasantry, because, as they received no pay, they would starve themselves unless they did.

To this gentleman I sent my card, with a note in French, stating that I was a travelling Englishman, with a seat in the House of Commons in immediate prospect at the coming election, consumed with a desire to reform Asia Minor, or, at all events, to enlighten my countrymen as to how it should be done. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that I actually put all this in my note, but it was couched in the usual tone of members of Parliament who are cramming political questions abroad which are likely to come up next session. I know the style, because I have been in the House myself. The note I received in reply was in English, and ran as follows:—

"Dear Sir, — If you are not otherwise engaged, it will give me great pleasure if you will do me the honour of dining with me to-morrow evening at seven. I trust you will excuse the preliminary formality of a visit, but I have an appointment at some distance in the country, which will detain me until too late an hour to call.—Believe me, yours very truly, —— Effendi.

"*P.S.*—As you may have some difficulty in finding your way, my servant will be with you at half-past six to serve as a guide."

"Dear me," I thought, as I read this civilised epistle with amazement, "I wonder whether he expects me to dress;" for I need scarcely say I had come utterly unprovided for any such contingency, my wearing apparel, out of regard for my baggage-mule, having been limited to the smallest allowance consistent with cleanliness. Punctually at the hour named, my dragoman informed me that —— Effendi's servant was in attendance; and, arrayed in the shooting-coat, knee-breeches, and riding-boots which formed my only costume, I followed him on foot through the narrow winding streets of the town, until we emerged into its gardens, and following a charming path between orchards of fruit-trees, gradually reached its extreme outskirts, when it turned into a narrow glen, down which foamed a brawling torrent. A steep ascent for about ten minutes brought us to a large gate in a wall. This was immediately opened by a porter who lived in a lodge outside, and I found myself in grounds that were half park, half flower-garden, in the centre of which, on a terrace commanding a magnificent view, stood the house of my host,—a Turkish mansion with projecting latticed windows, and a courtyard with a colonnade round it and a fountain in the middle. A broad flight of steps led to the principal entrance, and at the top of it stood a tall figure in the flowing Turkish costume of fifty years ago, now, alas! becoming very

rare among the upper classes. I wondered whether this could be the writer of the invitation to dinner; but my doubts were speedily solved by the *empressement* with which this turbaned individual, who seemed a man of about fifty years of age, descended the steps, and with the most consummate ease and grace of manner, advanced to shake hands and give me a welcome of unaffected cordiality. He spoke English with the greatest fluency, though with a slight accent, and in appearance was of the fair type not uncommonly seen in Turkey; the eyes dark-blue, mild in repose, but, when animated, expanding and flashing with the brilliancy of the intelligence which lay behind them. The beard was silky and slightly auburn. The whole expression of the face was inexpressibly winning and attractive, and I instinctively felt that if it only depended upon me, we should soon become fast friends. Such in fact proved to be the case. We had a perfect little dinner, cooked in Turkish style, but served in European fashion; and afterwards talked so far into the night, that my host would not hear of my returning, and put me into a bedroom as nicely furnished as if it had been in a country-house in England. Next morning I found that my dragoman and baggage had all been transferred from the house of the family with whom I had been lodging in town, and I was politely given to understand that I was forcibly taken possession of during the remainder of my stay at ——. At the expiration of a week I was so much struck by the entirely novel view, as it seemed to me, which my host took of the conflict between Christendom and Islam, and by the philosophic aspect under which he presented the Eastern Question generally, that I asked him whether he would object to putting his ideas in writing, and allowing me to publish them,—prefacing his remarks by any explanation in regard to his own personality which he might feel disposed to give. He was extremely reluctant to comply with this request, his native modesty and shrinking from notoriety of any sort presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to his rushing into print, even in the strictest *incognito*. However, by dint of persistent importunity, I at last succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and he consented to throw into the form of a personal communication addressed to me whatever he had to say, and to allow me to make any use of it I liked.

I confess that when I came to read his letter, I was somewhat taken aback by the uncompromising manner in which the Effendi had stated his case; and I should have asked him to modify the language in which he had couched his views, but I felt convinced that had I done so, he would have withdrawn it altogether. I was, moreover, ashamed to admit that I doubted whether I should find a magazine in England with sufficient courage to publish it. As, although my friend wrote English with extraordinary facility for an oriental, the style was somewhat defective, I ventured to propose that I should rewrite it, retaining not merely the ideas, but the expressions as far as possible. To this he readily consented; and as I read it over to him afterwards, and he approved of it in its present form, I can guarantee that his theory as to the origin and nature of the collision between the East and the West is accurately represented. I need not say that I differ from it entirely, and in our numerous conversations gave my reasons for doing so. I will not enter into them here, however, as they will at once occur to the intelligent reader; but notwithstanding the many fallacies contain-

ed in the Effendi's line of argument, I have thought it well that it should, if possible, be made public in England, for many reasons. In the first place, the question of reform, especially in Asiatic Turkey, occupies a dominant position in English politics; and it is of great importance that we should know, not only that many intelligent Turks consider a reform of the Government hopeless, but to what causes they attribute the present decrepit and corrupt condition of the empire. We can gather from the views here expressed, though stated in a most uncomplimentary manner, why many of the most enlightened Moslems, while lamenting the vices which have brought their country to ruin, refuse to co-operate in an attempt, on the part of the Western Powers, which, in their opinion, would only be going from bad to worse. However much we may differ from those whom we wish to benefit, it would be folly to shut our ears to their opinions in regard to ourselves or our religion, simply because they are distasteful to us. We can best achieve our end by candidly listening to what they may have to say. And this must be my apology, as well as that of the magazine in which it appears, for the publication of a letter so hostile in tone to our cherished convictions and beliefs. At the same time, I cannot disguise from myself, that while many of its statements are prejudiced and highly coloured, others are not altogether devoid of some foundation in truth: it never can do us any harm to see ourselves sometimes as others see us. The tendency of mankind, and perhaps especially of Englishmen, is so very much that of the ostrich, which is satisfied to keep its head in the sand and see nothing that is disturbing to its self-complacency, that a little rough handling occasionally does no harm.

These considerations have induced me to do my best to make "the bark of the distant Effendi" be heard, to use the fine imagery of Bon Gaultier;* and with these few words of introduction, I will leave him to tell his own tale, and state his opinions on the burning questions of the day.

"My dear Friend,—

"I proceed, in compliance with your request, to put in writing a *résumé* in a condensed form of the views which I have expressed in our various conversations together on the Eastern Question, premising only that I have yielded to it under strong pressure, because I fear they may wound the sensibilities or shock the prejudices of your countrymen. As, however, you assure me that they are sufficiently tolerant to have the question in which they are so much interested, presented to them from an oriental point of view, I shall write with perfect frankness, and in the conviction that opinions, however unpalatable they may be, which are only offered to the public in the earnest desire to advance the cause of truth, will meet with some response in the breasts of those who are animated with an equally earnest desire to find it. In order to explain how I have come to form these opinions, I must, at the cost of seeming egoistic, make a few prefatory remarks about myself. My father was an official of high rank and old Turkish family, resident for some time in Constantinople, and afterwards in an important seaport in the Levant. An unusually enlightened and well-educated man, he associated much with Europeans; and from early life I have been

* "Say, is it the glance of the haughty vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?"
—"Eastern Serenade:" Bon Gaultier's 'Book of Ballads.'

familiar with the Greek, French, and Italian languages. He died when I was about twenty years of age; and I determined to make use of the affluence to which I fell heir, by travelling in foreign countries. I had already read largely the literature of both France and Italy, and had to a certain extent become emancipated from the modes of thought, and I may even say from the religious ideas, prevalent among my countrymen. I went in the first instance to Rome, and after a year's sojourn there, proceeded to England, where I assumed an Italian name, and devoted myself to the study of the language, institutions, literature, and religion of the country. I was at all times extremely fond of philosophical speculation, and this led me to a study of German. My pursuits were so engrossing that I saw little of society, and the few friends I made were among a comparatively humble class. I remained in England ten years, travelling occasionally on the Continent, and visiting Turkey twice during that time. I then proceeded to America, where I passed a year, and thence went to India by way of Japan and China. In India I remained two years, resuming during this period an oriental garb, and living principally among my co-religionists. I was chiefly occupied, however, in studying the religious movement among the Hindoos known as the Bramo Somaj. From India I went to Ceylon, where I lived in great retirement, and became deeply immersed in the more occult knowledges of Buddhism. Indeed, these mystical studies so intensely interested me, that it was with difficulty, after a stay of three years, that I succeeded in tearing myself away from them. I then passed, by way of the Persian Gulf, into Persia, remained a year in Teheran, whence I went to Damascus, where I lived for five years, during which time I performed the Hadj, more out of curiosity than as an act of devotion. Five years ago I arrived here on my way to Constantinople, and was so attracted by the beauty of the spot and the repose which it seemed to offer me, that I determined to pitch my tent here for the remainder of my days, and to spend them in doing what I could to improve the lot of those amidst whom Providence had thrown me.

"I am aware that this record of my travels will be received with considerable surprise by those acquainted with the habits of life of Turks generally. I have given it, however, to account for the train of thought into which I have been led, and the conclusions at which I have arrived, and to explain the exceptional and isolated position in which I find myself among my own countrymen, who, as a rule, have no sympathy with the motives which have actuated me through life, or with their results. I have hitherto observed, therefore, a complete reticence in regard to both. Should, however, these pages fall under the eye of any member of the Theosophic Society, either in America, Europe, or Asia, they will at once recognise the writer as one of their number, and will, I feel sure, respect that reserve as to my personality which I wish to maintain.

"I have already said that in early life I became thoroughly dissatisfied with the religion in which I was born and brought up; and, determined to discard all early prejudices, I resolved to travel over the world, visiting the various centres of religious thought, with the view of making a comparative study of the value of its religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one I ought myself to adopt. As, however, they each claimed to be derived from an inspired source, I very soon became overwhelmed with the presumption of

the task which I had undertaken; for I was not conscious of the possession of any verifying faculty which would warrant my deciding between the claims of different revelations, or of judging of the merits of rival forms of inspiration. Nor did it seem possible to me that any evidence in favour of a revelation which was in all instances offered by human beings like myself, could be of such a nature that another human being should dare to assert that it could have none other than a divine origin; the more especially as the author of it was in all instances in external appearance also a human being. At the same time, I am far from being so daring as to maintain that no divine revelation, claiming to be such, is not pervaded with a divine afflatus. On the contrary, it would seem that to a greater or less extent they must all be so. Their relative values must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral disease which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. I was therefore led to institute a comparison between the objects which were proposed by various religions; and I found that just in the degree in which they had been diverted from their original design of world-regeneration, were the results unsatisfactory, so far as human righteousness was concerned; and that the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion, and finally resulted in what is commonly known as Western civilisation. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbour's occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good works—the effort is none the less a selfish one. The religion to which I am now referring will be at once recognised as the popular form of Christianity. After a careful study of the teaching of the great founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided—to wit, the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied, would, I believe, exercise so direct and beneficial an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but as there is no religious teacher whose moral standard, in regard to the duties of men towards each other in this world, was so lofty, so there is none, it seems to me, as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by His followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the afflatus which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light, never so bright as that which illumined the teachings of Christ, has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political moral-

ity out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by 'The Light of the World.' Hence it is that wherever modern Christendom—which I will, for the sake of distinguishing it from the Christendom proposed by Christ, style Anti-Christendom * —comes into contact with the races who live under the dim religious light of their respective revelations, the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this Anti-Christendom, and they lie crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organised and sanctified selfishness. The real God of Anti-Christendom is Mammon: in Catholic Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandisement; but in Protestant Anti-Christendom, reigning supreme. The cultivation of the selfish instinct has unnaturally developed the purely intellectual faculties at the expense of the moral; has stimulated competition; and has produced a combination of mechanical inventions, political institutions, and an individual force of character, against which so-called 'heathen' nations, whose cupidities and covetous propensities lie comparatively dormant, are utterly unable to prevail.

"This overpowering love of 'the root of all evil,' with the mechanical inventions in the shape of railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and other appliances which it has discovered for the accumulation of wealth, and the destruction of those who impede its accumulation, constitutes what is called 'Western civilisation.'

"Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined, or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilisation of Anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death. Either the native races die out before him—as in the case of the Red Indian of America and the Australian and New Zealander—or they save themselves from physical decay by worshipping, with all the ardour of perverts to a new religion, at the shrine of Mammon—as in the case of Japan — and fortify themselves against dissolution by such a rapid development of the mental faculties and the avaricious instincts, as may enable them to cope successfully with the formidable invading influence of Anti-Christendom. The disastrous moral tendencies and disintegrating effects of inverted Christianity upon a race professing a religion which was far inferior in its origin and conception, but which has been practised by its professors with more fidelity and devotion, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of my own country. One of the most corrupt

* I here remarked to the Effendi that there was something very offensive to Christians in the term *Anti*-Christendom, as it possessed a peculiar signification in their religious belief; and I requested him to substitute for it some other word. This he declined to do most positively; and he pointed to passages in the Koran, in which Mahomet prophesies the coming of Antichrist. As he said it was an article of his faith that the Antichrist alluded to by the prophet was the culmination of the inverted Christianity professed in these latter days, he could not so far compromise with his conscience as to change the term, and rather than do so he would withdraw the letter. I have therefore been constrained to let it remain.

forms which Christianity has ever assumed, was to be found organised in the Byzantine empire at the time of its conquest by the Turks. Had the so-called Christian races which fell under their sway in Europe during their victorious progress westward been compelled, without exception, to adopt the faith of Islam, it is certain, to my mind, that their moral condition would have been immensely improved. Indeed, you who have travelled among the Moslem Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are the descendants of converts to Islam at that epoch, will bear testimony to the fact that they contrast most favourably in true Christian virtues with the descendants of their countrymen who remained Christians; and I fearlessly appeal to the Austrian authorities now governing those provinces to bear me out in this assertion. Unfortunately, a sufficiently large nominally Christian population was allowed by the Turks to remain in their newly-acquired possessions, to taint the conquering race itself. The vices of Byzantinism speedily made themselves felt in the body politic of Turkey. The subservient races, intensely superstitious in the form of their religious belief, which had been degraded into a passport system, by which the believer in the efficacy of certain dogmas and ceremonials might attain heaven irrespective of his moral character on earth, were unrestrained by religious principle from giving free rein to their natural propensities, which were dishonest and covetous in the extreme. They thus revenged themselves on their conquerors, by undermining them financially, politically, and morally; they insidiously plundered those who were too indifferent to wealth to learn how to preserve it, and infected others with the contagion of their own cupidity, until these became as vicious and corrupt in their means of acquiring riches as they were themselves. This process has been going on for the last five hundred years, until the very fanaticism of the race, which was its best protection against inverted Christianity, has begun to die out, and the governing class of Turks has with rare exceptions become as dishonest and degraded as the Ghiaours they despise. Still they would have been able, for many years yet to come, to hold their own in Europe, but for the enormously increased facilities for the accumulation of wealth, and therefore for the gratification of covetous propensities, created within the last half-century by the discoveries of steam and electricity. Not only was Turkey protected formerly from the sordid and contaminating influence of Anti-Christendom by the difficulties of communication, but the mania of developing the resources of foreign countries for the purpose of appropriating the wealth which they might contain, became proportionately augmented with increased facilities of transport—so that now the very habits of thought in regard to countries styled barbarous have become changed. As an example of this, I would again refer to my own country. I can remember the day when British tourists visited it with a view to the gratification of their æsthetic tastes. They delighted to contrast what they were then pleased to term 'oriental civilisation' with their own. Our very backwardness in the mechanical arts was an attraction to them. They went home delighted with the picturesqueness and the indolence of the East. Its bazaars, its costumes, its primitive old-world *cachet*, invested it in their eyes with an indescribable charm; and books were written which fascinated the Western reader

with pictures of our manners and customs, because they were so different from those with which he was familiar. Now all this is changed; the modern traveller is in nine cases out of ten a railroad speculator, or a mining engineer, or a financial promoter, or a concession hunter, or perchance a would-be member of Parliament like yourself, coming to see how pecuniary or political capital can be made out of us, and how he can best *exploiter* the resources of the country to his own profit. This he calls 'reforming' it. His idea is, not how to make the people morally better, but how best to develop their predatory instincts, and teach them to prey upon each other's pockets. For he knows that by encouraging a rivalry in the pursuits of wealth amongst a people comparatively unskilled in the art of money-grubbing, his superior talent and experience in that occupation will enable him to turn their efforts to his own advantage. He disguises from himself the immorality of the proceeding by the reflection that the introduction of foreign capital will add to the wealth of the country, and increase the material well-being and happiness of the people. But apart from the fallacy that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms, reform of this kind rests on the assumption that natural temperament and religious tendencies of the race will lend themselves to a keen commercial rivalry of this description; and if it does not, they, like the Australian and the Red Indian, must disappear before it. Already the process has begun in Europe. The Moslem is rapidly being reformed out of existence altogether. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money, and behind the mask of a prostituted Christianity, the Moslem in Europe has been ground to powder: hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women, and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation, crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernauth of 'Progress,'—their only crime, like that of the poor crossing-sweeper, I think, in one of your own novels, that they did not 'move on.' This is called in modern parlance 'the civilising influence of Christianity.' At this moment the Russians are pushing roads through their newly-acquired territory toward Kars. I am informed by an intelligent Moslem gentleman who has just arrived from that district, that the effect of their 'civilising' influence upon the inhabitants of the villages through which these roads pass, is to convert the women into prostitutes and the men into drunkards. No wonder the Mohammedan population is flocking in thousands across the frontier into Turkish territory, abandoning their homes and landed possessions in order to escape the contamination of Anti-Christendom.

"In these days of steam and electricity, not only has the traveller no eye for the moral virtues of a people, but his æsthetic faculties have become blunted; he regards them only as money-making machines, and he esteems them just in the degree in which they excel in the art of wealth-accumulation. Blinded by a selfish utilitarianism, he can now see only barbarism in a country where the landscape is not obscured by the black smoke of factory-chimneys, and the ear deafened by the scream of the locomotive. For him a people who cling to the manners and customs of a bygone epoch with which their own most glorious traditions are associated, have no charm. He sees in a race which

still endeavours to follow the faith of their forefathers with simplicity and devotion, nothing but ignorant fanaticism, for he has long since substituted hypocrisy for sincerity in his own belief. He despises a peasantry whose instincts of submission and obedience induce them to suffer rather than rise in revolt against a Government which oppresses them, because the head of it is invested in their eyes with a sacred character. He can no longer find anything to admire or to interest in the contrast between the East and West, but everything to condemn; and his only sympathy is with that section of the population in Turkey who, called Christians like himself, like him devote themselves to the study of how much can be made, by fair means or foul, out of their Moslem neighbours.

"While I observe that this change has come over the Western traveller of late years—a change which I attribute to the mechanical appliances of the age—a corresponding effect, owing to the same cause, has, I regret to say, been produced upon my own countrymen. A gradual assimilation has been for some time in progress in the East with the habits and customs of the rest of Europe. We are abandoning our distinctive costume, and adapting ourselves to a Western mode of life in many ways. We are becoming lax in the observances of our religion; and it is now the fashion for our women to get their high-heeled boots and bonnets from Paris, and for our youths of good family to go to that city of pleasure, or to one of the large capitals of Europe, for their education. Here they adopt all the vices of Anti-Christendom, for the attractions of a civilisation based upon enlightened selfishness are overpoweringly seductive, and they return without religion of any sort—shallow, sceptical, egoistical, and thoroughly demoralised. It is next to impossible for a Moslem youth, as I myself experienced, to come out of that fire uncontaminated. His religion fits him to live with simple and primitive races, and even to acquire a moral control over them; but he is fascinated and overpowered by the mighty influence of the glamour of the West. He returns to Turkey with his principles thoroughly undermined, and, if he has sufficient ability, adds one to the number of those who misgovern it.

"The two dominant vices which characterise Anti-Christendom are cupidity and hypocrisy. That which chiefly revolts the Turk in this disguised attack upon the morals of his people, no less than upon the very existence of his empire, is, that it should be made under the pretext of morality, and behind the flimsy veil of humanitarianism. It is in the nature of the religious idea that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism, that when the founder of Christianity came, though himself a Jew, he scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. But the Phariseeism which has made war upon Turkey is far more intense in degree than that which he attacked, for the religion which it profanes contains the most divine truth which the world ever received. Mahomet divided the nether world into seven hells, and in the lowest he placed the hypocrites of all religions. I have now carefully examined into many religions, but as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that

which is peculiar to Anti-Christianity. For that reason I am constrained to think that its contributions to the region assigned to hypocrites by the prophet will be out of all proportion to the hypocrites of other religions.

"In illustration of this, see how the principles of morality and justice are at this moment being hypocritically outraged in Albania, where, on the moral ground that a nationality has an inherent right to the property of its neighbour, if it can make a claim of similarity of race, a southern district of the country is to be forcibly given to Greece; while, in violation of the same moral principle, a northern district is to be taken from the Albanian nationality, to which by right of race it belongs, and violently and against the will of the people, who are in no way consulted as to their fate, is to be handed over for annexation to the Montenegrins—a race whom the population to be annexed traditionally hate and detest.

"When Anti-Christian nations, sitting in solemn congress, can be guilty of such a prostitution of the most sacred principles in the name of morality, and construct an international code of ethics to be applicable to Turkey alone, and which they would one and all refuse to admit or be controlled by themselves, —when we know that the internal corruption, the administrative abuses, and the oppressive misgovernment of the Power which has just made war against us in the name of humanity, have driven the population to despair, and the authorities to the most cruel excesses in order to repress them,—and when, in the face of all this most transparent humbug, these Anti-Christian nations arrogate to themselves, on the ground of their superior civilisation and morality, the right to impose reform upon Turkey,—we neither admit their pretensions, covet their civilisation, believe in their good faith, nor respect their morality.

"Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with Anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosphorus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of 'progress.' Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilised world. I have often thought how much happier it would have been for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent political and social changes which have resulted from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to Anti-Christian civilisation. The West would then have been spared the

terrible consequences which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law propounded and enjoined by the great founder of the Christian religion, must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilisation will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed. No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that Anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution: already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm, when labour and capital will find themselves arrayed against each other,—when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most recently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern 'progress.' It is surely a remarkable fact, that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law—the love of their neighbour—and most strongly denounces the love of money. No country which does not bear the name of Christian is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of 'Anti-Christian civilisation.'

"In the degree in which the State depends for its political, commercial, and social wellbeing and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the life-blood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only the other day the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and had the movement been more skilfully organised, the whole country would have been in revolution, and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities which exist for secret conspiracy have turned Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.

"Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their course, and that the injuries that Anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which—under the pretext of civilising them—it has explored to its own profit, will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus: on the contrary, though I consider Mussulmans generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practise more conscientiously the teaching of their prophet, I feel that teaching from an ethical point of view to be

infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyse the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and the West, between so-called Christendom and Islam. And I should only be too thankful if it could be proved to me that I had done the form of religion you profess, or the nation to which you belong, an injustice. I am far from wishing to insinuate that among Christians, even as Christianity is at present professed and practised, there are not as good men as among nations called heathen and barbarous. I am even prepared to admit there are better—for some struggle to practise the higher virtues of Christianity, not unsuccessfully, considering the manner in which these are conventionally travestied; while others, who reject the popular theology altogether, have risen higher than ordinary modern Christian practice by force of reaction against the hypocrisy and shams by which they are surrounded,—but these are in a feeble minority, and unable to affect the popular standard. Such men existed among the Jews at the time of Christ, but they did not prevent Him from denouncing the moral iniquities of His day, or the Church which countenanced them. At the same time, I must remind you that I shrank from the task which you imposed upon me, and only consented at last to undertake it on your repeated assurances that by some, at all events, of your countrymen, the spirit by which I have been animated in writing thus frankly will not be misconceived. —Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"A Turkish Effendi."

PINDAR'S HYMN TO PERSEPHONE.

"Persephone appeared to him in a dream, and complained that she alone of all the gods had had no hymn made by him in her honour; but added that he should yet praise her in the land of the dead. Ten days after this the poet died at Argos. Immediately after, his spectre appeared to an aged dame at Thebes, and recited a new hymn to Persephone; some portion of which she was able to commit to writing." —See 'Life of Pindar' in "Ancient Classics for English Readers."

1.

It was the day that tuneful Pindar sent
To banquet with Apollo; * I, who knew
Him far from Thebes, sat pondering the intent
Of that strange vision, which, revealed to few,
He trusted to my long-tried faithful breast
Ere unto Argos he his steps addressed.

2.

For ten days gone ('twas thus he told the tale)
There stood revealed his midnight couch beside
A form majestic, lifting her black veil:
At once he knew her for King Hades' bride,
Awful, yea terrible, yet fair to see,
With eyes that lit the gloom, Persephone.

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* "Pindar to supper with the god," was proclaimed by the sacristan at Delphi, each night, before he closed the temple door.

3.

Upon the moonlight splendour of those eyes
His own, he said, fixed unaverted gaze,
The while he heard these words: "Thy melodies
Resound, O Pindarus! each high god's praise;
Each goddess' might and beauty make they known
Save one;—they leave unhymned my praise alone.

4.

Why, Phœbus' nursling! why, thus wrong my fame?
Why weave no garland of fair song for me?
Is this well done to slight my holy name?
But yet thou, too, shalt praise Persephone,
Not here, near waters bright by Dircé fed,—
By darker waves, in kingdom of the dead."

5.

I mused on this: night came, and with it stood
Pindar by me, changed since I saw him last;
All signs of age were gone, his altered mood
Showed solemn joy, as one who had o'erpassed
The boundaries of our life, and all things seen
As gods behold them in their light serene.

6.

He held the lyre no more; but full, rich song
Flowed from his lips like stream that swells in might;
He praised Persephone, the fair, the strong,
The gentle,—then he vanished from my sight.
With me some fragments of that song remain,—
Take them, poor echoes of a lofty strain!

THE HYMN.

1*st Strophe.*

Hail! thou whose crown,
Not made of gold, gleams bright when gold is dimmed,
Not twined of roses, blooms when roses die,
Persephone! by me till now unhymned;
Till now,—but now mine eye
Hath seen thee, and I praise thee. Thou far down
Wast carried, under Enna's plain,
In wider realms to rise again,
And share his throne whose awful frown
Shakes all that live with dread,
Whose smile sheds sunlight on the righteous dead.

1st Antistrophe.

Spouse of a king
Who rules his subjects with such gentle sway
That none from out of all that myriad band
Has ever sought his laws to disobey,
Or to escape his hand,*
Thou canst not mourn for thy long-vanished spring,
Or pant to share the hollow mirth,
Or see the fitful lights of earth,
Now that a steadier radiance fling
Round thee, with splendour pure,
The rays no night can quench nor mist obscure.

2d Strophe.

Hail! awful queen!
Thou, who the earthen vessel shatterest,
Giving to sight
The gem within, till now unseen!
Thou, who dost wave thy wand and scatterest
The phantom host,
That eager troop around
The seekers after light!
Thou bringer-forth to view of treasures lost;
By whose pure hands the coils that Life has bound
In tangled maze, are straight unwound!

2d Antistrophe.

Hail! gracious one!
Who liftest up from earth, safe carrying,
Mighty and kind,
The traveller whose long march is done;
Who longed for thy white feet, far tarrying
On distant hill,
As heavier grew his load
As fiercer blew the wind:
Once on thy bosom, he forgets all ill;
Borne in thine arms, o'er ocean's trackless road,
To island, of the blessed abode.

3d Strophe.

Hail! Lady of fair flowers,
More lasting than on earth that grow;
For these with morning blow,
Ope wide at noon, and droop at even-tide:
But those that deck thy bowers
Bloom on, a fadeless glory and a pride.
No worm is at their root,
And, when they turn to fruit,
It keeps the promise of its birth.
Nay more, within thy garners safe abide
The sheaves we toiled to raise, but might not bind on earth.

* See Socrates in Plato's Dialogues.

3d Antistrophe.

Hail! thou who dost unite
The severed once by change, or death!
Where turf, thy trees beneath,
Spreads green and smooth in many an open glade,
Friend after friend to sight
Steps forth, and greets us from the holy shade.
No whisper breathe they sad,—
Their brows are clear and glad.
There Orpheus meets Eurydice,
Antigone her brethren; nor afraid
Is now the Theban king to bless his children three.

4th Strophe.

Hail! Cleanser, hail!
Whose holy touch removes the stain,
The blot from sire to children cleaving,
Which men have washed, and washed, in vain.
"To-morrow 'twill be gone," Hope cries, deceiving;
Yet prayer and effort fail.
But thou hast lustral waters, far
More cleansing than in temples are;
Their dew makes pure at once; and, clean again,
Within thy halls we stand, for gladness scarce believing.

4th Antistrophe.

Hail! Giver great
To man of his desire, long sought,
But unaccomplished! Thou, his wish fulfilling,
Dost give him what he grasped by thought
Awhile, but vainly: disappointment chilling
Still followed soon or late.
Earth's gifts to shadows turns thy hand:
Earth's dreams it bids substantial stand
Around us, into life from shadows brought;—
Our heart's deep thirst with love, our mind's with wisdom stilling.

Epode.

Hail! dealer of true praise!
With thee the tinsel fades, the diamond glows.
Hail! Mighty Teacher, hail! Thou dost disclose
The secret hid from man for many days;
Thy Hand unseals his eyelids, and he knows
The God he sought in vain on earth by winding ways.

E. J. H.

REATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME.—PART X.

CHAPTER XXXV.—FOX-HUNTING.

"Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny."
—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

THE shock of discovering that her heart was not broken, that her life was not blighted, and that she did not love Otto, was a severe one to Reata; but she got over it as one gets over worse shocks in life. She was puzzled and horrified at herself; she took long walks alone, as she had done in the first days of her sorrow; and she wrote many entries in her diary. One of these was as follows:—

"I am not going into a convent; I am not going to cut off my hair, nor to dig my grave, nor to keep silence for the rest of my life. Where shall I go? I do not know, but I must go before they find out. I cannot go while Gabrielle is so weak, and I do not want to make any disturbance. . . .

"She will be here, I hope, in July, and everything will be right then.

"It is dreadful to think that after all I have gone through, my heart is not broken; but there is no use in denying that I still care about some things, about hearing the birds sing, and about gathering flowers; and I often laugh and feel amused, really amused.

"How can people talk and write such rubbish about broken hearts and being miserable for life? How easy it is, after all, to get over a disappointment in love! Why should everything turn bitter because one man has proved faithless?" . . .

Two days later came another entry, written in another mood. The battle of Malplaquet was recorded on the same page as *défaite affreuse*, with a flourish at the end of the second word.

"It is very difficult to believe that it is my own self who was so unhappy six weeks ago; six weeks are nothing at all really, and they have been enough to console me. I wonder if other women would have been so quickly consoled in my place? Perhaps it is because I am different from them, that I am shallow and have not got the power of loving truly. They say Mexicans are shallow; I said so long ago, although I never quite believed it till now. I would much rather suffer a great deal more, and go on suffering all my life, to know that I have got a heart like other women. Hermine has got a heart, I am sure—I saw it in her eyes—and it would break if she lost her love. But she will never lose him, there is no fear of that. Arnold is not a man to change when he once loves; and he loves her, of course, I suppose, though he is always so grave and quiet: if he did not love her he would not be going to marry her.

"I would rather be heavy and

stupid like Hermine (for she really *is* stupid), if only I could have a heart like hers."

The date of this last entry was May 20, more than a fortnight after that visit of Otto's. It had been a very short visit, for Otto had started again next morning at sunrise, instead of remaining over the day as he had intended to do. He had not seen Reata from the moment that they had parted in the sitting-room, she flying out through the balcony-door, and he left standing with his own letters lying at his feet on the floor. There was no peace for him under the same roof with her; he was quite unable to conceal his agitation even from his father and sister, and it taxed all Arnold's ingenuity to screen him to some extent, and invent a tolerably plausible excuse for his sudden departure. A few days after this a thick packet had come addressed to Arnold; and that same day, when Reata was alone, Arnold came in and handed her over the packet, or rather he laid it down on the table before her, and then turned to go, without a word, thinking that he was doing best by being silent; no word of his could do any good.

"What is that?" Reata said, looking up from her book, and not understanding the drift of this pantomime. And Arnold turned again to answer her.

"It is something of yours, I believe," he said, making a not very successful attempt to pass over the matter lightly. "You will see when you open the paper."

But Reata had opened the parcel already: it was not the brown sealed packet she had seen that morning in Arnold's hand; the outer wrapper had been taken off, and this was a packet in white paper, but also sealed at each end, not bearing any address. She had torn through the paper at one corner, and within she had caught sight of something in her own writing, and she knew now that these were her letters to Otto, which he was returning her according to her wish. She had not thought much about the matter since, and she had never speculated upon whether Otto would do as she had desired him, nor in what way he would do so. Certainly she had not thought that they would come to her through Arnold's hands. It was not a pleasant sensation to know that all her lively expressions of affection to Otto (and the liveliest of them recurred to her mind at that moment) had been lying in Arnold's hands, that they had been in his power for the last few hours, ever since post-time. Of course the packet was sealed, and even had it not been sealed she could have trusted implicitly in his honour; but yet the sensation was not a pleasant one, and the thought made her redden. If there had been a fire there, she would have liked best to fling the packet in before Arnold's eyes, but unfortunately one has not often got fires in May, especially in a warm May like this: so, as the next best thing to do, she opened the paper and began taking out the letters and tearing them up one by one.

"You know what they are?" she said thoughtlessly, looking at Arnold with some defiance.

"I did not open the paper," he answered, scowling slightly.

"Of course not; but you know what it is?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you think that—that it is very lucky that everything came to nothing?" she went on, tearing up the paper faster, and growing more furiously scarlet, with her words—drawn on to speak in spite of her shyness.

It was a very puzzling question

to put, and Arnold seemed to think it so, for he was silent.

"And you think, of course, it would have been a great pity, a great misfortune, if your brother had — had — done it?" She was aghast at her own boldness in speaking, but something was pushing her on to the words—some feeling of soreness perhaps. She did not say, "If your brother had married me," but Arnold understood it that way.

"I should have thought it a great pity, certainly, that Otto should lose his fortune by going against the conditions of the will."

"It is not the fortune you are thinking of, it is the—the——"

"The family name; yes, I was thinking of that too."

"And it is your opinion that everything ought to be sacrificed to that, invariably? You said so."

"Yes, I said so;" Arnold was on his mettle now. "Whoever bears the Bodenbach name should be ready to sacrifice everything to keep it intact. You do not know, perhaps, that our family is one of the oldest in Germany, and that our blood is among the purest,—or was so," he added, with a frown, "till within the last thirty years," and then he stopped; this was not a point he could well discuss with a stranger. It was his mother who had brought the first taint of plebeian blood into the family, and, prejudiced aristocrat as he was, he could not bear to breathe a word which would seem to lower his mother's memory. This was his most vulnerable point; it had always been so with him from boyhood, since he was old enough to understand the distinctions of birth and rank. He had loved his mother, though he had never been her favourite; he had been dutiful and gentle to her during his intervals of vacation-time at home, and he had felt her death deeply, though he had not shed as many tears as Otto. The thought had never crossed his mind that he should have wished to have had another mother; but that his mother had been a banker's daughter, that he himself had had a *parvenu* grandfather, and that the blood in his veins was no longer quite the blue blood of his ancestors, rankled in his mind very sorely, and this soreness made him cling all the more to the traditions of nobility. There was no one there to foster these feelings, for his father's opinions were too undecided; and Otto, with his radical turn of mind, openly scoffed at all distinctions which had nothing better to show than a name and a coat of arms (possibly if a name and coat of arms had invariably brought in their train fine old family estates and unimpaired family fortunes, Otto might have been a Conservative). So Arnold could vent his feelings to no one; and even had there been anybody of his own mind, he was too proud to display his grievances.

Reata interpreted the breaking off of his phrase aright, and read the thought that lay behind.

"And why should you have blamed your brother for doing as his father had done?" She did not mean to wound him, but curiosity pushed her to test the differences of opinion between Otto and his brother, or rather, between Otto and other men. Any man's opinion on any subject was new to her, and this subject had a particular and strange fascination about it, which led her to return to, and linger near, and talk about it, even though the ground was dangerous.

"Perhaps I should have had no right to blame him," and Arnold frowned again, "but you will acknowledge that there is some difference between marrying beneath one's

rank in order to gain a fortune, and marrying in the same way when by doing so you lose a fortune."

This was rather a concession for Arnold to make; for not to gain the largest fortune in the world would he have sacrificed his family pride. There was some sense in his words, proved by the fact alone that Reata did not attempt to contradict him again, at least not just at that moment.

Before this giving back of the letters, the Bodenbach plans for the summer had undergone a change, and the change was dictated by Dr K——, the physician whom Arnold in his fit of penitence had summoned. He seemed to think more seriously of the case than the country doctor had done. Gabrielle was to be taken next month to D——bad, a watering-place a few hours' distance from Steinbühl. Dr K—— did not promise that any immediate good would result from the waters at D——bad, but he thought they afforded the best chance for strengthening her and arresting the progress of the illness. The greatest stress was laid upon the necessity of humouring Gabrielle's fancies, and sparing her any needless agitation or excitement: her nervous irritability was great, and required most considerate care.

The 25th of May was the day fixed for Otto's wedding, and the next thing of importance that occurred was Arnold's departure for Poland to assist at the ceremony. He was not away more than five days altogether, but during those five days the house at Steinbühl seemed unusually quiet. It was not that Arnold was accustomed to talk much when at home: but his presence would make itself felt; he was always coming and going, seeing and directing everything—was, in fact, far more the real master of the house than was the old Baron.

"How dull the house seems without Arnold!" Gabrielle once said to Reata; it was the day after Arnold's departure. "I wish he were back again."

Reata was standing near the piano, touching a note here and there, lazily fingering a low minor accompaniment, busier with her own thoughts than with the notes. Presently she made a sudden remark, which appeared to Gabrielle irrelevant and startling.

"Why do your two brothers not get married on the same day?"

"Oh, Arnold does not want to marry yet, I suppose. Papa would have been very glad if he had; he is always wanting to hurry him."

"But why is he so slow about it?" and Reata struck another chord impatiently. "Surely Hermine is old enough to marry; she looks at least two years older than she is."

"Oh, but they are not even engaged yet, you know; and they will have to be engaged for some time before they marry."

"Not engaged!" the hands straying over the piano came down with a grand crashing chord, like a cry of triumph. "Why, I always thought they were!"

"What could have made you think so?"

"Oh, I was told; and besides—besides——" she was thinking of that afternoon among the lilacs, and that evening on the balcony.

"But I will tell you something if you like," said Gabrielle, sitting up among her pillows; "it is a great secret, and you must not tell anybody." Reata nodded; the chords were still for a second—she was listening. "Arnold has promised papa—he promised last year,—that he would propose to her this June, and we are very near June now; and Hermine is coming to-morrow, you know, and she is to

stay some time, so it might be very soon. What fun it will be! I am sure she cannot refuse him; Hermine has always been so fond of Arnold."

"No, she cannot refuse him—she will not," said Reata, decisively; and again her fingers strayed over the yellow-white keys, and fell back into the low minor accompaniment she had been playing before.

The day after this was Otto's wedding-day,—a day of disturbance and excitement at Snyhinice, a quiet though joyful day at Steinbühl, a proud day for the old Baron, and a day of strange sensations for Reata. Relief had a great part in her feelings, but also remorse; she had much to reproach herself with, for if Otto had been false and fickle towards her, neither had she been quite fair towards him. There had been moments during the last weeks when a sudden feeling of terror and self-reproach made her tremble at her own folly, and in fear of what Otto might be driven to. He loved her, or rather he was infatuated with her—she had seen that in his eyes and heard it in his tones: what if she should have ruined and wrecked a man's life! During all the last fortnight these thoughts, and such as these, had passed and repassed through her mind, and on the day that was Otto's wedding-day they were more tumultous than ever. She had had time enough to get accustomed to the idea that Otto's wedding-day was not her wedding-day; but in spite of everything that had passed, it touched her strangely to think that her lot and his, which once were so near being closely bound together, were now to lie apart. She would not have had it otherwise, could she have chosen; it was only the certainty and the realisation which were new and strange.

While Arnold was away, Hermine came to Steinbühl to stay for an indefinite time. She had often come before; but although no word had been said, it was understood between the Baron and Madame Schwerendorf that this visit was to mean more than an ordinary one.

Arnold came back two days later, in the early morning, and it took all the time of breakfast to satisfy Gabrielle's innumerable questions about how everything had been, and what everybody had looked like. They were hardly quite satisfied yet when Arnold went out to make a round of the stables, farm, &c., to see what had been going on during his absence.

"Here is a nice kettle of fish!" he exclaimed, coming in half an hour later; "everything has been going to wreck and ruin during my absence;" and Arnold flung his hat down on to the table, and himself into the nearest chair.

"Good gracious! what has happened?" in different tones from the three girls.

"What do you call wreck and ruin?" added Reata.

Wreck and ruin, in this particular case, proved to be the consumption of five chickens and of the fine Cochin-china cock, the pride of the farmyard, by a bloodthirsty fox, who had prowled in unheard and unnoticed, and done his dark deed in the dead of night.

"That is always the way when I am not at home—everything goes wrong at once."

"And you think that the fox wouldn't have eaten them if he had known you were at home?" inquired Reata.

"Oh, I am sure he wouldn't," answered Gabrielle, confidently, for her brother, while Hermine's eyes said the same. "Everybody is so afraid of Arnold."

"Not foxes, and not—everybody,"

said Reata, rather low, and bending over her work.

Arnold merely frowned, and said he would take his gun that evening and cast about for the miscreant.

It was a showery day, such as will sometimes follow upon heat; it rained and cleared up at intervals, but the sun did not shine out between, as in April weather, with bright deceitful gleams. Only late in the afternoon the grey vault opened to let blue streaks be seen, and, breaking up, gathered together in detachments of clouds, which went drifting away, leaving more blue sky uncovered every minute; and presently the sun looked out from the torn fleecy curtain, and smiled down its rays upon earth before sinking to rest.

Gabrielle was taking her afternoon sleep up-stairs, Hermine and Reata were enjoying each other's society down-stairs.

"I tell you what," said Reata, rising from her chair, as the first shower of sunlight came through the window-panes, touching up the old gilt frames of the family pictures, and making little squares of light on the floor,—"it is going to be quite fine now—let us go out for a walk; we have not been out today, and I am panting for fresh air."

Reata really was panting for fresh air; and besides, she had begun to find the conversation with Hermine rather heavy in hand, rather like dragging a weight up hill, and she thought that out of doors she would perhaps find it easier to talk, or, if not, at all events she would have the trees and the birds for company.

"But isn't it far too late?" objected Hermine.

"Not at all, it is only six o'clock."

"And I am sure it is going to rain again; I can see the clouds from here."

"But can't you see the sunshine that is driving them away? There is more blue sky than clouds now."

"But the ground will be so muddy and wet."

"Only delightfully dewy and fresh."

"And my shoes are so thin."

"Then put on thicker ones."

"We will get our dresses so dirty," said Hermine, ruefully looking down at her muslin flounces.

"We can hold them up," said Reata, laughing, and thinking to herself, "How can such a large girl make so many small objections?" then added aloud, "Come, Hermine, we will go and meet Baron Arnold and see whether he has killed the fox."

The rueful expression on Hermine's countenance vanished; she forgot her thin shoes and muslin flounces, and, putting down her work, she got up readily, the smile on her lips showing Reata how successfully the proffered bait had taken.

Without, everything was bathed in freshly fallen rain. The grass-blades drooped under the great shining drops; every lilac-leaf was transformed into a tiny green cup brimful of liquid crystal; the gravel was dark and glistening; the rain-pipes of the house still sent down little streams of water. There were a hundred sweet scents in the air: every flower in the grass of the lawn and in the garden-beds seemed to have gathered new strength, and to be sending out its perfume with tenfold power—strongest of all, the wallflowers and the lime-blossoms: but there was no perfume of lilacs—they had died more than a week ago; nor of roses, for they were not yet grown up—they were still in the nursery in their green pinafores, too young to play their part in the flower-world, the crimson buds just beginning to burst through into sight. Mingling with everything

there was the smell of fresh earth —that smell to some people so delightful, but which makes others sicken. It came from the flower-beds, from under the hedges, from the damp walk where the two girls were passing along towards the farm, and across which hundreds of lively snails were crawling, luxuriating in the delightful dampness. The birds were singing again almost like in the first spring days.

"Will the fox be shot, I wonder?" remarked Reata, when they were passing through the old beech-grove behind the farm, where the slavish hens, who a few days ago had hung upon every movement of the Cochin-china cock, were courting and cringing before his black-feathered successor in rank.

"Of course Arnold will have shot it;" and Hermine turned her eyes upon her companion with such grave wonder and reproof, that Reata did not throw out another doubt, and felt half ashamed of having questioned the possibility of the guilty fox's escape.

In the hay-field, beyond the beech-trees, it was far wetter to walk than over the path they had followed. The hay was almost ready for the scythe, and flowered high and mixed with many colours. There was a narrow strip by the hedge where they could walk in tolerable comfort; but even here Hermine's flounces got sadly draggled, and had it not been for the evening sunlight, and perhaps for the hope of meeting the returning sportsman, it might have been called nothing more than a very wet, uncomfortable, and unsatisfactory piece of walking. There was another hay-field beyond, a wooden paling dividing the two with a stile at one place; and over at the other side it looked so wet that Reata and Hermine sat down on the stile to await Arnold.

They had not long to wait; soon Arnold's figure emerged from the fir-wood copse at the other end of the field. He came along whistling, with his gun over his shoulder, but alas—foxless! they could see that from far off.

"Perhaps he has left the fox in the wood," suggested Hermine, hopefully; "he could hardly carry it, you know."

"He would at least have brought the tail to show us," was the sceptical answer. "How are we to believe that he has shot it if he has nothing to show?"

Arnold, catching sight of the two figures on the stile, put down his gun against the paling, and came tramping along towards them through the long wet grass.

"Have you shot the fox, Arnold?" called out Hermine.

"No; never even got a glimpse of it."

"Of course not, I knew you would not," said Reata, a little provoked at Hermine's implicit belief in Arnold's infallibility.

"It is far too damp for you to be sitting here," said Arnold, coming up to them.

"Oh, you are always saying that; it is far too cold, or far too damp, or far too late," mimicking his way of speaking; "and it is not damp at all here—is it, Hermine?"

It was rather cruel of Reata to put this question, for Arnold had just said that it was damp, and she knew well enough that Hermine would never disagree with Arnold, and would not dare directly to contradict her.

"It is very damp—everything is dripping with rain," put in Arnold.

"Yes, I think it is rather," Hermine said, timidly—looking first at Arnold, and then at Reata, with deprecating entreaty; but Reata looked away impatiently.

"I am not going," she said, lean-

ing back with folded arms, her head resting against the stile, and looking up calmly into the sky above.

Arnold frowned, and turned from her. "But you will come if I ask you, Hermine?" There was a pointed stress on the *you* which implied much confidence.

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it, Arnold," and she smiled at him; even though Reata's eyes were fixed on the sky she could see that Hermine smiled at him. "But you will come with us too," said Hermine, imploringly to Reata.

"No, I shall remain here," she said, in a hard voice, feeling that she was behaving ungraciously, but taking a strange pleasure in provoking these two. Hermine might obey Arnold if she was weak enough, but she would not—why should she? No one had any right to dictate to her.

"Come along, Hermine, let us go," Arnold put in, shortly, in suppressed anger.

"They are going to leave me all alone!" thought Reata, with a pang of regret which was rather inconsistent.

"I must still fetch my gun; it will be best to fire it off before we get too near the house. Will you not come off that stile!" he added, turning once more to Reata, who still sat immovable.

"I will come if you will let me fire off your gun for you;" and she looked at him, her colour rising, half willing to yield, but afraid to sell her dignity too cheap.

"Fire off my gun! certainly not; as if I would let you touch it even: it is loaded with cartridges."

"Oh don't, please don't," exclaimed Hermine, in vague alarm. "Don't let her, Arnold."

"Of course not; don't be afraid," Arnold said, reassuringly.

"I shall do it if I like," said Reata, sitting up straight, and looking at Arnold with strangely shining eyes.

"You could not do it if you tried; you would not know how to hold it, and it would knock you down." He leant against the stile, with his elbow on the top bar, the gun was leaning peaceably at twenty yards' distance. He thought she was speaking merely in childish defiance; but if he had seen the angry light in her eyes he would not have smiled in that patronising manner—just the manner most calculated to raise the evil defiant spirit in her.

"Please don't," repeated Hermine, who had a mortal dread of all firearms. "Reata, let us come away; Arnold says you cannot do it."

"He can't prevent me," said Reata—and then, with a sudden movement which took them both by surprise, like the quick upstarting of a deer, she had stood up, and sprang into the long grass of the field, and was running towards the paling where the loaded gun was leaning.

The dying sunbeams touched everything with crimson and gold, they were breaking on every raindrop that hung on the leaves and grass-blades all around; they fell on Hermine's yellow hair, and made it golden; they shot into Reata's eyes, and made them flash fiercely. Of the great banks of clouds which the day over had been sending down their showers of rain there remained only long dark streaks, deep purple, showing almost black against all the glory of crimson and orange, dying off into rose and lilac and tenderest green.

As Reata sprang past him with that sudden movement, Arnold, staggered at her impetuosity, for a moment lost his presence of mind, and did not arrest her, as he might have done easily, by only laying

his hand on her arm, when she shot past him, her sleeve brushing his. He was not only a good deal surprised, but a good deal provoked, and he strode after her quickly, with an angry flush on his face. He had not made more than two steps when he saw that he was too late; Reata's quick feet had carried her to the paling, and she had snatched up the gun. He was not going to wrestle with her for it—that might lead to worse things than leaving her alone. It was clear to him, as he saw her face now, that she would not give it up without a struggle.

"Don't fire it off—I forbid you," he called out imperatively, and stopped as he spoke.

"I am going to shoot that bird up there," she called back, laughing, because she was half afraid at what she was doing, and she raised up the gun, and put it to her shoulder in a sort of fashion; she had never held a firearm before, and she had not realised how heavy it would be.

The evening light glanced along the polished barrel; there was a bird flying above the trees opposite. The crimson light was dazzling her eyes, so that she could scarcely see distinctly. She set her teeth, and made a tug at the trigger.

"Take care!" shouted Arnold, seizing hold of Hermine's arm and dragging her aside.

The hard steel trigger hurt Reata's fingers; the gun swerved down, and went off with a loud report. Almost together with it came a shriek, and then for a moment Reata was blinded with the smoke and the crimson glare of the sky: the smell of gunpowder overpowered her, and the deafening explosion still tingled in her ears; and that shriek which had followed seemed to echo, and re-echo again, filling her with a sickening panic. She stood still, trembling, and the gun slipped from her hands and lay in the grass at her feet. The colour fled from face and lips, her breath was coming in deep short gasps, which seemed to shake her to the very heart.

"You have killed him!" shrieked Hermine again in a voice of despair, and threw up her arms wildly; her figure, half seen through the curl of white smoke, her features all alight with passionate grief, seeming like some animated statue of Germania bewailing her dead sons on a battle-field. There was a ring of such despair in her voice that Reata put her hands, shuddering, across her eyes to shut out what she dreaded to see—to shut out light and everything around.

"Oh, Arnold, Arnold! what has she done?"

For one second Reata stood with her hands over her face, and then she tore them away as if with a wrench. She must look—anything was better than this horrible suspense.

And then she gave a little cry of joyful relief; Arnold was standing close in front of her, alive and upright—not a mangled corpse, as her imagination had been showing her!

"Then I have not killed you," she said, speaking very low, in spite of her excitement. Arnold was regarding her gravely, holding his handkerchief to the wrist of his right hand; he had grown a shade paler, and it was not merely the physical pain that had made him pale.

"No, I am not killed," he said, quietly; "and this little scratch on my wrist does not signify, but there might have been a dreadful accident; you must never do it again." He was looking at her still, not angrily; he had looked angry before, when she had run

for the gun, but that was all gone now. She could see that the handkerchief he held was soaked with blood; a drop or two trickled through his fingers on to the green grass below. The shot had touched him, grazing his wrist as he put out his hand to drag back Hermine.

"I am sorry," she faltered, with her head bent low, quite unable to say more, though her heart was bursting with a great burden of pain and relief. She could have fallen on her knees before him and cried out for his forgiveness with tears; but was it the fear of betraying her tumultuous feelings, or was it her old spirit of contradiction which made her repress every sign of emotion? She looked up at him with an attempt at lightness, and when he said—

"You must promise never to do it again," she answered, with a slight shrug of her shoulders—

"Yes, I promise never to shoot you again if you don't like it."

"Nor anybody else either, I hope," said Arnold, laughing, though his face had not got back its ruddy colour yet, and his eyes were still troubled.

Hermine, long since subsided from her sublime pose, sitting on the stile crying quietly to herself, her presence forgotten by the two others, looked up surprised at seeing Arnold and Reata standing and talking peaceably, even laughing. How could anybody laugh after such a dreadful thing? And she caught Reata's words to Arnold, as at last they came slowly towards her.

"It was really your own fault, Baron Bodenbach: if you had let me fire off the gun quietly, nothing would have happened."

"It is nothing to her," thought the sobbing girl. "She would have lost nothing if Arnold had been killed, but my whole life's happiness would have been gone. Reata can have no heart."

But Hermine did not see Reata's eyes or she would have known her mistake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—JUNE ROSES.

"Just when the red June roses blow,
She gave me one a year ago.
. . . . . .
A year ago, a year ago,
To hope was not to know."

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

June had come with its glare and its dust, with its lights and its shadows, its heavy heat and its fragrant roses which June alone can bring, with its troubles and its joys, like every other month of the year—bringing to the old Baron the near fulfilment of a long-cherished wish. May had brought him a great measure of joy, the lightening of a great care—for Otto's settlement in life had been an anxious matter for years; and now June was coming to complete his contentment, to crown his other wish. There was no anxiety here, for there could be no doubt of Arnold as there had been of Otto, but only a sense of pleasant impatience. And just now his impatience was doubled by a lurking fear lest that very desirable Bohemian Count, of whom Madame de Schwerendorf had spoken, should inopportunely step in and snatch away the coveted daughter-in-law. A whole year the Baron had waited patiently, and there had been more

wisdom in his silence than had ever been in any of his words. His knowledge of his son had kept him quiet, but in the quiet of the last twelve months his wish had gained in strength, for the old Baron, with all his weak flexibility of character had a touch of the Bodenbach obstinacy in him; he had got accustomed to the idea that Arnold was to marry Hermine, and he clung to the fulfilment tenaciously. The fulfilment must be near now, close at hand; he had waited patiently for twelve months without opening his lips, and now he was going to reap his reward. In two days they were to start for D——bad, and before these two days were gone he hoped to have the matter which he had so much at heart definitely settled.

It was in the afternoon, over the remains of the after-dinner's coffee, that the Baron prepared to approach the great topic. They were sitting together alone, father and son, with nothing and nobody to disturb them: nothing, that is to say, but a few greedy wasps hovering over the sugar-basin, and a large helpless butterfly which had strayed in, beating its fragile wings vainly against the glass pane, astonished at not being able to get to the green trees which it saw so distinctly through its prison wall; and outside an occasional sharp click-click of scissors from the garden, as Reata walked along snipping off roses mercilessly, as if there were not enough in the house already, filling every vase, and glass, and jug. It was the hottest hour of an intolerably hot day; no one without at least a drop of tropical blood in their veins would have remained out by choice at that hour; even the exertion of cutting off roses with a pair of scissors seemed a foolish waste of energy on a day like this. Fícha had tropical blood in her veins too, for she followed her mistress willingly to-day, and did not shrink from the sunshine—rather seemed to prefer it to the shade, in fact.

"My dear Arnold," commenced the old Baron, doing his best not to speak too solemnly, stirring the grounds of his black coffee nervously, shifting his spectacles, clearing his throat, and folding up his paper, all by manner of preparation.

"Yes, father," said Arnold, looking up from his newspaper, with his mind still running upon the political article he had been reading. Arnold's right wrist was still bound up with linen, though it was full ten days since that little accident, which might have been a great one.

"We are in June, you know; and it is time to be thinking of what you should do, and how you should do it." Thus far it all went smooth; this phrase had been prepared for months past, had been lying cut and dry, ready for use. The Baron leant back in his chair and breathed a sigh of relief; the subject was now fairly broached; and to his immense satisfaction Arnold's face did not betray any unpleasant surprise. He waited for his son's answer; it was rather unexpected.

"Oh, I have settled everything; it will not be quite ripe till the end of the week, and for then I have engaged double the number of men we had last year; it will be better to get it done with ten men in three days than with five men in six days." All this Arnold explained clearly, distinctly, while he lit his cigar.

"But, Arnold, what are you talking of?" the Baron ejaculated, in utter bewilderment. He had never calculated upon the possibility of his first carefully prepared phrase being misunderstood; he

lost the thread of his discourse, and forgot the other carefully prepared phrases which were to follow. "I don't understand you!"

"Why, the lower hay-field of course; were you not asking me about that?"

"But it was not the hay-field I was speaking of."

"What then, father?"

The Baron looked at his son's unconscious face, and then made the plunge.

"Of Hermine, of course," and he swallowed the last grounds of his coffee-cup, and nearly choked himself in his embarrassment.

The transition from the lower hay-field to Hermine was violent and unexpected, and Arnold did not at once answer. Gathering confidence from this silence, the Baron proceeded.

"You know, Arnold, I have not pressed you on this subject, as we had agreed that it should not be before June; but there is no more reason for delay now: Hermine is nineteen; and the other objection you made, your want of fortune, is removed. You said you would do it in June, and it is June now."

Still Arnold did not answer, he was leaning back, stroking his moustache and looking at the ceiling. He perfectly understood his father now, and he did not for a moment affect misunderstanding or forgetfulness. It was quite true what his father said. Hermine had reached a suitable age, every objection was removed, he had said he would do it in June, and it was June now: he had not forgotten all these things, but of late they had seemed to drop away and grow indistinct.

"Why don't you answer me, Arnold?" the old Baron was growing a little uneasy. "You have said so often that Hermine is the only person you could ever marry."

"Yes, if I ever marry," Arnold said suddenly, withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling.

"But, Arnold!"—the Baron was aghast—"you had quite made up your mind last year, and you said you never change it."

"I never said that—everybody changes their mind sometimes; I don't remember having said it." He concluded hastily.

"But, Arnold!" the Baron completed in greater amazement—the idea of Arnold talking of changing his mind, when, as a rule, he would so severely resent the slightest suspicion of inconsistency—"nothing has occurred, I suppose, to make a difference."

Arnold had drawn himself up, already repenting his words. "No, I suppose nothing," he said slowly, and then he suddenly remembered that words very like these had passed between him and Otto; and it struck him forcibly that it was far less pleasant to be the persuaded than the persuader. He wondered whether Otto had felt it as irritating as he did; he knew now what struggles there must have been to go through, and never had he felt such true pity for his brother as he felt at this moment. Their cases were like, and yet very different; for Otto's faith had been bound to another woman, while he, Arnold, was free and unfettered. "Quite free and unfettered," he repeated to himself; and, free as he was, he did not very gladly jump at the opportunity which was being offered him of laying down his liberty; but he acknowledged the justice of his father's words, and listened to them with tolerable patience, while the Baron went on expatiating on the desirability of the match in general, and Hermine's excellence in particular. He had always meant to marry Hermine, if he ever married anybody, not because he loved her

with an absorbing affection, or because she loved him, for he did not know that she loved him—he had never noticed her silent worship, or rather, he had grown so used to it, that it made no impression on him; but only because it was the most natural thing, because it was his father's wish, because it was expected of him, and because he had that sort of quiet brotherly affection for her which he thought the surest gage of happiness in married life. But just at this present time, or this present moment, he did not feel particularly inclined to take the decisive step; he was not in the right mood for it. It might be only the lowering influence of the heat which was engendering this reluctance; it certainly is rather hard to ask a man to propose, with the thermometer at eighty in the shade. Of course, it was quite right that he should propose to Hermine: he was doubly bound to do so now; for last year, when he was a poor man, he had consented to it, and now that he was rich he ought not to draw back. This last thought once aroused (and the Baron had with considerable skill managed to work up to it) touched him in his sense of honour, and overruled his reluctance and the heat; so that, when the Baron said presently—

"You will do it to-morrow, will you not, Arnold?" he answered with surprising alacrity—

"I will do it to-day; at once, if you like."

The Baron was as enchanted as surprised; and while he was still thanking his son for his ready compliance, the door opened, and Hermine came in, unconscious and guileless, just at the right moment, in the very nick of time, as it seemed. She had been in the garden too, lured out by Reata rather against her will; but having been baked for ten minutes, and no signs appearing of Arnold's following them, she had retreated into the shelter of the house. She sank down into a chair, a little breathless and a good deal flushed.

"I can't understand how Reata can go on walking that way in the sun; she will get a sunstroke, I am sure;" and Hermine took up a newspaper, not to read but to fan herself with.

"Mexican blood," said the Baron, in his most playful tone of voice; and then, considering that he had waited quite long enough to save appearances, he got up leisurely, and with a significant look at his son, which Arnold did not return, he left the room.

"There," he said to himself as he closed the door, "that is as good as done. I will lay ten to one that she accepts him; the Count will come too late to Styria. I am glad I did not need to hint anything about him to Arnold, or he might have taken some ridiculous notion into his head about letting him have his chance first."

The two were alone,—Arnold determined but uncomfortable, Hermine serenely unconscious. Never had there been such an auspicious opportunity for a proposal, such undisturbed quiet; only the wasps humming in the sugar-basin, the foolish butterfly still vainly beating its wings against the pane, and the click of the scissors outside.

When the door closed behind his father, Arnold ceased examining the paper-cutter he was holding, and looked across at Hermine. He was conscious of looking at her in a quite different way, with a more critical eye, than he had ever done before. Hermine was still fanning herself with the newspaper, and her cheeks were still flushed—more than was quite becoming, Arnold thought; for, as is often the case with very fair people, her colour spread

when heated out of its usual limits, over brow and temples; but, barring that, she was decidedly handsome —and, after all, life is not always at a temperature of eighty, and June is not the only month in the year.

Arnold's survey and conclusion lasted half a minute, and then he felt that the time for speaking had come, but simultaneously it struck him that he had never considered in what words his offer should be couched. There were fifty different ways of making an offer of marriage he supposed, but not one occurred to his mind, not even a single phrase that was both intelligible and rational. It would be easier and more suitable to do the thing standing than sitting, he thought, and got up, going over slowly towards Hermine, and then standing silently beside her. She looked up at him and smiled, still fanning herself. Hermine usually smiled when she was looking at Arnold; but this smile helped to put him out of countenance, just at that moment, and made him feel more foolish—it was so quiet and trusting. He glanced out of the window through the lattice shutters, and caught a glimpse of Reata's white dress among the bushes. In nervous moments we like to have some sort of a landmark, however imaginary, by which to hold and be guided; and though Arnold was not usually a nervous man, he must have felt this want too, for he said to himself that the reappearance of that white dress at the next gap in the bushes was to be the signal for his speaking. For a few seconds he stood watching, and then at the first glimpse of what he was waiting for, he turned back towards Hermine.

"My father has been speaking to me," he began, without having any notion of what he should say next.

"Yes," Hermine said in her sweet placid way, looking up at him with a smile on her full red lips.

"He wants me to speak to you to-day." Hermine looked down and ceased smiling; there was nothing particular in Arnold's words, but there was something particular in his look. She was never very keenly perceptive, but love is a wonderful quickener, and she guessed at his meaning instantly. He was going to ask her to be his wife, and she would say Yes, oh, so joyfully, —so happily! It became clear to her that this was the moment she had longed for and lived for. It was coming; it was coming now, to fill her with an unspeakable joy and peace, for she loved him so truly. They were in June, she remembered; and to June she had looked forward for the last year, not from any distinct ground, but because various hints and signs had led her to look to June as the month which would bring her her happiness. Her heart gave a great bound and then seemed to stand still, frightened with overjoy; and from bright pink that her cheeks had been before, they grew scarlet, and so did her forehead and temples. She looked down and ceased to smile, and then, putting out her hand, she seized upon her work, which by good fortune lay on the table within reach, and bent her head over it in rapt diligence. Her work was some wool embroidery on canvas, which, as far as could be surmised from the half-filled-in outlines, might be supposed to represent the ruins of a castle of nondescript architecture; Gothic windows and Grecian pillars, illuminated by a round moon, whose slanting, lemon-coloured rays, produced startling and incomprehensible effects on the surrounding trees and grasses. Arnold had seen the progress of that castle and of that moonlight for the last ten

days. Now he glanced at the Gothic windows, at the slanting rays, at Hermine's face, and he thought again how remarkably hot the day must be, and again he looked out of the window. His eyes fell straight upon another apparition,—not a new apparition, for he might have seen it, and had seen it, every day for the last few weeks; not a startling apparition, for there was nothing very startling in a girl in a white dress, with a large loose bunch of red roses in her hand. It was so hot in the garden outside, the roses drooped and languished under the sun's hot kisses—not a blade was moving; but Reata looked cool under her broad-leaf hat—so cool, so far away from all the scorching heat which was taking the energy even out of Arnold's veins, so refreshing without being sleepy, so alive with the beauty of every expression and the grace of every motion. She was close below the window now, and had stopped cutting roses. She looked up, but she could not see whether there was any one looking out through the green shutter-bars, although Arnold from within could see her distinctly. It was only for a moment that she raised her eyes unconsciously, seeing nothing but the green shutters, and then walked on with the roses hanging at her side.

Arnold turned away as if to shut out disturbing elements, thinking that, after all, he would do better without any landmarks to guide him. There was Hermine sitting with her cheeks still on a par with the day's temperature and her inward emotions, putting in lilac stitches to the round moon; and the wasps were still buzzing in the sugar-basin, and the butterfly still beating its wings monotonously on the window-pane.

"We have been good friends all our lives, have we not, Hermine?" How strangely imbecile even intelligent men become at moments like these! Arnold felt as if he could never get further than this point. Hermine faltered—

"Yes, Arnold," without raising her eyelids, and putting in more lilac stitches.

"My father wants me to ask you to-day——"

A voice came ringing from the garden; a clear girlish voice, floating through the air, in at the open window, echoing in the quiet room.

"Fícha, Fícha, come here; leave off hunting that poor frog in the grass, and I will stick a rose-bud into your collar."

There was a pause, both inside and outside; it was uncertain whether Fícha had accepted the magnificent offer—whether she preferred a rose-bud in her collar to a frog in the grass. Arnold paused in his phrase. The surroundings were not as quiet as they should have been; that voice in the garden, and that butterfly beating on the pane! All at once Arnold felt a compassionate fellow-feeling for the butterfly which was struggling so hard for its liberty. Liberty! Was not that the best good of life? the only thing worth having? Arnold felt a great strong desire for liberty rising up within him—a reluctance to being bound such as he had never felt before. Another minute, another word, and he would have parted with liberty! How can a sane man willingly part with life's most precious gift? unless, indeed, he has come to feel that his fetters will be sweeter to him than his freedom. This was not exactly what Arnold felt just now. In truth he thought a great deal more of the fetters than of the sweetness, and, with a sudden leap, he resolved that he would not be bound, that he would keep his liberty while he

might. Hastily he questioned himself as to what he had said; whether he had not gone too far and already pledged himself? but his memory answered joyfully, "No!" He had only said, "My father wants me to ask you to-day—," and then he had broken off. How could she guess what was going to have followed? The very fact of her being so engrossed in her embroidery showed that she had not guessed, Arnold argued. To be sure she had grown red, but then Hermine coloured easily, and the day was so hot. He had only to word the ending of his phrase differently.

"My father wants me to ask you whether—he hopes—I hope—we all hope, that you will be able to come to D——bad with us."

"Oh, it is quite settled that—mamma and I are going," and Hermine looked up wonderingly, forgetting her trepidation in her surprise. Was this all that was coming?

"Yes, I know, I believe," stammered Arnold, in a way that was not at all his usual decisive way of speaking. "I did not know it was quite settled; it will be so much more cheerful for Gabrielle."

"I hope so," said Hermine, blankly, beginning to pick the lilac stitches out of her moon.

"Does your mother intend to take the baths there?" he proceeded, hurriedly, feeling that he had never cut such a miserable figure in all his life, and grasping at anything that would take him on to safer ground. "I am sure they would do her so much good."

"I don't know," said Hermine, opening her eyes in perfect incomprehension of Arnold's sudden interest in her mother's health. "Mamma is not ill; I don't think she needs any baths."

"Ah, no! to be sure,—perhaps not," said Arnold, with a deep look, as if Madame de Schwerendorf's health had been the study of his life.

There was a rustle at the window, and Reata's voice called in, "Are you there, Hermine?" And then through the shutter there fell in a rose, a full-blown red rose. It dropped on the floor and lay there with its glowing burning petals, making a spot of deep colour. "Won't you come out here? it is delightful."

But Hermine did not answer, she did not pick up the rose, she still bent over her work. There was a sense of disappointment weighing on her. Arnold picked up the rose with an absent look, but he did not answer either; and Reata, thinking there was no one in the room, disappeared again among the bushes.

An hour later, when Reata had been blazed upon by the sun to her heart's content, and had gathered every available rose, and came in at last with her hands full of the crimson treasures, she found Arnold alone in the sitting-room, sitting, but neither reading nor smoking, and twirling by its stalk just such another red rose as those she had been gathering. He laid it down with a start as Reata entered, as if he had been detected doing something wrong. Simultaneously the Baron's voice was heard outside, calling "Arnold! Arnold!"

Arnold went out, and Reata began putting all her roses into water. When she had disburdened herself of the last, and had shaken off all the stray petals that were clinging to her dress, she went to the table and took up that single red rose. It had lost its first freshness already, and its velvet petals were dusky and limp. It was not fit to be put among its brighter, fresher sisters. This was perhaps the reason why Reata did not place it in water like

them; but it was no reason why she should take it up so carefully, and stand gazing at it so dreamily for a minute; and certainly no reason at all why she should carry it up to her room and put it away in her work-box.

While she was closing her work-box, the Baron and Arnold were talking below. The Baron had calculated that an hour was ample time for a proposal, and that everything that need be said, or that Arnold could have to say, would be easily said in an hour.

"Well, Arnold, my boy, may I wish you joy?" he began, confidently and impatiently.

"No," said Arnold, shortly.

"What! do you mean she has refused you?" Arnold's grave look frightened the Baron even more than the short negative.

"I cannot do it, father, it is no use. I promised you to do it today, and I meant to keep my promise. I tried, but I could not." Arnold was speaking fast, there was a disquietude of manner and look about him as if he were not perfectly satisfied with himself, but he looked his father straight in the face.

"Arnold!" in a tone of consternation.

"You must give me my promise back, father—indeed I cannot do it; certainly not at present—most likely never. I will not pledge myself to anything. I was a fool ever to have pledged myself."

"Then you *have* changed your mind." The old Baron looked as if he could have sat down and cried with disappointment; he had counted so surely upon it.

"Yes, I have changed my mind," said Arnold, quickly and fiercely; the acknowledgment was bitter for him to make. It was the first time he felt that he was not as immovable in his decisions as he liked to think himself. "But there is no harm done, for Hermine does not suspect anything, I am sure."

"But what has made you take a dislike to poor Hermine, Arnold?"

"I have not taken a dislike to her; I like her well enough as it is, but I am not inclined to pass my life with her; and if I tried to do so, I should probably get to hate her in time," said Arnold, frowning, and setting his teeth.

"Hate her! Oh, Arnold, you used to like Hermine so much! What has made you change so?"

"I cannot say—I do not know," and a quick gleam of displeasure passed over Arnold's face.

"It is a great disappointment to me, Arnold, I had counted upon it for so long."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, father, but will you give me back my promise? If you hold me to it, I am bound to keep my word, but I tell you that it will make me miserable, and I should probably make her miserable too," he finished, gloomily.

"You are not to be miserable, Arnold—you can have your promise back, my dear boy, of course; my only wish is to see you happy and prosperous, and I thought this marriage would make you both;" the old Baron gave a sigh of resignation. "But as you have changed your mind once, perhaps you will be changing it again; you may be wanting to have Hermine after all, when it is too late: and it may be too late very soon, I assure you; that Bohemian Count may snap her up at any minute."

"Oh, there is a Count in the wind, is there?" exclaimed Arnold, brightening up; and he listened complacently while his father gave him the substance of Madame de Schwerendorf's communication, and then said benevolently, "Well, that sounds very satisfactory, certainly;

I should like to see Hermine happily married."

The old Baron had played his last card, and he felt that his last card had been played in vain.

That evening, when the roses in the Steinbühl garden were wet with the night dew, and the frogs in the Steinbühl marsh were croaking through the night air, and most of the inmates of the Steinbühl house were sleeping soundly in their beds, Reata stood at her window holding a half-dead rose in her hand. She sighed once or twice, and yawned twice as often, for she was very sleepy, and the day had been very hot. Her spirits were at a rather low ebb, and her sleepiness made them sink lower.

"I don't know why I am standing here making a fool of myself," she exclaimed suddenly, aloud, giving her head a shake and raising her heavy eyelids; "and why I am keeping this withered thing."

"As a remembrance," something answered in her mind. A remembrance of what?

"Here it goes!" and she crushed up the rose suddenly between her hands, and threw it from her out at the open window. But the night breeze caught some of the petals, and they came fluttering back towards her into the room. She was on her knees beside them instantly, with a burning colour in her face, picking them up carefully one by one, holding them tenderly between her fingers. And she took compassion on the stray leaflets that had come back to her from the darkness, and did not again throw them back into the black night.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—LA BELLE MEXICAINE.

"Thy dark eyes open'd not,
Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air."

. . . . . .

"Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
With breezes from our oaken glades,
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights, and floating shades."

—TENNYSON.

A frothy river tumbling down from the hills and splashing among boulder-stones, a lot of little houses built in the Swiss style, dotted about in all directions, with plenty of elbow-room between them, and each having a little garden in front of it; larger houses of three and four storeys without any gardens, each of these an hotel,—all these houses together, the little ones with the gardens, and the large ones without, forming two long and broad streets; one very large handsome building, the *Curhaus*, with its accompanying park and baths, everything hedged in by dense black pine-woods, insinuating their tall stems between the houses, and spreading their pungent invigorating scent through the air;—such were the characteristics of D——bad.

In one of the scattered Swiss houses the Bodenbachs and Schwerendorfs had conjointly found quarters, and had established themselves as comfortably as one can ever hope to be in a watering-place. They had the whole ground-floor to themselves, a quiet, elderly couple living overhead, as Arnold had been expressly informed when he engaged the house. Absolute quiet was very necessary for Gabrielle,

and there was every promise of it here. The view from the windows was enchanting; you had only to step out by the back door to be in the shadow of the pine-wood behind. It was a delightful place to spend the hot summer months in, and D——bad was at the height of its season in June. Every one of the Swiss houses was full to overflowing of occupants. Sick people came for the waters and the air; *well* people came to amuse themselves —to make mountain excursions if they were active, or to lounge about, go to concerts and balls, if they were merely frivolous. There was a great deal of gaiety going on at D——bad, and a great deal of change in the society, for many people from neighbouring watering and country places came in to have their share of the gaiety.

Everybody was enchanted with the change, Gabrielle in especial. She could sleep, she said, so much better, now that she was away from those horrid frogs that used to croak all night, and the smell of pine-woods made her feel quite strong again; and Reata enjoyed it all, as a month ago she would not have thought it possible to enjoy anything.

There was some sensation awakened in the park at D——bad on the day when the party first appeared there, and Madame de Schwerendorf, as the *chaperon* of the two handsomest girls who had appeared this season, became an object of general attention. Hermine came in for many admiring glances, and the mother's heart swelled in triumph; but she was not the first object of attention. Who was this slender lightly-stepping creature who moved along with such airy grace; who did not mince, or simper, or fan herself, or flirt, as they were doing; who walked along gravely looking from side to side with wondering dark eyes, which glanced out duskily from under the shade of her hat? She looked like a swallow that had got into a pigeon-house by mistake, and was watching the inmates half curiously, half shyly. Reata was not embarrassed, but she was bewildered by her new experiences, and she was glad that Arnold walked beside her—it felt like a protection.

A week passed pleasantly enough. Each day new people arrived to swell the list of *Cur-Gäste*, and every day the Bodenbachs and Schwerendorfs met more old acquaintances, and the old acquaintances involved new acquaintances, so that soon they found themselves the centre of a wide circle, paying visits, taking drives and walks, joining picnics, &c. Gabrielle, of course, was out of it all, except the drives, for walking or excitement was forbidden; and the Baron's dissipation consisted almost solely in pottering up and down in the *Cur Garten*, listening to his favourite airs, and talking to his friends. His favourite melody was the "Blue Danube Waltzes," and his best friend was an old pensioned General with a hooked nose and one arm, with whom he had been at school, at some very remote period. But Madame de Schwerendorf was in the thick of it all; she got no rest, less rest even than the two girls, for they would take turns often for remaining at home and keeping Gabrielle company. Arnold sometimes escorted them, sometimes not, the *not* being oftenest when it was Hermine's turn to go; probably he was afraid of any act on his part being again misconstrued, and forcing him into a false position. The girls would take turns, also, about going to dinner; I don't mean to say that either of them ever did without dinner, but that they would by turns stay at home

and dine with Gabrielle; for there are a good many small miseries which no doubt belong to the minor trials of life, but which all the same are miseries, attached to life at a watering-place. There is the misery of having every day to walk perhaps ten minutes to your dinner, if you are not living in an hotel, when you reach your place at table hot and dusty; or the misery of having your dinner brought home to you on rainy days, when everything is sure to arrive cold and greasy, with rain-water in the soup, and half of the gravy spilt, and more than half of the dessert eaten by the boy or girl, as the case may be, who is acting as carrier. And there are yet other miseries; the misery of having your clothes ill-brushed and your boots badly cleaned—of having to lock your drawers and your room when you go out, and then either forgetting the key in the lock, or losing it out of doors, and of finding yourself consequently shut out from your property and your bed when you come home; the misery of discovering that you have in your packing forgotten everything that you needed most, and put in everything that you wanted least: and however sanguine your nature may be, these miseries combined will detract a little from the delights of fashionable existence in a watering-place.

However this may be, Reata did not find it so; she made light of the miseries: she had not forgotten anything in her packing, for the simple reason that she had very few things to pack; only one large trunk had she brought from Mexico, and that had also followed her here, containing the whole of her not extensive wardrobe, and she was reckless about keeping drawers or door locked. There was only one thing that she was careful of, and that was her desk, the key of which she always carried on her watch-chain, by the side of a curious silver locket, which was the only ornament she wore. She was jealously watchful of her desk; no one had ever seen so much as the inside of it. She kept her diary there, Gabrielle knew; but what more there was hidden within remained a mystery.

She did not make much use of her diary now, in fact she had only opened it once since she came to D——bad, and what she had written then had been short. Perhaps it was because the pages of the shabby green leather volume were wellnigh filled up now; for in those days and weeks following upon that fatal telegram, she had written pages upon pages, till now she had reached the last event chronicled in the book, *The great French Revolution*, 1789! and there were but few blank pages beyond. Under this "*bouleversement sanglante de la Monarchie*," as it was termed, she had written:—

"I should like never to leave D——bad, it is so beautiful, so different from all other places; the sun seems to shine brighter here, and the scent of the pine-wood is so sweet—far sweeter than flowers. It gives me new life, and makes me feel light-hearted and happy—happier than I have ever felt before. It would be impossible ever to be sad here."

To-day it was Reata's turn to walk, and to-day happened also to be one of the days on which Arnold was disposed to go to the music. The gardens were very full; they were bowed to right and left by acquaintances, smiled and nodded at by friends, and joined by one or two gentlemen.

"*Voilà la belle Mexicaine*," said somebody to his neighbour. The person addressed was a tall, dark-haired man, not exactly handsome,

but decidedly imposing, and well-bred-looking.

"Where?" he returned, rather indifferently.

"Over there," explained his companion, pointing out the party. "Don't you see? lovely girl in white, old lady with bunches of curls, Schwerendorf by name. Wouldn't mind marrying her myself, only she hasn't got a rap—lovely girls never have."

"Schwerendorf!" interrupted the dark-haired man, with a sudden look of interest. "Is that the lady you are speaking of?"

"Yes," said the other, with a laugh; "but it is not the old lady I was wanting to marry; it's the young one—you never saw such eyes."

"Blue, like turquoises?"

"Blue! not a bit of it! dark as night."

"Oh!" in a tone of disappointment.

"Splendidly handsome! there, you can see her now; isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes, lovely—at least I didn't look at her," said the tall man, sincerely.

"I do believe you were only looking at the old lady," laughed his friend, chaffingly; "tastes differ; *la belle Mexicaine* for me!"

Reata, under Madame de Schwerendorf's wing, was passing at a little distance. Arnold was not with them now—he had gone off to talk to some acquaintances, and deliver a message from his father to the old one-armed General; and by Reata's side there was walking a very young man of insignificant appearance, with sandy hair, and a smooth, much-freckled face. This was no less a person than Prince D——, the representative of one of the oldest families in the country. He was just barely out of his teens, poor boy, and had lost his head and heart the very first time that his boiled gooseberry eyes (those boiled gooseberry eyes which so often go with a freckled face and sandy hair) met Reata's dark one. But, considering the over-tenderness of his youth, and the muddled state of his head, he really bore himself wonderfully well. He was very young, of course, and very plain, but his youth did not jar unpleasantly as youth in men so often does, and he was neither shy, nor green, nor awkward, nor did he try to appear older than he was. He was, in fact, very amusing, with a boyish *fond* of humour and spirits in him. Prince D—— possessed also more solid advantages beyond his title. His father had died soon after his son's birth, leaving him fine entailed estates, and a large fortune, which had accumulated during the long minority. Luckily, or unluckily, for him, he had a vigilant mother, who followed him about step by step, in mortal terror lest he should throw away his fortune and title upon a person beneath him. She had marked with growing displeasure and uneasiness her son's attendance on the beautiful girl, who was known to be only a poor companion; and at this moment the Princess was fanning herself violently, and throwing indignant glances towards her sandy-haired son, who conversed gaily with Reata in his squeaky voice. His voice was *very* squeaky, indeed not only an ordinary squeaky voice, but one of those cracked unnaturally high *falsetto* voices, which in his case was the result of taking cold at that critical time when a boy's treble is in process of changing to a man's bass. He *had* a bass voice, too, when he chose to use it—a deep, hoarse, growling bass, which was almost worse than his high voice; and he considerately gave people their choice of his two

voices. He had given Reata her choice to-day, and she had chosen the high cracked voice.

"Do you know the name you go by here?" the Prince, who had overheard a word or two of conversation in passing, was asking Reata.

"No," she answered, looking surprised and startled, with inquiry in her eyes. "I suppose I go by my usual name?"

"Oh, but they have given you another name here; I just heard somebody saying it this minute, and I have heard it often before."

"Tell it me, then."

"Perhaps you would not like it."

"Perhaps not, but I want to know."

Reata did *not* like it much when she was told that she went by the name of "*la belle Mexicaine.*"

"It sounds as if I were being shown for money, like a crocodile with two heads, or a monkey with eight legs."

"There were monkeys with eight legs in your forest, were there not?" said the Prince, soothingly.

"If you laugh at my forest I will never tell you anything more about it," answered Reata, a little indignantly; "I will never again——"

"Speak to me," suggested the Prince.

"No, I shall have to speak to you, I suppose, but you shall not hear anything more about the humming-birds; and certainly not about the monkeys you have insulted."

"But I assure you, Fräulein Reata, I did not in the least mean it as an insult. I have always had a special hankering after animals that have got more than their due share of limbs; it is a pleasant change—don't you think so? The greatest grief of my childhood was not being allowed to go and see a five-legged pig at the fair. I sobbed myself to sleep, I remember, because my mother thought the exhibition too vulgar, and possibly demoralising at my tender age. My mother was always very careful of me," he concluded, with a sigh.

"Your mother was quite right," said Reata, demurely. "It would have been very bad for a little boy like you; it might have frightened you into a fit."

"I should need to have had a good many fits at that rate, for many is the five-legged pig I have seen since; I never lose an opportunity in that way when I can help it: but I don't think I ever quite got over that first disappointment; it only served to foster my propensity for monsters. I can't bear anything that is like anything else; and I can't stand people that are made in batches. I have caught myself wishing sometimes that so-and-so had his nose in the middle of his forehead, just to give him a little character, or had three eyes instead of two by way of a change!"

"And what change would you be kind enough to suggest for me?" asked Reata, laughing up at him. Of all her acquaintances here she found Prince D—— the pleasantest, and got on best with him, because of all the men who dangled after her he was the least tiresome, and the least obtrusively sentimental. He was not a grown-up man at all in her eyes; he was an amusing boy, who admired her very much—she would need to have been blind not to see that—but who was far too young to be seriously in love.

"Ought I to have my mouth at the back of my head, or what, to make me different from other people?"

"You *are* different from other people," said the young man, growing serious, and strangling a sigh.

"Well, then, in yourself?" put in Reata, quickly, to avert any impending sign of sentiment.

"Oh, I should like plenty changes

in myself, but it is no use wishing; and at any rate, it is a consolation to know that I am too decidedly ugly to belong to a batch."

And Reata readily agreed with him that the consolation must be great. From this very personal subject they went on to talk of more general ones.

"You were not at the ball yesterday," said the Prince, trying to infuse a very delicate shade of reproach into his voice.

"Very true; how observant of you! but we are going to be at the ball on the 20th, you know."

"Do you really give me hopes for then?"

"Yes, really; it is almost settled. You know," she went on with some hesitation, "that—that—Baron Otto Bodenbach is coming with his bride in a day or two. We shall be a very large party. I wonder if I can dance, by the by? I know I can by myself, in the forest over the moss—but in a ball-room it will be different, I suppose; I have never been at a ball."

The Prince was on the point of beginning to launch into confident assertions when an interruption came; they got entangled with a party of acquaintances, they stood still for a moment talking, they moved on again in a changed order. Arnold had joined them again.

"Your mother is looking for you everywhere, Prince," he said to the young man, with unnecessary *empressement;* and the Prince, catching sight of his mother's outspread black fan close at hand, made a virtue of necessity, and resigned himself to filial obedience; while the old Princess, having extricated her son from the ranks of danger, moved off, with a coldly patronising smile to the party, drawing her son in tow.

As they walked on again, Madame de Schwerendorf began screwing out her neck to its greatest power of elongation, which was not very much.

"My dear," she whispered in an excited *sotto voce,* "such a chance! I declare it is he, and he is coming towards us. If I had known, I should certainly have asked you to stay at home to-day."

"Who? why?" asked Reata, bewildered.

"Hush, not so loud, *pour l'amour de Dieu!* I would not for worlds have people think that I am trying to catch him—*quelle idée!* And there is dear Arnold close by too, and he might take it amiss—I wish I knew what was the right thing to do."

Meanwhile a tall, dark-haired man, of distinguished appearance, was making his way towards the party.

"And to think that Hermine is sitting quietly at home stitching at those pocket-handkerchiefs. *Quelle idée!*" continued Madame de Schwerendorf to Reata, in a breathless whisper. The tall man came up, bowed, was introduced to Reata as Count Stayn, and then accompanied them down the gardens, walking at Madame de Schwerendorf's side.

"I hope Fräulein Hermine is quite well?" he inquired, with a look of grave interest.

"Quite well, thank you. It is such a pleasant surprise to see you here, Count Stayn," and the old lady had some difficulty in restraining herself from shaking her two bunches of curls right into the Count's face.

The Count smiled quietly to himself; and Madame de Schwerendorf, afraid of having said too much, glanced anxiously at Arnold. Was he looking displeased? No, Arnold was not looking displeased at all; and the unreasonable mother felt relieved and provoked all at once.

"Who is that gentleman? and why is Madame de Schwerendorf so excited?" Reata asked Arnold, as they walked behind the others.

"It is Count Stayn," explained Arnold; "and I believe they met him at T—— this spring."

"I think I understand," said Reata, saying her thought out loud.

"What do you understand?"

"He wants to marry Hermine," she said, still pursuing her own train of ideas; and then she started, and raised her eyes to him suddenly to see if he had heard her, and were angry: it was rather the same sort of look that Madame de Schwerendorf had turned upon him a minute ago, only that a look coming from watery green eyes, and from the depths of glorious dark ones, can never be the same thing. Arnold bent down a little to meet her look, and if there had been no displeasure in his face before, there was pleasure in it now; and Reata looked down as quickly as she had looked up, with a bright crimson tint showing through the creamy whiteness of her skin.

It was on a sultry afternoon, with heavy thunder-clouds hanging in the sky, that the newly-married couple arrived at D——bad. It was not to be more than a flying visit, of a week at most—just enough to let the bride get acquainted with her new relations—and then they were to go back to Vienna, and get settled in their temporary home,—a comfortable, luxuriously-fitted-up villa which Halka's father had engaged for them for the coming half-year, that they might enjoy the full benefit of the great Vienna Exhibition.

The Baron was enchanted with his daughter-in-law, and Gabrielle said she was enchanted too, although she did not feel somehow quite at her ease when alone in her presence.

When Halka first stepped out of the carriage in her light silver-grey travelling dress, Reata, watching her from the window, decided at once that she was less good-looking than in her photograph—that in fact she was really not good-looking at all; but the discovery did not bring her any special gratification. Otto's bride was welcome to be as handsome as she chose. Otto busied himself very much with getting the things out of the carriage; and when, finally, the last packet was got out, and there was no more pretext for keeping turned away, he did not respond much to his father's effusive congratulations.

There was somebody else in the carriage, or rather there had been somebody else, for he had been the first to jump out—it was Langenfeld. Langenfeld in high health and spirits, showing his white teeth, as he always did when pleasantly excited, whom Otto had come across in Vienna, wandering about rather disconsolately, trying to improve his mind by daily visits to the great Exhibition. It was after his third or fourth visit that Otto stumbled upon him, standing in hopeless perplexity before the model of a projected cannon, which was expected to do wonders of wholesale destruction in future warfare.

"Holloa, Langenfeld! what are you doing here?"

"On leave; providentially half of the squadron got symptoms of cholera directly after you left, so the manœuvres are to go to the wall, heaven be praised! and I am tasting liberty."

"You were not looking much like enjoying liberty when I came up."

No; Langenfeld confessed frankly that he was not enjoying his liberty as much as he had expected.

The Exhibition was a very fine thing, but hard to understand; people expected you to know about everything, and asked questions, &c., and there was no other fun except the circus to be got at that time of the year; "and one can't be at the circus all day," he concluded, pathetically. So finally, when Otto said he was going to D——bad next day, and proposed that his comrade should accompany him, Langenfeld, to whom any plan which promised excitement was like water to a thirsty land, literally jumped at the idea; and this is the way in which he came to be in the carriage, and to leap out of it before anybody else. Perhaps Otto had pressed him with rather extra warmth, in order to get hold of a decent excuse for breaking the monotony of the honeymoon *tête-à-têtes*. This is not meant to imply that Otto did not get on well with his wife; but he got on best with her in society; she was always so sure to do and say the right things, and to fill her position with such perfect grace, that no husband in his place could have failed to be proud of her. But when a man is alone with his wife, it does not matter so much whether she always does and says the right things—in fact, the wrong things are usually the pleasantest. Besides, Otto had had so many *tête-à-têtes* with Halka during the last winter, and there had then been the charm of danger, which now there was not.

It was only after Halka had got through the greetings of her father-in-law and Gabrielle, that in turning round she caught a first sight of Reata; she was for a moment surprised and puzzled—surprised at her beauty, puzzled how to account for her existence. There was no surprise on her face, however, only calm inquiry, as she looked towards the Baron for explanation. An introduction followed, and from the Baron's incoherent stammering, Halka was only able to gather something about "dear cousin Olivia" and "Mexico." At the word Mexico, which was the most distinctly pronounced in the jumble, Halka raised her head, and gave Reata a quick piercing glance from her glassy grey eyes. If she had come from Mexico, then probably Otto must know her too, and why had he not mentioned her name? And then with a sudden, fast-creeping, freezing suspicion, and a pang of inward jealousy, she felt that there might well be reasons for his silence. She had not forgotten the episode of the sketch-book, and this girl *had* long black hair. All this passed through Halka's mind very quickly as she shook hands, and made a commonplace remark to Reata. From Reata's face she had looked at her husband's instinctively—Otto had come into the room, but he was standing with his back to the light, so that she could not see his face for a moment; in the next she had seen it, and had seen that it was paler than the dust of the journey need have made it, and she felt no more doubt now that the girl before her must be her most mortal enemy.

After the arrival of the happy couple the Bodenbachs' life was gayer than ever; there was a good deal of fuss made about the Polish bride, who was not beautiful, but who dressed herself with such matchless taste. Every *élégante* in the place burned with envy at the richly simple, elegantly careless toilets in which she daily appeared. They studied the fall of her trains with opera-glasses from the windows, and exhausted their eyesight in endeavouring to decipher where the exact charm of her dresses lay, which put their Vienna and Paris costumes into shade. Halka, calm-

ly aware of it all, sauntered along the promenade on her handsome husband's arm. They were welcome to study her train as much as they liked, for they would never hit it off—just as little as she could ever make herself beautiful, like that dark-eyed girl, that Mexican companion, whom she hated with blind jealousy.

Otto and his bride were a model couple, and Otto was a model bridegroom—always by her side in public, attentive and considerate, but not demonstrative. There is no form of vulgarity so unpleasant as that of a tender couple—a couple, that is to say, who obtrude their tenderness into public notice; it is only one degree less irritating (I am not even sure that it is that) than a publicly quarrelsome couple, and it is more ridiculous.

With her new relations Halka got on as well as she did in society; she was just the sort of woman whom the Baron would have wished for his youngest son. He admired her tact, and her demeanour, and high-breeding; but if the Baron had spoken the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he too, like his daughter, would have confessed to a certain feeling of discomfort at the times when he found himself alone with his fair daughter-in-law. A person who seemed as if she could never under any circumstances get flurried, or lose her head or her temper, could not be quite congenial to the old Baron's easily flustered temperament. With Hermine, Halka was quietly courteous, without being warm; with Reata she was more coldly courteous, on the few occasions when she found herself compelled to acknowledge her existence—as a general rule, it suited her better to ignore it. She was able to spend a whole afternoon in the same room as Reata, joining the same conversation with her, and yet seemingly overlooking her presence—seemingly unaware of it; although no one like Halka watched her every movement, and listened to her every word, with such vigilance, the vigilance of watchful jealousy.

To a close observer, Otto was in manner restless and changeable; gayer sometimes than the occasion demanded, with sudden shades of moodiness coming unprovoked over him. It was never very startling, only subtle shades, which few people marked; but Arnold marked them, and so did Halka. Reata might have marked them too, only that her mind was full of other things.

It was three days after the arrival of the happy couple that the whole party were sitting down by the side of the river. They were a large party—Otto, Halka, Madame de Schwerendorf, Reata, Arnold, the Prince, Langenfeld, Hermine and her attendant Count. The Count had been very attendant indeed, ever since his appearance at D——bad. He paid Hermine every attention which it is considered correct for a gentleman to pay to a lady whom he admires, and hopes to make his wife. But although he was so very correct and well-regulated in his demeanour, Count Stayn was not a mere man of the world, wishing merely to find a suitable wife and settle down. He really had a heart, and he really was in love, very much in love, with Hermine. In her he had found his ideal of what a German woman should be. Being very dark himself, he always admired very fair-haired women. Dark women might be beautiful, he supposed, but not for him. Reata was beautiful, he supposed, because everybody said so, but he could not see it. Dark eyes had not the power to enthral him. He could not understand

how any man in his senses could prefer that slight pale dark creature to the glorious Hermine, golden-haired, blue-eyed, rosy and milky, calm and stately, as a German woman should be. There was also another young lady of the party beyond the usual number, a young lady of the name of Melanie, whose father, having no taste for chaperonage, had judiciously palmed off on to Madame de Schwerendorf's care. Fräulein Melanie could be best described by saying that every one of her limbs or features, which should have been large, was small, and every other which should have been small was large; such was at least the general impression conveyed. She had small eyes, puny eyebrows, narrow shoulders, short hair; while she rejoiced in a wide mouth, thick nose, large ears, and enormous hands and feet.

It was a splendid afternoon, with mellow evening tints beginning to creep over the world; the party had dispersed a little on reaching the river's side, each having chosen a seat according to his or her individual taste. Reata had not sat down at all yet; she was springing about the rocks, gathering large clumps of forget-me-nots, bidding defiance to possible water-snakes—the Prince springing about after her, holding the surplus of forget-me-nots, and Langenfeld close behind, cane in hand, ready to annihilate the first water-snake that should glide across the stones, or push its head out of the long grasses that grew between them. Arnold, standing at the edge, watched them with a frown, and switched off the heads of the innocent forget-me-nots within reach. Otto, standing in the shadow of the fir-trees, watched the whole picture with a still deeper frown, that was almost a scowl.

"There, I have got enough forget-me-nots now," said Reata to Langenfeld. "Let us come up—I am going to arrange them; every one who likes can have bouquets."

"And I deserve the first and the largest," said Langenfeld, as he gave her his hand up the rocks. She met Arnold's eyes fixed upon her gravely.

"They are all going to be exactly the same size," she explained. "No one shall have a larger one than any one else, except Gabrielle; poor Gabrielle deserves the most."

As she put her foot on the top of the bank, her watch-chain caught upon a little straggling branch of a bush; she felt a tug, and then some small object went clattering down the stones towards the water's edge.

"Oh, my locket!" she cried out, making a frantic grab after it; "can nobody save it for me? my father's picture,"—and she grew red, and then white all at once.

Langenfeld was already descending at a neck-breaking rate, pursuing the silver locket as it went bounding from stone to stone. Arnold was before him—he had been nearer from the first; he made two strides, and plunged in his arm to the frothy water, just as the locket, with one last bound, plumped into the river and disappeared.

"Oh, it is gone!" Reata cried, in despair, wringing her hands, and the tears standing in her eyes. "I am so sorry!"

Halka had risen from the tree-stump, and had come towards the scene of action. She had seen the disturbance on Reata's face, and heard it in her voice, and some instinct of curiosity, a curiosity which sprang from nothing but a vague suspicion, moved her to draw nearer.

"It is not gone!" shouted Arnold, withdrawing his dripping sleeve from the water, and holding

up half of the silver locket; the hinge had sprung asunder in the violent descent.

"Oh, but the other half, the one with the picture," she called back. He was feeling for it already under the frothy surface, and drew it out after a minute.

The portrait, which this accident had left unclosed, and which Arnold of course could not fail seeing, was that of an elderly gentleman, painted on ivory, very faded and weak already, and rendered still more so by this involuntary immersion into the watery element.

"Thank you," she said, warmly, as he put her damaged property into her hands.

"I have seen that face somewhere before," remarked Arnold, reflectively.

"No, you have not," Reata said, almost fiercely, turning red under the quietly scrutinising gaze of Halka's eyes, which she felt upon her face, and looking round her with an air of disquietude at seeing herself an object of general attention; for Hermine, perhaps glad of an occasion for breaking off conversation with her devoted Count, had risen and come near to look at the locket, and the Count had risen also, not to look at the locket, but to remain near Hermine. He, at all events, had not had enough conversation yet.

"It is not very likely that you should ever have met my father," Reata said, recovering herself, and speaking more quietly.

"I have seen that face before, or some one very like it," repeated Arnold; "but I cannot remember where."

"Is it so very unlikely, after all, that Arnold should have met your father?" inquired Halka, with polite contradiction. "He was a German, was he not?"

"Yes, but he lived in Mexico, and Baron Arnold has never been in Mexico."

"But Otto has been in Mexico;" Halka's face brightened with a faint tinge of animation. "Perhaps he would recognise the face."

"I shall not give him the chance," Reata answered, coldly; and she slipped the broken locket into the safe harbour of her pocket.

"Oh, just as you choose, of course. Mr Lackenegg's face can hardly be of very much interest to us."

"It is getting cold here by the water. We had better be going home, Halka," said Otto, provoked at the way he had been put aside. Halka did find it cool; and she would have been very glad to get home, but curiosity and suspicion were awakened within her, and she felt averse to leaving Reata out of her sight just now. She had disliked her before for her own sake; and now there was a new interest in the idea that there might be something—some shadow upon Reata's name, or some secret in her life—which might be found out, and serve to lower her. If Reata has a secret, let her beware of this woman's jealous eyes, which will seek to unravel it and drag it to light.

They all sat down again on the stones in a scattered group. Reata picked up her forget-me-nots, which she had dropped in her fright—or rather Langenfeld picked them up for her—and she began to make them up into little bunches.

There was a shade of constraint on the party since the episode of the locket, and conversation was languid.

The river bubbled and frothed at their feet, and kept up a running conversation of its own with the air. Now and then a trout made a jump from the water at some fly that danced gaily on the surface, and sank down with a tiny splash,

and only a few eddying circles to mark the spot where it had risen. A couple of water-ousels were calling to each other from the banks in their shrill pipy voices; and the deep shadow of the pine-trees, growing longer but fainter, lengthened and lengthened and spread around; and the sun died away from one ruddy trunk after another.

Presently the conversation turned upon riding.

"What a pretty horse you have got, Prince!" said Reata. "I saw it this morning."

"I am so delighted that you like anything that belongs to me. I always thought him rather ugly myself; but I shall begin to admire him from to-day. I shall put a knot upon my pocket-handkerchief in order to remember."

"Perhaps you would like him to have another leg or so," Reata suggested. "You would be sure to admire him then."

Madame de Schwerendorf looked shocked; Fräulein Melanie laughed loudly, without quite knowing why; Halka raised her eyebrows imperceptibly; Arnold drew *his* eyebrows together very perceptibly, and threw a piece of stick at one of the water-ousels. There evidently was a joke between these two which no one else understood.

"There are such delightful rides here," went on the Prince, eagerly, and using his growling bass, as he always did when he wanted to be particularly impressive. "If you would only accept the loan of one of my horses we might make up a party, and explore that ruin further up the valley."

"Yes, I should have liked it," said Reata; "but I have got no habit."

"Perhaps Fräulein Lackenegg has another reason," said Halka, turning suavely to Reata. All this time she had been inwardly writhing with rage at all this fuss which was being made about this girl. She did not see why she should have a prince crouching at her feet in this absurd fashion, and offering her horses. "Perhaps you cannot ride?"

"Ask your husband if you want to know," flashed out Reata, temper getting the better of prudence; and if Halka's suspicions had needed confirmation, they were confirmed now.

"Probably he will not remember. He did not even mention having seen you in Mexico."

"I daresay not," said Reata, under her breath and between her set teeth; and with another pang Halka felt that her own words recoiled upon herself with a sharper sting.

"We really must be going home," exclaimed Madame de Schwerendorf, starting to her feet, in nervous dread of something unpleasant. "You have done with your flowers, have you not, my dear?"

"Oh yes, quite done," said Reata, starting. She had all but forgotten the flowers, that were lying in a blue heap on her lap. She gathered them up quickly, and began distributing them round to Madame de Schwerendorf, to Hermine, to Fräulein Melanie, to Halka. Halka took hers as readily as the others did. She would have much preferred trampling it under foot, as coming from Reata; but blue was her favourite colour, and forget-me-nots are blue. And so Halka took the little bunch with a smile, and stuck it into the front of her dress.

The ladies were all provided with forget-me-nots now. It was the gentlemen's turn. The Prince put out his hand with a half-imploring, half-injured air. Langenfeld came down the rocks quickly, declaring he would not be the last. Otto followed more slowly. Suddenly it flashed upon Reata's mind that she

would have to give flowers to Otto as well as to the others. That would never do. She sprang forward, and tumbled all the remaining bouquets down into the running water, declaring that the gentlemen did not need flowers. Splash, splash, the little blue bunches dropped in, and sailed along quickly or slowly, as the water caught them. There was an outcry. Langenfeld and the Prince went racing down the rocks, fishing out the bunches of draggled flowers with their hands—pursuing them down the stream, laughing and growing excited over the chase, like a couple of schoolboys as they were. Fícha and Chéri, always ready for any excitement, went careering along the bank, barking at the little blue spots as they were drifted past on the foamy surface. Arnold also looked after the flowers as they sailed away; but he did not pursue them or run races for them. Arnold could hardly be called a schoolboy.

As they walked home the Prince began looking about him nervously. He had a great number of wet forget-me-nots in his button-hole, and was walking at Reata's side. At her other side was Arnold.

"Are you looking for your mother?" asked Reata.

"It is more likely that your mother is looking for you," said Arnold, emphatically.

"I am afraid it is," the Prince acquiesced, with a sigh. "Bless me, if I don't see a black fan moving over there, and I have not asked you yet about the ball! The plans are not changed yet, I hope?"

"No, not that I know of," returned Reata.

"What are you going to wear, Fräulein Lackenegg?" inquired Melanie, who had come up with Madame Schwerendorf. "I am going to wear green-and-gold, with a wreath of acorns."

The gentlemen looked startled at this announcement, and Halka shuddered slightly.

"What are you going to wear?"

"I have not got the slightest notion what I shall wear. Very likely I shall not be able to go at the last moment, for want of a ball-dress."

"But, my dear, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, what do you mean? You must think seriously. It is high time. Hermine has got half her flounces hemmed already. You really must decide at once what you are going to wear."

"Put on that white dress you wore at Steinbühl, the day you gathered all those red roses, and take a bunch of them in your hand," said Arnold, suddenly and jerkily, not looking at Reata. She raised her eyes towards him in surprise, and a great thrill ran through her and shook her gently. Langenfeld and the Prince looked at each other, and their eyes met in discomfiture.

"That would hardly do," she answered, endeavouring to speak lightly. "My poor dress was not considered good enough for the gardens, and would not be admitted into the ball-room, I fear; but I shall have to wear white or black, on account of my mourning; and I should like some red roses, only I don't know where I should get them."

"You will allow me to get them for you," said the Prince, imploringly. "I can undertake to procure as many as you like."

"Thank you," said Reata, simply: but Arnold did not look as much delighted as the ready adoption of his plan of toilet would have seemed to justify.

"And what may I be allowed to procure?" Langenfeld asked, with

a rueful expression of face. "Surely I might have got at least half the roses. If Prince D—— is going to give you your bouquet, might I not get the flowers for your hair?"

"Thank you, I don't want any flowers for my hair; I can only wear black or white."

"Then let me get something black," in a lugubrious tone. "Are there no other sort of flowers or feathers, or things, that you want? What is there black?" looking about in wild search: "are there no black flowers?"

"Hardly, I am afraid, unless you can discover Dumas's *Tulipe noire*," said Halka, making the remark listlessly over her husband's shoulder.

"But there are black birds," said Langenfeld, cheering up, as he caught sight of a big crow sitting on the top of a neighbouring tree. "Can't you use any part of a crow about your dress?"

"Very well, you can bring me a crow's wing, if you like," said Reata, fixing upon the least objectionable part of the bird. "I'll see what I can do with it."

"Thank you," said the Lieutenant, enthusiastically. "How lucky it is I brought my gun! I always take it with me in case of anything turning up, though June isn't a likely month. I shall go out at sunrise to-morrow, and won't come home till I have got a crow. Are you quite sure that one bird will be enough?"

"Quite," said Reata, laughing. "Probably more than enough."

"I am afraid it will be rather a wild-goose chase," Halka said, again looking back gracefully. "Fräulein Lackenegg will hardly be able to make much of a crow's wing, even if you were good-natured enough to procure it for her."

"I shall certainly wear it if you are kind enough to get it for me," Reata said, with rising colour. She did not care one straw about either the crow or Langenfeld, but the sting of Halka's little puncturing darts was beginning to rouse her blood, and she spoke with more *empressement* than was at all necessary, and much more than she at all felt. Halka only shrugged her shoulders: it is usually considered unladylike to shrug one's shoulders, but her way of doing it was eminently ladylike.

"I may count upon the crow, then, Lieutenant Langenfeld, may I not?" Reata repeated at the door; and quite contrary to her wont, only because she felt Halka's eyes watching her, she gave Langenfeld her hand and an encouraging smile.

In turning away, her eyes met Arnold's full, and there was displeasure and pain written broadly in his. "He thinks I am a miserable flirt," she said to herself bitterly, as she passed in before him to the house. And that same evening, when she was alone in her room, she knelt by the side of her bed, and with her face buried in her hands, and her slight fingers pressed hard against her hot scarlet cheeks, she confessed to herself that she too had been fickle—that not only had she been able to outlive her first love, but that she loved again: she told herself plainly at last that she loved Arnold Bodenbach.

OUR STACHELBERG SYMPOSIUM.

I.—IN WHICH THE ADVERSARY OPENS THE BALL.

A PARAGRAPH in bold type recently announced that the important post which I have held for a good many years now was about to become vacant. The Advocatus Diaboli had resigned, and his resignation had been accepted. The paragraph, I have reason to believe, was inspired—the news at least was substantially correct. The economical reformers had persuaded his S.H. that the duties I discharged were purely nominal, and that sinecures were obnoxious to the enlightened spirit of the age. So I am retiring from office whenever the terms of superannuation, about which there has been some little unpleasantness, have been arranged. One knows, of course, that these details are managed by subordinates, and there has been no interruption of the cordial understanding which should always exist between an advocate and his client. As Shakespeare says, the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Age may have mellowed the "gay wisdom" for which he was famous in his youth; I have a sort of impression that he reads the 'Record;' he is certainly a good deal stouter than he was when I knew him first. Though, like most able men who have outgrown the revolutionary fever of their teens, inclining to a cynical conservatism, his taste for paradox, his impatience of pedagogy, and his aversion to the Philistines, are as strongly marked as ever. The rehabilitation of the historical ragamuffin is a *spécialité* of our time; and though the practice of my office rather inclines me to take the other line, I am bound to say that a good deal of misunderstanding has prevailed about a character that is not deficient in sprightly and even amiable traits. He came round to my box at Covent Garden the other night, and took the bull by the horns with characteristic frankness. Patti was playing in "Faust"—a charming *Gretchen*. What can be sweeter than this innocent German girl at her spinning-wheel singing her snatch of German ballad—"Es war ein könig im Thule"? But when we come to the tragedy—ah! then we miss the incomparable Titiens, who, in spite of face and figure, in spite of ugliness and unwieldiness, could rise to a height of mellifluous passion, of melodious rapture and despair, which pretty Mademoiselle Patti (she is Mademoiselle again, I presume) cannot understand any more than a kitten understands Beethoven.

His S.H. (Sable Highness?) was quite pleased, especially with his own representative, who, in nodding plumes, arched eyebrows, and flaming flamingo-coloured tights, acted with becoming spirit.*

"Very clever indeed, and Mademoiselle is really too charming. But if this grotesque *diablerie* is the best that your society can produce, then I cannot honestly say that I entertain much apprehension of the issue. It is plain that your people believe as little in the wiles of the devil as in the wings of the

* It was, I may say, M. Gailhard who played the part—not the dear, old, shabby, seedy gentleman (Thackeray would have loved him) who appears in your November number, Mr Editor.

angels who bear Mademoiselle's blessed spirit to—to—the other place. Titiens, to be sure, was a danger: she swept my poor Mephistopheles and your well-to-do cherubs out of the way, and showed us retribution dogging guilt and passion and despair as the lightning is emphasised by the thunder-clap. No, my friend, I would rather you left the devil alone just at present—the state of public opinion on that important subject is all that I could desire. In giving up the adversary they are giving up all who row in the same boat with him—my poor dear friends, Gabriel, Michael, and the rest of them. For when the central figure of the popular mythology has been displaced, what is to come of the smaller fry? The whole spiritual edifice will topple over with a smash, and with it will go (will it not?) the wholesome belief in pains and penalties, and the inevitable sequences which the act of knocking your head against a stone wall has hitherto been thought to involve."

Then he went on to explain in his airy and affable way why he was forced to retrench. Economical administration had become quite the rage among his advisers; salaries were being cut down right and left; they had had a bad harvest like ourselves, and there was general discontent.

"I can't afford you any longer," he continued, quite pleasantly, slapping me on the back. "Let them make as many saints as they like—the more the merrier—and they may throw in a miracle or two at odd times, if it pleases them. It's not my business to show up the tricks of the trade—my interest is all the other way. I am sorry to part with you—the dissolution of an agreeable connection is always painful; but, to a person in your extensive practice, my humble honorarium can be of no consequence. I must have a catching cry—an eligible piece of clap-trap—for our next election, which is close at hand. Economy with efficiency, or economy with inefficiency (I forget the exact terms), though a little musty and moth-eaten, will do as well as a better, will it not? My subjects are growing devilishly democratic, and old Moloch stumps about the country inveighing against personal government."

This was in July, and a month afterwards we met at Stachelberg, where he had come to take "the cure." He was a little out of sorts with the London summer; the unseasonable cold had not suited him; and he had supped with Sir W—— L—— more than once on wit-and-water—an unwholesome diet.

You are English, and you do not recognise the name? Stachelberg lies in a broad fertile valley; yet it is possible within the hour to enter the true Alpine world—the Tödi, the Klein Tödi, the Clariden group, and the noble rock-wall of the Selbsanft rising round about you. Much of the wonderful architecture of this district is due to the fact that the Glarus mountains are mainly composed of limestone—a material which is worked by Nature's chisel, storm and sunshine, into the strangest shapes—shapes sometimes grotesque indeed, but always noble and emphatic. The secondary crags are most pronounced in character; but the great rock of the neighbourhood—one of Nature's greatest feats in the rock line—is the Glarnisch, which, whether its craggy battlements, ice-coped, snow-furrowed, are seen as one vast fortress from the Oeli Alp, or, softly repeated at sunset, in the green waters of the Klön See, is always dominant over the valleys. It gives the tone to the neighbourhood. Even Glarus, a manufacturing town which lies

at its base, is transfigured by the proximity of its mighty neighbour. The very cotton-mills become poetical and suggestive, and the children grow up into the prettiest imaginable girls — girls with luminous black Italian eyes, and pure, bright, healthy English complexions. And the Baths where you stay are comfortable, moderate, pleasantly German, unknown to Mr Cook, and surrounded by woods, out of which rise—some of them a sheer mile overhead—ridge upon ridge of grey limestone crag, forming a suitable framework for the mighty mass of blue glacier and dazzling snow-field which closes the valley. Stay at Stachelberg; but if you loiter for an evening at Glarus, when the heat of the day is spent, when every peak is giving out its own characteristic note of colour,—the mountains of the Wallen See purple against the north, the sober grey of the Glarnisch growing effulgent, and all the snow-slopes rosy and radiant as the bareheaded girls, who, arm in arm, stroll past you in the market-place, cool and shady with the gathering night,—you will own that even Glarus is a choice resting-place in a choice land.

We were lying on the banks of the Klön See, the mighty precipices of the Glarnisch towering overhead. He was skimming an old number of the 'Daily Telegraph'—even the ubiquitous 'Telegraph' takes a week to reach this happy valley. Then he burst into a mighty guffaw — laughter such as we associate with the burly gods of Walhalla over their ale. It was quite refreshing to hear the saturnine and scoffing spirit of the 'Faust' indulge in this natural and unforced mirth.

"This is excellent," he observed, when he had recovered his breath. "These young lions of the 'Daily Telegraph,' as our acquaintance Mat Arnold calls them, will be the death of me. You have a fine florid style, my friend; why don't you associate yourself with the greatest circulation in the world? Here you are throwing away your time in my graceless society, by the sleepy waters of this charming lake, when you might be imparting novel and useful information about our secluded community, and thrilling with the record of daring deeds and astonishing adventures the nervous systems of a hundred thousand daily readers. Try your hand at it, my good fellow, while I light a cigarette. Only, before you start, listen to this. You must figure to yourself that a holiday correspondent has been taking a 'peep at the Engadine,' and is returning by the Albula road, along which, as you are aware, the familiar diligence passes two or three times a-day. Keep that in mind, and then do justice to the vigour of imagination and the splendour of rhetoric in this magnificent description of an Alpine thunderstorm. Hear how he begins: 'Leaving Pontresina one afternoon with the idea of sleeping at the first convenient inn after nightfall, I happened to encounter, when on the loneliest and most dreary moments of the pass, a thunderstorm as vivid and as terrible as that which attacked London just about the same time. Vegetation had again been left behind when, with great drops of rain and a darkened sky, the storm began. I was in a wild mountainous district, amidst cold black tarns, jagged rocks, and huge masses of desolate snow; the place was miles away from human habitation, not a living creature was near me, when this pitiless thunderstorm commenced, with bright piercing flashes of lightning that seemed to strike and ricochet from the mountains, and with thunder that reverberated against the hundred rocks, and was simply deafening. Shelter there was absolutely none—not a

hut, not a cabin, nor even a protruding rock. The sky was ink-black, the rain descended in torrents, and the cows and chamois, frightened almost to death, came down from the mountains into the road, and rubbed themselves against me, as if for protection, as I hurried along the broad path, and went deeper and deeper into the darkness.' 'Deil tak' me,' as my old Scotch gamekeeper used to say, if I ever heard anything like it. '*The cows and the chamois, frightened almost to death, came down from the mountains into the road, and rubbed themselves against me!*' I back that against any passage of the same length in the English language. 'Modern Painters' is tame in comparison. Even the 'Opium-Eater' is out of the running. Fancy what a complete overturn there must have been when the very chamois, the shiest and most unapproachable of wild creatures, descended from their mountain retreats to rub themselves against this adventurous correspondent!* It reminds me of the queer cantrips I used to witness at a Witch's Sabbath in the old days. By the way, old Goethe hit that off very fairly in the 'Walpurgis Nacht.'"

There is a slight vein of egotism in my client which I like to encourage. These reminiscences of his—the reminiscences of one who, like the wise Odysseus, has seen so many men and so many cities—are often vastly entertaining. And edifying? Upon my word, I believe they are. We are so overrun with insular politicians and conventional Radicals,—I use the word advisedly; for no man is really more commonplace and conventional, if you get to the bottom of him, than your sucking Republican,—that the cautious generalisations and shrewd common-sense of a veteran traveller and citizen of the world are as refreshing as a whiff of fresh air in a crowded music-hall. The stay-at-home Telemachus might possibly have attached some importance to the introduction of the ballot, or the equalisation of the burgh and county franchise; the much-travelled Odysseus knew better.

"You think it good?"

"It is done to the life. Like Tam o' Shanter, he must have been present at one of our little suppers, which, I must own, were sometimes rather boisterous. The whole thing, indeed, was in very questionable taste. I am glad they are given up. Do you see that peak over yonder?" he continued, pointing to one of the scraggiest and most inaccessible pinnacles of the Glarnisch. "What an orgy we had there one wild winter night in the year—let me see, what year would it be? Why, it was the year that Louis the Well-beloved was sick at Metz, and it looks like yesterday! One of your countrywomen, I remember, was with us—the cleverest and prettiest little witch of the lot—they burnt her at Edinburgh (with a crazy Baptist) six weeks afterwards. Ay! ay! *Venit ineluctabile tempus.*" And he lay back meditatively on the flowery turf, and gazed dreamily into the sky.

But he had got into the vein.

"Mudie sent me the other day—he thought it might amuse me—a book on 'The Three Devils,' by a Scotch Professor of the Black Art. Or is it the 'Belles Lettres'? If I fell asleep over the volume, it may not have been the worthy man's fault. Like your aristocracy, I spend most of my time in the open air (though I leave the roaring now to our young lions across the way), and like them I never read. Books

* 'Daily Telegraph,' 18th August 1879.

are *so* dull. And this Scotch professor went at me after the manner of Scotch professors. There was the earlier devil, and the later devil; the devil of literature, and the devil of life; the devil of Marlowe, and the devil of Milton; the French *diable amoureuse*, and the German *Teufel*. If I had been a newly-discovered centipede, he could not have analysed me more exhaustively. A man is a bad judge in his own cause; but upon the whole—though I admit that both Marlowe and Goethe are deucedly clever—I like Burns best. Your English Milton is heavy; he cannot have known much about my style when he put that frothy and intemperate rhetoric into my mouth,—was he thinking of Gladstone? But Burns recognises my true position, as the homely link, the familiar, tangible—I had almost said jocular—tie between the visible and the invisible, the sensible and the spiritual worlds; and he treats me with a generous candour and tender irreverence which I gladly reciprocate:—

'But fare ye weel, auld Nickie Ben,
O wad ye tak a thocht an' men',
Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake.'

Of course you are aware now that his sympathy was rather thrown away; you have been instructed by a brand-new association (which knows all about it) that immortality is 'conditional' only—a sort of limited liability; but, all the same, I thank him for his kindness from the bottom of my heart. He had his failings, I admit; but he was not a snob, and he would have scorned to hit a poor devil who was down on his luck. The truth is, that much of the popular invective from which I suffer rests on a misconception. I am held to be—more or less—a failure; and failure to your rich, vulgar, braggart, bloated, intolerant Radical, is the worst of crimes. If they had sense to see that I was getting the upper hand, I should have every man of them throwing up their hats and shouting themselves hoarse at my heels. No more would be heard of hoofs or horns; the medieval scandals would be contemptuously dismissed. Or it might be considered more satisfactory to direct the attention of a severely scientific public to the interesting researches of my friend Huxley, which show that, in the process of evolution, the hoofs, with the rest of the *impedimenta*, have been dropped. What a man that is, to be sure! Talk of the spear of Ithuriel, indeed!—*his* colourless diamond blade is far more searching. And how it flashes when he wields it!"

Here he was interrupted by the bell for *table-d'hôte*. Another day we had climbed by the Ober-Sand Alp into the heart of the glacier world, where, surrounded by the giant groups of the Tödi and the Clariden Grat, we ate our boiled eggs and drank our modest Swiss champagne, which we had iced in a *crevasse*. A little, round, fiery, mountaineering Teuton was our companion on this occasion. These mountaineering Teutons are very funny; but they are not bad fellows when you come to know them. Their constitutional dislike to fresh air and cold water is undergoing modification: and since Lord Beaconsfield was made Prime Minister they have become absolutely civil to his countrymen. A policy of brag and bluster is, after all, not without its advantages to the travelling Briton. The Geheimer Regierungsrath of Saurkraut was, as it turned out, a warm admirer of his lordship.

"There is a man I know in London," my friend began, when we

had lighted the mild Austrian cigars which come across the frontier, "who tells me that when he has finished his great work—six ponderous volumes are already published — he will have made man into an exact science and driven the mystery out of life. He seemed somewhat surprised, not to say annoyed, when I advised him without delay to commit suicide. For surely, even a writing man, if he has any brains at all, should know better. Is it not the interest of all your influential sort of people—poets, preachers, patriots, orators, statesmen, philosophers, moralists — to preserve the mysteries of life — myself included? Without mystery, life in all its relations grows mean and mouldy—not to say base and beggarly. And, indeed, if we degrade it into a mere matter of stomach and muscles, how long will the whole thing (as we have known it in civilised societies) hold together? Poetry? Why, poetry is but the effort, more or less feeble at best, to make the mystery palpable. The poet's occupation will be gone when mystery is definitively banished. So of the other arts. Buonarotti was a great anatomist, it is true, but he was a mighty artist as well; there is all the difference in the world between an anatomical figure and the figures in the Medici chapel: the one is a faithful transcript of our muscular structure—that is all; in the other there is the unfathomableness of an immortal nature. Love? Love was brittle and fragile enough in all conscience, even when imagination 'cuist the glamour o'er her,' as poor little *Gretchen* knew to her cost; but take away whatever raises it from the slough of the senses into the kingdom of the imagination, and what is left? *L'Amour? L'Amour*, as we see it in the Gallic novelist, unlovely and monstrous as Caliban? Loyalty? What has come of the divinity that hedged the king? The mystery is going out of the fiction, which straightway grows slightly absurd. Patriotism? Why, patriotism is an old-fashioned complaint like the measles, which we only take when we are boys. Theology? Not in my line, you observe; yet one can't help seeing that a religion which does not minister to the sense of mystery is a poor contrivance, a weak invention of the enemy that won't last. They say that all these fictions make life a deal more awful and tragic than it need be; but the strength of life is in its tragedy; and when they have made man as the beasts that perish—when he ceases to look before and after, and to pine for what is not—they will have taken away from him his capacity for greatness as well as his capacity for suffering."

I ventured to suggest that he was presenting a rather gloomy view of the triumphs of modern science. Science? Was not science, biological and physical, our strong point in England? and was not England, I modestly but incautiously added, in the van of the nations?

He was not slow to avail himself of the opening I had thus given him.

"My dear sir," he replied, looking me hard in the face, "are you serious? Is there one quality in your countrymen which entitles them to the moral, intellectual, or political suzerainty of mankind? I like your people; I get on well with them as a rule; I occasionally come across an intolerant political jesuitical dissenter—hailing mainly from Kirkcaldy or Aberdeen—who sniffs me all over, as if it were *I* who retained the smell of sulphur and the taste for brimstone; but, on the whole, I flatter myself that I appreciate and am appreciated by the English nation."

On behalf of my countrymen I acknowledged the compliment.

"Very well, then; listen to what I have to say. You are aware that my experience is pretty considerable by this time. I have seen a good deal of what has gone on in the world during the past—no—we shall not say how many thousands of years" (here our Teutonic friend opened his eyes); "it might get me into trouble with Bishop Colenso and his Zulus; and, Lord knows, we have had enough of both! [What a plague, to be sure, these arithmetical savages are—it is no more possible to argue with them than with a woman—I hold, with the illustrious Hamilton, that of all fools the mathematical fool is the biggest.] *You* know that my position is strictly neutral; that I have no prejudices or partialities which can affect my judgment. Now my deliberate opinion is, that you English are on the very verge of utter calamity; and this not merely because you basely worship success, but because you are fatally impatient of failure. You are no longer a strong, silent, modest, patient, reticent people. You have lost the capacity for bearing evil fortune with dignity and moderation,—an hysterical shriek goes up from your partisan press whenever half-a-dozen of your men are worsted in an obscure skirmish; whenever an Irish landlord is fired at by a lazy blackguard of a tenant; whenever a penny in the pound is added to the income-tax. Is this the spirit of an Imperial people? Is this the temper of a nation that is willing and able to hold its own against all comers?"

Here he paused. I tried to think of some passage in the collected "gleanings" of Mr Bright or Mr Gladstone that would serve to show he was wrong. Unfortunately none occurred to me at the moment. Then he resumed—

"You English believe in your parliamentary constitution as if it were a machine that might be wound up with a watch-key every Saturday night, and left to go of itself. Why, man, a constitution is like an opera,—it has no vitality apart from the players. And this blessed constitution of yours is in such delicate case, it seems, that the touch of the merest booby puts it out of gear—it cannot even bear the strain of a Parnell. The member for a beggarly Irish constituency of fifty souls has merely to get on his legs, and the wheels stop and the hands cease to revolve. A popular constitution which is only possible on an understanding which any knave or fool may invalidate cannot be good for much. To get it to go at all, you have to sacrifice vital convictions and essential safeguards of your society (for that is what you have been about for the past six months); to satisfy the hungry maws of a howling pack of Irish harpies; and this you do to save what? What indeed! But the constitution is the supreme Fetish of your people; and universal consternation and dismay would be caused if you removed a single timber of the old Noah's ark, however rotten. For my own part, I am profoundly convinced that if one day it becomes imperative for this cranky machine to turn out a real bit of work with decisive promptitude, you and your people will be in evil straits." *

* Even Liberal politicians are coming to look at Parliament in this light. Thus a writer in Mr Gladstone's monthly expresses himself:—

"Surely the first stage in the deterioration of a nation must have for its mark the decadence of patriotism. From bad seasons, dull trade, flagitious misgovernments, a nation, if its heart be sound, may recover; but the ailment of a waning patriotism is deadly fatal. There are sad indications that this ailment is already busy at our

II.—IN WHICH THE REGIERUNGSRATH TAKES UP THE RUNNING.

"Ah!" I interjected, rather dubiously indeed, for I belong to the right wing of the party; "wait till we get Gladstone back, and the vessel will right itself."

"Yes," said the Regierungsrath, who here took up the running. (You must understand that his pronunciation of our tongue was indifferent and defective,—were I Mr Mark Twain or Mr William Black, I might industriously turn our Ws into his Vs, or humorously represent him while struggling with the impossible "th" of English speech; but I am unpractised in this fine and delicate art of the Modern Novelist. Meanwhile my friend shrugged his shoulders and sauntered lazily home across the glacier.) "Yes, if wind and vapour can float a water-logged craft, Gladstone is your man. Fifty thousand of his words will be telegraphed to the 'Times' office in the course of an afternoon—as on a late memorable occasion—and your salvation will be assured.* Who was it—was it the old hard-headed Hobbes, philosopher of Malmesbury—who said that words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools? Something to that effect; but you, with your prodigious facilities for multiplying words—your telegraph, your penny post, your daily papers—are coming to hold, it seems to me, that words are harder than facts, and that the wind whereof they are mainly composed is more substantial than stone and lime, or bricks and mortar. But is it not true that ultimately, and in the court of last resort, a single regiment of Prussian infantry has a definite ascertainable force which the turbid

national vitals. To one returning home from a sojourning in regions whither newspapers came but sparsely to men who had little time to read them, the records of the debates in the House of Commons during the past session are the mournfulest reading. The time seems impending when Parliament, instead of being the safeguard of the commonwealth, shall be its deleterious incubus. Already the licence of Parliament, the abuse of the right of interpellation, and the flaccidness that truckles to that abuse, have brought it about that our nation could not, with the remotest prospect of success, conduct a European war, demanding unbetrayed combinations and long-maintained *finesse;* and make all but impossible a delicate and tedious diplomatic negotiation. It has been thought a subject of pride that we are, as the phrase goes, a free people; but one rises from the perusal of the proceedings of the last session with an irrepressible sigh for a strong concentrated autocracy that can decline to be cross-examined, that can smile at efforts to force its hand, that can make war after the manner of Moltke, and be diplomatic after the manner of Gortschakoff."—'Nineteenth Century,' Oct. 1879.

* The Regierungsrath's estimate was, as it turns out, under the mark: for it is stated in the Radical papers, with a perceptible thrill of triumph, that "during the six days ending Saturday last, there were telegraphed from the Edinburgh post-office no fewer than 800,330 words, or about 400 columns of Mr Gladstone's speeches, in Edinburgh and district. There were six special wires to London, and combinations of wires, &c., &c., &c." Angels and ministers of grace! 800,000 and odd words (equal, or thereby, we may assume, to the whole literature of the ancient world), not dispersed into empty air by the indulgent gods, but captured by shorthand writers, transmitted by electricity, stereotyped by the devil and his angels. And over all this immeasurable ocean of verbiage no grain of fructifying *seed*,—no single seed capable of germinating, not into mere baneful destructive violence, but into a true, fruitful, life-giving force. After reading these astonishing utterances, one appreciates the curious felicity of the Tory statesman's reply to the inquiry, How long will the Tories continue to hold office?—"*So long as Mr Gladstone is spared to us.*"

flood of Gladstonian rhetoric is powerless to avert? You don't agree with me. Well, when he takes to tramping the miry Mid-Lothian roads, with a sporting peer and a pack of boys and briefless barristers at his heels—it is my good brother in Leith who has the trade in Mosel wine who writes me that there is not a single gentleman of the county, Whig or Tory, among his backers—you shall see what you shall see. But, in fact, you know all about it already. There has been wretched weather—it was your Tories who did it. Trade has been depressed—it was your Tories who did it. Europe has been convulsed—it was your Tories who did it. Russia has been at the gates of Constantinople—it was your Tories who did it. The Czar has been playing his tricks in Affghanistan—it was your Tories who did it. The Zulus have murdered and ravished—it was your Tories who did it. Faugh! And because trade is a trifle dull, your electors will listen with open ears to this craven rhetoric; will, at the bidding of a frothy and flighty sentimentalist, dispense with the services of the one real leader of men that Providence has provided for you." *

Did he allude to Lord Beaconsfield? I asked. The Regierungsrath of Saurkraut was not surely a supporter of the policy of brag and bluster with which the name of that notorious statesman was identified?

"Brag and bluster! And why not? What is the good of appealing to a polar bear in honeyed accents? Brag and bluster indeed! Don't you see, mein guter freund, that these were the only arguments which the barbarians could understand? If the clamour of vindictive philanthropy had not drowned and discredited the plain speaking of the Prime Minister, the Czar would have thought once, twice, and thrice before he started for Constantinople. To philander with philanthropy may be a cheap amusement in quiet times; but when a hundred thousand lives are sacrificed to its cultivation, it becomes a costly and poi-

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* The "forecasts" of the Regierungsrath appear to have been substantially verified, although there were some surprises. Neither he, indeed, nor any one else, could have anticipated, for instance, that Lady Nairne's "Land o' the Leal"—

> "There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
> There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
> The day is aye fair,
> In the land o' the leal"—

would be held to apply, not to Heaven, but to Scotland! (We wish it did.) The sesquipedalian sentence in which that astonishing announcement was made to the mill-girls of Dalkeith, is highly characteristic of this wordiest of orators: "It is but two days since I re-entered Scotland, and how many tokens, how unquestionable proofs, have I had presented to me at every turn of every road, at every hour of each of these days, and at every moment of each hour, that I am come back not only to the land of beautiful natural characteristics, not only to the

> 'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood'—

(applause)—but I am come back to that which is better still, to the land which has that prerogative described by one of the latest, and certainly not the least, of your writers of beautiful songs—I mean Lady Nairne—from whose time it will ever be remembered to the latest posterity as 'the land of the leal.' (Cheers.)" Mr Gladstone's "strange blunder" reminds us of the misadventure of the Chartist orator from the south, who, desiring to ingratiate himself by a dexterous compliment with his ragged audience on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, addressed them as "In'abitants of the 'Eart of Mid-Lothian,"—the Heart of Mid-Lothian being, as our readers know, the old Tolbooth or *jail* of Edinburgh.

sonous luxury. The truth is, that you have had two masterful leaders of men, in the old Homeric sense, since Canning, and two only—Palmerston and Disraeli. The sinister forces with which he had to contend may have proved too strong for Lord Beaconsfield; foreign foes and domestic faction may have prevented him from doing all that he designed; but in a great world-crisis he bore himself steadfastly, patiently, strenuously, heroically; and he imparted his own spirit to England. And more than that, mein herr,—much more, if your people had but known it,—your patriot Minister, in his struggle with the barbarian, had all free Europe at his back."

I intended to have made an observation on Imperialism (with a big I) at this period; but in the hurry of the moment it slipped out of my head. It has since been recovered, and may be seen any day between 12 and 6 at the 'Daily News' office, Bouverie Street, Strand, on application to the editor.

"It is time for us to be moving," he continued, looking at his watch; "we shall be late for *table-d'hôte*. But, mein lieber herr, were I your Prime Minister, I would make one final appeal to the manlier instincts of your people. I would admit (provisionally, of course) all that my enemies urge against me. I would admit that there had been reverses, mischances, fatalities, blunders. I would admit that you have had a summer of unseasonable severity—nay, that you have a season, more or less severe, of suffering still before you. Then I would say,—My countrymen, you may choose one or other of two courses. If you are afraid of maintaining your position as an Imperial race, because your hearts have grown heavy, because you are daunted by ill-luck, because you are infected by the fiscal timidity of your professional economists, then listen to the craven counsels of the Opposition. But if it be otherwise with you, if you are still at heart the obstinately tenacious people who never know when they are beaten, then brace yourselves for the task before you; quit you like men; be strong. Do not sell yourselves to the Brights and the Bagsters" (Teutonic for "Baxter"?) "Mere commercial prosperity is not the touchstone of national honour; nor is it in periods of slothful inactivity that the great qualities of a race are made manifest to themselves and to the world. I do not tell you that you will succeed. The old story repeats itself: 'Spes et præmia in ambiguo: certa, funera et luctus.' But at least be true to yourselves. Keep fast hold of the heritage of your children. Whatever else you lose, do not lose your English manhood—

> 'The unconquerable will,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome.'

And then, even if it should be assailed by temporary misadventure, the mission which you have undertaken cannot be radically unfruitful. For it is in the stress of the storm that heroes are born, and that the deep lines which history registers are drawn upon a nation's face."

The little round man, though he continued to glare viciously at me through the inevitable spectacles, was fairly out of breath when he had concluded this emphatic appeal. These learned Germans certainly become prodigiously eloquent on the slightest provocation.

Then we walked home in the twilight,—a great star, like a beacon-fire, growing red above the phantom snow-fields of the Tödi.

"To-morrow," I remarked plea-

santly to my client, as we entered the brilliantly lighted *salle-à-manger*, where the Regierungsrath was already hard at work on chamois cutlet (an uneasy suspicion during the repast that this might be the same simple and confiding animal that had rubbed itself against the holiday correspondent's manly legs, blunted the edge of my appetite) —"to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

"Ah," replied my critical companion as we took our seats, "that's Mark Pattison's Milton. In my time it used to run,—'Fresh *woods* and pastures new.' But I fancy the Rector is a bit of an agriculturist, and was thinking of the rotation of crops."

The post had arrived during our absence, and we found a pile of letters and papers beside our napkins. No one that I am personally acquainted with in the metropolis appears to know half as much of the secret springs of diplomacy and the domestic habits of eminent men and women as the London correspondents of our Radical press. If the holiday correspondent of a London paper is, as we have seen, a fearful and wonderful being, how shall we describe the omniscient creature who writes the metropolitan letter of the 'Cockermouth Tomahawk' or the 'Mid-Calder Mudlark'? Tearing off the cover of the 'Tomahawk,' I turned instinctively to the column devoted to his disclosures, and found myself forthwith, like the Cadi in the 'Arabian Nights,' mixing familiarly with Beaconsfields and Bismarcks, and on terms of easy intimacy with Royalty. The mere *précis* of the contents, printed in seductive capitals at the head of the column, was enough to take away one's breath. "*Total Defeat of the British Army at Cabul—Atrocities by English Soldiers in Zululand—Noble Conduct of Cetewayo—Great Russian Victory in Central Asia—Magnanimity of the Czar—A Cabinet Minister charged with Thimble-rigging—Stormy Meeting of the Cabinet—The sham Chatham to be impeached—Marquis of Hartington on Lancashire Fagots—Duke of Argyll on Christian Morals—Jenkins on Himself—Mr Gladstone in the 'Nineteenth Century' and 'The Secularist,' &c. &c.*"

"Guten Abend," said my friend, in the *patois* of the district, which he had mastered with astonishing facility, lighting his bedroom candle; "I see that you are immersed in these prodigious affairs. Just one word. I retract every sentence that I uttered this morning against your countrymen. Decline and fall of the British Empire? Stuff and nonsense! The nation which invented the Special Correspondent has still a great future before it."

At these words a light broke upon my mind. "Stop a moment," I exclaimed, breathlessly. "I am going, as you know, to start a new Monthly. Could you throw the views you have so ably expressed to-day into a light and lively article suitable for our columns? My dear sir, don't refuse—think it over at least—that's a good fellow. Principles? Oh, we've none to speak of; it's *names*, not principles, that we need. Only lend me your name (I'll get the Archbishop to reply to *you*, and the Duke to *him*), and our success is certain. We shall pay at the rate of fifteen pounds a-page, and start with a minimum circulation of seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven copies. What do you say?"

Of course I succeeded.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.—PART II.

VI.—NEW ACQUAINTANCES AND NEW WORK—A VISIT TO THE BLACKS' CAMP.

THE room John West now found himself in was small, but comparatively comfortable. Chinese matting covered the walls, which were of hardwood slabs let horizontally into grooved upright posts. A large fireplace, or open hearth, occupied the greater part of one side of the room. The mantelpiece was covered with odds and ends, such as pipes of all sizes and shapes, a spur or two, specimens of gold-bearing quartz, lumps of galena and copper ore, and other samples of minerals. A rough sofa, a few primitive-looking hardwood stools, and what is known in the colonies as a squatter's easy-chair, together with a table laid for dinner, completed the furniture of the apartment. It could be detected at a glance that no female held sway over the arrangements of the interior, everything betokening bachelor untidiness.

"Now then, sit down to dinner," said a grizzly-bearded stern-looking man, with a gruff authoritative voice, who was, as John guessed, Mr M'Duff, Mr Cosgrove's superintendent. "Let me give you some salt junk." John was hungry, and rather enjoyed the salt beef, which was not very old. Some boiled pumpkin and bread-and-butter completed the entertainment.

The two other men lit their pipes, M'Duff stretched himself on the sofa, and John took possession of a squatter's chair. Conversation was carried on for about an hour or two, and John was shown to the room which was to be his, one of his new acquaintances telling him, "You'll have to do without sheets, old fellow, till your own come—that is, if you have any—or else you'll have to send down to town to buy some; the station doesn't provide unnecessary luxuries."

The young Jackaroo* woke early next morning, and went out to look around him. Early as it was, he found that Mr M'Duff and his two friends of the former evening were already abroad. M'Duff gave a grunt of satisfaction at seeing him up so early.

"Well, young man," he began, "so you don't like lying abed, eh?"

John modestly gave him to understand that it was very agreeable to him sometimes, but that this morning he felt more inclined to satisfy his curiosity.

"You won't be troubled with much of it here," said M'Duff, grimly. "Shearing is about to commence."

"You can spell to-day and look about you," he added, "and to-morrow Stone here" (pointing to the youngest and best-looking of the two men) "will put you up to it. He is going to take charge of the wash-pool. I shall be in the wool-shed all day. Come along and look at the store."

They all proceeded to the store—a large wooden building filled with an immense variety of goods, from meerschaum-pipes and bottles of eau-de-Cologne, to blankets and all sorts of slops. Large boxes

* The name by which young men who go to the Australian colonies to pick up colonial experience are designated.

stood in the inner store full of jams, pickles, confectionery, preserved apples, raisins, and almost everything one could mention. A door opened into a little side-room, fitted up as a meat-store, containing a salting-table and meat-blocks, while all around meat-hooks hung from the walls.

Just at that moment a woman came to the store-door and asked for the storekeeper. "Now," said M'Duff, "watch Mr Stone, and you'll see what your work will be."

"I want my husband's rations for the week," said the woman.

Stone proceeded to weigh out 8 lb. of flour, 2 lb. of sugar, and ¼ lb. of tea, with a rapid, practised hand, and to empty each quantity into the respective bags which the woman had brought with her.

"Now," she said, "I want a pair of boots for myself."

Stone brought down the articles in question, and with many compliments on the shapely foot which was being shod, soon satisfied the demand.

"Now let me have some beef," she said.

"All right. Go round to the window of the beef-store," replied the seller. Here he plunged his arm up to the elbow in the brine of the meat-cask, which stood in a cool part of the store, and weighing out the required quantity, he entered the different articles against the woman in the day-book, and also in her own pass-book, and returned to the party.

"Now," said M'Duff, "you'll find the price of every article on a list in the desk: anything you want to know about, ask Stone or me. You will have to be up every morning before sunrise, attending to the customers, and be here every evening about five. During the day you can go with Mr Stone to the wash-pool, and learn to wash sheep. I give him over to you, Stone; make the best of him."

John took a fancy to Stone, who was a man of intelligence, of a quick decided character, and of gentlemanly upbringing, though considerably roughened by constant bush-life. He was one of that numerous class who have no capital to start with, and who spend almost all they earn in a generous, careless way. After breakfast, the other man, who was considerably older than either M'Duff or Stone, and whose name was Graham, caught and saddled his horse.

M'Duff had his brought down by a black boy, and having saddled it himself, he rode away with Graham to search for a flock of sheep which were reported as lost. Stone then took John round the buildings of the head station.

These were all built of wood, forming a square, a court occupying the centre. In front was a large, low-verandaed cottage, thickly covered with roses and vines, one room of which was occupied by Mr M'Duff. The sides of the square were formed by the store, with its offices on the one side and the kitchen buildings on the other; while the fourth side was filled up by the building John had dined and slept in, and which was called "The Bachelors' Hall." A stable and cart-shed, and a dry store for the reception of flour, salt, and other commodities, lay on one side in a line with the bachelors' quarters; farther away was a hut for the use of the men; and a substantially-built stock-yard, or enclosure for cattle and horses, occupied a site still more remote.

A paddock-fence wound away across the creek which ran at the back of the station, and enclosed a piece of ground about a mile square, well grassed, and sheltered

by many trees. An ample garden lay on the other side of a little creek which joined the main or Cambaranga creek just below the kitchen. Above the garden, on an eminence, was situated a substantially-built commodious wool-shed and wool-store, with several conveniently-arranged yards for working sheep, and with a number of men's huts.

"There," said Stone, pointing to the big house, "nobody has lived in the *cawbawn humpy*—that is what the blacks call it—since Mr Cosgrove went away. The old cove is a methodical old Scotchman, and I believe if you saw the inside of it you would find the tables and chairs in the same places they occupied when Mr Cosgrove departed."

They looked into the dry store at the immense quantities of flour and salt which were piled up there, and then proceeded to the stock-yard. "There is the slaughtering-yard," said Stone, pointing out a small enclosure where two high posts supported a tumbler with long arms, having ropes hanging from them. "This is the gallows for hoisting up the slaughtered bullocks. You, as storekeeper, will be head-butcher."

Many heads and feet of defunct bullocks, in various stages of decay, lay about; and on the branches of the neighbouring trees, and in endless rows on the caps of the stock-yard, sat innumerable gorged kites and crows, waiting until their repletion should abate sufficiently to allow them to partake of another meal.

The two returned, crossed the creek, and entered the wool-shed. It was an immense building on piles; compartments with grated flooring, and little doors leading into and out of them, lined the sides; pens for sheep occupied the middle and one end. A lane went down on either side, between the compartments and the middle pen, floored with smooth planks for the shearers to work on. At the other end a long grated table, on which the fleeces were rolled up, crossed the room from side to side. Bins for holding different sorts of fleeces were ranged against the wall, and a large wool-press stood near the door.

"This building cost £2000," said Stone, "and it was cheap at that. In a few weeks' time you will see it full of shearers and sheep, and the interminable click-click of the shears will be going on for nearly three months."

"Mr Cosgrove must be a very rich man," said John, wonderingly.

"Oh yes," said the other; "I suppose he could sell this station for about £50,000. There are 60,000 sheep on it, and about 300 head of cattle, and lots of horses—and the improvements, you know; besides which, he has had a splendid income from his wool for some years past, and I am told he does not spend much. But you know him better than I do. I only came here by chance about six months ago."

"Is this a large station?" inquired John.

"There are about eleven hundred square miles, good, bad, and indifferent on it, and it all belongs to Mr Cosgrove—at least he pays a nominal rent for a lease of it to the Government for a term of years. Should the Crown require the land at any time—as, for instance, for a gold-field, or to build townships on, or for reserves for any purpose—the present lessee would have to give it up, receiving as indemnification only the price of the improvements he has made—that is to say, the buildings, stock-yards, fences, and other permanent works. Should the land be required for

agricultural purposes, he has the right of pre-emption over a portion of it at the Government upset price. They are always changing and altering the land laws in Brisbane. They never get one to their mind. There is a constant war between the small farmers and labouring classes — who desire to own small pieces of land—and the squatters. The little fellows want to be allowed to spread themselves all over the country, and pick out any piece of ground they may fancy, no matter how prejudicial to the squatter's interest; and they dab themselves and their families down in those spots to maintain a precarious existence by growing whatever will grow, breeding a few scrubbing horses and cattle, stealing the rich man's stock, and endeavouring generally to make themselves as unpleasant as possible, with a view to compelling the squatter, in self-defence, to give them a large price for their holdings; and when they have got that, they light, like a blow-fly, on some other choice central piece of ground, or around some water-hole which it is essential for the squatter to possess. So say the squatters. The cockatoo settlers, or free selectors, on the other hand, fight desperately for the privilege; and having numbers on their side, and a certain amount of right, they make a good fight. This run has as yet escaped. It is, if anything, too far away yet; but in a few years, no doubt, selectors will be scattered over it and the neighbouring stations."

"And the sheep are spread over this immense territory? How do you manage with them?" still pursued the astonished new chum.

"We divide them into conveniently-sized flocks, from 1000 up to about 3000, but generally the number is about 1800. It depends greatly upon the class of sheep.* Strong sheep may go in greater flocks than the weaker ones, but the great object is to combine economy with the health of the animal. Huts and yards are built at selected spots all over the run. Two shepherds usually live together at a hut. Each flock occupies a yard. Food is sent out once a-week to these men. The overseer visits them once a-week, and counts their flocks to make sure that they have not lost any—although they generally know themselves, and come in to give notice when this is the case. They bring in their flocks once a-year to be washed and shorn; the rest of the time they spend in shepherding, and accumulating a cheque, which they will knock down at the first public-house they arrive at after leaving the station."

"And how far away from the head-station are their huts?" asked John.

"It depends upon the country. If the country at the far end of the run is well grassed, it will be occupied by a flock of sheep or two. Some of them are twenty-five miles away; others twenty, fifteen, seven, nine, one, two, five, and so on. I am going out this afternoon to count the sheep at about seven miles away, and if you are not too tired you can come with me."

"I shall be very glad," returned John; "but tell me, have you any head-stations in the immediate neighbourhood?"

"None nearer than fifteen miles. It is a station of the name of 'Betyammo.' A very nice old fellow, who has a very kind wife and two daughters, owns it, and they

* Of late years sheep are not often shepherded, but are enclosed in paddocks and left to themselves.

will be glad to see you over there. Further round this way, thirty miles away," continued Stone, shifting his hand over about a quarter of the horizon, "you have Barham Plains—a very swell station, owned by an old fellow who lives almost always down in Sydney, hanging about the clubs. He is a member of Parliament, and I don't know what all. He has a swell superintendent,—owner gives him £1000 a-year for doing nothing. The station is so good that the sheep almost manage themselves. The 'super' drives four-in-hand, wears kid gloves on the run, keeps racehorses, and leaves the work to a couple of overseers. Round this way is 'Ungahrun,' a cattle station owned by a Mr Fitzgerald, and managed by his son, the smartest young fellow in this part of the district. He has about 8000 head of cattle. It is distant about twenty-five miles. Then here you have, twenty miles off, 'Mosquito Creek'—a sheep station with about 10,000 sheep belonging to two young fellows who bought the place lately. Then, lastly, we come to 'Bindarobina,' twenty-five miles distant—a large station, with about 50,000 sheep and 10,000 head of cattle, belonging to the United Australian Pastoral Co., a London firm. It is a fine run, but expensively managed; and of course the shareholders are far away, and understand nothing about station work, so the manager does pretty well as he likes. He is a great friend of the manager at Barham Plains—the two run in couples; and here we are back to Betyammo."

"Now," said John to his friendly companion, "I want to go and look at the blacks I see camped over there in the paddock. Do they belong to this place?"

"Yes," replied Stone, "they are part of the Cambaranga tribe; but I believe great numbers are expected to-morrow. In all probability we shall see them camped a few miles from here this afternoon; that is the road they are coming by."

They recrossed the creek into the paddock, and made their way to a little encampment of small conical huts, made of the bark of trees. A few sticks burnt slowly, and with much smoke, in front of two or three. Inside, dirty 'possum-skins and ragged shirts and trousers lay on the ground, making a bed for numbers of blear-eyed hairless dogs, whose skin showed pink, or blue, or mouse colour. Outside, a middle-aged, not uncomely-looking black "gin," sat roasting a bullock's bone on the embers, and picking off such parts as she conceived were cooked enough, then thrusting it amongst the ashes for a further period. An old man or two, with snow-white hair, completely naked, lay stretched in the sun, and lazily turned over when the new-comers approached them.

"What is your name?" asked John of one of them.

"Me Jacky,—old man," replied darky.

"Where is your country?"

"Heah country belongin' to me; this one—Cambaranga—my country."

"What for bail you look out kangaroo to-day, Jacky?" said Stone.

"Oh, me poor fellow" (sick), returned Jacky, addressing a few words in his own language to his sable brother, and going off into a fit of laughter, showing his strong white teeth; then producing a pipe from the middle of his shock of white curls, and inserting his finger into the bowl, he held it out to John, cleverly detecting his inexperience at a glance, and in a whining tone said, "Poor fellow

Jacky! bail got it toombacco—bail 'moke" (got not tobacco—nothing to smoke).

Stone threw him a small piece of Barrett's twist, apologetically remarking to John, "He's a dreadfully lazy old vagabond, but occasionally he comes in handy to shepherd an odd flock for a few days, when there is no one else about."

The old gin and the other old warrior, on seeing their compatriot successful in his appeal, clamourously begged a small donation of the blessed weed; but Stone, disregarding their prayers, walked off.

"What a peculiar smell there is about these creatures!" suddenly said John.

"Oh yes, every nigger has that distinguishing quality very strong, more especially when hot. Cattle dislike it exceedingly—so much so, that I have known a whole mob stampede merely from crossing the tracks made by niggers a few hours previously. Some years ago, before the blacks were allowed to come in about these stations, they revenged themselves on the white men who occupied their country by killing their cattle, as well as a man or two occasionally. They do so sometimes still, when they think themselves safe from observation, and the cattle never forget it. Even those who never saw blacks before get frightened or enraged at their appearance. It would seem as if they have some way of communicating their hatred and fear to one another."

"What makes the dogs so bleareyed and hairless?" asked the new hand.

"Sleeping under 'possum cloaks and blankets. Blacks think as much or more of their dogs as they do of their children, and the great heat in the *gungahs* (bark huts) causes an unnatural perspiration to break forth, which soon deprives them of hair and makes their skin wrinkle up as you saw. A black's dog soon loses the distinguishing characteristics of a white man's dog, and acquires others peculiar to its mode of life; but they are useful to the blacks in hunting the game upon which they depend for a living, and they cherish them accordingly."

"Don't these black creatures wear clothes?" inquired young West.

"Well, they do, occasionally, but only when compelled to, or when the fit takes them. The black boys working about the station like to wear trousers when riding, to protect their legs; besides which, clothes make them more like white men, and some of them have a great idea of their dignity; but when they get to the camp in the evening they take off everything. You may bring them up with the greatest care," continued Stone, "educate them, and show them civilised life, but when they return to their old haunts, off go the clothes and they take to the bush. The wild nature seems exceedingly strong in them."

In the afternoon the two young men saddled horses and rode out to a sheep-station called the Seven-mile Hut. About three miles from the station they came upon some more blacks who were engaged in making a camp for the night. This they did by simply lighting a fire and disposing of their few effects around it: the men stuck their spears in the ground, each in the vicinity of his own fire. Nullah-nullahs,* paddy melon sticks, boomerangs, tomahawks, and heelimen or shields, lay about in every direction. The men employed themselves in roast-

* Native weapons.

ing wallabies, 'possums, kangaroos, and other game; the gins were engaged in bringing up water from the creek in their wooden *coolamen*. Piccaninnies of all ages played about: some chopped the bark off trees; others were climbing saplings, or chasing each other about the camp. All were perfectly nude and happy. As Stone and West proceeded further along the road they met small parties all making their way to the camp, hunting as they went. These were chiefly women and children, the men having gone in a body together for the purpose of assisting one another to surround the game. These parties seemed to fill the forest on each side of the road, no party following the path another had gone in. Thus each had a similar chance of finding game as they moved forward. The regular sharp chop-chop of the tomahawks could be heard here and there where some of them had discovered a sugar-bag * or a 'possum on a tree.

There were piccaninnies of all sizes. All the very little children were round and fat, big-eyed, curly-haired, and pot-bellied. Some of the younger women and girls were passably good-looking, with bright eyes and white teeth; but their short-cropped hair, flat noses, and small limbs were much against them.

"Where are they all bound for?" asked John.

"Oh, there is a *corroborree* on the boards in the neighourhood, and these blacks are making to it," returned Stone.

"A *corroborree!* what is that?"

"It is a meeting of the tribes to dance and sing; they are passionately fond of both. Some black fellow at a great distance, it may be, composes a new air, of only a couple of bars most likely, and sets some words to it. His tribe go into ecstasies over it. They send runners to the neighbouring tribes, inviting them to come over and hunt on their grounds, and listen to the new corroborree. Great numbers arrive, the corroborree is danced night after night with the utmost enthusiasm; the game gets scarce, and all the tribes move forward in a direction determined by them in council. These corroborrees travel for many hundreds of miles from the place where they originated. The original tribes fall off and return to their respective territories; but new ones take their place, and the corroborrae is carried away to distant tribes speaking a totally different language, and utterly ignorant of, and totally indifferent as to, the meaning of what they sing, provided the air catches their fancy. These composers pretend that the Spirit of Evil originally manufactured the corroborree, and that, owing to their magic arts, they were enabled to get into his vicinity and overhear the air. No corroborree is thought anything of which has not some superstition to recommend it. At some of these corroborrees is held the secret ceremony of the *bora*, to which no white man has ever been admitted, and about which the blacks themselves are particularly silent."

"And what do they do at these ceremonies?" questioned John.

"Oh, they admit boys among the warriors, and girls among the women."

"And has no white man ever seen the ceremony?"

"Never to my knowledge," said Stone. "Many pretend that they know a good deal from the young black boys with whom they have been brought up in childhood, but

* A nest of honey.

the fact is, that until initiated the boys are themselves ignorant. It is well understood that they have certain trials to undergo in order to prove their fortitude, patience, courage, and endurance; but beyond that, little is certain. The blacks select an exceedingly flat piece of ground in a remote locality for the purpose, and take care, by posting circles of sentries around their camp, that they shall not be disturbed. In some districts the neophytes have a front tooth knocked out of the upper jaw."

They now approached the sheep-station, and, meeting the shepherd, Stone signified his intention of counting the sheep.

Tying up their horses, they proceeded to the gate of the yard, which they fixed firmly, wide enough to allow about three sheep abreast to enter. The shepherd brought the sheep up, and they passed in rapidly, each hundred being called out by Stone, and notched on a stick by John, who kept the tally. The deaths were then given in by the shepherd, and the total number having been found all right, they returned home, reaching the station about an hour after dark, there being little or no twilight.

As they passed the camp of blacks the scene looked highly picturesque. Fires dotted the forest, lighting up the trees, and shadowy forms moved from one light to another, while the gabble of tongues was incessant. The horses they rode seemed to know the way perfectly, and walked very much quicker towards home than they did when leaving it.

During supper M'Duff and the overseer gave an account of how they had searched fruitlessly in different directions for the missing sheep, whose loss had taken them away in the morning. They had been foiled in their endeavour to follow the tracks several times, owing to the fact that some one of the flocks in the neighbourhood (through whose grazing-ground the lost ones were wandering) had passed over and obliterated their footprints. There seemed to be no fear of losing them altogether, it being considered almost certain that some one of the surrounding shepherds would come across them in the course of the next day; still, a good deal of uneasiness was expressed lest the unprotected mob should be assaulted by the native dogs.

M'Duff accordingly gave instructions for poison to be laid by John on every opportunity. The conversation now turned on *dingoes*, the Australian name for the wild dogs so destructive to sheep. They were — so M'Duff said — neither more nor less than wolves, but more cowardly and not so ferocious, seldom going in large packs. They hunted kangaroos when in numbers, or driven to it by hunger; but usually preferred smaller and more easily obtained prey, as rats, bandicoots, and 'possums. Many were run down by men on horseback for the sake of the sport,—the horseman undoing his stirrup-leather, and slipping the iron to the extreme end, knocked out the brains of the animal as he galloped past. Some are caught in traps made of gigantic hollow logs, with hanging doors fitted to them, after the common mouse-trap fashion; but most are destroyed by poison.

Each man on a sheep-station carries, or should carry, strychnine, in order to poison the carcass of any dead animal he may chance to find on his wanderings through the bush; also a pouch attached to his saddle, containing small pieces of meat already poisoned, each bait wrapped in paper. These dingoes break into a fold of sheep at night, and

often bite and kill scores of them, generally endeavouring to tear out the liver. Their bite is poisonous in a great measure, and very difficult to heal. They are usually of a yellow-red colour, with a white-tipped bushy tail. Some few are black.

M'Duff soon left the little company to retire to his own room. He was a man of few words, his taciturnity being rather caused by long residence among the bush solitudes than from disposition. His whole thoughts were wrapped up in his sheep. He seldom took interest in anything except station work; and as long as he had good lambings, and got rid of his old ewes and wethers at a high price, he cared little about the world. He had a keen eye for a bargain; and certainly Cosgrove pitched upon the right man to put in charge of his affairs when he selected M'Duff, for the old Scotchman laboured and slaved away from morning until night. He never spared himself or others when station work had to be done. Old Graham, the overseer—a rough, hard-working bushman, though a confirmed drunkard when grog was to be procured—had the highest opinion of the ability of the old man, as he called him.

"He has been pioneering on the frontier for the last twenty years," he said, "and there isn't his match in the country to judge sheep or cattle either."

"He must be pretty well off," said Stone. "The old fellow does not drink, and he never goes to town, so he can't spend any money. What does he do with it?"

"Well," said Graham, who had been on the station for many years, "it was about five years before Mr Cosgrove went home that the 'old man' came here, and he had a good bit of money then, for he once spoke to me about investing it; but it strikes me that he has purchased a share in this station, for you may depend Cosgrove would never go home and leave everything in his hands without having a guarantee of some sort for its proper management."

"Like enough," returned Stone. "That accounts why he has the credit of being such a 'nipper.'"

"Of course, any profit that accrues to the station he has a share in. By the way," continued Graham, "we got a regular sell at the ten-mile sheep-station to-day."

"What was that?" inquired Stone.

"Well, you know how often passing travellers have robbed old Jones of his rations. The hut is close to the main road, and easily found by the sheep-tracks."

"Yes."

"Well, I happened to grow very hungry to-day about one o'clock, and being close to the 'ten-mile' I made for it, to have a search for old Jones's rations, and a feed if possible. When I got there I saw the old man's horse tied up to the door. He had come on a similar errand. Well, after searching some time in vain, I found, planted away among the sheets of bark of which the roof is composed, a stunning-looking pie—no crust, you know—soft bake. We sat down, and there was only a small corner of it left when we got up, and we put that back in the old plant. The old man liked it A 1, and, says he, 'We'll come back here to-night and count the sheep, to see whether he has picked up any or not of the lost ones, and will tell him to order plums or currants, or something out of the store, to make up for what we've eaten.' So when we came to the hut at night old Jones was growling a hurricane. Before we could say anything he roars out—

"'Them —— dogs of travellers

have been 'ere agin, but they didn't get none of my rations this time.'

"'What did they find?' asked I, looking at the boss, whose face grew as long as my arm, suddenly.

"'Why,' says he, 'I've been collecting all the rags of meat and chewed gristles I couldn't swaller, ye know—my poor ole teeth ain't as good as they wonst was—and I fried the hull lot up wi' some punkins for the dogs, you see, but there ain't much left. D—— them, these —— wretches, they won't even give the dogs a chance. I'll putt pison in it next time.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the others. "How did the old man like that?"

"Oh, he never said a word, counted the sheep, and came home as sulky as a bear; but every now and then I could see him shake his head as if disgusted, and say 'Bah!'"

"Well," laughed Stone, "after that I'll go to bed. You must have the stomach of an emu to tell the story."

VII.—OLD JACKY IN A FIX—SHEARING AND WASHING.

Next morning John commenced his duties as storekeeper, and found that he had to be up early to get the people on the station served, and all the rations for the various sheep-stations which were to be taken out that day weighed and made up in bags before breakfast. M'Duff and Graham started away, taking with them a black boy to follow up the tracks of the sheep when they found a difficulty in so doing themselves; and Stone went out with the stockman to get a bullock in for killing.

John had to lay poisoned baits on the roads near the station. Late in the afternoon, on returning, he heard the sound of a whip two or three times, and shortly afterwards a mob of about ten head of cattle came over the ridge towards the stock-yard. They seemed rather frightened at suddenly coming on the buildings, and made two or three attempts to turn and gallop off; but each time they were wheeled back by the two men who rode behind them, and whose horses seemed to take as lively an interest in yarding them as their riders felt.

As soon as the cattle entered the great stock-yard they were driven into a smaller enclosure, thence up a narrow lane of high fencing into the small square slaughtering-yard. John now came up to look at them. In appearance they were just the same as English cattle, but much wilder, and bore the station brand and ear-mark. They stared and tossed their heads as John advanced on foot, but took little notice of a man on horseback. None of them had ever been handled in their lives except when they were branded and ear-marked, and none had ever seen the inside of a stall. An old red cow, with one horn cocked and the other turned down over her face, seemed to dislike being looked at very much. She was very hot, having run a good part of the way home, as her panting sides and protruding tongue betrayed. Her temper was also of a rather infirm character, for John had not been a couple of minutes at the rails before she charged up in his direction with a savage ferocity which quite frightened him.

However, his equanimity being restored on contemplating the strength of the yard, he waited for a little, observing her motions.

Sometimes she would rush in amongst the others as if endeavouring to hide herself; then she would make her way round the yard as if seeking an opening for escape, when, seeing John, she would again rush at him with her head low, uttering an angry and baffled roar. Then she would back towards the rest, tearing up the dust with her feet, time about, and shaking her vicious black-horned old head.

Now the knives having been properly ground, Stone came up with some men, bringing a bucket full of water, an axe, a clean cloth, and the steel. The blacks, who are always exceedingly active on these occasions, were all ordered to keep away until the bullock was shot, and the rest of the cattle let go, their presence only serving to madden the uneasy animals. Jacky, the old black fellow, who had begged tobacco from John the previous day, and who was a privileged person, was alone permitted to accompany the butchers as a great favour. Accordingly, to be out of the way, Jacky took up a position in a neighbouring yard, leaning against a tree which grew in the centre of it, knowing from former experience that it was not required on such occasions for cattle.

Stone now approached to shoot the beast chosen for beef, but the wildness of the old cow prevented him from obtaining a steady aim; so, calling upon the stockman to open the gate of the narrow lane through which the cattle had been allowed to enter, he drafted the old cow back. He was, after a few minutes' delay, about to fire, when a wild yell from Jacky caused all hands to look up and shout with laughter.

The cow had managed to make her way into Jacky's yard through a gate which had been left unfastened, and noticing the black fellow, who was unconsciously gazing at the beast which was before long to provide him with an unlimited gorge, she made a desperate rush.

Jacky, hearing the noise, and feeling her warm breath on his naked skin about the same instant, gave utterance to the shriek which had startled every one, and making what looked to be Herculean strides up the tree, just saved his bacon.

The disappointed "milky mother of the herd," still thirsting for his blood, kept watch below, no one feeling inclined to alleviate Jacky's terror or spoil the fun. The bullock was now shot, and the other cattle let out into a neighbouring yard. A rope was put round the horns of the prostrate animal, and dragged by three or four white men and half-a-score of blacks, all the piccaninnies tailing on with many a jest. It was soon pulled under the gallows, to which, after being bled and skinned, the carcass was hoisted, and left for the night. The blacks received the paunch, head, and feet as their share. The hide was taken to the hide-house, spread out, and salted. Old Jacky was released from his lofty position, and the cattle were turned out into the bush.

Mr M'Duff and his overseer returned home that night in good spirits, the missing sheep having all been found.

In this manner the days passed for a week or two, when signs of the approach of the grand event of the year began to make themselves manifest.

Men singly, or in twos and threes, kept arriving, inquiring as to the terms of shearing and washing. The washers were, as a class, considerably below the shearers. They were composed chiefly of what is

called in the bush "knock-about men"—that is, men who are willing to undertake any work, sometimes shepherding, sometimes making yards, or droving. They are paid about the rate of five shillings per day, besides their food.

The shearers, on the other hand, were often small settlers from some little township, who came up at this time of the year to earn a cheque, so as to enable them to eke out the scanty subsistence their farms afforded—for most of them were but young settlers, and had a heavy expense in getting things in order. Some were what is termed, *par excellence*, bushmen—that is, men who split rails, get posts, shingles, take contracts for building houses, stock-yards, &c.,—men, in fact, who work among timber continually, sometimes felling and splitting, sometimes sawing—an intelligent, hard-working body of men, who number amongst them some of the very best specimens of Australian workmen. An odd shepherd or two—who shepherded at other times of the year, but were allowed as a favour to make their flocks over to some one else, while they earned rather more than their regular occupation could give them—and perhaps a stray stockman, were to be found among the crowd.

The washers came up in a body, and signed their agreement, "to wash one and all of the sheep on the establishment," without any fuss; but the shearers, being skilled workmen, hummed and hawed about their engagement as being more important. The question as to whether they would accept a certain amount per score and find their own rations, or a less amount and be found by the station, had to be discussed. Then another serious consideration was as to whether the station should find a cook for them during shearing, or whether they would have to provide one for themselves. These matters, however, did not take very long in settling.

A couple of days before commencing, the agreement was signed. Shears had been served out; the cook had his arrangements complete for accommodating upwards of twenty men with seats at a rough table, under a rough shed covered with leaves. Each man had put himself up a bunk in the large hut specially devoted to shearers; their horses were all driven into some well-grassed quiet "pocket," from which it was unlikely they would stray, and everything was in readiness.

Meanwhile the wash-pool arrangements had been going on with great vigour. Stone and John, occasionally visited by old M'Duff, had got the permanent yards on the big water-hole put in order. Hurdles for gates had been carted down. Parallel poles, resting on forks driven into the bed of the water-hole, were run out on the surface of the stream, forming square soak-holes, a long narrow lane leading out to the dry land. A stage was built, from which the sheep could be allowed to slide easily into the water of the first soak-hole. A Californian pump, worked by horses, and ready to fill a huge tank—the water from which, issuing from two long slits in the bottom, was intended to gush over the sheep, and give them the final cleansing, after they had been sufficiently washed by hand—was erected, and in full working order, and every other arrangement completed.

A cloud of dust and the barking of a dog announce the arrival of the first flock to be washed. They are counted into the yard. The overseer compares notes with Stone, and the number is found to be correct,—none dropped on the road

in. Next morning a certain number are counted out and taken early to the wash-pool. The yards are arranged in a circular form, so that sheep may not get into corners, and remain without moving. They are then plunged from the stage into the water, and are passed one by one through the soak-hole under the poles dividing the soak-holes, and up the narrow lane. The washers, some of whom have taken up positions in the lane, standing up to their waists in water, roughly squeeze the wool as the sheep pass; while others, standing on the poles of the soak-holes, crutch them with a long-handled wooden crutch. Some blacks have also taken their places in the lane, and are in some instances an example to their white brethren in the matter of squeezing out the dirt.

After this process, called "soaking the sheep," has been gone through, they are allowed to stand packed closely together for the purpose of sweating the wool and softening the dirt, when they are once more passed through the water. This time, however, each sheep is thoroughly well washed by each man in succession, until it comes to the tank, where the animal is seized by two men, and turned over and over under the strong head of water issuing from it. It is then allowed to make its way on to the green feed, where, in company of its fellows, it is taken charge of by the shepherd. In about three days' time the sheep are dry, and an oily exudation called the "yolk," which was washed away by the water, has again risen, softening the fibre of the wool and rendering it more brilliant and heavy.

The sheep are then brought at night to the wool-shed yards; as many as possible are packed inside the building, and the rest in convenient yards outside, so that the shearers may not be kept waiting. The hurry which infects every one during the shearing season is one of its main characteristics. The owner is anxious to get the wool off as soon as possible, in order to shorten the knocking about the sheep receive, and get them back to their quiet pasturages, as well also as to get rid of the expense and trouble connected with the shearers. He is farther alarmed in case wet weather may come on and delay the proceeding. The shearers wish to get through with this shed in order that they may proceed elsewhere and get another. The shepherds long to get home to their solitary huts, where they are their own masters, and where their flocks are undisturbed. The storekeeper groans under an increase of work, and longs for its close. So the moment the dawn breaks, all hands are at work, and sheep are seized, denuded of their fleece, let go, and others are caught. This goes on until after sunset, with a short intermission of half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner. The noise in the shed is a continuous click-click of the shears, accompanying a running fire of rude jests and pithy yarns from the men, and occasional shouts of "tar" from some one who, in his haste, has clipped a portion from the skin of the poor animal along with its coat. Boys run about gathering up the fleeces as they come off, and carrying tar when desired.

The fleece, gathered carefully with both hands, is conveyed to a long table-screen, and, with a sudden jerk, is flung out at full length. The roller-up, with a rapidity which is the result of long practice, separates the skirtings—*i.e.*, the inferior portions of the wool—rolls up the rest carefully, and the sorter classes it under its description; a boy then

takes it to its particular bin. The wool differs very much in quality, and many various qualities may be found in a flock of the same description.

As the bins fill, the wool-presser packs the press with each particular kind, and compresses it into a neat bale about 5 feet 6 inches long, by about 2 feet 9 inches wide, and the same deep. It is then branded with its owner's name, its description and number, and the date, when it is rolled away and stored for transport to market.

The men, for the most part, wore flannel shirts with short sleeves, their trousers fastened loosely under the knee with a string, and confined round the waist by a handkerchief. Most of them went barefooted, and wore little caps made of calico, or had handkerchiefs tied round their heads; and many had leather straps buckled round their wrists to strengthen the muscles. They worked hard for their money, which some of them, unfortunately, spent almost as soon as earned.

So the routine of work went on for nearly three months. Sheep came and went daily. Sheep were washed and sheep were shorn, the process being occasionally varied by sheep getting lost. This, with a perversity apparently inherent in their nature, they managed to do generally on Saturdays, so that Sunday, instead of being a day of rest, was usually as hard a day as any other. The shearers' cook had a very bad time. He had many masters, each of whom had a peculiar taste, which imperatively required satisfying. There were so many faults found with the style of cooking (the true shearer being quite a *gourmet* in the matter of doughboys and duff), there were so many demands for food and drink at irregular hours, that, notwithstanding the good pay which this functionary gets (he receiving generally a certain sum from each man, besides a subsidy from the owner of the station), two or three tried the office, and either resigned or were dismissed. No one would take the job. The shearers were getting alarmed. They would have to cook their own food. This was a prospect none of them relished. It was time lost, a waste of material, bad prospect for puddings, and no servant to order or complain about. A negotiation was opened with the washers, some of whom, no doubt, tempted by the high wages, would be glad to undertake the office. The shearers were right. A washer —a dogged, determined-looking man —accepted, and commenced operations. That night, on their return from the shed, each pannikin and knife was laid on the long bark table, the buckets with the tea placed handy, and a huge duff and pieces of boiled beef in tin dishes graced the board. As usual, no sooner had the men taken their places than arose cries of, "I say, cook! do you call this duff?" "This tea isn't sweet enough!" "Tea's too sweet!" "Cook!" "Doctor!" The doctor quietly made his appearance. Rolling up his sleeves, he marched up to the biggest and strongest of the bullies, and pointing with his strong stump of a forefinger at the pudding on the man's plate, he said, "Now then, mate, is that 'ere duff the right thing?" The battered prize-fighting look of his bullet head and flattened nose was quite enough. "I ses it's fust-rate," was the reply. "All right," said the cook, walking slowly along the table, his eye glancing fiercely round to find a victim. "Any one of you gents as ain't satisfied can gimme a lesson outside, you know." It was sufficient. A stillness almost supernat-

ural followed. The cook afterwards said he couldn't imagine how any one could disagree with such a quiet lot of men.

The eye now got quite accustomed to the flocks of sheep coming in continually: round, with full fleeces, and panting slowly in the heat, to return bare, leggy, roach-backed looking objects, covered with shear-marks, and the raddled signs by which each man distinguished his own shearing, with here and there ominous-looking patches of tar covering a gaping wound, — racing gladly towards their accustomed feeding-grounds amongst clouds of dust.

John had his hands full. His morning work in the store over, he had to attend at the wash-pool, where he took his place amongst the other men in the water, and worked till evening, when he had some hours' heavy duty attending to customers in the store. Even Sundays were seldom days of respite. Sheep lost on Saturday imperatively constrained every one on the head-station to look for them, or a small unshorn portion of sheep had to be shepherded apart, or a bullock had unexpectedly to be got in for killing, or something interfered with the repose so urgently required; and no one felt better pleased than he did to see the last lot of "monkeys," as the shearers usually denominated sheep, leave the head-station.

VIII.—A DESPERATE RIDE ON A STRANGE STEED—HORSE-BREAKING.

The shearing was no sooner over than everything took quite a different complexion. Mr M'Duff started on an expedition to look at some new country away in the far north, which he thought it might be advisable to buy, and stock with his surplus sheep. Stone had also left temporarily, having business, he said, in Sydney. Only old Graham remained at Cambaranga, with John, and his time was chiefly occupied in visiting the different sheep-stations and counting the sheep.

This slack season on the station was usually devoted to mustering all the quiet horses on the run, branding up the foals, breaking in the young colts and fillies, and in making attempts to get in the wilder mobs on the outskirts of the station. Two horse-breakers were engaged to assist the stockman, and John was nominally in charge of the proceedings. The horse-breakers were slight but clean-limbed active young fellows, having that peculiar look about them by which Australian-born sons of Europeans are so easily distinguished from people of any other country. Both were very quiet and self-possessed in manner, but an experienced eye could detect in a moment the tendency to "flashness" which seems inseparable from their occupation. They were well known in the district as "Jack the Native" and his mate Charley; and no sooner were the proceeds of one job dissipated than a new one was sure to start up on some neighbouring run, notwithstanding various reports that got afloat taxing them with planting horses,* and with occasionally taking a few strange ones to a distance, and there surreptitiously disposing of them.

Two better riders could not be found; and the Native was always open to "ride anything with hair

* Hiding horses for the sake of the reward sure to be offered.

on it," as he expressed himself, "for a ten-pound note."

Indeed, not long before this, when engaged on the Ungahrun run, Mr Fitzgerald had brought some very wild scrub cattle into his yard, and amongst them was a savage old scrub bull who had for years baffled all attempts to run him in or destroy him. He had had many a bullet in the most vital places—so said the stockmen on the run; and although he might disappear for six months or so, he invariably turned up again as well and savage as ever. So knowing had he become, that if, in the excursions which he was in the habit of making from his home in the scrubby broken country, down among the quiet herds on the plains, any of the men endeavoured to drive him with a mob to the yards, that instant he stopped, then turning his head towards the nearest scrub, he trotted off with a surly defiant air, the huge hump at the back of his head giving him the appearance of a buffalo. How it happened that he came in at all was quite inexplicable: the other cattle gave the men much trouble, but the bull "went like any old milking cow," as Jack the Native, who was one of the party, afterwards said.

Of course all hands crowded to look at old "Razorback Jack," as he was called, after a particular mountain which he usually frequented. Old Razorback did not seem to realise what had happened just at first. The contemplative mood which had betrayed him did not pass off until some one attempted to cross the yard. Then the old outlaw stepped out with a low roar, and desperately rushed at the intruder, who bounded lightly on to the cap of the stock-yard, sitting on which he addressed, in the calmest manner, a variety of insulting and defamatory personal remarks to the infuriated savage, who, kneeling down, tore the ground with his horns, lashed his sides, and roared in impotent fury a few feet below him. A hat thrown into the yard from the opposite side had scarcely fallen, when Razorback Jack's vigilant ferocious small eyes, which were watching everything, made him aware of the fact. In an instant he was down on it, transfixed it with his horns, and tossed it a dozen times round the yard, leaving it occasionally for a minute to return again and again to repeat the scene. It was now that some one, remembering Jack the Native's favourite boast, asked him how he would like a mount on old Razorback. "Well," said the Native, "I'll ride him for a ten-pound note."

"I daresay you would," said the other. "Rope him, haul him up to a fence, leg-rope him, so that he can't stir. I'd do that myself."

"I'll tell you what I'm game to do," said the Native, quietly: "I'll bet you a £20 note that I ride him without saddle or bridle, loose in the yard."

"Done!" shouted the other. "Remember, if he slings you, you lose the bet."

"All right," returned Jack; "but if he falls, of course that doesn't count to me as a spill."

Young Fitzgerald, who was looking on amongst the others, now remarked that he thought it rather too dangerous a joke; but Jack was determined, and he was allowed to have his own way. First of all, opening the gate of the pound—a small enclosure with several gates leading into other yards—he managed to drive the cattle into it, and separate the bull from the rest. The bull now rushed round the sides of the strong high pound seeking savagely for some opening.

As he came round to the gate leading into the yard in which he had previously been, the Native dropped quickly on his back. The gate was pulled open by one of the men, and the strange pair tore through it. None of the bystanders knew how it was done. So quickly and quietly had it happened, that the first glance revealed the pair flying madly round the yard amid clouds of dust.

The roars of the terrified brute were perfectly appalling, but above them now and then rose the voice of the Native as he shouted to his steed. He was lying on the bull's back, holding a flank of the animal with each hand, his long legs pressing the reeking sides of the infuriated brute like a vice, with a foot under each of its shoulders.

Round they flew, now plunging wildly in the air, now rushing up against the yard, until Fitzgerald feared that both man and bull would be dashed to pieces. Running to the gate, he threw it open, and out flew the ancient scrubber, instinctively making towards his own wild domain, bearing with him the strong-nerved rider, whose iron sinews bound him as firmly to his grim charger as did the cords Mazeppa to the untamed steed.

Several men jumped on horses, which still remained saddled and hung up to the fence, and pursued the fast disappearing pair. The bull's fierce rage had now almost expended itself, for when they came up with the chase, Jack was sitting up, using his spurs freely, and chatted gaily with his mates; but how to get him off was the question.

Old Razorback paid no attention to their efforts to make him turn towards the yard. Steadily, his head bent low, his chest heaving, his laboured breathing sounding like choking sobs, he pursued his plodding path; and Fitzgerald, who now came up, began to fear that he would again regain his wind and elude them yet. Shouting to Jack, he desired him to throw himself off, in order that he might shoot the brute, with which intention he had brought with him a breech-loading carbine.

"No, no," cried the bull-tamer; "I should lose my bet. Shoot him; never mind me—I'll chance it."

Luckily at this moment old Razorback made a rush at one of the other stockmen who had ventured too near him, stumbled, and rolled with his rider in the dust. A fallen log came in very handy for the Native now. He rolled himself nimbly under it, and soon afterwards his namesake's career was ended by a couple of Snider bullets behind the shoulder.

Such was the man who, with his mate, undertook the job of mustering and breaking in the Cambaranga horses. These men seemed to find a pleasure in mounting the worst horses on the run, and it appeared to give them no trouble to hold on. They led a much pleasanter life than the other men employed on the station did. It involved no hard work or dirt, while their character for pluck caused them to be treated with a certain degree of respect.

John was astonished to find how suddenly a wild untamed colt in their hands acquired a totally different nature; and the Native, who had taken rather a fancy to him, offered to teach him to break horses in, provided he would ride, or at least mount, any horses he might desire him to back. Our hero agreed, well pleased, and his spare time for a month or two was passed in the Native's company. The morning after the bargain, on his going up to the yard, he found the Native

and his mate drafting out some horses from a mob they had got in the day before.

"Ah," said Long Jack, "you're just in time. Charley and I are going to start breaking this mob in, and I'll give you a lesson. Charley is going to take those two in hand, and I'll take the black colt here and the chestnut mare."

The horses in question were each in turn driven through various yards until they came to the "crush lane." This is a lane wide enough to permit only a single bullock or horse at a time to make his way up it. It is used for branding full-grown cattle, and the fences are made of the strongest timber, and are very high. Generally at the end of it there is a bail for the purpose of spaying. Up this lane, therefore, the colt was urged, despite of his attempts to the contrary, until he came to the end. Two or three rails were then fastened behind him, to prevent his making his way backwards out of his close prison. The fences touched his sides. In front of him the end of the lane barred his progress.

Wildly the terrified animal reared and plunged in the confined space when he saw beside him, for the first time, a human being. The beautiful eye, glittering with fear, dilated, and every nerve trembled and shook, while every unexpected motion produced a plunge and kick. With rapid and practised hands Jack and Charley threw the surcingle round the now sweat-dripping body, hooked up the end of it under the belly by means of a bent wire, and had it buckled in a brace of shakes. Standing high on the fence, holding the long sweeping tail, tangled in a huge bush-knot in one hand, Jack put the crupper round the butt and buckled it with the other, explaining to John that in putting the crupper on any horse not particularly quiet, it was the safest plan to hold the tail up until the completion of the operation. A strongly plaited green-hide halter was now slipped over the head, after which the headstall with the large breaking-in bit followed. Side reins were attached to the headstall, and loosely buckled to the surcingle, which was once more tightened up. A gate which formed at this place one side of the crush fence, was thrown open, and the now tackled colt allowed to escape into an adjoining yard.

This it signalised by putting its head down to the ground, in close proximity to its fore-feet, and in making, with humped back, a series of active vicious jumps or springs, varied occasionally by a lash-out of its hind-legs, winding up by galloping round the yard, and kicking at the halter which trailed alongside it.

"That's the way, my little boy," said the Native. "That fellow will turn out a nice horse, I'll bet. I like to see them have their fling when first they get into the yard — it shows they ain't sulky, you know. Now, you watch the chestnut mare. She's a sulky devil. She's too old, any way, to break in. She'll never be any good."

The chestnut, a handsome mare, about sixteen hands high, now underwent the same process; but with the exception of a vicious kick or two when being crupped, she showed no sign of fright. Her head she held so low that it was almost impossible to put the bridle on. Indeed, so immovable was she when tackled, that the Native, climbing up the rails, coolly stood on her back and performed various circus antics.

"Now," he said, getting down, "let her out."

The gate was accordingly thrown open, when the mare walked out, and moved away to a corner of the yard, where she stood quietly, bearing all the weight of her rather coarse-looking head upon the bearing-reins.

"That's a bad lot," said Long Jack, decisively.

His mate went through a similar process with his two, which he drafted into separate yards.

The black colt was now driven into a small yard by himself, round which he galloped unceasingly.

"Now," said the horse-breaker, "just sit on the fence there and you'll see me make that colt come up to me when I call him, and follow me all round the yard before long."

John, who had heard of this, but had never seen it practised, did as he was bid.

With his usual calm, self-possessed manner, Jack let himself quietly through the gate and stood in the middle of the yard, causing the young horse to fly round faster than ever. This the breaker permitted it to do until want of breath compelled it to move at a slower pace. Its hind-feet treading frequently upon the trailing halter, and consequently jerking the head back sharply as often as it did so, also contributed greatly to this result.

"Why don't you tie up the halter?" said young West.

"Well, I could make him come up just as well without it," said the Native; "but, you see," he explained, "it's a saving of time in many ways. First, it is handy to get hold of him by—for the halter is so long that I can reach it without coming close to his legs, and can thus always keep his head to me, which is the part I must first get at in order to let him smell me, and be sure that I won't hurt him; and, secondly, it is good for him to tread upon it. It teaches him, by jerking his head, to give way to a pull on the bridle. It is the first step in teaching him to lead. He finds that by slackening his head he eases the pain he would otherwise suffer. Now I'll take up the end of the halter and make the colt come up."

So saying, he lifted the plaited hide-rope and pulled sharply on it, causing the colt, whose nose was now rather tender, to stop, on which, getting in front of him, he made him go round the opposite way. This he continued doing for about half an hour, by which time the colt had become so far accustomed to control as to turn and move in the other direction upon seeing his master's uplifted hand and hearing the commanding way.

Now the Native confined the horse's movements in either direction to a few paces, stopping him almost as soon as he had begun to move, touching him with the whip in an irritating manner, but without severity, whenever the animal presented any portion of the body but his head to him. The colt now learned that upon facing his enemy all irritation and annoyance ceased, he was addressed in soothing terms, the jerking of the halter was discontinued, and also the motions of the whip; but that upon endeavouring to turn away, or gallop round the yard, a severe jerk of the nose, a cut of the whip, and an angry raising of the voice invariably followed. The consequence naturally was, that he preferred standing watching the being who exercised such power over him. But although this compliance was rewarded by a cessation of his trouble for a short time, he was not allowed to enjoy rest for a longer period than about a minute—merely enough to mark approval. The Native ir-

ritated him to move afresh, merely to stop him again, at the same time pulling gently but steadily on the halter, repeating the process over and over again until the perplexed animal made a step in his direction, upon which the voice again became soothing, all motion ceased, and the animal began to perceive that in the neighbourhood of the man was peace and rest. Again and again the same operation was gone through, until suddenly the colt trotted up and stood trembling within a foot of its now acknowledged master, who, gently extending his hand, allowed him to smell it all over.

The same thing was repeated frequently, each time the breaker succeeding in getting a little more into the confidence of the horse, which seemed unwilling to leave the proximity of the man. Several variations of the procedure were now executed. Retiring a little distance, the Native called on his steed to "come up here." The unaccustomed distance producing some disinclination to comply, a shout, accompanied by a rapid motion of the whip, again compelled obedience, when the same method of reward restored the dumb treaty which had been concluded, of petting for obedience, and punishment for disregard of orders. Little by little the Native succeeded in gently stroking the animal over the head and neck on both sides, sometimes startling the creature slightly by touching a new part, but succeeding in restoring his faith by patiently commencing afresh, and repeating every movement anew, taking care to gain ground as he did so. Indeed such a glamour had he apparently cast over the colt, that, walk where he liked, to any part of the yard, the kindly-natured though ·gh-spirited creature followed, and ·d patiently waiting, champing the large breaking-bit in its tender gums, and flinging snow-white flakes of foam over its noble chest.

The chestnut mare was now taken in hand, but with a very different result. She proved, as Jack the Native had foretold, unusually sulky-tempered. She could scarcely be got to move round the yard unless stimulated to do so by a pretty free use of the whip; nor would she show any signs of giving in by the time the men generally went to dinner.

Late in the afternoon the men were again at work, and John could not help admiring the steady patience and gentleness by means of which the Native gradually acquired such an ascendancy over the colt as to be able to handle him all over on both sides, and lift his feet all round.

"There is nothing," he said, "like handling; you can't give them too much of it. All depends on your making a horse know he has nothing to fear from you. Now I could have tied this fellow's leg up, saddled and ridden him this morning, but ten to one he would have bucked all the time, and been bad to catch, hard to mount, and unsafe for all but tip-top riders ever after. Now if he is treated with steady consistent kindness and firmness, and does not get frightened, he will turn out a good quiet horse. He may perhaps buck a little at first, or after a long spell, but nothing to speak of. Everything depends on handling. I shall ride that fellow to-morrow evening. Of course, if it paid me to spend longer time over him I could make him so quiet that he never would buck at all; but I can't afford to keep him on tackling longer than two days. Horses in England and other parts would buck just as ours do if they were treated in the same way; but there colts are handled from the time almost when they are foaled.

I have heard young new chums from England, who sat on their horses like so many bags of flour, blowing how they used to ride the unbroken colts at home. I never see them getting on our unbroken colts—not to say but that some of them turn out pretty good riders after a bit. We'll go now and see how the mare is getting on."

But the mare maintained her sulky, vicious stubbornness, and a couple of hours were vainly spent in trying to make her give in. She allowed herself to be rubbed over with a long stick, kicking occasionally as it touched her rump, but obstinately keeping her head turned from her breaker. It was getting late, and the Native, waxing impatient, thought he would try what effect the whip would have on her.

So, flicking first at one hind-leg, then at another, he succeeded, after some savage kicks, in getting her to face him. But his rewards were not acceptable. She turned because she escaped the whip; but her sulky nature would not allow her to give in altogether. Anxious to get her right before dark, and feeling sure that she would soon come up after facing him, Long Jack gave her another cut or two inside the knee. She came this time, but not as he expected. Throwing her ears back, she rushed fiercely at her tormentor, open-mouthed, and struck furiously at him with her fore-feet. Indeed, nothing but the whip-handle, which he held crosswise in front of him, could have prevented his being knocked down and badly hurt; as it was, she drove him backwards through the gate of the yard, which luckily chanced to be a little ajar. Jack instantly returned; but no sooner had he entered than she once more charged savagely at him. This time he was prepared, and met her with a sharp blow on the nose, stepping, at the same time, quickly on one side. Darkness coming on, the horse-breaker resolved to let her go that night; so, driving her up the lane where he had tackled her in the morning, he took off the breaking-in harness and turned her into the paddock. Very differently did the colt behave. Coming up, he rubbed his head gently on his trainer's shoulder, allowed him to take off the crupper, surcingle, and head-gear, suffered it to be thrown over his back carelessly, and followed him to the slip panel of the paddock, trotting off rejoicingly to find his mates.

"Well," said the Native, "I've seen a good many horses, but I never saw such a determined sulky devil as that mare in my life. She never will be any good. I knew it as soon as I saw her. However, we'll try what we can do with her in the morning."

They now went to look at the horses Charley had charge of, and found they were both as quiet as the black colt.

"You see," said Jack to our hero, "these two are all right. I scarcely ever came across a horse that this style of breaking wouldn't suit, provided he hadn't been humbugged before; and the curious part is, that the higher-spirited the horse is, the sooner he gets to understand you. The wildest generally become the soonest tame."

THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

When an ordinary English traveller, in his walks through some large Continental city, enters—let us hope with some higher feeling than the mere vulgar curiosity of sight-seeing—the open doorway of its cathedral, or some other church which his guide-book tells him is worth a visit, his impressions are various in kind. First of all, the entrance itself—the inner side-doors opening and closing continually for the ingress or egress, not only of strangers like himself, but of the towns-people of all classes (women, it must be said, in undue proportion),—mark the building at once as a place not for "divine service" or "public worship" only, but as emphatically a house of prayer. There are the ever-burning lamps, just visible in the dim religious twilight,—pagan in their origin, if you will, but which to some minds will seem no unworthy or superstitious symbolism of an Eye to which the darkness is no darkness, a watch that never ceases, a Light that lightens the world. There is the perfume of incense, either freshly rising, if high service should be going on, or hanging about the place with a faint fragrance, distinct and peculiar, and perhaps even more suggestive of an offering which is perpetual. In this, too, there is surely nothing to shock either the visitor's feelings or his taste, unless his Protestantism be of a very narrow and negative kind. This again, the antiquarian might tell us, is pagan at least as much as Christian; but its use in the Jewish temple may well redeem it from heathen associations. So long as we still use the words of the Psalmist, "Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense,"—so long as we read how the Angel in the Apocalypse had incense given him, "that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints,"—we can hardly assert that the incense is a superstition any more than the prayers. There are modern "Protestants" who are quite ready to say the same of both. If he casts his eye on the series of pictures which hang on the walls or the pillars, representing the several "Stations of the Cross," it may strike him that such an embodiment of that pathetic story may touch some hearts as forcibly by an appeal to the eye, as the glowing language of a hymn or the graphic description of the preacher. True, the art displayed in such paintings is not always of the highest, especially in the humbler churches, but then neither are the worshippers in such places art critics, on the whole; and he will remember that good taste is not an invariable characteristic either of hymns or sermons, which the critical mind has devoutly to make the best of. And then the worshippers: he will hardly fail to see some in any town church, let him enter at what hour he will. If in the forenoon, there will surely be a priest saying mass at some one of the many altars, and some show of congregation round him; and at all hours there will be kneeling figures scattered here and there, engaged with apparent earnestness in some kind of private devotion. If the visitor possesses but a moderate share of reverential feeling, even though it amount to nothing more than to reverence in others something he cannot feel himself, the interest and occupation of those worshippers will seem almost a rebuke to his own. Most

of us cannot but have noted, even within our own memory, a marked change in the behaviour of casual English travellers within a foreign Catholic church. The careless and noisy walk, the loud voice and half-suppressed laughter, the offensively curious stare, which formerly were too often the disgrace of the "Protestant" sight-seer, are rarely heard or seen in such places now. An outwardly decent behaviour is the homage readily paid even by the man of the world. Such is the tone, at present, of good society. Nay, it is no very uncommon sight to see a quiet member of the English Church kneel for a few moments where others kneel, or read the Psalms or lessons for the day from an English Prayer-book, while the Romanist, a few paces off, is occupied in the same independent fashion with some private office of his own. It may be that the latter is paying his devotions to some favourite saint, or reciting the due number of Aves or Paternosters in very mechanical and perfunctory fashion, but there is for the time a unity of special interest and purpose that keeps them not so very far apart,—there is rest for a few quiet moments for both from the noisy world without, and the place has an atmosphere of prayer. It is remarkable, too, though by no means strange, to see how the change in the behaviour of the passing traveller has acted on the minor officials of such a church itself, whom a too great familiarity with sacred things is apt to make somewhat hard and careless. These, too, have taken up the tone of decent reverence, in accordance with the demand. We are seldom hurried now, as we were thirty years ago, by the ecclesiastical guide from shrine to shrine, from picture to picture, from altar to altar, with insistent pertinacity and loud voluble description, in utter disregard of his quiet kneeling fellow-Catholics. He moves now with quiet steps, gives his information in a subdued whisper, and takes his fee with almost a show of deprecation. His logic of observation has almost led him to the limited conclusion that some Protestants are Christians.

But our traveller will also have received impressions most probably of a different kind. The lights, and the incense, and in large churches the almost unintermitted chain of services, and the worshippers who come and go, kneeling in prayer for a few minutes stolen from the busy demands of life, — will have won from him, more or less, according to his own temperament, a respect and even a sympathy which is not checked by conscious divergence in points of belief. As for the school children, who commonly abound at these services,—well, Catholics or Protestants are very much the same; there is "a great deal of human nature" in both; the little maidens demure and docile, the boys somewhat erratic and troublesome. But he will have noted many things which jar unpleasantly upon his own religious feelings. Many outward details will seem to him almost repulsive. He might regard the worship of the Virgin, however mistaken, as at least a picturesque ideal of the glorification of womanly purity, if he did not so often see her image vested in tawdry modern finery, gay with artificial flowers, and crowned with cheap tinsel. He might forgive any amount of lavish decoration on the altar, if the ornaments were always in good taste, if the jewels were not so often of glass, and if the lace were always real. For if he has imbibed anything of the revived taste for church decoration, he will have been taught, as its leading principle, that such work

should be genuine in material and good in its kind; that unadorned red-pine is better than the finest grainer's oak, plain white stone more to be desired than the cleverest imitation of marble, honest broad-cloth than cotton velvet. Nay, churchman or no churchman, as an Englishman he hates a sham. And shams, alas! will meet his eyes continually, not in the humbler village churches only, where poverty may check expenditure, and bad taste be more excusable, but even in churches otherwise magnificent, where no such excuse can be pleaded. There seems, in many cases, an absence of any sense of the fitness of things. Common and coarsely-coloured prints, meanly framed, hang on the walls in close proximity with paintings of sterling value; and a dirty alb will show itself under a gorgeous chasuble. Cleanliness is, in fact, a thing still much to be desired in the majority of French and Italian churches; not that the English visitor has any right to cast stones, if he can remember what was the state of most parish churches in his own country within the last half-century. The processions, too, leave much to be desired by the æsthetic mind. It is quite a popular mistake to suppose that "they manage these things better in France"—or in Italy. On certain great occasions—as, for example, the grand outdoor spectacle presented in large Roman Catholic towns on the Feast of Corpus Christi—the scenic effect is very striking, and has evidently been arranged with much care and pains. But ordinary processions lack impressiveness, and come far behind their imitation in a high Ritualistic church in England. There is the same lack of dignity, and it might almost be said of decorum, as we may bewail amongst ourselves in the march of our parochial clergy at the reopening of a parish church, or the entrance of the cathedral body at Westminster;—processions of which a cynical friend remarked, that the only religious idea that came into his mind when he saw them was a verse in the Psalms: "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." If these kind of things are to be done, they should be done well; and they are not done well, as a rule, even by Roman Catholics. They are done better on the stage, because that is the only place where, so far as we know, a bishop is selected for his personal bearing, and the "supers" who form his staff have at least been trained for the occasion. But in the real ecclesiastical show, the bishop, in spite of his magnificent robes, often looks more rotund than apostolic: the subordinates are "paired but not matched;" the short and stout *curé* told off with the tall long-necked *vicaire*, like the country rector and the town curate in England; the pale and spiritual ascetic, whose looks seem far away from this world, walking side by side with his jovial and somewhat secular brother cleric, whose eyes wander curiously over the lines of spectators,—and not even keeping step. The long procession which perambulates Milan Cathedral at the "Blessing of the palms" on Palm-Sunday, is hardly an exception to these remarks.

But what such a visitor will miss most, if he at all expected to find it in this foreign ritual, is anything like a congregational service. The priest is there saying Mass "in a tongue not understanded of the people;" the people are there, either silently looking on, or engaged as silently it may be in following the service, or it may be in some office of private devotion, recognised by

Church authority as useful for the laity during this public service—"Methods of hearing Mass," as they are called—or in mental prayer. They will stand or kneel, and cross themselves reverently, at certain points of the service; but the responses are left entirely to the acolyth or "server," just as with us, in past times, they were regarded as the special duty or privilege of the parish clerk. Not only this, but in the same church there will sometimes be two or three priests officiating at as many several altars at the same time, often so as to confuse the attention; and the mere fact of the separate congregations gathered round the altar of their choice destroys the whole idea of a united act of worship. There are exceptions to this practice in particular churches. In the fine church belonging to the great monastery at Engelberg, in Switzerland, where the peasants gather in crowds from the mountain villages and *châlets* on the Sunday mornings, one might fancy one's self, if it were not for the costumes and the language, present among the congregation in some exceptionally well-ordered English parish—so hearty and unanimous are the responses, so vigorous the singing, so exemplary the attention to the matter in hand throughout the whole service,—a service which could hardly fail to impress any dispassionate visitor, not sworn to the shibboleths of sect, that it was good for the people—and for him—to be there. But such a congregational service is quite an exception: the want of it is felt and acknowledged by many earnest Roman Catholics. It is, unfortunately, alien to much of the spirit of Romanism. To offer and to pray *for* the people rather than *with* the people is the office of the priest. In truth, the great public office of the Roman Church is not the united service of prayer and praise: it is the "offering of the Mass." "It matters very little," says a Roman Catholic authority, "whether the share prayer takes in it be little or great, provided everything else is duly ordered." And this is their apology for still retaining Latin as the language of her services—that it is comparatively unimportant whether the people join in them, so far as words are concerned, or not. "One of the most efficacious ways of hearing Mass is to watch the actions of the priest at the altar with great attention from the beginning to the end, and look as little at the prayer-book as possible. A person who could do this without distraction would reap incalculable spiritual fruit from it, and would, without a doubt, be assisting at Mass in the strictest sense of the word." * This again is the language of authority, quoted here in no controversial spirit, but as the fairest explanation of the absence of the congregational element. No doubt, the intention of the Roman Church is, that her congregations should unite with the priest in act and intention in the sacrifice of the Mass: they are to look upon it as their sacrifice as well as his, and mentally they are to offer it as well as he. Such indeed is the exhortation of the celebrant in the office itself—"*Orate, fratres, ut meum et vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat*"—and the plural number is used repeatedly. There are some few ejaculations, as the *Kyrie eleison* and the reply to the *Dominus vobiscum*, which are taken up more or less generally by the people; but their share in this service, except as devout spectators, or as an occasion for private prayer, said as it were to a grand accompani-

* O'Brien's Hist. of the Mass, p. 34.

ment, is scarcely appreciable to a stranger.

The English visitor will be disappointed, again, if even in such a cathedral as Milan, or at St Roch or the Madeleine in Paris, he has expected to hear the grand Church music for which the Roman Church has enjoyed a somewhat mythical reputation. Unless it be at High Mass, he will most probably hear no music at all. And even in that service, if we except Rome, he will hear no ecclesiastical music so good as he might hear in England. The grand choral service which he would find going on every Sunday, say at Canterbury or in St Paul's, or in the Chapel-Royal at Windsor, he will have little chance of hearing abroad. A fine organ he will frequently hear; but the voices of a choir of canons chanting the Psalms, or of the professional choristers, as a rule, will hardly commend themselves to English musical taste. A grand voice he will hear occasionally from the intoning priest, or in a solo part by some unseen singer (most likely professional), at Vespers or Benediction; but the general impression will very much shake any preconceived notion that as to musical services the Roman Catholics are any longer our masters.

Mass will be going on, as has been said, on Sundays or the greater holidays, at almost any hour in the forenoon. In most places the bell will be heard ringing for it as early as five o'clock. It is against rule, however, that the same priest should celebrate twice in the same day, except on Christmas-day: so that in small villages there will most likely be only one celebration. Before the priest begins the actual saying of Mass, he goes through a preparatory short and significant service, known as the "Asperges," in the course of which he makes the circuit of the altar, and sprinkles with holy water the few worshippers who draw near. On some grand occasions, he goes with his assistants, acolyths, and choir in procession round the church. Then, standing on the lowest step of the altar, he uses the usual invocation of the Trinity, and proceeds to recite, alternately with his server, the forty-second Psalm. This done, he makes his own "confession," and the server, in the name of the people, prays for absolution for him: and then, in the very same words which the priest has just repeated, makes, in the name of all the congregation present, what stands for our general confession of sins. Very different, however, in its wording is the form now used by the Roman Church. The confession in the Mass is made, not only to Him to whom we make it, but to "Blessed Mary ever-Virgin, Blessed Michael the Archangel, S. John Baptist, S. Peter and S. Paul, and all saints:" and with what almost seems a studied ignoring of the congregation's real share in it, the spokesman for them uses the singular number. The form of absolution used by the priest differs nothing in spirit from that adopted by the English Church, being precatory and not authoritative. But a prayer which follows again strikes a note of discordance with Protestant feeling. The altar is supposed to contain, and usually does contain, within it or beneath it, the reputed relics of some saint or saints; and he now beseeches the pardon of the Almighty, "through the merits of those saints whose relics are here." Where there is no profession of the presence of any relics, as is the case in some churches (for instance, in America), it might be supposed that such a prayer would be omitted at the priest's discretion: and it is strange to find a warning specially

laid down in books of authority that under no such circumstances must this prayer be left unsaid.*

The collects used may be one, two, or three, according to the day or season; the Epistle is sung or intoned by the subdeacon, if there be one present, facing to the altar and not the congregation: and this is followed by some sentences of Scripture known as the Gradual, because originally read from the steps of the *ambo.* This ambo is a kind of pulpit, of which there were formerly two (or even three, as may be seen now in S. Clement's at Rome), from one of which the Epistle was read, and the Gospel from the other. The old custom is still kept up at Lyons, which retains some other peculiarities of the old Gallic ritual. After the Gradual is sung the "Alleluia," or it may be a Tract or Sequence, —for these things, again, vary with the varying festivals of the Church. The rules for these variations form a distinct ecclesiastical science. The preface to our Prayer-book speaks of "the number and hardness of the rules called the Pie," and with a mild quaintness of satire says that there was "many times more business to find out what should be read, than to read it when it was found." Certainly, when we look at the twenty-six closely-printed pages which this Pie † occupies at the beginning of Lord Bute's 'Breviary,' we can understand the relief afforded by a simpler scheme. The Sequences are in fact the grand old Latin hymns to which no translation can do any real justice, so perfectly does the Latin rhythm adapt itself to the feeling of the words. Amongst them is the beautiful "*Stabat Mater dolorosa,*" used in Passion-week, and the "*Dies Iræ*" and "*Lauda Sion,*" familiar enough to most of us in English versions. Before the reading of the Gospel, standing at the middle of the altar, the priest (or the deacon, if present) says a short but beautiful prayer for himself personally, which seems a distinct loss to our English liturgy. It is so short and so suitable, that it may find a place here:—

"Cleanse my heart and my lips, Almighty God, who didst cleanse the lips of Thy prophet Isaias with a burning coal; vouchsafe so to cleanse me by Thy gracious mercy, that I may be enabled worthily to proclaim Thy holy Gospel."

Then, if it be a High Mass, the procession which is to do honour to the Gospel enters from the sacristy. Acolyths carrying lighted tapers and swinging censers move towards the Gospel side of the altar, and the subdeacon and deacon follow (both will be present at high service), the latter carrying the book elevated before his face. It is then given to the subdeacon, who holds it resting against his forehead. After giving the salutation, "*Dominus vobiscum,*" and receiving the due response, and making a threefold censing of the volume, the deacon chants the Gospel in a loud tone, the priest reverently facing him, and afterwards kissing the book and pronouncing an old medieval rhyme—

"*Per evangelica dicta deleantur nostra delicta.*"

(By the words of the Gospel may our sins be blotted out.)

After the Gospel, if it be Sunday or a "holy-day of obligation," there will be a sermon, very commonly on the Gospel for the day. It is cus-

* O'Brien's Hist. of the Mass, p. 191.

† *Pica*, or Pie—probably as Lord Bute explains it, from the *party-coloured* page—the red and black of the rubrics.

tomary now, in churches of the Roman Catholic communion in England, for the priest to read the Gospel and Epistle in English from the pulpit before he begins to preach. The sermon is often delivered in a calm and measured tone, without action or apparent excitement, much after the fashion long in favour with our Anglican High Churchmen; but sometimes, and especially in the Italian churches, the preacher will use abundant and energetic gesticulation, raising and lowering his voice with all the skill of a practised elocutionist, moving from side to side of the spacious pulpit, and occasionally, at the end of a period, sitting down to recover breath for a recommencement, and to give an opportunity for collecting the offerings of the congregation. Such excess of action, however, is not in accordance with the recognised standard of the Church.

We need not follow the service through; but if the stranger be at the pains to listen carefully, or if he have the text of the office in his hands, he will recognise in their Latin garb the originals of those devotional forms which have been the inheritance of the Church, retained in spite of reforms and revolutions, from the earliest ages. The *Kyrie eleison*, or Lesser Litany, as we call it; the *Gloria in excelsis*, though here used before the consecration, and not after, as with us; the Nicene Creed; the *Sursum corda*, "Lift up your hearts;" the *Ter sanctus*, "Holy, Holy, Holy," —may all serve to remind him that there are links still unbroken in the unity of the Church Catholic, which it is surely neither reasonable nor charitable to ignore. Amongst the peculiarities of the Roman ritual he will notice the striking symbolism of the washing of the celebrant's hands (or rather, the tips of thumb and forefinger) before he touches the sacred elements, reciting the while a portion of the twenty-fifth Psalm, "I will wash mine hands in innocency, and so will I go to Thine altar." And he will observe that the whole of the "Canon of the Mass"—that portion of the service which we should call the consecration—is said by the priest inaudibly. The reason given by ritual authorities for this direction is based on the fear lest the sacred words, so often repeated in the hearing of the people, might become too common and familiar, and even be used profanely. A legend on this subject, as told by a recluse of the seventh century, is worth notice as having received the stamp of no less an authority than the General Council of Nicæa.

"A party of boys watching flocks in Apamæa in Syria, took it into their heads one day to while away a portion of their time by going through the ceremonies of Mass. One acted as celebrant, another as deacon, and a third as subdeacon. All went on pleasantly, until he who personated the celebrant pronounced the sacred words of consecration; when suddenly a ball of fire, rapid and fierce as a meteor, fell down from heaven, and so stunned the boys that they fell prostrate on the ground. When this singular occurrence was afterwards related to the bishop of the place, he went to examine the spot, and having learned all the particulars of the case, caused a church to be built thereon, to commemorate so remarkable an event. From this circumstance, it is said, the Church derives her custom of reciting the Canon in secret." *

At certain portions of the Canon however, the priest raises his voice at the words, "*in sæcula sæculorum*," "world without end," to be answered by the "Amen;" and the Lord's Prayer in this part of the

* O'Brien's Hist. of the Mass, p. 298.

office is said aloud. It need hardly be observed that a certain portion of water will have been duly mixed with the wine, and that the priest is directed to "elevate" both paten and chalice, after the words of consecration, "for the adoration of the people," each act being announced to them by the ringing of a hand-bell by the server. Every Catholic present, whatever their previous attitude, will at such moments fall on their knees—the men, it is true, will sometimes only bend one. It is surely not necessary for even the most "protestant" looker-on to bear his testimony against idolatry by maintaining rigidly an upright posture, necessarily offensive to his Catholic neighbours. If he remembers Whose Name all those around him confess, he will hardly think he compromises himself by a simple act of reverence; if he fears this, he would have made his protest in better taste by staying away.*

The warning bell is rung again before the priest himself communicates, to give due notice to intending communicants, and then, "if there be any to receive," as the rubric significantly has it, the sacrament is administered to them, of course under the one kind only, such having been the law of the Church since the Council of Constance in 1414. The reasons for this limitation may be found summarised in O'Brien's 'History of the Mass;' † it is difficult to see how they can commend themselves to any unprejudiced mind. The Confession, as said at the beginning of the service, is now repeated on behalf of the communicants by the server, who will also have spread a white linen cloth over the altar rail, and this cloth each communicant holds carefully close to his mouth when receiving. A few verses of Scripture known as the "Communion" for the day, and a short prayer called the Post-Communion, follow, and then the "*Ite missa est*"—the words of dismissal for the congregation, from which the "Mass" is sometimes said to have taken its name, and with which originally the service concluded, as is still the rule of the Carthusian order. Now, however, it is closed by a short prayer, followed by the Blessing, after which the priest reads the first fourteen verses of the Gospel of St John, all bending their knees when he comes to the passage, "And the Word was made Flesh." The server answers, "*Deo gratias!*" and Mass is ended. In some churches a few prayers in the vernacular will be used as a kind of supplementary service; and a few individuals here and there among the congregation will linger a little while upon their knees, and the priest will return and kneel for a few moments before the altar to finish his private thanksgiving after Mass, for which a form is provided in the Missal.

If, as we have been supposing, the service has been High Mass, the visitor will probably have noticed that the priest has received

* A well-known Nonconformist preacher of the present day noticed three young men who had mixed with his large congregation with the evident idea of extracting amusement from his sermon, and who ostentatiously kept on their hats. He paused in his discourse, and looking towards the intruders, said, "If I enter a place of worship not of my own connection, I always try to behave, so long as I am there, as I see the regular worshippers do. I chanced to go into a Jewish synagogue the other day, and instinctively took my hat off. A man next me whispered that such was not their practice; I put it on again at once. Now if those three young gentlemen *of the Jewish persuasion*, whom I see here among us, would——" Their hats were off, he said, in telling the story, before he had finished his sentence.

† Page 374.

alone. But there will have already been one or more Masses said in the same church (according to the number of priests attached to it) at an earlier hour, and at these times there will most likely have been at least some few lay communicants. Two things must be borne in mind,—that the Roman Catholic Church enjoins upon her members not to break their fast before communion; and that there is no rubric, as with us, requiring that even in small parishes there should be "four, or three at the least, to communicate with the priest." Still, according to the Council of Trent, the Roman Church holds it preferable in the abstract that there should be communicants at every celebration, and this seems to be contemplated by the directions in the Missal. But the number of habitual communicants in the Roman Church is (as we believe they would themselves confess and lament) comparatively small. Perhaps few laymen—or even women, unless directly connected with some religious work or community—receive so often as once a-week, or even once a-month, though such regular attendance would be nothing very remarkable, in the present day, amongst the laity of the English Church. A *first* communion is far more obligatory than amongst Protestants, and the number of those who receive at Easter is larger; but frequent communions afterwards are much less the rule, and indeed do not appear to be urgently recommended unless for those who are engaged in some distinctly religious work. In the rural districts of France, the state of things in this respect is worse than it was in English villages in what we consider the times of greatest neglect and deadness. Here is the pathetic complaint made by a French priest in a recent pamphlet:—

"I asked a young priest one day how he got on in his little parish. 'Pretty well,' said he, 'during the week. But on the Sunday it is terrible: I go to say Mass; I find there some thirty women, and two or three men. What can I say to them? I feel more inclined to cry than to preach. At Vespers, there is nobody. . . . It is heart-breaking.'"*

The ordinary public worship, then, of the modern Roman Catholic Church—setting aside for the moment all questions of doctrine—differs from that of our Protestant Churches in nothing more broadly than in this,—that it has nothing practically equivalent for the laity to our Order of Morning and Evening Prayer. In nothing did our reformers bestow a greater boon on the English Church than in giving us a Common Prayer-book. Lord Bute admits the want, when, in his very modest preface, he says his book "may be useful to converts who have been accustomed to the daily office while Anglicans." The one public service which every good Catholic will attend at least on "days of obligation" † is the Service of the Mass—that is, the Office of Holy Communion. He may not communicate, but he is present. Mattins—by which name a certain school in the English Church (not without authority from the Prayer-book) are fond of calling our Morning Prayer—has practically no existence for the ordinary members of the Roman Church; Vespers, though well attended in some places, is almost ignored in others; whereas with us these are the two services which attract and

* Le Grand Péril de l'Eglise de France, par M. l'Abbé Bougaud, p. 29.

† The recognised "days of obligation" in England are,—all Sundays, the Epiphany, Circumcision, SS. Peter and Paul (June 29th), All Saints, Christmas-day, and Corpus Christi (Thursday after Trinity Sunday).

satisfy ordinary worshippers, and are the only public devotions considered "of obligation" by too large a majority of professed Churchmen. That which corresponds to the Mass —the Office for Holy Communion —is, as to its essential portions, a service in which they rarely or never join. Of course, the reason has to be sought in the wide divergence as to the sacramental theory between the two Churches, which these pages are not the place to discuss.

But the originals of our own Morning and Evening Prayer have to be sought in quite a different quarter from the service which we have just been considering. They are contained in the Breviary,—a book comparatively little known to the Roman Catholic laity, and which is now for the first time introduced in a complete shape to English readers by the labours of a distinguished layman whose loss to our own communion we have had to lament. The seven "Hours" of prayer had in very early times their set forms of devotion; and these were at a later date gathered, with Litanies and other offices, into the collection known as the Breviary, of which there were various editions in use in different countries and dioceses. The two handsome volumes * which contain the Marquess of Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary will create an interest extending beyond the limits of his own present communion. To the Roman Catholic laity, though they may probably make but little use of it for purposes of devotion, unless it be recommended by authority—though much of it would seem as well adapted for such use as our own Prayer-book—it cannot but prove highly interesting, because now for the first time they will have an opportunity of studying in English, and in a complete form, the devotions which are binding on their clergy and on the members of the various religious orders. But it will have scarcely less interest for the general reader, and that for two different reasons. One reason is this: it is the authorised Prayer-book of the Roman Catholic clergy; and as, in round numbers, out of 407 millions of Christians in the world some 200 millions acknowledge the supremacy of Rome, it is the Prayer-book of the ministers of half Christendom. And there is this further reason why the Breviary must have an interest for English Churchmen—it is at once the source from whence very much of our own Prayer-book is derived, and the model on which it was drawn up. For just as our Communion Office is based upon the Roman Missal (was it not James I. who described our English Office as "an ill-said Mass"?), so our Morning and Evening Prayer is based upon the Canonical Hours of the Breviary. Perhaps, then, before we proceed to notice Lord Bute's volumes in particular, it may be of interest to say a few words on each of these two points, —the present use of the Breviary in the Church of Rome, and the connection it has with the Prayer-book of the Church of England.

It may help us to understand the way in which the Breviary is used, and the part which it fills in the devotional system of the Roman Church, if we now take a cursory glance, from a different point of view from that of the casual visitor to one of her services, at the scheme of worship which that Church provides for her clergy and laity.

A Roman Catholic clergyman

* The Roman Breviary: translated out of Latin into English by John, Marquess of Bute, K.T. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

from the time when he is admitted into *Sacred* Orders — *i. e.*, from the time when he becomes subdeacon (for the minor orders do not carry with them the same obligation)—is bound to the daily recitation, either in public or in private, of the Seven Canonical Hours. The Roman Breviary is the book which his Church puts into his hands, containing the authorised version of these offices; and as the recitation of them, at various times in the day, must employ at the very least an hour of his daily time, in many instances much more, the Breviary not only becomes his inseparable companion, but its use is an important feature in his day's work. When he is ordained priest, and so is empowered to say Mass, another volume, the Missal, becomes necessary for him; and henceforth around the use of these two books his spiritual life centres. There is, however, this difference between his use of the two: whilst health and strength permit, the daily recitation of the Breviary (or "saying office," as it is technically called) is one of the strictest obligations of the priest's life. But he is not *bound* to say Mass every day; though out of devotion, and for the benefit of their flocks, the great majority of priests, even in the rural districts, do so. But no such obligation with regard to the Breviary rests upon the laity. Indeed, most of them know very little about its contents. With the Missal, however, they are much more familiar; because the Mass, which is of the essence of Catholic worship, and that act around which all other devotions centre, is the service which they commonly attend. Thus, as has been said, in any church in the world where Roman Catholics are gathered together, if you find any morning service being held, you will almost certainly find the priest at the altar saying Mass. He may perform other devotions before or after, according to circumstances, or according to the custom of the Church in that country; but, as his one great act of worship, the Mass will be celebrated.

Let us try to sketch the life of a parish priest, so far as it is influenced by these two books — the Missal and the Breviary. On a week-day morning, you will find him at an early hour in his church, where he will have gathered together such of the devout members of his flock as can conveniently attend. If it is his practice to hear confessions before Mass, perhaps he will have attended at the confessional for half an hour before service-time. When that time comes, he will either begin the Mass at once, or he will first kneel down before the altar and say some prayers in the vernacular in which the congregation can join — such simple and easy devotions as may seem most suitable to their understanding and wants. When these are ended, the Mass will begin,—in which, as has already been shown, the congregation will take practically no vocal part at all. The celebrating of Mass consists essentially in the act performed, rather than in the reciting of the prescribed prayers. The priest, if you asked him to explain this, would tell you that the "Do this" of our Lord when He instituted the Eucharist, referred not only to the act of communion, but to the ceremonial showing forth of the death of Christ, of which the act of communion is the consummation and completion.

So far, then, the Missal only has been used in church; and if we follow the priest there on the one or two evenings in the week during which services happen to be held—for it will hardly be more frequently than this, except in large towns—it is quite possible that the Breviary

may still not be brought into use. It may be, indeed, that the priest gets his congregation to join him in saying Vespers or Compline, the two evening offices of the Breviary; but more frequently he will adopt some less formal and more simple devotions, such as the "Stations of the Cross" or the Rosary, or short night-prayers in the vernacular, in which the people can join, concluding with the "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," or ("*Salut*," as the French term it), the most popular of the afternoon services, and which is often, even in large town churches, used alone.

About this last-mentioned rite, though it will be found neither in the Missal nor in the Breviary, we must say a few words; for in connection with it is to be found the key-note to the understanding of much that is otherwise somewhat puzzling in Roman Catholic churches. At the back of the altar, or of the various altars which the church contains, there may be noticed a sort of cupboard surmounted by a crown or canopy, and fixed to the centre of the re-table in the middle of the altar-candlesticks. In this cupboard, or tabernacle, is reserved the consecrated Host. Before it hangs a lighted lamp, and curtains, varying in colour according to the season or festival, cover its front. These curtains are the invariable sign of the actual presence of the Host; for although a light always burns before it, it is not uncommon to see lighted lamps suspended before other altars also, or even before sacred images. But where these curtains are, there is always the consecrated wafer within. It is kept in churches in this way, not only, nor indeed primarily, for devotional purposes, but so that, as was no doubt the custom in the early Church, the Holy Communion may always be at hand for carrying to the sick and dying, as need may require. It is in recognition of this Presence that the knee is bent on entering and leaving the church. Premising thus much, the rite of Benediction, and the place which it holds in the devotions of Roman Catholics, may be most fairly explained, perhaps, if we quote Cardinal Newman's short and striking description of this service,—a description so beautiful as to have a charm even for such readers as may differ widely from the doctrine it implies and the ceremony it depicts:—

"Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The priests enter and kneel down; one of them unlocks the tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar, in the midst of lights, for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the priest twice offers incense to the King of heaven, before whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the monstrance in his hands, and, turning to the people, blesses them with the Most Holy, in the form of a cross, while a bell is sounded by one of the attendants to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn benediction of His people, as when He lifted up His hands over the children, or when He blessed His chosen ones when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so once or twice a-week the great Catholic family come before the Eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day; and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites: 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face on thee, and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee, and give thee peace.' Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it?"*

* 'Lectures on Protestantism,' quoted i . Oakeley's 'Ceremonies of the Mass,' p. 142.

The Benediction service proper opens with a Paternoster and Ave Maria said in secret, with the hymn known as "*O Salutaris Hostia*," followed by the Litany of the Virgin, or possibly the "*Te Deum*" or a Psalm, and the hymn "*Tantum ergo.*" There will very probably be a sermon; and after the Blessing, another hymn or two concludes the service.

At some time in the course of the Sunday afternoon the priest will probably have collected the children in the church for public catechism, as is becoming common in the English Church; and in this part of his work he will often show considerable tact and skill.

From all this the reader may gather that the ordinary layman need know very little about the Breviary. Vespers and Compline may be more or less familiar to him; and as these offices are, comparatively speaking, very simple, and vary but little with the ever-varying seasons and festivals, it is not difficult, even for those who know little or nothing of Latin—especially as their books of devotion almost invariably contain a translation of these offices in parallel columns with the original Latin—to take a more or less intelligent part in their recital. We remember, for instance, being very much struck with the hearty way in which a not very highly educated congregation joined in the chanting of the Psalms at Compline one week-day evening in Lent, in a church in the Isle of Wight. But further than this, the Breviary has not necessarily any practical bearing on the worship of ordinary Roman Catholic lay people. If, however, we turn from the village church to the chapel of the convent or monastery, we shall find the Breviary in its own home, so to speak, and shall see the way in which its regular recitation is carried out. Seven times a-day the "religious" assemble "in choir" for the saying or singing of the divine office. At some time before daybreak, not unfrequently at 2 A.M., the night-hours are said. These consist of Mattins and Lauds, forming together by far the longest of the seven canonical Hours; for, on the greater number of days in the year, Mattins is made up of three divisions or nocturns, each of which contains three Psalms and three Lessons, followed by Lauds, which has five Psalms (or groups of Psalms), besides Hymns, Responses, Antiphons, and other short elements. These nocturnal services had their beginning, no doubt, in times of persecution, and were continued as a matter of penitential discipline.

With the morning comes the time for Prime; and then, as the day passes on, succeed Terce, Sext, Nones, Vespers, and, at bed-time, Compline.* In some cathedrals, many of which are more or less closely connected with religious orders, and in some parish churches, certain of the Hours are recited in choir. But there seems no fixed rule on the subject; and local customs vary widely. Perhaps Prime is said before the parish Mass, but probably it is in very few places a popular devotion; and even Vespers and Compline seem

* The seven canonical Hours, which were said at about midnight, daybreak, 9 A.M., noon, 3 P.M., 6 P.M., and bed-time, were mystically referred to the Passion of our Lord, as is explained in the following rhyme:—

"At Mattins bound, at Prime reviled, condemned to death at Tierce,
Nailed to the Cross at Sext, at Nones His blessed side they pierce:
They take Him down at Vesper-tide, in grave at Compline lay,
Who henceforth bids His Church observe her sevenfold Hours alway."

—See Neale's Essays on Liturgiology, p. 6.

to make no great way in popularity. A Roman Catholic bishop in the north of England, some few years ago, tried to popularise Vespers by translating that office, and singing it in English instead of Latin. But the innovation is said not to have found much favour, and did not spread to any great extent. Really popular offices the Hours of the Breviary were never intended to be; and such they can never become, whether they are said in Latin or in the vulgar tongue.

But it is time that we went back to our parish priest, and traced the bearing of the Breviary upon his private life. He is equally bound to the recitation of the canonical Hours with the members of the monastery or the convent. But in his method of saying his office he enjoys much more liberty. Before saying Mass, Mattins and Lauds must be said. Before mid-day comes he must have said the next three Hours—Prime, Terce, and Sext; and before he goes to bed he must have completed all the seven. Within these limits he enjoys the widest liberty as to the time, place, and manner in which he fulfils his obligation. He may say two or more of the offices "by aggregation,"—*i. e.*, consecutively, with no pause between them. Thus, at any time in the course of the morning, he may begin with Prime, and go on to say Terce, Sext, and Nones, one after the other. In the afternoon he may say Vespers and Compline, and, in the course of the evening, he may, "by anticipation," say the Mattins and Lauds of the following day. With regard to this last instance of the elasticity of his rule, he is, indeed, limited by the following restriction. He may not begin the office of next day till half the time between mid-day and sunset has elapsed, and thus his limit of time will vary according to the season of the year. Thus, on 1st January, when the sun sets at about 4 P.M., he may begin Mattins of 2d January at about 2 P.M.; whereas, at the end of May, when the sun does not set till about 8 o'clock, he cannot begin the following day's office till a little after four in the afternoon. As regards the place, too, in which his office may be said, he is perfectly free. If he likes to say it in his church, well and good; but if he prefers to say it in his study, or walking up and down his garden, or whilst he is taking his walk in the country, or travelling in a railway train, there is nothing to prevent his so doing. Hence, in travelling with a priest, it is no uncommon thing, as we all know, to see the well-thumbed little book produced. His attention is fixed on the page, while the moving lips rapidly repeat the words of the office, and the world for a while is shut out—till at last the office is ended, the obligation is fulfilled, and as he returns the book to its accustomed pocket, the priest is once more free to look about him, or to join in general conversation. Sometimes, indeed, this liberty as to time and place is abused by a priest who recognises rather the letter than the spirit of his duty, and who may be seen economising time by reading a portion of his hours even while "assisting" at Mass, in such intervals as do not require his actual participation in the service. So, too, as regards the manner in which the office is said. In choir, certain postures must be employed, and certain acts performed. But "*extra chorum*"—in ordinary places and circumstances—none of these things are obligatory. All that the priest is bound to do is to say each word—*i.e.*, to form it with his lips. By a curious formal scruple, though he need not say it audibly, he would not fulfil his obligation if he conned the pages of the book without forming

each word separately. It must at least be with him as with Hannah of old,—and possibly the modern Roman priest saying his office is as much a puzzle to many people as she was to Eli,—when we read that "she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard."

And now, having noticed the part which the Breviary plays in the priest's daily life, let us turn to the book itself, and try to understand its general scope. The clue to the understanding of the Breviary lies in the fact that it is a method, which has become more elaborate and complicated as time has passed on, of reciting the Psalter systematically. Indeed the Psalter may be described as forming the "backbone" of the Breviary. Around the Psalms have grown up Antiphons, Responses, Lessons, Hymns, Collects; but still the essence of the Breviary consists in the recitation of the Psalter—the "Saints' Prayer-Book," as it has been beautifully called. From the earliest ages of the Church the Psalms of David were the companion of the devout of all classes at morn, noon, and night. In a well-known passage St Chrysostom shows how this was so in his time:—

"If we keep vigil in the Church, David comes first, last, and midst. If early in the morning we seek for the melody of hymns, first, last, and midst is David again. If we are occupied with the funeral solemnities of the departed, if virgins sit at home and spin, David is first, last, and midst. . . . Nor is it in cities and churches alone that at all times, through every age, David is illustrious; in the midst of the forum, in the wilderness and uninhabitable land, he excites the praises of God. In monasteries, amongst those holy choirs of angelic armies, David is first, midst, and last. In the convents of virgins, where are the bands of them that imitate Mary; in the deserts, where are men crucified to this world, and having their conversation with God,—first, midst, and last is he. All other men are at night overpowered by natural sleep: David alone is active; and congregating the servants of God into seraphic bands, turns earth into heaven, and converts men into angels." *

So important was the knowledge of the Psalter considered, that in the fifth century a patriarch of Constantinople refused to ordain any cleric who did not know it by heart; and instances are not unknown of men whose rule it was to say the Psalms through, not only weekly, but even daily. We are all familiar with the saying,—*laborare est orare*, but, in the early Church, collaterally with this went its converse,—*orare est laborare*, and the saying of the Psalter was called "the work of God."

If we examine the Hours of the Breviary, we see that the whole of the Psalter is to be recited weekly, in the ordinary course of Mattins and Vespers, whilst some particular Psalms are appointed to be said more frequently, and some few daily. But although this is the general plan of the book, in practice it is frequently broken in upon. The offices of feast-days override those for "ferial" (that is ordinary) days; and as there are many more of the former than of the latter in the Church's year, the festal offices—the Psalms of which vary but little from one another—are much more frequently said than the ferial offices. A striking instance of this is referred to by Lord Bute, in a note at the beginning of Mattins for Saturday: "This office is practically hardly ever said, unless the reciter so chooses, as except in Advent and Lent, and on Eves, it is allowed to supplant it by the Votive office of the Immaculate Conception of the B.V.M. which is

* Quoted by Dr Neale, Commentary on the Psalms, vol. i. p. 1.

to be found at the end of the Breviary." *

Let us now take the office of a festival, that being, as has been observed, the kind of office most frequently said. First comes Mattins, beginning, as all the Hours except Compline do, with "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," followed, at Mattins and at Prime, by the Creed—all said inaudibly. Then are said out loud the Versicles, "O Lord, open our lips," &c., with the Doxology, as in our Prayer-book, followed by "Alleluia." Then comes the "Venite," followed by a hymn; and after this, three divisions of the office, called Nocturns, each comprising three Psalms and three lessons—or rather, one lesson cut up into three portions. The lessons in the first Nocturn are taken from Scripture; those in the second generally from the life of the Saint whose feast it is, if it be a Saint's day,—legends too often apocryphal, as in more than one instance the translator has the courage to admit,†—otherwise, from the writings of some Saint or Father, generally referring to the Scripture lessons which have been read; and those in the third Nocturn from some commentary of a Father on the Gospel for the day. These lessons from the Fathers are often very thoughtful and striking expositions of the sacred text. Then comes the "Te Deum," and then Lauds at once begins. Lauds contains five Psalms, or groups of Psalms (*e.g.*, Pss. 148, 149, 150 are all said as one continuous Psalm); and on festivals these—which are the Sunday Psalms—do not vary. After this comes the "Chapter"—a feature common to all the offices—consisting of a verse or two of Scripture: this is followed by a hymn, and then comes what is the characteristic feature of Lauds, the "Benedictus," or Song of Zacharias—the solemn morning commemoration of the Incarnation, answering to the "Magnificat" in the evening. The Collect for the day concludes the office, to which, however, some little devotions, called "Memorials," are at certain times appended with one of the four Antiphons of the Virgin, which vary according to the season of the year.

This is an outline only of the office. Through it are interspersed various Antiphons, Versicles, and Responses, the particularisation of which would probably rather confuse than interest the reader. But one detail is so important in its bearing on the Psalms in all the Hours, as to claim a little notice of its own. To each Psalm and Canticle is attached a sentence called the Antiphon. This is always said at the end of the Psalm, and is doubled—*i.e.*, said *before* as well as *after*—on festivals of a certain rank, which are called "Doubles" for that reason: on all other days the first two or three words only of the Antiphon are said before the Psalm begins, and the complete Antiphon when it is ended. The object of the Antiphon is to give the key-note to the interpretation of the Psalm, or to suggest that meaning which is most appropriate to the occasion on which it is used. Any one who happens to be at all familiar with the method of mystical interpretation, which has been applied perhaps more to the Psalms than to most other parts of Scripture, will see at once what a special colouring this system of Antiphons gives to the devotional use of the Breviary.

The Lesser Hours—Prime, Terce, Sext, and None—require only a word or two of explanation. The chief feature of these offices is Psalm 119, which is divided among them,

* Vol. i. p. 73. See also p. 903.

† See vol. i. pp. 250, 1048, &c.

and said daily throughout the year without variation. Each office has also its hymn, appropriate to the time of day to which the office belongs; and in the Sunday office at Prime the Athanasian Creed follows the Psalms. In this particular the Roman Breviary differs from that of Sarum, in which that Creed was recited daily at Prime. Vespers comes next, closely corresponding with Lauds in its outline, and having for its characteristic feature the "Magnificat" to commemorate the Incarnation, as Lauds has the "Benedictus."

The office of Compline concludes the Breviary devotions for the day —an office which, because of its simplicity and unchanging character, is not unsuitable for use as a form of evening family prayer. Indeed, we believe that the late Cardinal Wiseman once recommended its use for that purpose. It has four Psalms, specially appropriate for the end of day and the approach of night—Pss. iv., xxxi. 1-6, xci., cxxxiv. A glance at these Psalms would at once show how well they are suited for the time fixed for their use. The principal feature of Compline (the "completion" of the Christian day) is the "Nunc Dimittis" with its unchanging Antiphon—"O Lord, keep us waking, guard us sleeping, that we may wake with Christ, and rest in peace." The late Dr Neale points out very prettily, in one of his sermons, how appropriate the "Nunc Dimittis" is for use in this office. "As that," he says, "was good old Simeon's death-song, after which he departed in peace; so, as the lying down on our beds is the image of lying down in the grave, we take these words of departure on our lips, and in these dark hours comfort ourselves with the thought of the 'Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel.'"* Like the other offices, Compline has its hymn, its chapter, its verses and responses, and its Collect, all of which refer to the coming night. The Collect is one not unfrequently used at evening prayers in the households of English Churchmen—"Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this habitation, and drive far from it all the snares of the enemy: let Thy holy angels dwell herein to keep us in peace, and let Thy blessing be upon us for ever." It was originally, as Lord Bute tells us, "the last prayer before going to rest for the monks of the order of St Benedict."

And so end the Hours of the day. Even a cursory glance over them will draw from unprejudiced minds the admission that the priest who shall have duly and reverently used them will have spent some appreciable part of his day in private devotion, will have made himself familiar with a large portion of Scripture, and—however we may think that in those pages are to be found serious errors overlying catholic truths—may have done much to quicken his own religious life.

From what has been already said it will have been seen that it was on the lines of the Breviary that our Order of Morning and Evening Prayer was drawn up. And, indeed, though changes of a very important character were made in our services at the Reformation, yet they retain their old features so fully that our Prayer-book may be looked upon as a combination of a reformed Breviary and Missal. With the question of the Missal we are not now concerned, but it may be interesting to note the way in which our daily morning and evening offices were compiled from the Breviary. And the first thing that strikes us is the radical altera-

* Sermons preached in a Religious House, vol. i. p. 277.

tion of method in the use of the Psalter. Its former weekly recital is now extended over a month, though, on the other hand, in the course of the month the *whole* Psalter is in practice, and not only in theory, regularly recited. Now, a glance at the different features of our Morning Prayer, as compared with the Breviary, will show that it is a condensation of Mattins, Lauds, and Prime, retaining as it does the characteristics of each of these offices; whilst Evening Prayer again combines the characteristics of Vespers and Compline. Our own Church does, as a rule, what Lord Bute tells us the Roman Church allows in practice:—

"Sometimes Mattins, Lauds, and Prime are said together early in the morning, forming the complete morning service of the Church. It is from this aggregation that the 'Morning Prayer' of the Anglican Prayer-book is derived. . . .

"Compline is very frequently recited along with Vespers, thus forming the complete Evening Service of the Church." *

But of Terce, Sext, and None, with the practice of saying Ps. 119 daily, no trace is left in our Prayer-book. Our Collects for Sundays and holy-days are, as is well known, in almost all cases identical with those in the Breviary. For the Sundays after Trinity (or after Pentecost, as the Roman order has it) they are so throughout. And just as we saw that the Breviary is for the private use of the clergyman, as well as for use in common and public devotions, we find that the Prayer-book services are intended to be employed in the same twofold way. This is shown by two passages in the rubric "concerning the services of the Church."

"Though it be appointed that all things shall be read and sung in the church in the English tongue, to the end that the congregation may be thereby edified; yet it is not meant, but that when *men say morning and evening prayer privately*, they may say the same in any language that they themselves do understand. And all priests and deacons are to say daily the morning and evening prayer either *privately* or openly," &c. &c.

If, now, we take the Order of Morning Prayer as it stands, we first of all notice that the sentences of Scripture with which it begins are a new feature. Possibly they may have been suggested by the former use of Antiphons, which now are swept away entirely. The Exhortation which follows the sentences is also new. And though the general Confession is new in form, the idea was obviously taken from Prime and Compline, in which latter office a Confession occupies nearly the same place as it does with us. Perhaps some may regret that the so-called Absolution, which seems to have been inserted more for a controversial than for a devotional purpose, has taken the place of the old Absolution, which was a prayer, not restricted to "the priest alone," but said by any one who recited the office, layman or cleric alike: "Almighty God, have mercy on us, forgive us our sins, and bring us to everlasting life.—Amen. May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins.—Amen."

The rubric which bids the minister "say the Lord's Prayer with an audible voice,"—or "with a loud voice," as another rubric expresses it,—abolishes the old custom of saying the Lord's Prayer and "Ave Maria" both at Mattins and Vespers (and at the former the Creed also) *sub silentio*, the origin of

* Vol. i. p. 114, *note*: p. 171, *note*.

which Lord Bute explains as follows:—

"The reason why the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed are recited inaudibly during the office seems to be, that in the early Church, these formulæ were concealed from the unbaptised until very shortly before their baptism. Now, all were allowed to be present at the office of which these formulæ are a part, and therefore they were then so said that the unbaptised could not hear them. The 'Hail, Mary,' having been added as a sort of appendix to the Lord's Prayer, follows the same rule with it. The Lord's Prayer is said aloud during the canon of the Mass, because only the faithful were then present." *

The Versicle, "O Lord, open Thou," &c., is in the Breviary the first sentence that is said out loud, and had thus an appropriateness which its position in our service deprives it of. Next comes the "Gloria," which in the Breviary is followed by "Alleluia." Our substitution of "Praise ye the Lord—the Lord's name be praised," for the Hebrew ejaculation, may lead us just to notice the pretty idea that "Alleluia" appealed to angels, as well as to men, to join in the offering of praise.

The "Venite" and the "Te Deum" are taken from Mattins: the "Benedicite" and "Jubilate" are, in the Breviary, among the Sunday Psalms at Lauds: the "Benedictus," as we have seen, is the great feature of that office; and the practice of saying the Apostles' Creed, or, on certain days, the Athanasian, with the Third Collect "for Grace," are points derived from Prime, as is also the saying of the Lord's Prayer preceded by the lesser Litany and followed by certain versicles.

In glancing at these features of our Morning Prayer, we have not noticed the subject of Lessons. In this matter a most sweeping alteration has been made. Instead of nine lessons being read at Mattins, as is the case in the Breviary on festivals generally, the scheme of reading two lessons in the morning and two in the evening was substituted, and, as we are aware, none but Scripture lessons were permitted to remain.

Most of what has been said of the order of Morning Prayer applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the order of Evening Prayer too. The "Magnificat," the characteristic feature of Vespers, and the "Nunc Dimittis" that of Compline, are retained; whilst, on the other hand, our Evening Prayer shares with our Morning Service, as those offices do not, the reading of daily lessons.

One feature of the old offices is altogether wanting in our Service-book, and it is a want which our Church has seriously felt. None of the "Office" hymns, some of which are of exceeding beauty, are retained, and, as a consequence, the natural craving for Church melodies of some kind threw us back for a long time on the rhymes of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady, or the various hymnals in which good intentions were made to do duty for good taste and good poetry. The common impression is, that the old Church hymns were left out for no other reason than because, when the Prayer-book was compiled, no one was found who had the skill to translate them. And this reason seems to be confirmed by the curiously bald and rough character of the two or three hymns which were translated—for instance, the "Veni Creator," of which there are two versions in the "Ordering of Priests." But, be this as it may, their old places in

* Vol. i. p. 1, *note*. Vol. ii. *ib.*

the offices know them no more in the Anglican adaptation of those offices. But whatever may have been the case three centuries ago, no one can help being struck now with the great skill and taste which have been brought to bear upon the translation of the Breviary hymns during the last few years. Indeed, the translations of these hymns which Lord Bute has collected in his edition of the Breviary will no doubt prove one of its chief charms for the general reader. He has selected, he says, such versions as seemed to him "to combine the largest amount of poetical merit with accuracy in rendering the sense of the originals, and has not felt it necessary to take into consideration the religious opinions of those by whom such translations have been executed." When we say that very many of them come from the hand of Cardinal Newman, it is sufficient guarantee for their poetical taste and their devotional tone. Some of the translations by the late Dr Mason Neale and the Rev. E. Caswall are almost equally beautiful. Here and there we find an anonymous version; and at least one of these—the hymn for the Second Sunday after Pentecost *—may bear comparison with the best of those by the well-known writers already mentioned.

It is a remarkable instance of the liberty practically accorded to laymen at least, in the Roman communion, that the translator in the present volumes has in many places rejected both the Vulgate and the Douay versions of Scripture, and made use of others—often of our own English Bible. It may be a lingering attachment to the Church of his earlier days that has led him, in all cases we think, to give the Collects from our own version—certainly as perfect and beautiful a rendering of those most admirable compositions of Christian prayer as it is possible to conceive. Sometimes, indeed, he may be thought to have carried his liking for our Anglican phraseology too far, as when he adopts our bald and abrupt beginning of the Whitsunday collect—"God, who as at this time," &c., and our unfortunate retention of the form "Jesus" for "Joshua" in the Epistle to the Hebrews. His variations from our versions, however, are not always for the better: as, for instance, in his rendering of the versicles, "*Deus in adjutorium meum intende—Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.*" But he has carried no narrow spirit into his work, for he borrows hymns from Mant, notes on Isaiah from Lowth, and on Daniel from Pusey. More than this,—in the service for Trinity Sunday, in lieu of the first four Antiphons, which consist of doxologies to the persons of the Trinity, which are "apparently the last verses of hymns, and of no literary merit," he has substituted the well-known hymn by our own Bishop Heber—

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" †

We cannot help believing that Lord Bute's thorough acquaintance with our Anglican Prayer-book, and with our best hymnals, has been of great service to him in his work. We do not know what value may be set upon it by the authorities of the Church of Rome; but it is at least a remarkable devotion of time and pains on the part of one of her most illustrious converts.

* Vol. ii. p. 593.

† Vol. ii. p. 559.

HOW I FELL AMONG THIEVES.

I AM a single lady of good position and independent means—say from four to five hundred a-year. I have no near relations and no settled home, my health making it generally advisable for me to spend the winter abroad. In summer and autumn I am glad to be in my "ain countree," and my friends kindly assure me that I am always welcome at their various houses. I desire no pleasanter way of passing the time I am able to spend in my native country; and my means have hitherto enabled me, with due economy, to prevent my visits from becoming burdensome to those whose fortune is less wide than their hospitality of heart. I am anxious to make this clear, because it may be thought that, in the tale I am about to tell, there breathes a spirit of niggardliness unworthy the possessor of the comfortable income I have mentioned. But every one knows their own affairs best; and though I am aware that many even of the friends who are acquainted with the exact amount of my fortune, think it must be more than sufficient for my solitary wants, the estimate is unfair. My own personal expenses, indeed, are moderate. I must, of course, dress well. I must have a maid. I must travel like a lady, which too often means, in this country, that my maid must travel like a lady also. I must be ready with a perennial stream of loose silver for guards and porters, with handsome vails for servants, meaning not only the housemaids and coachmen—who once on a time were the only terrors in one's path—but the butlers, footmen, and pages amongst whom my lot may be cast. I have my hotels, boarding-houses, and travelling expenses abroad; and I like, of course, to bring little presents when I come home to my friends and their children. Then there are one's charities, doctors, and church dues. Still I admit that for all this I have enough and to spare—only people think I have *more* than enough. I am alone in the world; I have neither husband nor children to think of; I have no poor relations openly and directly dependent on my purse; no household to provide for, no visitors to entertain, no taxes, say the thoughtless and superficial, to pay. What can I do with my money? What, but be ready to give it to anybody who chooses to lay claim to it, my creditors being all the more numerous because not one has any special right to the post.

When I say that I have been lately in Italy, it may be supposed from the title of this paper that the following is a tale of brigandage abroad, in which my own courage and presence of mind are to call for the admiration of all who may read it. Let me at once state that I never met with any vulgar robbers—they are vulgar enough now—even in Italy, and that I have never risked my maid's life or my own in imprudent expeditions in search of the picturesque. And let me confess at once that I showed neither courage, presence of mind, nor even, perhaps, common-sense, in the circumstances I am about to describe. Indeed, but for a faint hope that the recital of my misfortunes may induce other sufferers to join me in protesting against a tyranny becoming year by year more dangerous and oppressive—which is injurious, moreover, as much to the moral characters of those who inflict it, as to the purses and tempers of those who writhe

under it;—well, if I did not hope that others, as weak, singly, as myself, might yet be found collectively strong enough to denounce and revolt against the black-mail system, of which I am going to give an instance, I should prefer to submit to it in silence, and only try to forget what I was helpless enough to endure.

On my return from the Continent last year, I went to pay my usual round of country visits, beginning with one to some people whose acquaintance I had only made the previous summer, having met and taken a fancy to one of the girls at the house of a mutual friend. While abroad I heard from her that she was going to be married, and, of course, I wrote to offer my congratulations. In reply came a pressing invitation to pay the family a visit, and to be present at the marriage, which was to take place at their country-seat in Scotland. This invitation I at once rashly accepted, and as I was going to a wedding, I determined not to go empty-handed. Indeed I had already, I thought, provided myself with the needful wedding-present, having, while at Naples, been tempted into buying an extremely pretty little bookstand in carved olive-wood—not, I grant you a *very* costly thing, but really very pretty and useful; and more expensive—for it was beautifully carved and inlaid—than an ignorant person might suppose. It was somewhat cumbrous to carry, and endless was the bother my maid and I had to make it fit into its proper corner of my trunk. The damage its sharp edges did to my frills, laces, and dresses, nearly led to a rupture between my "faithful Abigail" and myself; and as for the worry and anxiety it caused me on a rather roundabout homeward journey, when my dread of its being injured by rough usage was constantly bringing down on me the suspicions of *douaniers* and *gendarmes*, I should never have done if I began to chronicle my adventures. Behold these, however, happily over, and myself arriving, with my troublesome but precious convoy, safe at the home of my friends the Macivors, let us call it Loch Cateran. I pass over the arrival itself, and my welcome, which was all that a weary traveller could desire. Indeed it must be understood that, except in one particular, I have no cause but to feel grateful for my treatment while in the power of this amiable though ruthless gang. Each member of it individually is charming. Nevertheless I have been despoiled, and a bitterness must now mingle with my recollection of what should have been a cheerful and agreeable visit.

My maid and I had unpacked the terrible bookstand for, as we fondly hoped, the last time. Its diabolical propensity to evil induced it, on taking its departure for ever from the vicinity of my long-suffering wardrobe, to spring out of my maid's hands on to the top of my best cap. We smothered our groans, however, in songs of rejoicing at being at last rid of our imp of mischief; and as we unwrapped it from its coverings, and set it on a table, overjoyed to find its delicate tracery, clear-cut corners, and polished surface unharmed, we felt almost repaid for our troubles.

"Well, to be sure, it *is* pretty," said my maid. "I'm sure, ma'am, there won't be a prettier wedding-present than that amongst them all."

"I hope they will like it," said I, modestly. How glad I felt afterwards that I had not betrayed to my maid my own secret, proud anticipations on the subject!

I settled in my own mind (most fortunately—no, perhaps I should say most unfortunately) that I

would defer the presentation of my gift until the next day. The first evening there would be so much to talk of—so much to hear and tell. My beautiful bookstand (now that I had nothing more to do with its transport, I could heartily appreciate its perfection) would add too much to the excitement of the evening. Pleasure would almost become satiety. Better enjoy for a few hours longer the prospect of the happy, grateful looks which to-morrow should be centred on my present. Probably the pleasure would be enhanced by surprise. They could hardly *expect* me to give a wedding-present, seeing that there was not the most distant shade of relationship between us, and that our friendship was of such short standing. But how delightful it is to confer unexpected benefits! Did I grudge the money and trouble this present had cost me? Far from it.

At dinner we talked a good deal of my travels. "How charming! What a delightful winter you must have had, dear Miss Fairgame!" said one after another of my listeners, as, in the innocence of my heart, I told where I had been. "How I should like to travel about as you do!"

"Ah!" said I, "but you know I travel for health as much as for pleasure."

"Well, I shouldn't mind travelling for health too. But one must be rich to do that, especially nowadays, when, as you say, prices have risen so much everywhere."

"Yes," I replied, incautiously; "it is shocking the way in which prices have risen. It is the fault of these Americans. Now, at Naples, where I was for a short time——"

"Oh, were you at Naples?—were you really at Naples?" exclaimed Flora, the bride-elect, who had hitherto seemed to take a less vivid interest than the others in my humdrum travels, being very naturally preoccupied with her own approaching honeymoon trip. "Oh, tell me, did you see an——"

"An eruption of Vesuvius? Yes," said I, with all a traveller's satisfaction in finding the conversation drift so naturally towards the most impressive point of my narrative. "You would like to hear about it—well——"

"Oh, very much; but—I was going to ask, did you see any very pretty coral when you were at Naples? Can you tell me about the prices there? People say you can pick up things for nothing; and in this country, you know, coral is so expensive."

"Well," said I, after a slight pause of mortification—for I could see from the really grave anxiety in the girl's face, as she waited for my answer, that the grandeurs of the volcano had little chance beside this trumpery question of coral—"I can't say that I found one could pick up anything quite for nothing. But if you are going to Naples——" I paused, thinking what shops I could recommend.

"Oh no, I'm afraid there's no hope of getting so far. But one could commission it—the coral, I mean. The truth is," she added confidentially, "one of my uncles has given me some money as a wedding-present — it's just ten pounds—but I thought I might get some handsome coral ornaments with it. Unfortunately I've got so little jewellery amongst my presents, and one can't do without jewellery now, you know. Now, would you advise me to write to a friend of mine who is coming home from India through Italy to buy me ten pounds' worth of coral? Of course I should expect to get a *very* nice set for that money."

"Should you?" said I, doubtfully. "Well, I should advise you *not* to give your friend the commission." I was thinking of the diffi-

culty I had had in executing a very similar one with which I had been charged by a friend for whom I had brought home some coral ornaments, which, however, had cost more than the sum named by Flora.

"But why not? Do you really not think, Miss Fairgame, that ten pounds will buy nice coral, even in Naples? Then what in the world am I to do with it? And I do so want jewellery of some kind. Only think how provoking it is: people have given me such heaps of useless things — travelling clocks, I've just got three; and six inkstands, and two sets of salt-cellars; isn't it too bad?"

I was silent, partly with surprise at the number, partly, I must own, with alarm at the cool and practical estimate which was evidently put on friendship's offerings. A dim distrust was rising in my mind about my own present. Would it not also be classed with the useless things?

"Couldn't you give me some idea, Miss Fairgame, of what I could do with ten pounds? I don't care for trumpery garnets, for I know one can get them cheap enough."

"Really I—I can't advise. Only don't send for coral," said I, emphatically, as our hostess moved, and we rose from table. But what were my sensations when, as I paused on my way to the drawing-room to look at a family portrait, I heard a hurried whispering in the passage behind me,—"Oh, do you really think so? How lucky you haven't spent Uncle John's ten pounds!" and Flora's answer, "Yes, I'm sure of it. She told me *not* to send for coral. I wonder if I shall get it this evening. I'm dying to see it. But perhaps she hasn't had time to unpack it——"

I fled on to the drawing-room before it could be discovered that I had overheard them. Here, alas! was my mistake number one. But would not any well-bred person have done the same? Besides, I was too confounded to consider what I was about.

Now what had I said or done to lead Flora to imagine—what *right* had she to imagine—that I meant to bestow on her anything so expensive as coral, or jewellery of any description? I cannot remember what happened during the first ten minutes after making this horrible discovery. I found myself at last sitting staring at a photograph-book which somebody had brought me, and wildly trying to recall what had passed at dinner. It flashed on me that I had been spoken of as "rich," and that I had not repelled the insinuation. My heart sank as I remembered every trifling little boast I had made about the places I had gone to, the sights I had seen. I shrank like a detected thief when some of the girls came about me, admiring my lace, studying my few ornaments. I felt as if my value was being calculated, my goods appraised. I glanced fearfully in Flora's intelligent face, expecting to read in it her knowledge that I actually had in my possession the very coral she coveted. For so it was. I was taking it to the friend who had commissioned me to bring it for her, and whom I was by-and-by going to visit. I had meant to show it to Flora that she might judge of the value of coral. But could I do so now?

For the rest of the evening I was really miserable. I know how silly it may appear to say so, but I must tell the truth. I hate to disappoint people, and I can't bear to seem shabby. There are women—I am becoming almost inclined to envy them—who are not troubled by such sensitive scruples; women who will go into a shop, turn over

everything and buy nothing; women who will pay off their obligations to servants and railway guards with a bland word and a brazen-faced smile; women who even pride themselves on getting through the world at anybody's cost but their own. Of such Becky Sharps I am not yet one. I confess my weakness and seek not to palliate it.

The evening passed on. To cover the discomfort which had seized me, I tried to talk. The wedding now was the subject to which everything else converged.

"To-morrow," said my hostess, "you must see all Flora's presents. Dear child—our friends have been so kind; she really has got some lovely things; and, with a few exceptions, all very useful. Of course there are the usual duplicates. Some people seem to have no ideas beyond these everlasting writing-table sets, and hideous ormolu candlesticks; and there *are* a few bits of trumpery, which one must make the best of, you know," she added, laughing. "But, on the whole, the presents will make a very good show on Thursday. That, you know, is quite one of the features of a wedding nowadays, and, indeed, I don't know what we should do without it sometimes. Such a relief to the dulness and *gêne* which used to prevail! Now there are the wedding-presents to look at, and talk about—and, by the by, that reminds me, Mary" (to the second daughter), "we must write these cards to-morrow. Cards" (to me) "with the names of the donors are put on the presents, so every one knows what everybody else has given. The difficulty is to arrange them so that everything is properly seen. It wouldn't do at all if people were to go about saying, 'I see nothing from the So-and-sos'; or, 'I wonder what the Somebodies have given.'"

"So that is the fashion now," said I, faintly trying to smile. "It's so long since I happened to be at a wedding."

"Oh then, I assure you, you'll find a great change for the better."

"That depends, aunt," laughed a bridesmaid-cousin who was staying in the house. "At the last wedding I was at—you remember, Flora, when you and I were Julia Macfinn's bridesmaids—what a business we had! You know the Macfinns, don't you, Miss Fairgame? Yes, I'm sure I've heard them speak of you."

No doubt she had. A guilty blush rose to my cheeks in spite of my real consciousness of innocence. I knew the Macfinns very well. When Octavia, the youngest one, was married about a couple of years ago, I gave her a very nice wedding-present. But I was abroad at the time of Julia's marriage; and of course—as the Macfinns had no actual claims on me—I remember being very glad to be, as I thought, out of the way.

"Well, you know, when Octavia Macfinn married she got lovely presents. She made such a good match, and people thought, I suppose, that, as she was the youngest, there was no chance of the other seven going off. But, to the horror of everybody, Julia, the eldest one, married the very next year. Flora and I were her bridesmaids. It was a very poor affair of a wedding. She married the clergyman, you know—a poor incumbent of the English chapel. Well, you should have seen the shabby turn-out of presents we had to show off. I was quite ashamed. Knitted scarfs, and sofa blankets, as if it had been a charity bazaar; and books—fit, I suppose people thought, for a clergyman's wife; and rubbishy scent-bottles, and paper-weights; and there was even one of those useless little wooden bookcases—those ugly

carved things, you know, that one picks up quite cheap, and never thinks of putting on a drawing-room table now."

Will any sympathising person try to imagine my feelings at this crisis? The talk went on, but I followed it not. As it buzzed in and out of my ears, the words "trumpery," "shabby," "absurd," "not worth giving," seemed alone to force their way to my brain.

We went to bed at last. My hostess and her daughters escorted me to my room. "I hope you will be comfortable," said the former.

"Oh, most comfortable," was my mechanical reply, as I *seemed* to look round on the luxuriously appointed chamber, while my eyes fastened only on the something, loosely covered with its brown wrappings, which was placed for safety on the top of the drawers.

"Is there anything you want?" said Flora, earnestly, perceiving, no doubt, the hidden anguish in my tone.

"Oh, nothing, I am sure——" I stopped short. Was not this the moment to seize for hurling at her my unfortunate present, and at once destroying her illusion about my intentions. I might have seized it, for I was desperate; but at this very juncture my ill-starred maid, who was busy over one of my boxes, chanced to take from it the very case of coral which I was afraid of Flora's catching sight of. In my alarm I hastily thrust myself in front of it to conceal it; and while I thus stood guard over it, not daring to move, they bade me good night. Yet as they did so, was it only my terrified fancy which made me see in each face bent to kiss me a wolfish look of curiosity to find out what my maid was doing with the box behind me? Was there a covert smile lurking round Flora's mouth? was there a tone of still tenderer interest in her mother's voice as she begged me to ring for anything I wanted? I cannot tell. I will not let my prejudices hurry me too far. But I know that I had little sleep that night as I lay pondering over my situation. I went down to breakfast next morning, my perplexities still unsolved. But I knew that to-day *something* must be done. My tribute must be paid in some shape, and, alas! I already knew the only form in which it was likely to be acceptable. As I entered the breakfast parlour, an ominous silence, different from the friendly cheerfulness of the night before, seemed to prevail; and I half shrank back as I remembered that the banditti awaiting me—I beg their pardon, but I must give a faithful description of my feelings—might expect me to appear provided with the ransom they had set on my head. But, to my relief, I found that the post had come, and they were all busy with their letters. One was for me, and I took it and slunk to my place as quietly as possible, so as not to attract the attention of the fortunately preoccupied brigands towards my empty-handed condition.

My letter was from a cousin, and it told me that her daughter—my godchild—was engaged to be married. You may be surprised to hear that this news came to me at first rather as a pleasure than a shock. But, firstly, I was really fond of my goddaughter; secondly, one has a sort of insane satisfaction in announcing a wedding; thirdly, a wild hope crossed my mind that the evident necessity of my giving some handsome present to my godchild might induce the Macivors to abate their own inferior pretensions. Armed with this last thought, I now ventured to raise my eyes and to listen to what was going on. I was seated beside my host; but he, good man, was so engrossed with his *salmi* of grouse, that though I

was supposed to be talking to him, any incoherent observations did very well, and I was able to catch—with hearing that had become painfully sharp—the conversation carried on in a half-aside at the other end of the table.

Flora (*First Robber*). Such a nice note from dear Mrs Brown Richardson! She's coming over to luncheon some day.

Flora's Mother. That vulgar woman! I hope she won't come. I really can't stand her purse-proud airs.

Flora. But, dear mother, just listen. She asks what I should like best—a Dresden tea-set or a bracelet? Now that's what I call being really friendly.

The Mother (*relenting*). Well, so it is.

Second Robber (*a younger sister*). Which will you take, Flo? The bracelet, I should say. You want jewellery awfully.

First Robber. Well, I don't know. I *should* like a lovely Dresden tea-set. Let me see what jewellery I've got (*counts on her fingers*). Two silver card-cases——

The Mother. You needn't count these as jewellery. Stupid things, too, nowadays.

First Robber. Well, then—three brooches, two bracelets——

Second Robber. They're only morning ones. Hardly worth counting.

First Robber (*nettled at these aspersions on her success*). I've got a pair of pearl ear-rings and three lockets.

A Confederate (*the bridesmaid-cousin whom yesterday I took for a sweet pleasing girl, but who now turns out to be the most daring and dangerous of the gang*). Only three lockets! Helena Macgregor had six, not to speak of the whole set of family cairngorms; and Blanche de Bois-Guilbert had the loveliest diamonds.

Third Robber (*a youthful but promising villain of sixteen*). I don't see why the Brown Richardsons shouldn't give both the bracelet and the tea-set. They're so tremendously rich.

First Robber. Oh! talking of diamonds. Mother, isn't that a letter from Aunt Dives at last? Oh, what does she say about——

The Captain of the Band (*gloomily*). Nothing. She doesn't even mention.—Well, it's a kind letter. She sends you her love, and her blessing, and——

Chorus of Robbers. But the diamonds! Didn't she say she would give us her diamonds when we married? Oh, what a shame it will be if she doesn't!

The Captain (*soothingly*). Oh, I daresay it will be all right. She certainly told me she meant to do so.

First Robber (*with emotion*). Surely she might send me a brooch, or even a ring or two. She would never miss them.

The Captain. Perhaps, dear, she means to give you something when you go to visit her.

The Confederate. But that won't help us on Thursday. Oh, I wish some more jewellery would come in before Thursday! To be sure there will be—— (*She pauses suddenly, as she sees me listening, and the conversation turns all at once upon the weather.*)

"I must ride over to the Hermitage, to-day," says Flora, as we leave the table. "I may as well go to luncheon. You see, dear Miss Fairgame, I have to go and say good-bye to a dear old lady—Miss Monypenny, one of our neighbours—so you won't mind my running away this morning?"

"Oh, not at all. Pray don't think of me," say I, with heartfelt earnestness. Here was an unlooked-for respite.

"But what shall we do to amuse Miss Fairgame?" says her mother.

"Oh, I daresay you would like to see all dear Flora's presents."

"Oh, so much; but — I think I've letters to write this morning."

So I got away to my room and sat down to reconsider the terrible question weighing on me. By this time, indeed, the question was narrowing itself—the alternatives before me drawing closer and closer. My poor friend's coral was doomed, or, at least, she was doomed to lose it. The idea of appropriating it to meet my own exigencies was no longer contemplated with even a shudder of remorse. My downward course had begun. But the perplexity still before me was, *could* I rescue the coral from Flora even by pleading the obligation of giving it to my goddaughter?

Oh, why could I not say at once, plump and plain, "I am *not* rich, in spite of my five hundred a-year. I can't afford to make handsome presents to everybody. You are not a relation, and have no claims on me. I brought you this bookstand: accept it with my best wishes, but hope for no more"?

I confess I was getting so angry and disgusted with the mercenary spirit which seemed to have seized on the girl who, when I first met her, was pure, generous, and open as the day, unstained by cupidity, and to whom the vice of ingratitude would have seemed as a mythical monster, that I would willingly have heard her addressed in this fashion by somebody else. But how could I bring myself to make such a speech?

Time passed on. I heard the sound of horses' feet, and from my window beheld Flora and one of her sisters ride away. I calculated how long it would be before they could return from what I shrewdly guessed to be a foraying expedition. At least I was now safe till after luncheon, and, summoning courage, I boldly descended to the drawing-room. There I found my hostess and her accomplices busy writing the cards of which she had spoken last night.

"Oh, here's Miss Fairgame!" cried the bridesmaid-cousin as I appeared. "She'll help us, perhaps. A blank card, please, for Miss Fairgame. Now, let us see, whose name is to be written next?"

I set my teeth and steeled my resolution. I suppose one always does so at the first application of torture, and so for the moment I came off victorious. I waited to be told the name I was to write.

"We may as well have a card ready for Miss Monypenny," said one of the robbers. "She's sure to give something." I wrote down, with a sensation of fiendish malice, the name of Miss Monypenny.

Happily, before things went further, some callers arrived. They stayed to luncheon, after which there was an exhibition of the presents. I don't remember what these new victims contributed, but I know something was disgorged by them, for I heard murmurs of dissatisfaction after they had driven away. "Well, I do think, with their fortune, they might have given something better than this." I took care to hear no more. I also joyfully accepted an invitation from the governess and some of the children to go and look at the poultry and the rabbits. Amongst these innocent dumb creatures I should surely not hear of wedding-presents.

Towards five o'clock I went back to the house, too sick of the rabbits and too weary for my tea to think of the certainty of Flora's having returned from her raid on the Hermitage. As I approached the drawing-room a clatter of teacups and a Babel of voices drowned the sound of my steps. The door was open. Shall I be condemned if I confess I stood still and listened? The full peril of my situation had returned

to my mind, and were not any means fair which might help to extricate me from my dilemma?

"O Flora! and you've really got that delicious quaint old cream-jug! But how did you manage it? I thought nothing would make Miss Monypenny give up that old silver cream-jug."

Flora. Well, I thought so too. Really I *never* hoped for this. But what do you think it was she did mean to give me? You'll never guess. A copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'! I saw it lying on the table. (*Howls of execration.*) Well, you know, when she began talking of my being fond of poetry, I really couldn't help it. I said, "Oh, dear Miss Monypenny, I can't *bear* poetry!" Of course I said it quite naturally, and the dear old thing never suspected I had noticed the abominable book. And then, after luncheon—and at luncheon I had been admiring the cream-jug *so*—well, she took Kitty aside and asked what I had got, and which I would like best—the book or something else. And Kitty was so clever, and said, "Oh, you know, Miss Monypenny, a book just lies on the table. Now, something that Flora could use *every day*, and think of you." And then she gave me the cream-jug. Wasn't it nice of her?

The Cousin-bridesmaid. Yes, yes; very nice. And now, if Miss Fairgame would only make haste with that coral she's to give you. I was quite provoked that we hadn't it to-day to show to those shabby ——s. Perhaps if you had stayed at home to-day, Flora—— But still, it was worth while going to the Hermitage for this.

. . . .

I am once more in my room. They bring me my tea. I say I have a headache. My maid comes to ask me where she is to put the bottle-imp which still stands on the drawers. "It's so in the way, ma'am." "Put it in the fire," I reply, with savage gloom. My maid looks frightened. She has heard that there's a sort of "low fever" going about.

My headache is forced to yield to the multiplicity of remedies pressed on me by my brigand hosts, all anxious, no doubt, to keep me alive long enough to let them carry out their designs on my property. The Captain nurses me like a sister. The robbers take it in turn to sit by me and "amuse me." Once more I am offered a sight of the wedding-presents, and I hear the tale of Julia Macfinn's wrongs. By the by, the afternoon post has brought news of a reported engagement of another of that hitherto unfortunate sisterhood.

Let me hasten over the painful conclusion of my tale. The next morning, after another night of mental struggle, I succumbed to my fate. The case of coral passed into the hands of my foes. As I yielded it up, I tried hard to wear a face of smiling calm, but the effort was too great for me. I saw, too, that Flora failed equally in calling up on her face an expression of pleased astonishment. There was a certain relief and triumph in her eye—that was all. She seemed even to have some difficulty in finding suitable words of admiration for the very ornaments on which I thought she had set her heart. I don't know what she had expected them to be like. It was altogether a rather awkward scene, and we were all glad, I am sure, when it was ended.

Then, when all was over, I retired again to write my letter of apology and explanation to my injured friend—my letter of congratulation, such as I could make it, to my godchild, whom, for the first time, I wished somebody else's godchild—a letter of uneasy inquiry

into the truth of the reported Macfinn engagement. I used to feel a kindly pity for these poor girls; now the still remaining six pass before my mind's eye in a procession terrible as Banquo's kings, and I prefer not to be forced to state my real wishes regarding their future.

Before concluding, I might have described the wedding with all its attendant festivities, which, I am bound to say, passed off to perfection. But I will only chronicle one more little incident. I had been mortified, as I think may have been seen, with the reception accorded even to the beautiful coral ornaments which I had at last screwed myself up to sacrificing on the altar of friendship. After the wedding, and while we were waiting for the breakfast, I was standing in a corner near the table, round which buzzed the crowd of wedding-guests, loudly admiring, and no doubt, like myself, secretly criticising, the gifts thereon displayed. Amongst these I beheld my poor coral, pushed rather aside to make room for Mrs Brown Richardson's sumptuous showy bracelet, which, to the joy of the whole family—whose credit seemed to be staked on the due splendour of this exhibition of, I had wellnigh said, stolen goods—had just arrived in time to add its lustre to the show. My present had got wedged in behind a plated silver teapot, milk-jug, and sugar-basin of the most florid type, hideous in design, and utterly useless to Flora in her future home, but which, as a tribute, gathered from her father's tenants—as was duly set forth in the inscription emblazoned on them—held a post of honour in the centre of the table, along with a great silver and pebble brooch, the offering of the household retainers. Do I sneer at the idea of inviting our humble friends to show their sympathy with us in our rejoicings? Surely not; but as I looked at the expensive and ugly trophies, I could not refrain from wondering if the poor housemaid, who must have subscribed her five shillings or so for the purchase, had been allowed even as free a choice in the matter as had been left to myself. Is a tyrannical social pressure brought into play in the kitchen as well as in the drawing-room? And why, in the name of taste and fitness, must *her* present take the form of a testimonial so vulgarly ostentatious? But to go back for a moment to my coral.

"And Miss Fairgame—where is her present?" I heard somebody say. "Ah," as the bits of coral were one by one thrust forward, "pretty enough; but I should have thought *she* would have given something really handsome. A rich woman like her, with nobody to think of but herself."

Let me conclude this melancholy story of extortion and injustice by making an appeal to our legislators and rightful protectors. Will no benevolent M.P. move for the introduction of a bill, specifying the exact amount of the tax which may be levied on people when, for their misfortune, their friends get married? Should not a certain rule of consanguinity determine its amount, as in the case of succession duty? If this were so, one could easily estimate one's liabilities. We should have to allow so much for our cousins, first, second, or fiftieth, whose numbers and even chances of matrimony we might determine by a simple calculation. So much for our acquaintances. (A very small percentage might suffice for them. Of course there need be no attempt to limit our liberality to real *friends.*) So much for people we have nothing to do with. So much for people we absolutely dislike. This system may seem at first

sight alarming, but I am persuaded it would really be cheaper and more satisfactory than the present one. The money could be paid down, a due notification of the sum required being forwarded with every announcement of a wedding. There would be a positively incalculable saving of fuss, bother, and worry, not to speak of what I believe would be the saving in money.

Is any one anxious to know what I have done with my bookcase? I have it still. It is the skeleton in my cupboard—at least in my portmanteau. I dare not give it away as a mere *gage d'amour*, for such causeless generosity would too surely confirm the general hallucination about my wealth. I must not leave it in any one's charge, or allow any one to see it, for I have resolved that it must still fulfil its mission as a wedding-present. I think of the six Macfinns, and I say to myself, "It will do for one of them."

It *shall* do.

NOTES FROM EPIRUS: THE TURKS, THE ALBANIANS, AND THE GREEK QUESTION.

DELVINO, *Nov.* 1879.

THE decision of the Berlin Treaty on the claims put forward by Greece to a cession of territory by the Porte, left the question with an indefinite outline which was to be afterwards filled up by the parties concerned. But the difficulties opposed to any definite action on the part of the Porte can hardly be appreciated by those who have not had practical experience of the many contending interests which are peculiar to the Ottoman empire.

In that empire there are collected a number of different nations, each having interests and prejudices of its own, and, as a rule, antagonistic to each other, yet all calling themselves Ottoman subjects. In the majority of cases each nation is partly divided against itself by differences on the point of religion; and so great are these various repulsive forces, that it requires a very powerful government to restrain them within bounds. Into this ready field for discord is thrust the intrigues of European Powers, who often endeavour to frustrate the good government of Ottoman subjects, and to stir up the dangerous elements of passion which, from the nature of the case, already exist, and, out of the consequent anarchy created, to gain some profit for themselves.

Unfortunately, the Turkish Government offers a favourable field for foreign intrigues; for that Government is itself but a collective mass of intriguing atoms in the highest state of vibrating energy, and it consequently happens that any European Power can, with patience and perseverance, attach to itself a party at the Porte who will, for a time, further either its interests or its ambitions. We therefore find as many factions in Turkey as there are intriguing European Powers, and it becomes the business of the respective ambassadors to outwit their rivals as best they can. This endeavour naturally engenders personal jealousies, so that too often when the interests of two or more of the Powers may be coincident, it becomes impossible to take united action. When pressure is put upon the Porte to carry out any particular policy which is distasteful to it and prejudicial to the interests of the Ottoman empire, it

immediately begins to play upon the foreign rivalry and jealousy which are ready at hand; and by a judicious manipulation of the weaknesses of human nature, delay is gained and confusion created. It is generally supposed that there is an absence of administrative power in the Ottoman character, but I apprehend that such a conclusion is erroneous. As a rule, the Turkish official exhibits marked ability and skill in any form of administration which will tend to his own advancement or profit. He is a perfect master of detail and red tape, and can use this knowledge with consummate skill in order to cover his manœuvres over profitable but dangerous ground. The most legitimate enterprise cannot be carried out in Turkey without bribery; and inasmuch as the laws of the country are most precise and admirable in their detail and simplicity, it requires a proportionate amount of skill on the part of their administrators to present such legal obstructions to all enterprise as will oblige the man of energy to clear his road for action by the suggested form of *backshish*. We know that bribery and corruption exist to a like degree in Russia; but where the Turkish official fails in comparison with the Russian is, that he does not combine generosity with corruption. I am given to understand that in Russia a bribe is accepted and paid for by the grant of the request; while in Turkey one bribe merely begets delay, and the necessity for another offer.

In my opinion there is very great administrative ability amongst Turkish officials; and if any system of reform could be devised which would divert their objective energy from themselves to the State, there would be no difficulty in providing an able and useful Government. In all diplomatic documents or conferences the ability and subtle power of reasoning of Turkish officials is pre-eminent; and they will bear in those respects most favourable comparison with any of their compeers in Europe. This native talent becomes especially conspicuous in any dispute such as that now raised between Greece and Turkey. We have had evidence of it in the masterly manner by which the Porte has for months past parried every attempt at even a base for discussion as to cession of territory.

I have already described the complicated elements which enter as factors into Ottoman government; and it may readily be conceived upon what shifting ground a question must stand which concerns territorial loss, and which also touches the interests of many members of the Government.

I will not attempt to discuss the question of any moral right on the part of Greece to a cession of territory in her favour, for it must be patent to any impartial observer that there cannot be a shadow of right in the matter. If two men rob me of my coat and waistcoat, I am not morally bound to give a third man my trousers, because he looked on and did not take my watch. The European Powers may judge that it is expedient for the peace of Europe that Turkey should cede some of her territory to Greece; but such a decision cannot remove the injustice to Turkey, and the Porte naturally makes the most of the immorality of the mandate. In fact, it gives to the Porte so firm a standing-ground, that it will be impossible to shake her from it by mere argument; and we must consider the question as simply one of expediency, and which must ultimately arrive at that point when the European Powers will, for their own objects, force upon the Porte the acceptance, either in whole or in part, of the programme which has already been foreshadowed.

So far as Thessaly is concerned, there will be little difficulty in coming to an agreement. Before and since the war of Greek independence, intrigue has been at work to Hellenise the Greek-speaking and Christian population of Thessaly. It has so far succeeded, that the majority of the people would undoubtedly hail a change of rulers with the greatest satisfaction. They are as much Greek as the Greeks themselves, and await with eager anxiety the day of union. The Porte is aware of this, and is ready and able to cede territory in that direction at the bidding of Europe; but when we turn to Epirus we find a wholly different state of affairs. The great range of mountains which separates Epirus from Thessaly, at the same time presents a barrier between one race and another; and as we descend the precipitous sides of these beautiful mountains, clothed with forests, and breaking into fertile valleys towards the west, we at once begin to make the acquaintance of a race which has been historically antagonistic to the Greeks. We are in the presence of the Albanian nation.

There is considerable doubt and speculation as to the origin of the Albanian people. It has been supposed that they were one of the oldest races in Europe, and that they occupied their present country before the immigration of the Aryan hordes which overran and peopled that continent; but of late years, some learned philologists have detected a Keltic origin in their language, and hence class them with that portion of the human race. The suggestion has been taken up warmly, and many words are seized upon and so manipulated as to prove the case. I found one learned gentleman who maintained that Mount Pindus was simply *Pen Dhu*, or the *black peak*. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the derivation, but it has a plausible euphony. In ancient times many colonies were settled in what is now called Albanian territory. There cannot be a doubt that an admixture with other races has taken place amongst the Albanian people; indeed it is very perceptible to any one who has travelled amongst them. I remember passing a very agreeable evening with the Caimakam (governor) of an important town, who was a highly intelligent and well-informed Albanian. He had such an unmistakably Assyrian cast of countenance as to court speculation as to his pedigree, and I had on other occasions remarked similar features in a few of his countrymen. On my inquiry as to the origin of the Albanian people, he replied that it was too ancient for any one to know, but that a number of them were decidedly Arabs, and that in his own family they prided themselves on their descent from that nation. He said that the tradition was, that in very ancient times a colony of Albanians had settled in the East, and that, after marrying the women of the country, and living there for two or three generations, they returned to their native land; and that he was a descendant of one of these families.

Now the term Arab is very comprehensive with orientals, and is generally applied to the people of any district where the Arab language is prevalent, and I imagine that the tradition of my friend the Caimakam hailed from some colony of Illyrians established in Mesopotamia by Alexander the Great.

In Epirus there is distinctly a dark and a fair race,—the latter is found amongst the Toshkes, who inhabit a part of that country. They are fine, tall, handsome men, with blue eyes and fair hair, and suggest the idea that in former ages a colony of Goths must have settled in the land, and taken unto themselves

Albanian wives. I have questioned several intelligent Albanians in different localities as to the division and localisation of the tribes, and I found that, with some trifling differences, attributable probably to the social convulsions which have shaken the country, their accounts agree with that of Colonel Leake, written forty years ago. They may be divided into four principal tribes: the Geghe, the Toshke, the Liapé (pronounced Lap), and the Tjame (pronounced Sham).

The territory of the Geghe is by far the most important, and extends over the districts of Skodra, Kavaya, Croya, Tyrana, Durazzo, Pekin, Dibra, part of Elbassan, Djma, on the Drin, Kurtzova, Kalkandere, and Pristina. They are a dark-haired race, but with fair skins and a good colour—tall, handsome, and grand specimens of the *genus homo*, exceedingly independent, and with the haughty bearing of Highlanders. There is a sub-tribe of the Geghes called Mirdites, who are Roman Catholics, and inhabit the district of Skodra or Scutari up to and beyond Gusinje, the territory about to be ceded by Turkey to Montenegro (November 1879). This tribe will possibly play a very important part in the near future, as their proximity to the Austrians, of the like religious persuasion, will tend to draw them into the same fold.

The tribe next in importance is the Toshke, who, as I have already mentioned, are a fair-haired race. They extend from Delvino to the borders of Pekin and Elbassan, touching the Liapé on the west, and populating the towns of Gardhiki, Arghyrocastro, Libokhovo, Premedi, Dangli, Kolonia, Skrapari, Berat, Malakastra, Mizakia, and Avlona; and in the present day, they are also to be found scattered about the Tjame country further south.

After these come the Liapé, who have the character of being a lawless and wild race; but I met with every civility from them. They inhabit the maritime country to the southward and westward of the boundaries of the Toshke as far as Delvino, where they begin to intermingle, village by village, on the borders of the Tjame tribe, who extend to the southward from the sea-coast to the mountains, as far as and including the famous Suli —renowned for its race of heroes and heroines.

The language of all the tribes has one root; but the provincialisms, and the introduction of Greek, Turkish, and Italian words amongst the Toshke, Liapé, and Tjame clans, renders it difficult for them to understand their neighbours, the Geghes. There is a vast amount of patriotism and national pride amongst the various clans. Although there is a fermentation of feuds always in active energy, a native would say, "I am first an Albanian, and next a Geghe," or Toshke, &c., as the case might be. I was anxious to fathom, as far as I could, this national feeling. In talking to a very intelligent Christian Tjame on the subject, I made the remark that from their earliest history the tribes of Albania had been almost independent, and generally at feud with each other, as well as amongst themselves; that they were not habituated to control, and were exceedingly jealous and suspicious; and I therefore doubted whether they could be united for any national movement of offence or defence without quarrelling. He replied that I was wrong, and that in the defence of their country the tribes would sink all differences, and be united as one man. He further remarked that, although it was per-

fectly true that there were frequent feuds and quarrels, nevertheless the mass of the people were habituated to a control of no light character under despotic leaders of clans, or *Viss*, which includes members of one family and their dependants. He added, that under an able leader the *Viss* would willingly unite and submit to discipline, and he pointed to the successes and power of Ali Pasha after he had once brought the various *Viss* under his sway. I asked whether there would not be differences between the Mussulman and Christian Albanians; but he laughed at such an idea, and said that they would be as brothers. And I found these opinions confirmed both by Mussulmans and Christians belonging to the other tribes. How far these sanguine views would bear the strain of a practical test it is impossible to say, but the enthusiasm is undoubtedly there.

In the Toshke, Liapé, and Tjame tribes it is said that the Christians are to the Mussulmans as about three to two: but it is exceedingly difficult to form an accurate estimate of the relative numbers; first, because the population is always under-estimated — and secondly, from the exaggerations of either side. The difficulty of obtaining accurate information upon any subject is here, as in other parts of Turkey, exceedingly complicated. If the inquirer has prejudices on the one side or the other it is soon detected, and he will find numbers of people whom he might cite as authorities, and who will give him any quantity of information exactly in accordance with his own prejudices. The extraction of genuine information becomes quite an art, and requires much patience and judgment, and a knowledge of the habits and weaknesses of the people. A casual traveller, for instance, may be very much deceived in estimating the number of Greeks in Epirus; he may travel and live for a time amongst the Christian population, and upon asking their nationality, they will reply "Greek" —so down goes "Greek" in his note-book. But the answer in reality applies only to the Greek religion, and is given to show that they are neither Mussulmans nor of the Roman Catholic persuasion. The respondent is, in nine cases out of ten, an Albanian Christian of one or other of the four tribes, and when he is closely questioned as to being a real Greek, he becomes exceedingly indignant at the bare suspicion. There are here and there Hellenic villages, and in the larger towns Greek colonies and schoolmasters; but their number is small. The Greeks make strenuous efforts to prove that the sympathies of the Christian population of Epirus are Hellenic; but it must be patent to any impartial observer who visits the country that such is not the case. Facts are far stronger than arguments on such a point; and the complete failure of the attempt last year to stir up rebellion, notwithstanding a lavish distribution of money, is sufficient evidence of the stanch patriotism of the Albanian Christians. I was lately in the district of Delvino, and saw the ruined villages, and a few wretched remnants of the poor people who had suffered by the Greek intrigues. They are ruined, and nearly starving. The story is soon told. Societies were formed in Greece, and intriguers despatched to Epirus, well loaded with funds, for bribing an Hellenic enthusiasm. Adventurers and brigands were gathered together at Corfu and elsewhere, under the full knowledge and countenance of the Greek Government, even so far as the provision of steamers as transports, and a medical staff for attending the wounded.

At the appointed time they landed on the coast, near Santa Quaranta, and occupied the Christian villages of Leukosia and Finiki (the ancient Phœnice), but no enthusiastic multitudes flocked to the Hellenic standard. The Turkish troops advanced upon the villages, and after a short resistance, the rebellion-manufacturers fled, leaving the poor villagers to suffer the penalty of rebels. Men, women, and children were driven, scared and terror-stricken, before the avenging soldiery. They rushed to the sea—only to find Turkish men-of-war pouring a heavy fire upon them. The few that escaped hid themselves in caves and woods; and there was weeping and wailing for many dead who were innocent when living. Fortunately H.M.'s ship Rapid was at hand, and her commander, Captain Fitzgerald, most humanely strained the etiquette and rights of international law in persuading the Turkish admiral to lean to the side of mercy, and assist him in saving life.

We often take up a paper, and read with indifference that there has been an attempt at rebellion in such and such a place; but we little realise the fearful amount of misery and agony which has been created by such vile plots against the well-being of mankind. Could we see the starving and half-clad mothers, bereft of home, husband, and children, or the starving orphans, cast upon the world with nothing but life, without hope before them, we should feel inclined to hang all agitators upon the highest gibbet that could be found.

On landing at Santa Quaranta, it appears as though the land had been cursed. On the left is an old Venetian fortified town, which, from the size and strength of its buildings, must have been of considerable importance. It is all in ruins and deserted. On the heights to the right is the village of Leukosia—in ruins. On the height to the left is a large fort, built by Ali Pasha—in ruins. We cross over the crest of the hill, and look down upon a lovely and fertile valley, stretching for miles, and encompassed by lofty mountains. In the plains are some poorly-cultivated fields of rice and Indian corn; on a hill opposite, the village of Finiki—in ruins. Here and there are half-ruined *tchifliks*, or farms: in fact, ruin seems written everywhere; and although Nature has been so bountiful, man has done his best to mar it. The spectacle produces a feeling of melancholy and depression; and in speculating how this sad state of things can be remedied in the future, the mind naturally reverts to the history of the country in the past. What a tale might be told by that ruined village of Finiki! What grandeur in the earliest days of its history, when the great hill upon which it stands was entirely surrounded by massive Cyclopean walls, the remains of which are still apparent in single stones eight feet by six in size, and fitted to one another with the greatest nicety! What a busy life was there, when, under the name of "Phœnice," it contained the large amphitheatre, the *emplacement* of which can still be traced on the side of the hill! What vast and motley crowds of Greeks, Romans, and Illyrians must have filled those now vacant seats! That poor miserable village, now in ruins, was the most powerful and richest city in Epirus when the Romans first gained a footing in Greece, and it continued to be a place of considerable importance until long after the reign of Justinian.

The same story can be told of ancient grandeur as we move over the whole of Epirus, from the site of the celebrated Dodona, until we reach the Bay of Actium in the

south, and picture Mark Antony deserting the battle, and speeding after his beloved Cleopatra.

The past history of this beautiful country speaks to us of the prosperity that it is capable of producing,—the present shows us the misery that can be reached,—the future bids us strive for a better state of things.

During my sojourn in the district of Delvino, I stayed with some of the peasantry in the neighbouring villages. I found them an exceedingly shrewd and intelligent set of men, but living in poverty. They had a clear knowledge of the political state of the country; but like the peasantry of most parts of the world, they would evidently be content to live under any government which would insure them justice and security for life and property. The summary of their opinions may be given in the answers to my inquiries from a fine old man, a Christian, who had lived and served under Ali Pasha, the celebrated "Lion of Janina." He said that prior to the late Russian war, Mohammedans and Christians were living peaceably and amicably together; the Mussulman Albanians were not strict observers of the tenets of their religion; and that there was really very little difference between them and the Christians. They intermarried, and were, as he expressed it, "like brothers," but that since the war commenced there had been intriguers amongst them, stirring up bad blood and making mischief. Until lately, they were content with the rule of the Porte, and had not much to complain of; but he did not consider that the Porte had any longer the power or the means for preserving order or carrying on the government. What they wanted was to be placed under the rule of some strong European Power, such as England, or France, or Austria, who would establish order and security. Greece would, he said, be out of the question; she was a little Power, incapable of governing herself, so how could she govern them? As to autonomy, all Albanians would be very proud of it were such a thing possible, but he did not think the country was ripe for it. They had no trained rulers or people capable of forming a government, and they would have no confidence in any men who were appointed over them. They would prefer the rule of the Porte to either autonomy or that of Greece; but what they desired, was to be placed under England or some other strong Power. He declared that the country was never in such a bad state as it is at present; that it was the object of every man to keep himself poor, and not to become rich—in fact, only to acquire just sufficient to support the necessities of life; for if it was ever supposed that he was rich, he would be robbed of everything he had. I found these opinions shared by Mussulmans and Christians alike among the poorer people; but the upper classes had greater aspirations after autonomy, and gave vent to violent denunciations of any attempt to hand over the smallest portion of Epirus to Greece.

It is remarkable that the Albanian Mussulman officials — and their name is legion — share this feeling in the strongest degree; and I observed the same thing last year in Macedonia. They declare openly that they will throw off all allegiance to the Porte if the cession of Albanian territory is attempted. They say that the Turkish troops stationed in the country are, for the most part, Albanians, and that they would revolt to a man. It is unquestionable that the situation is an alarming one for the Porte, because the governors of districts

have the troops under their control, and where both are agreed on a line of conduct it is easy to put it in execution. It comes to this, that under pressure from the European Powers, the Porte must consent to the cession of a part of Epirus to Greece; but supposing, under such circumstances, the Albanians rebel? Left to themselves, they would undoubtedly have the upper hand in a contest with Greece, and they would also resist the Porte if it attempted to force them into submission. The whole of Albania and Epirus is so mountainous and is of such a nature that, as in the case of Bosnia, it would require a very strong force to subdue it. Some of the best-informed Albanians declare that they could put upwards of 200,000 armed men in the field, and I believe their estimate is not exaggerated. Although these troops would not be organised as an army, they are perhaps the finest *matériel* for soldiers in the world, and would prove a most dangerous enemy in mountain warfare. A very large number of the Geghe tribes are already armed with Martini-Henry rifles. There are 20,000 of those rifles at Preveysa, all of which could, and probably would, be seized upon by the revolting tribes. The Porte has now about 30,000 troops stationed in Epirus and Thessaly, and a like number in Macedonia. A large proportion of these are Albanians, and would revolt in favour of their countrymen.

The situation is sufficiently grave, and the Porte could hardly be expected to enter with much zeal into charging itself with the expense and the danger of amputating one of its own limbs. Who, then, is to provide the army necessary to bring the Albanians to submission? If it is to be done by the armies of the European Powers, it will at once produce the very complications which it is sought to avoid, by forcing upon Turkey the cession of territory to Greece. It must be owned that the Albanians are masters of the situation if they choose to assert their independence.

The late excuse put forward by the Porte for the impossibility of complying with the proposed division of Thessaly and Epirus is somewhat ingenious and plausible to any one unacquainted with the agricultural and pastoral conditions of the country, but it is, in reality, merely fencing with the question.

It was stated by the Ottoman delegates that the division of Thessaly and Epirus as proposed would be so injurious to the material interests of the population of the northern remnant of either province, that they must necessarily abandon their pastoral pursuits, and take exclusively to brigandage as a profession. This idea was based on the fact that all the sheep and cattle which are pastured on the mountains during the summer are forced by the snow and cold to migrate to the plains during the winter to obtain their sustenance, and that, therefore, if the plains were placed in the hands of the Greeks, they would refuse to allow the Albanian flocks to pasture their lands. In that case, it was suggested that the flocks must be disposed of, and the shepherds must take to brigandage for a livelihood. In refutation of this ingenious excuse, it may be stated, first, that the winter pasturage brings a high rent, and that the Greeks would be glad to have the Albanian flockmasters bidding as tenants; and secondly, that even if the Greeks reserve to themselves the winter pastures, the Albanians would take their flocks to the Macedonian plains or elsewhere. It is a common custom in Turkey to move the flocks of sheep sometimes as much as three hundred

miles for winter pasturage. The flocks travel about eight miles a-day, and feed free of expense by the way. There is, therefore, more ingenuity than force in that part of the argument of the Ottoman delegates.

The real difficulty lies, not in the the will of the Porte, but with the Albanian people; and so far as the question of the cession of Janina is concerned, it must be confessed that if the Albanians are really inspired with the patriotism which they profess—and which does them honour—they would be most foolish to relinquish that important district without a struggle.

The history of Switzerland offers them an example of what may be done by hardy and determined mountaineers against the attacks of disciplined troops; and the complete defeat of Charles of Burgundy would lend some countenance to their aspirations of success. Moreover, they have only to turn to their struggles against the Turks, to recall to their recollection the immense forces which had to be set in motion to bring them into even partial subjection; and any one who studies their past history must recognise that their present enthusiasm is not a matter to be lightly dealt with even by the strongest of European Powers.

To the Albanian people, Janina is especially valuable, both from its strategical importance and its historical associations. It is so situated that it commands the valleys of five of the principal rivers of northern Greece. On the N.E. the *Heliacmon* or Vistritza, to the S.E. the *Peneus* or Selamvria, to the S. the *Achelous* or Aspro, to the S.W. the *Arachthus* or Arta, to the N.W. the *Æous* or Viosa. All these valleys are fertile, and capable of feeding an army, and they are fenced in on either side with lofty mountains difficult of access. It is easy to appreciate the immense strategical importance of such a position, and it was that which suggested it to the rough military instinct of Ali Pasha as a fitting post wherein to fix his headquarters. Whoever occupies Janina in force has the whole of Thessaly and Epirus at his mercy, and also commands a highroad into Macedonia by the Vistritza. It is within easy reach of the great Roman route, the Via Egnatia, which gives another road into Macedon, descending into that plain by Vodena, the ancient Egæ. It was along these routes that the Romans advanced to the conquest of Macedonia; and they are still open to any nation in the occupation of the Janina district which has the will and power to repeat in the present day the feats of ancient Rome.

No wonder, then, that the Albanians should be jealous as to the cession of this all-important position. In any struggle which may be near at hand, the weakness of the Albanians, it seems to me, will consist in the difficulty of uniting the various clans under one leader; for, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of the native I questioned on the subject, it is very evident that the old family feuds are still rampant throughout the country. At the town of Delvino each house is a sort of fortification. It stands by itself, in its own grounds, surrounded by a high loopholed wall. There are no windows on the lower floors, but only loopholes for rifles. It frequently occurs that there is a blood-feud between neighbouring houses. These blood-feuds extend over many years, and are sometimes chronic between many families. One man has a quarrel with another and shoots him. It then becomes the duty of the relations of the dead man to kill the murderer, or, failing him, some member of his

family. They will watch for years for some favourable opportunity for doing so in such a manner that they may escape detection. The greatest cunning is sometimes displayed, and a friendship will be pretended at the very time the vengeance is contemplated.

The other day a native of the Delvino district was travelling, and came upon a man asleep under a tree, and immediately recognised him as the leader of a well-known band of brigands. On looking round and finding that he was not observed, he cut off the brigand's head. Two nephews of the murdered brigand have now come to live in Delvino, and every one knows the object of their visit. They will stop there for years until their vengeance is satisfied. Sometimes the man sought for goes to live in the island of Corfu, thinking in that manner to escape; but he is generally followed, and suffers the penalty. While I was stopping at Corfu, the body of a Mussulman Albanian was found just outside the town with his head cut off; and from this fact, it was believed that he had been followed to the death. It is a horrible and ghastly practice; and as I sat in my quarters at Delvino, and looked from my window on the lovely scenery of mountain and valley, river and forest, the houses surrounded with olive, orange, pomegranate, and myrtle trees scattered on either side of the steep hills and extending for two miles along the valley, with here and there a minaret, and then a Christian church—I felt a shudder at the thought that, notwithstanding this peaceful scene, each house probably contained a murderer.

With all this, the Albanians have a certain sense of chivalry. They assured me that a stranger might travel with perfect safety from end to end of Albania with a sack full of gold, provided he was accompanied by any female companion; and I have heard this confirmed from other parts of the country.

An English lady of my acquaintance was travelling to join her husband in northern Albania. She was accompanied by only two *zapteehs*, or policemen. She had stopped in the middle of the day to rest under a tree, when a fine-looking man, armed to the teeth, suddenly appeared, and entered into conversation. He was shortly joined by many others, and she found that she was in the hands of a large band of brigands; but they showed her every courtesy, and conducted her safely on her way. These same men would have robbed a man of everything he had, and would probably have made him pay a ransom besides.

From this, it might be supposed that the Albanians show much honour to their own women. Such is the case in one sense, but not in another. The males of one family will show every courtesy to the females of another, but in both the women are made quite beasts of burden. They do most of the work in the fields, and carry loads on their backs which would make a donkey wince. When I arrived at the small Liapé village of Krongi, perched high up the side of an exceedingly steep mountain, most of the men and women were at work harvesting their maize crops (October) in the fields two miles below. I watched them toiling up the steep ascent in the evening as they came from their work. The women were carrying on their backs sacks of grain, or, in some cases, a good-sized barrel of water, which contained about eight gallons; and as they trudged along with these heavy loads, they were spinning cotton-thread by the way. The men were leisurely driving donkeys before

them, and carrying nothing but their guns. The daughter of my hostess, a strong girl about twenty years of age, the moment she discovered that there was a stranger in the land, put down her heavy load, and ran with great speed all the way down to the fields to inform her father. Soon she appeared again running up the hill, and skipping from rock to rock with remarkable agility. I used to consider myself a good mountaineer, but I should have been sorry to have raced that young lady up a hill. I remarked that the daughter seemed to do most of the honours of the house. The mother had been very undemonstrative, but the daughter immediately bestirred herself with the most hearty goodwill, hustled the fleas about with a broom, brought out the beds of the house and laid them on the floor, tidied the room, and then came forward and shook hands, and welcomed me to all the house could provide. It was not much—merely some Indian-corn bread and some very strong native cheese, taken out of a large box, dark and mysterious within, the odour from which seemed almost to lift the lid. But the lack of quality in the food was made up by most genuine hospitality. The male portion of the family soon arrived, and also many visitors. The room was small and crowded. At last I suggested going to bed, which simply implied lying down on the spot on which I was sitting. The hint was taken: the women retired to a stable, which formed almost a part of the room; and the men remained, to the number of six, and snored in harmonious chorus.

I could not sleep, for I found that all the three tribes of well-known carnivorous insects were there in perfect armies. The next morning I was such a mass of bites from head to foot, that I looked as though covered with a rash. The Turkish name for the worst of these disgusting pests is *Tartar bitey*. It seemed to me at the time a most appropriate name, for I had caught many a *Tartar*, and was *bitey* all over. When the attack commenced, my first impulse was to rush out and sleep anywhere in the open air; but outside there was nothing but a cattle-yard a foot deep in muck, enclosed with high walls and shut in by a barred door. Besides, I should have insulted my host and hostess, and cast reflections upon their domicile; so I mustered up all the philosophy I could command, came to the conclusion that even *gratter* would aggravate the evil, and with laudable resignation offered up my body as a sacrifice to the hunger of the lower order of creation, and took great comfort to myself that it was far better than being eaten alive by rats.

My host informed me that he made his living by the small patch of ground down in the valley, and by trapping foxes during the winter. He said that he was occasionally lucky enough to trap a black fox, and that he would then sell the skin at Delvino for a *lira* (about eighteen shillings). He was much concerned at my coming to so wild a part, and was anxious to escort me back to Delvino—about ten miles distant—remarking that I might be taken by brigands, who would make me write a paper to get ransom; but I declined his offer with thanks.

I found the scare of brigands very prevalent in all parts of the country; and from certain things that passed, I rather fancy that my host was not unacquainted with the profession.

The village of Krongi consists of twenty houses, inhabited by Christians. It contains a small church. I saw the priest, who was a poverty-stricken-looking individual, almost in rags.

The mountains are dotted over with these small villages. The inhabitants lead a very independent life, subject merely to the control of their headman and the annual visit of the tithemen, who are very amenable to *backshish*. The only education, as in parts of the Highlands of Scotland, is given by itinerant schoolmasters; but it is of a very limited character, and few of the young men can read and write.

The Spartan hardihood of the women in all parts of Albania is most remarkable, and accounts for the splendid race of men begotten by them; but the hardships the girls undergo in their youth render them coarse and plain-looking by the time they have arrived at womanhood. The number of children in each family appears to be of a low average. The highest I could hear of was five, but generally two or three were the numbers given. Whether some substitute exists for the Spartan practice of exposing female infants or weakly children I could not learn.

The extraordinary courage of the Albanian women has been displayed over and over again in the history of the country; but one of the most celebrated instances was that recorded of the branch of the Albanian people represented by the Suliotes when they were besieged by Ali Pasha in 1792. The Suliotes formed a semi-independent confederacy, comprising sixty-six villages, in the districts of Margariti, Paramythia, and Janina. Up to the time of Ali Pasha they prided themselves on the regularity of the payments of their dues to the Porte. But the intrigues of the cunning old *Veli*, who wanted to get the whole of the *spahilik* of Suli into his greedy hands, soon roused the people into rebellion, and they commenced their glorious and lengthened war against the far greater forces and resources of the renowned Pasha. The latter, by means of the duplicity of which he was such a consummate master, had entrapped Tzavella, one of the Suliote heads of houses, into his power, and then laid siege to the town of Suli. He endeavoured by bribes to induce Tzavella to turn traitor. Cunning here met his match; the crafty Suliote pretended compliance, and even left his own son Foto in Ali Pasha's hands as a hostage. He returned to Suli under pretence of betraying the town, but no sooner had he arrived than he sent a letter of defiance to the Pasha. Ali then assailed the town, and it was here that the heroism of the Albanian women became so conspicuous. Moskho, the wife of Tzavella, and mother of Foto, showed prodigies of valour during the siege. She broke open some cartridge-boxes with a hatchet, and then loaded them on the other women, and rushing into the trenches, distributed them amongst the Suliotes. Ali threatened to roast alive her son Foto; but she replied she was young, and could have other children, and that she would eat a bit of the roasted flesh of her son rather than betray her country.

Such was the spirit which inspired these brave people in 1792. And the Albanians of the present day declare that they are not one whit behind their ancestors in determination to die for their country. It may now be understood in what an awkward predicament the Porte finds itself by the pressure put upon Turkey to cede Albanian territory to Greece. There is an alternative by which the Sultan could escape from the difficulty, and at the same time have his revenge on the European Powers. His Imperial Majesty might issue a decree declaring Albania autonomous, and that she should pay only a tribute to the

Porte; and then he might turn to the Powers and say,—"I wash my hands of the affair; it now lies between Greece and Albania: let Greece take the territory in question—if she can."

The fighting which has taken place in the neighbourhood of Gusinje between the Albanians and Montenegrins since I penned the foregoing remarks, rather points to the accuracy of the inferences drawn.

It must be remembered that the cession of this Albanian district to Montenegro was a concession to Russia, and it forms a part of the Treaty of Berlin, and consequently has the force of European law. The arrangement decided upon by the European Powers has not yet been completed, for fear of the complications which appeared likely to arise in practically carrying out their own edict; but the Montenegrins, or some other Power, being impatient of the delay, the occupation of the territory to be ceded has been attempted, and the consequence has been a sanguinary conflict between the two peoples, which must necessarily inflame the passions and vengeance of these fierce and independent mountaineers.

The accounts of the disturbances given in the newspapers do not quite agree with those I have received from other sources; but so many intrigues are on foot, and so much false information is manufactured, that it is very difficult to arrive at the truth, and it is therefore well not to trust to any minute details.

The main events, as far as I could learn, would tend to show that the Montenegrins in the first instance were successful in occupying the disputed territory; but the Albanians, after cautiously waiting for the approach of winter, when the snow-covered mountains and severity of the climate render campaigning almost impossible, suddenly reoccupied their own lands after inflicting severe loss upon the enemy; and being now in possession, they have the whole winter before them to prepare for future resistance.

So far as fighting qualities are concerned the Montenegrins and Albanians are pretty equally matched: but the latter far outnumber their opponents; and if their leaders are to be believed, the late skirmishes and consequent loss of life will rouse the spirit of vengeance amongst the whole Albanian people.

There is a further complication in the question, in consequence of the religious differences of the contending parties. The Roman and the Greek Churches are here brought into opposition, for the inhabitants of the district of Gusinje are of the tribe of Mirdites, who are of the Roman Catholic persuasion; and therefore, for religious as well as for political reasons, they will have the sympathy of their near neighbours the Austrians in Herzegovina.

Whether the Porte has the will or power to interfere with success remains to be proved, but that she will be urged by Russia to take active measures in favour of Montenegro, there can be little doubt, as the territory in question has considerable strategical importance.

When so much difficulty is experienced in carrying out a European mandate for a cession of so small a portion of Albanian territory in the north, how much more serious are the complications likely to be when, by a private arrangement between Turkey and Greece, a far larger and more important slice of Albanian territory is to be filched from the south?

TO PORTIA AT BELMONT.

Quick from fog and frost away,
Fly my song with greeting gay
To fair Belmont's lady fair.
Up, my song, to purer air—
Up like soaring lark in spring!
Quick as swallow dips his wing
Slanting to the summer sea,
Quick, away, with frolic glee,
Humble greeting, greeting gay,
To the Lady Portia!

She is good and she is wise—
She has shapen destinies;—
Swift of tongue, of noble speech,
Learning ever, wise to teach;
Wise in counsel, firm in deed,
Helper in man's utmost need;
Brave as wise, and true as brave,
Quick to feel, and strong to save:
Fly my little song, and pay
Honour to great Portia.

Wise she is,—and sweet withal,
Queen at life's great festival,
Queen of laughter; keen of wit,
Quick to aim, and sure to hit,—
Laughing light, and laughing ever,
At the foolish jest and clever—
Laughing first and jesting after,
For she scarce can speak for laughter,—
Who our thousand follies sees,
Antics, inconsistencies:
Wiser than all men, more gay
Than a child is Portia.

Bright on Adriatic sea
Plays the sunlight laughingly;
Soft on Belmont lawns by night
Flows and spreads the fair moonlight;
Countless years has Venice stood
Steadfast on the shifting flood:
Steadfast heart, unbroken will,
Noble purpose, matchless skill,
Tenderness of moon's soft ray,
Splendour of the southern day,
Charm of Venus at her birth,
Naught of malice, all of mirth,
Laughter, learning, love, and play—
All good things are Portia.

Fly, then, song across the sea,
Fly to mirth and minstrelsy;
And when thou dost see the trees
On fair Belmont's terraces,
Bow thee to thy lady's knife,
Kiss the hand that takes thy life;
Take one kiss and breathe one sigh
When she cuts thy chord, then lie
In her hand, beneath her smile;
She will laugh a little while—
For she laughs at little things—
Then perchance she'll fold thy wings,
Lay thee on her heart to rest;
Then my song art thou most blest
On the home of trust and play,
On the heart of Portia.

J. S.

MR GLADSTONE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THIS extraordinary phenomenon, which certainly arrested the public attention in a very marked degree, and produced an immense amount of local excitement, ceased about the second week of last month, and the pilgrim disappeared from view behind a blaze of torches somewhere on the road from Chester. A vast quantity of speeches strewn to the right and left on platforms and at railway stations—in fact, wherever a crowd could be got together—marked the course of Mr Gladstone's tour; but the student in politics will find little that is new in any one of them. The extreme volubility of the last three years shows no signs of diminution, but is visibly increasing, and threatens to monopolise the newspapers and stifle discussion. We are by no means anxious to undervalue in any way the magnitude of Mr Gladstone's performance, or to minimise its effect. As a personal achievement it is as marvellous as anything in his whole career. The mental and physical energy, the powers of endurance, the unfailing resources of rhetoric which sustained and animated the whole course of his "campaign," amply account for the enthusiasm of his supporters; and, displayed by a veteran statesman nearly seventy years old, must extort the respect and admiration even of his opponents. It is a proof to the world that the leaders of the English race on either side of politics are no ordinary men; and that if Lord Beaconsfield carried the nation heartily and thoroughly with him in the closing scenes of the prolonged opposition to Russia, it was not from want of a competent and powerful rival at home, but because his policy expressed the traditional irreversible determination of the British public, which no oratory could have shaken, and no party enthusiasm could have impaired.

We presume, notwithstanding the indignation which such a supposition arouses in certain susceptible bosoms, that very few people, except professional politicians and

enthusiastic admirers, have read all the speeches with which Mr Gladstone has recently favoured the public. It is the penalty which attaches to exuberant verbosity like Mr Gladstone's that half of it never reaches the public, and the other half is speedily forgotten. His oratory is peculiarly of that type which requires to be listened to, and depends for its charm upon the presence and personal characteristics of the orator. When read, the speeches turned out to be in substance a mere *réchauffé* of what we have been accustomed to in previous lucubrations, and in articles in the 'Nineteenth Century.' They are too familiar to need either recapitulation or answer. No reasonable man cares to listen to column after column of argument designed to prove that during the conduct of very difficult affairs—during a crisis which lasted for three years—the British Ministry never even by accident deviated into the paths of common-sense and political honesty, and that the British Sovereign and Parliament culpably resisted the beneficent designs of the Czar, urged on by Panslavist agitators. But if the character of the discussion is changed, and the charge is reduced from one of outrageous folly and wickedness down to that of mere error of political judgment, then, unfortunately, Mr Gladstone has to begin by admitting that he himself and his party were originally *in pari delicto;* that Russia has, in his opinion, been animated throughout by the most honourable and humane intentions; and that every Power in alliance with this country must be regarded with great suspicion. Such a discussion is even more flagrantly unprofitable than the other. The nation watched the conduct of the Ministry for three whole years. It accorded them a strenuous support, and enabled them to vindicate our treaties and our material interests to such an extent as to render the maintenance of peace prudent and possible. The result of the whole has been vastly to improve the position of the Eastern Question in Europe; and, as regards Asia, to demonstrate the imprudence of our supine inactivity in the past, and the necessity of providing adequate security for the future. It is not pretended that any other policy was possible, except that of combining with Russia to coerce the Turk—a policy which would have filled Europe with suspicion, and precipitated, in the opinion of all competent statesmen, a general war. There was, however, the ostrich-like expedient of burying our heads in the sand, and pluming ourselves on the fancied security of our foreign affairs "never being heard of."

But all these things have been discussed *usque ad nauseam.* The great Eastern Question has come and gone. As in the days of Lord Aberdeen, so now, it has convulsed the world. But the grand difference between the two epochs is that, under more adroit and resolute guidance than formerly, this country has not "drifted into war." Peace in Europe has been preserved. Instead of incurring fifty millions of debt, and an income-tax of sixteenpence in the pound, it has cost us less than six millions of money, which will be easily defrayed by a fivepenny income-tax. The results are, that, in Europe, Russia is farther off Constantinople than she has been for half a century, and the subject-races have a better future opened before them than was ever offered before. In Asia we have had to adopt precautionary measures, which are not free from difficulty. Peace in Europe, followed by defensive precautions to insure tranquillity in Asia, is at least a more successful

and prosperous issue to long years of diplomatic contest, than a sanguinary and unnecessary war in the Crimea, followed by a general upheaval of our empire in the Indian Mutiny, with wars in Persia and China. Tried by results, the policy of Lord Beaconsfield will advantageously compare with that of the coalition of 1853, in which Mr Gladstone bore so conspicuous a part, both as regards English security and the welfare of the Eastern races. Tried by conduct, the whole accusation of Mr Gladstone rests upon the admitted predominance of British influence in the counsels of Europe; while at the earlier epoch we were to a large extent overborne by Napoleon, and deserted by Prussia and Austria, and careless of the fate of the subject-races.

Mr Gladstone, however, considers that, notwithstanding his antecedents in reference to the Eastern Question—in spite of his having been first a warm supporter of the Crimean expedition, and then the advocate of its withdrawal in the midst of ignominious failure—he is nevertheless entitled, as a private member of Parliament, to dictate the whole policy of the country. In 1876 he came forward to demand that "her Majesty's Ministers, who had been steadily working in one direction, should now turn round and work in another." In 1879, after every effort to increase their difficulties and thwart their policy, he now demands a dissolution, so that the constituencies may censure their conduct, displace them from office, and install other Ministers in whom he has confidence, and over whom he will exercise control. He puts forward this claim, not as the leader of a party or as a candidate for office, but as a private member of Parliament, upon his own personal authority and influence with his countrymen. Of course he is fully entitled to do so; but the claim is, we think, extravagant and unusual. It is urged in the most determined manner. It cannot be denied that it is responded to with enthusiasm by a large portion of the Liberal party. But it seems to us that, apart from its merits or demerits, it is a novelty in politics, and, whatever its results, is calculated to throw the affairs alike of his party and the country into confusion.

The claim is distinctly that of a dictator. No one can pretend to suppose that Mr Gladstone has conducted this agitation as a simple candidate for the representation of Mid-Lothian, or as either the leader or follower of the Liberal party. He has ostentatiously refused the leadership of the Opposition. No one can say that he has expressed the smallest allegiance to either Lord Granville or Lord Hartington, or evinced any desire, save to censure them for the past and to dictate to them for the future. He appeals to the country upon his own personal policy and his own personal merits; and he denounces both Houses of Parliament, both political parties, and the treaty-making prerogative of the sovereign, which, he says, has been grossly abused. In doing so, he has silenced and eclipsed all the recognised leaders of the Opposition, and substituted for their farthing rushlights what the 'Spectator' calls the full light of the sun.

He goes back to the year 1876, and points out that, down to the end of it, "although the Government had been adopting measures of the utmost importance in direct contradiction to the spirit and action of the rest of the Powers of Europe, there was not one word of hostile comment from the Liberal

party," and that he himself was the only person who assailed the policy of the Government. And then he complains how difficult it is to justify the Liberal party. "Why did we allow the East to be thrown into confusion? why did we allow the concert of Europe to be broken up? why did we allow the Berlin Memorandum to be thrown into the fire, and no other measure to be put in its place? why did we allow that fatal progress of events to advance unchecked by us so far, even after the fields of Bulgaria had flowed with blood, and horrors known and unknown had ascended to heaven from that country?" And then he goes on to claim sole credit to himself for having stirred the feeling of the country during the Bulgarian agitation, and to deny that the Liberal party as a party was in the field at all. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that what Mr Gladstone is agitating for is that the country should recall him to the same position of absolute authority which it conferred upon him in 1868, which at the moment was so all-powerful, that his word was law to the constituencies, but which, in less than two years, had virtually disappeared before the dissensions in the Liberal party.

What will be the practical effect of renewing this claim in the altered circumstances of the country and in Mr Gladstone's altered relations to his party? It seems to us that, if successful, it would so completely convict this country, under the new representative system, of instability in its principles and purposes, as would completely efface it as a Power which could be trusted by either its allies or its enemies to know its own mind on foreign politics for five years together. And whether it succeeds or fails, it must inevitably produce present or eventual disruption in the ranks of the Liberal party. The position of that party before the world is perfectly deplorable. While Achilles sulked in his tents, the reigns of management were handed over to Lords Granville and Hartington, till such time, apparently, as the great statesman should choose to resume them. Lord Granville, as the confidential colleague of Lord Palmerston, and the representative of that statesman's Cabinet in the House of Lords during a time of as wayward and violent opposition on the part of Mr Gladstone as anything we have recently witnessed, was not likely, from his official and personal antecedents, to be in complete harmony with the hermit of Hawarden upon Eastern politics. Accordingly, a course of policy was pursued by the deserted leaders of Opposition in strict accordance with the known views and principles of the old Whig party. In that course they were steadily supported by at least one-half of their party; and it was, as stated by them, and still more as indicated by their representatives in the press—the 'Edinburgh Review,' and other organs of party opinion—in marked contrast to the course of Mr Gladstone. It is now attempted to thrust them completely on one side, and even to censure their conduct, while Mr Gladstone appeals, over their heads, for the support and confidence of the country. The Whigs are invited to prostrate themselves, to submit to absolute effacement, before the coming hero of the next elections. The issue which Mr Gladstone insists upon placing before the country, and for which, by his superior force and energy, he is managing to secure the prominent place, is stated by himself—"Is this, or is this not, the way in which you wish your country to be governed and your

affairs administered?" It is not pretended that there is any home question of sufficient magnitude, or sufficiently matured, to divide the country at the dissolution. The real issue is as it is put by Mr Gladstone. It is identified with him in the minds of the people, with the eager champion of Russian aggression, of alliance with the Czar in coercing the Turks, of making every consideration of European safety give way to the demands of a handful of insurgents, encouraged by foreign intrigue. It is exactly equivalent to the issue, Do you wish to restore that short-lived dictatorship of Mr Gladstone, which in former days ruined his party, and harassed every interest in the country? That Mr Gladstone is strong enough to insist upon this issue being submitted to the public voice cannot be doubted; it results from his complete personal superiority to the leaders of the Opposition. But that such complete ascendancy should be as cordially acquiesced in as it is openly and even vehemently asserted, is contrary to all we know of human nature, and especially of Whig human nature. No greater humiliation was ever suggested to the exclusive aristocratic coterie of great houses which have so long dominated the Liberal party and monopolised the government of the country, than is involved either in the recall of Mr Gladstone over their heads, or of themselves to office as his nominees, to be directed, scolded, encouraged, and admonished, as to their patron may seem fit. They are face to face with the very same kind of difficulty, but far greater in degree, as that with which they had to deal half a century ago, when Mr Brougham was equally impossible either as a leader or a follower. His acceptance of the Great Seal was at that time a welcome escape from all their difficulties; but no such escape is possible now; and they have a man of far greater authority and power to deal with. It is impossible not to see that Mr Gladstone is the central figure and representative of the Liberal party in the constituencies; that he speaks in their name and with their authority; and that his acceptance in that character implies a clean sweep of the front Opposition bench, whether they like it or not—whether they cling to their titular pre-eminence, or discard it as a badge of servitude or inferiority.

Then what is to be the upshot of it all? Every Liberal elector ought to pause before he lends his vote to re-establish the authority of a divided and distracted party, for the purpose of reversing a policy pursued for years but not yet completed. The state of things with which he has to deal by his vote is utterly unprecedented, and calculated to produce the utmost confusion in the country. A private member of Parliament, detached from both parties, and therefore pledging neither of them, on the strength of his great name and his past services, boldly bids for personal power; and the public are to have none of the usual assurances as to what are his means of giving effect to it, and to what objects it will be possible for him to devote it. It is clear that that power cannot rest upon any solid support. Its establishment implies a censure upon Lord Hartington and the whole of that influential section of the Liberal party which refused Mr Gladstone's guidance during recent foreign disturbances. Let us recall the broad facts with reference to that refusal. We have quoted Mr Gladstone's own censure of Liberal inaction during 1876, his desertion by his party during the autumn agitation of that year. But, in 1877 and 1878, the indisposition or repug-

nance to his lead was still more marked. At the beginning of the former year the whole party refused to move in support of his formidable indictment, and plainly imposed upon him the alternative of an inaction which, under the circumstances, was ignominious, or of deliberately shattering the Opposition into pieces. Of course, those who followed him during the wild agitation of the recess felt themselves deserted, and, if we remember rightly, Mr Fawcett expressed their annoyance and vexation in no measured terms. At last, in May of that year, Mr Gladstone moved a string of resolutions—the famous five—which led to nothing but a complete *fiasco*. The Liberal party would have none of them. Sir John Lubbock threatened to move the previous question; Mr Gladstone withdrew three of his resolutions, and merely proceeded with the first two, which unnecessarily stated truisms, and were consequently made the subject of a party division, resulting in a majority of more than one hundred for the Government. The notorious fact was, that the withdrawal of all the important resolutions, amounting, as they did, to an undertaking to join Russia in coercing the Porte, was necessitated by the hostility of Lord Hartington and at least half of the party. Then came the year 1878, when Mr Gladstone had to carry out his threat of departing from conditional quietude the moment the Government departed from conditional neutrality. And how was he supported? The amendment to the vote of £6,000,000 was withdrawn in a panic. The whole Liberal party, or at least a large majority of it, shrank in visible alarm from Mr Gladstone's policy, and rallied round the Government, one of them exclaiming that rather than not resist the further aggression of Russia, he would readily vote sixty millions instead of the six which were asked for by the Government. Mr Gladstone's policy was fairly flung to the winds by his own party. The Government had majorities of 200. On the question of calling out the reserves the majority rose to 255; on the question of summoning Indian troops to Malta, a constitutional issue was made the pretext of debate and division, and accordingly Liberal divisions were so far healed that the majority in favour of the Government sank to 121. But on the *policy* of that decisive measure—which more than any other step preserved peace, and led to the Russian defeat at Berlin—the Liberal party in both Houses of Parliament shrank from a division. When the question of the Berlin Treaty itself, and the conduct of the Government in negotiating and completing it, came before the House of Commons, a majority of 143 routed Mr Gladstone. It is now proposed to build up anew the authority of this statesman upon a basis which involves the censure of every Liberal who supported the Government, and which raises inconvenient and even angry questions in a number of instances between the sitting Liberal member and his constituents. And Lord Hartington is coolly invited by a number of Liberal organs to resign his leadership and reinstate Mr Gladstone in the post which he capriciously abandoned, to the utter confusion and censure of all those Liberals who, in times of great difficulty, have preferred to support the responsible leader of Opposition, instead of the wayward and impracticable statesman who would neither lead nor follow, whose policy on this very subject had years ago led to enormous disaster, and who was more than sus-

pected of being animated by personal animosities of a very warm and decided character. To ask Lord Hartington to resign under such circumstances, is to ask him to abandon all claim to party allegiance for the rest of his life; while the retention of his post, in presence of any rising enthusiasm for Mr Gladstone, places him in a most difficult and unsatisfactory position, whether the existing relations of parties are reversed or maintained. A more extraordinary position of affairs has never been witnessed than that with which the Liberal party is now threatened—viz., a rising enthusiasm in the constituencies and the press in favour of the man who refused to lead them, and whom they refused to follow; a challenge to the electors to decide between Mr Gladstone and the Government, which virtually involves a decision between a private member of Parliament and that half of the Liberal party who, in the absence of his guidance, supported the responsible chiefs of Opposition. Whichever way the decision goes, either in the country or in the county of Mid-Lothian, an increase to Mr Gladstone's authority within his party appears to be inevitable; and whether Lord Hartington resigns or carries on the duties of his post under Mr Gladstone's tutelage, the result can hardly fail to be mischievous and inconvenient to the Liberal side. And as regards the public generally, in case of a Liberal majority, is Mr Gladstone to be restored to the Premiership? and in that case, will he be able to form a Ministry on the principles of home and foreign policy, which he has recently avowed; or will he, out of office, establish a dictatorship outside a Liberal Cabinet,—an authority over the Ministers which can only serve to place him in rivalry to the Sovereign in a manner utterly unconstitutional and intolerable?

We will not discuss the latter alternative, for we assume that, as a matter of common-sense, if a Liberal Cabinet is formed, Mr Gladstone must be the Prime Minister. As the head of an Opposition majority, he was, no doubt, met and vanquished by Mr Disraeli in a way that no other man could have ever attempted. But as the head of the Ministerial majority, dealing with Ministers who would practically be little more than his nominees, alas for the Cabinet! Such a position could only be adequately filled by a man of very different character and temperament from those of Mr Gladstone. But would the Liberal leaders serve under him in the same Cabinet? On this subject we are all left in the dark; and yet no reasonable Liberal ought to assist in re-establishing Mr Gladstone's power until that question is answered. If he does, he is only introducing endless confusion into the ranks of his party and the councils of the nation. He has, however, to some extent, Mr Gladstone's programme before him. On foreign questions England is to abdicate all pretensions to the exercise of any influence whatever, or even to safeguard her road to India; on domestic questions, the Church of Scotland, perhaps that of England, is to be disestablished, provided pressure is applied; Home Rule is to be encouraged in Ireland; the principle of expropriating the proprietors of land is to be conceded; the votaries of temperance are to be authorised to dictate to the people and curtail their reasonable liberty. The dangerous encouragements to agitation which destroyed the Liberal majority in the last Parliament, and produced a complete revulsion of feeling through the country, are as rampant as ever. There is not a

single element of social disturbance which Mr Gladstone will pass by. His speeches and his bids for support are not those of a responsible leader who feels that what is gained in one direction may be easily lost in another; but they are animated by the recklessness of despair, the certainty that, in the isolated position in which he has placed himself, he has everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is impossible to believe that the followers of Lords Russell and Palmerston, the men with whom the fame of the Liberal party in home and foreign politics is bound up, will consent to be represented and led in the spirit which gaping provincial audiences are so readily found to applaud.

We will give the following short extracts, as a declaration of the policy which is henceforth, if Mr Gladstone's wishes are carried out, to dominate the Liberal party, with or without its present leaders:—

"Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, said of women that their great merit was to be never heard of. Now what Pericles said of women I am very much disposed to say of foreign affairs. Their great merit would be to be never heard of. Unfortunately, instead of being never heard of, they are always heard of, and you hear almost of nothing else; and I cannot promise you that you will be relieved of this everlasting din, because the consequences of meddling with foreign affairs are consequences which will for some time continue to trouble you, and they have found their way to your pockets in the shape of increased taxation."

On the subject of our communications with India, the man who denounces scientific frontiers and the necessity of the Government measures for excluding Russian influence in Affghanistan and repressing the too obvious hostility of its Ameer, further exclaims:—

"What is the meaning of safeguarding the road to India? It seems to mean that a little island at one end of the world, having possessed itself of an enormous possession at the other end of the world, is entitled to say, with respect to every land and every sea lying between its own shores and any part of that enormous possession, that it had a prior right, a preferential right, to the possession or control of that intermediate territory, in order, as it is called, to safeguard the road to India. This, gentlemen, is a monstrous claim. We have no title with regard to any land or any sea except those within the allegiance of her Majesty, except titles equal to those of all other Powers. Do not suppose I am saying that the route to India is a matter of no importance. This doctrine of safeguarding the road to India began with the purchase of the shares in the Suez Canal."

And as regards the Home Rule vote, Mr Gladstone is not going to throw that away in a hurry. In his election address six years ago, there was an obvious intention to tamper with that party; but it was insignificant as compared with the portentous encouragement now held forth:—

"You know well how unhappily the action of Parliament has been impeded and disorganised from considerations no doubt conscientiously entertained by a part of the Irish representation, and from their desire to establish what they call Home Rule. If you ask me what I think of Home Rule, I must tell you that I will only answer you when you tell me how Home Rule is related to local government. I am friendly to local government; I am friendly to large local prerogative. I desire—I may say I intensely desire—to see Parliament relieved of some portion of its duties. We have got an over-weighted Parliament; and if Ireland, or any other portion of the country, is desirous and able so to arrange its affairs as to take the local portion of some part of its transactions off Parliament, it would liberate and strengthen Parliament for imperial concerns. I say that I will not only not accord a reluctant consent, but give support to any such scheme."

And then, after a saving clause about reserving supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, he remarks: "I am not going to be frightened out of wise measures of that kind by being told that in that I am condescending to the prejudices of Home Rulers." As if the establishment of a local legislature in Ireland would not be immediately followed by a declaration of its independence! We pass over the references to the explosion in a jail and the murder of a policeman as the kind of pressure which influences English statesmen in dealing with Irish affairs and in disestablishing the Irish Church. It is impossible that they could have been deliberately made at a time when Mr Parnell's disastrous agitation is inciting the people to acts of violence. But they are proof that during a pilgrimage of party passion, long experience and the habit of responsibility are no protection against the most unwarrantable licence of reckless and dangerous language. These are specimens of the sort of appeal which Mr Gladstone has been making for public support. He has divorced himself from every kind of responsibility, and is using his utmost influence to excite discontent and animosity against the Ministers. What is it which he aims at establishing? what is the prospect held out? The return to power of the Liberal party, remoulded and inspired, though not led by himself; the Whigs trampled upon or discarded; a Ministry which will owe their places to himself and be subject to his control, bound to a course of foreign politics which is ostentatiously announced to be a complete reversal of that which has hitherto been pursued. And on what foundation is this fabric to rest? On the reviving, but, as experience has shown, the short-lived enthusiasm of the people for the statesman who in the last fifteen years has been turned out of one constituency after another; whose home policy during his last Administration roused the utmost discontent throughout the country; whose foreign policy in office was felt as a humiliation, and in Opposition has been so universally condemned that the majorities against it in the House of Commons rose to 255, and its author was hooted in the public streets. No doubt, if Mr Gladstone had, in spite of these recent episodes in his career, retained the lead and confidence of his party, there would have been nothing unusual if the tide of political fortune had in due course again rolled up to his feet. But that is not his position. He is the leader of a bare moiety of his party. There will be, as far as one can judge, a determined resistance to any attempt that may be made to replace himself in the post which he quitted five years ago. Under such circumstances, every elector should remember that, in struggling by his vote and influence to increase Mr Gladstone's authority, he is helping to rend the Liberal party, and to produce the utmost public confusion. And for what purpose is he asked to do so? Because, forsooth, he is told that public affairs in Europe, Asia, and Africa are disturbed, and the public finances are recklessly administered. With regard to the latter, every one knows that increased provision has been made for repayment of the public debt, and that the extraordinary expenditure necessitated by recent disturbances is being steadily defrayed. And as regards the prospects in the three continents, has Europe—except so far as internal rebellion against the Czar's beneficent despotism is concerned—for years presented a more assured prospect of peace? France is quiescent and co-operating with England in

Egypt. Germany and Austria are allied in the determination to uphold the Berlin Treaty. The European provinces of Turkey are satisfied. Prince Gortschakoff himself is said to have resumed the conduct of Russian foreign affairs on a distinct and decided basis of peace, and to have succeeded in re-establishing friendly relations with Germany and Austria, on the distinct understanding that the much-maligned Treaty of Berlin is to be preserved inviolate and inviolable. The notion of an *entente cordiale* with France with a view to revive Russian influence in the East, so adroitly effected after the Crimean war, is, in the uncertain internal condition of the French Republic, recognised as impossible; and accordingly Russia is bound over, as much by her international relations as by her internal troubles, to a policy of quiescence and peace.

In South Africa a vast and threatening force has been defeated and dispersed, and security restored to the British dominions. We have never approved the conduct of Sir Bartle Frere in urging on war contrary to instructions; and we agree that if similar insubordination on the part of the authorities in Affghanistan were permitted, and the hand of the Government allowed to be forced there, as it was in South Africa, the confidence of the country in the Ministry would be rudely disturbed. But what can be more intolerable as a piece of sane political criticism than the following?—

"I am only now illustrating to you the manner in which the series of surprises, the series of theatrical expedients calculated to excite, calculated to alarm, calculated to stir pride and passion, and calculated to divide the world, have been the daily aliment and subsistence, the established dietary of the present Government. Having had a diversion of the kind in Asia, the next turn was to be in Africa; but there a different course was adopted. The practice which in other circles is well known by the name of hedging was brought into play, and Sir Bartle Frere was exported and instructed as to affairs in Africa with infinite skill, and in terms so artfully constructed, that if things turned out well, the honour and the glory would redound to this patriotic Government; but if they turned out ill, the responsibility and the burden would fall on the shoulders of Sir Bartle Frere."

In the blindness of rhetorical passion, Mr Gladstone omits from his charges that which has been the weakest part of the whole administration of foreign and colonial affairs —viz., the prolonged acquiescence of the Government in Sir Bartle Frere's act of insubordination; and he adopts, in lieu thereof, a charge which is inconsistent with it, and is so flagrantly unworthy both of himself and the Cabinet, that it has failed to command a moment's attention even from his own supporters.

Whatever we may think of the time and mode of declaring war, the fact remains that we have the certainty of having subjugated the Zulus, and destroyed the power of Secocoeni, while the Cape Government has successfully conducted operations against the insurgent Basutos. Cetewayo had rendered the recent war sooner or later inevitable by his menacing conduct, and his warlike demonstrations on the frontier. The great question which a succession of South African wars during the last thirty years forces forward for discussion and solution, is that of the future confederation of the South African colonies. Those colonies must learn to stand alone, and to effect that union which will enable them to meet external dangers with their united forces. The policy propounded by Lord Carnarvon, and quite recently

insisted upon by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, must be carried out, of federation with a view to more efficient self-government and self-defence. We may expect a certain reluctance on the part of the colonists to accept this transfer of responsibility from the mother country. But they have already been informed by the Colonial Secretary that "hereafter her Majesty's forces will only be permanently stationed in South Africa as a garrison at or near Cape Town for the defence of a naval station of great importance to the interests of the whole empire." We believe that public opinion in this country will heartily endorse this policy, and will see that only by these means can an end be put to the burden of constantly recurring wars, carried on at great expense, and for no purposes which are of imperial interest. Yet public feeling, we have no doubt, will also be in favour of effecting this transfer of responsibility, this transition from dependence to self-reliance, as easily and as amicably as possible. It would never sanction this wise and necessary policy being carried out in the spirit which Mr Gladstone expresses, of strong sympathy for the unfortunate Zulus, and of reprobation of the defensive precautions which were taken against them. Wherever England has measured herself with her enemies—whether in Europe, in Affghanistan, or in Africa—she has been, in Mr Gladstone's eyes, invariably in the wrong, her enemies invariably in the right.

"If we cast our eyes," he says, "to South Africa, what do we behold? That a nation whom we term savages have, in defence of their own land, offered their naked bodies to the terribly improved artillery and armies of modern European science, and have been mowed down by hundreds and thousands; and who have committed no offence but that of having performed faithfully and bravely, with rude and ignorant courage, what were for them the duties of patriotism. You may talk of glory and offer rewards—and you have a right to give rewards to your gallant soldiers, who, I think, are entitled not only to your admiration for courage, but to your compassion for the nature of the duties they have been called upon to perform."

This is not a very felicitous passage, and we will never believe that, in divorcing ourselves to some extent from our South African colonies, and in propounding to the colonies the duties of self-defence, public opinion is at all in favour of this uncompromising denunciation of the white man, this unqualified tribute to the virtues, the innocence, and, above all, the absolutely pacific spirit, unless wantonly attacked, of restless and dangerous neighbours against whom the colonists must henceforth protect themselves.

In Affghanistan, no doubt, the disturbances are serious, and since the period of Mr Gladstone's pilgrimage, the military difficulties of our position have intensified. Some of our troops are beleaguered in the enemy's country, our communications were endangered and temporarily cut, and for a time we had to act on the defensive. If Mr Gladstone could have demonstrated that the original expedition was unnecessary and impolitic, recent events would very probably have commended his arguments to favourable consideration. But no such demonstration was ever attempted. On the contrary, there is the same vehement abuse of English proceedings, and the same unqualified approbation of every act, whether Russian or Affghan, that in South Africa he extended to the Zulus. As Mr Balfour, in an able lecture to the Edinburgh Conservative Association, recently pointed

out, at the same time that he is denouncing the English operations in Affghanistan as mean, shabby, dastardly, greedy, wilfully unjust, and destructive, he upholds the Russian advance in Central Asia in these terms:—

"The position of Russia in Central Asia I believe to be one that has, in the main, been forced upon her against her will. She has been compelled—and this is the impartial opinion of the world—she has been compelled to extend her frontier southwards in Central Asia by causes in some degree analogous, but certainly more stringent and imperative, than the causes which have commonly led us to extend, far more importantly, our frontier in India."

Why cannot the same charitable judgment be extended to his own countrymen in Affghanistan that is so liberally accorded to the Russians in Turkestan? Mr Gladstone admitted, and our treaties and policy have been alike influenced by, the necessity of having a friendly state guarding and maintaining the passes, the overwhelming peril to India of those passes being in the hands of our foes. But is it possible to place confidence in a man who, admitting all this, declares that he sees nothing but folly and wickedness in the Affghan expedition, knowing that Russia had sent a mission to Cabul, and had despatched a formidable expedition with Shere Ali as her ally? It is said that further evidences of Russian complicity have been discovered at Cabul; but, at all events, we learn from the 'Times' correspondent at Cabul ('Times,' Dec. 11) the extent to which Shere Ali is shown, from an examination of his official records, to have carried the design of making Affghanistan a military power. For what purpose was a total of 379 guns and 49,875 rifles collected, *pari passu* with the cultivation of a complete understanding with General Kauffman? Was the command of the passes and the military roads to India to be left in his hands, and Russian influence openly and defiantly exercised throughout his dominions? Or was it an overpowering political necessity, having regard to our safety within and without our frontiers, to undertake this Affghan war and face whatever political difficulties it might occasion? No doubt the manner in which these latter are solved will be the test of final success; but matters are not helped one whit by rhetorical charges of wickedness and folly refuted by the broad obvious circumstances of the case.

And then there is that astounding declaration that, in consequence of our discovery of Shere Ali's treachery and hostility, we were bound to go to war with Russia, but that it was mean and dastardly to send an expedition into Affghanistan. What possible object could we have had in going to war with Russia because Shere Ali was unfriendly? Even if the object of the war was revenge and not security, the conduct of Russia did not, under all the circumstances, afford a *casus belli*. All that we wanted was to strengthen our frontier and to take the passes out of the control of a hostile potentate. They were not then, though as time went on they might eventually pass, under the control of Russia. Consequently there was no cause of strife in respect of them between the two Powers. The open violation of the treaties concluded between Dost Mahomed and Sir John Lawrence, was the cause of war; its object was self-preservation, to gain that security against a foe which we had not required against a friend. All that has happened since the murder of Cavagnari illustrates, no doubt, the

difficulty of prescribing limits to our operations, and of insuring the execution of treaty engagements. Would Mr Gladstone have allowed that barbarous murder to pass unavenged? Yet he expresses a "sentiment of horror and grief to think that the name of England, under no political necessity, but for a war as frivolous as ever was waged in the history of man, should be associated with consequences such as these;" alluding to the ordinary consequence of military operations in a hostile country.

We cannot believe that the old Whig party in England have viewed these remarkable utterances with any sympathy or favour, whatever may be the enthusiasm of applause which the eloquence of the great agitator is sure to command from the crowds which are ever ready to hang upon his lips. Whatever the faults of that party, they have always shown themselves alive to the honour and security of the empire. Their feeling with regard to Mr Gladstone's foreign policy was no doubt accurately expressed by Lord Russell in his last contribution in 1874 to the literature of his country. Mr Cavendish Bentinck has recently quoted the passage, and it is well worth recalling:—

"I cannot think," said Lord Russell, "that in 1867 I was mistaken in giving way to Mr Gladstone as head of the Whig-Radical party in England. I had no reason to suppose that he was less attached than I was to the national honour; that he was less proud than I was of the achievements of our nation by sea and land; that he disliked the extension of our colonies, or that his measures would tend to reduce the great and glorious empire of which he was put in charge to a manufactory of cotton cloth and a mart of cheap goods—with an army and navy reduced by paltry savings to a standard of weakness and inefficiency."

The strain of the last three years has brought into prominent view all Mr Gladstone's strength and all his miserable deficiencies as a statesman and as a party leader. It is clear that he can never again lead a loyal and united party, and that the considerable threatened increase to his personal authority can only tend to produce irreparable confusion within the ranks of the Liberals. If a majority in their favour should by any evil chance ensue from the next elections, the pretensions of Mr Gladstone on the one side, and of the Home Rule faction on the other, would shortly reduce the parliamentary position to one of anarchy, more destructive of the power of the House of Commons than whole regiments of Indian troops, whether at Malta or up the Thames. At the present moment, and during the critical period which awaits us in Affghanistan, empty invectives against a policy so deliberately undertaken and so generally approved as this Affghan war are utterly out of place. We have a task before us which may prove one of considerable difficulty, involving resolution and effort. Our supremacy in Affghanistan must be maintained and placed beyond a shadow of doubt. We cannot afford to retire from the position which we have taken up. To do so would imperil our whole Eastern empire. If Mr Gladstone's speeches mean, that in his belief this war is utterly mean, frivolous, selfish, and unjustifiable, he and his followers are not the men to whom the vindication of England's duty and destiny in Asia ought to be intrusted. The whole forces of Affghanistan have risen for a final contest of strength with Great Britain; and from that struggle we must at any cost emerge victorious, or the foundations of our Indian empire will be rudely shaken. The contest for Mid-Lothian is a subject which will keep. Mr Glad-

stone's campaign and struggle for supremacy are, for a time at least, superseded in interest by those of Mahomed Jan; and we trust, for the welfare of this country, that both will be signally defeated.

Meanwhile the result of the Sheffield election, taken in the midst of a considerable reverse, and under the immediate influence of Mr Gladstone's agitation, shows that in the strongest holds of Liberalism the Conservative party is in full force and spirit. A bare majority of considerably less than two per cent of the whole number of votes polled, is tantamount to a serious reverse of fortune to the Liberals, whose supremacy in the borough at the last election was not even questioned. If this is the result of a contest in a large and populous Radical constituency like Sheffield, the legitimate inference is, that a general appeal to the country, made with choice of time and opportunity, will be favourably responded to.

Upon this subject of our Affghan policy, it is satisfactory to observe the latest announcement of Ministerial policy—that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Leeds. It is again declared to be a policy of defence, not of annexation. It aims at securing India from vain alarms of movements and invasions from outside. It will never brook the interference of Russia, or any hostile Power in the internal affairs of Affghanistan. "It has been a matter of deep regret to us," says Sir Stafford Northcote, "that in endeavouring to follow out this policy, bloodshed has occurred, and resistance and strife. We feel that there is no option for us but to persevere, and to carry through the enterprise which we have commenced." The Government both at home and in India, are evidently prepared for the emergency which has arisen; and in spite of the extraordinarily gloomy views of the 'Spectator' and other authorities of that class, whose predictions of impending evil have rent the air incessantly during the last three years, we look for a speedy consummation of the policy which we are pursuing. The position in which we are placed, and the extent to which Mahomed Jan's resistance can be carried, will serve to bring home to the minds of all prudent politicians the necessity for the action which has been taken on the North-West frontier. If another generation had passed away, or even a less period of time, the Affghan power might have expanded, under Muscovite tutelage and assistance, until our position in Central Asia, and even the security of our frontier, would have been felt throughout the world to be equivocal, and a source of weakness to our empire. The gathering of Mahomed Jan's forces may serve to bring the whole issue between ourselves and the Affghans to the test of a final arbitrament, in which both sides will hereafter acquiesce, and obviate the necessity of more detailed and prolonged operations. We heartily wish that annexation may turn out to be unnecessary, as we feel sure it will be undesirable. But that we must succeed in establishing in that country the same sort of supremacy which we possess in Nepaul and Cashmere, or submit to the eventual setting-up of a similar supremacy on the part of Russia, would appear to admit of little doubt. We trust that this policy will have been successfully carried out before there is the slightest chance of a change of Ministry.

The Chancellor gave, as might have been expected, a complete vindication of his financial policy from the somewhat carping criticisms of Mr Gladstone. But it is

not upon the details of financial management that the decision of the country will be challenged at the next election. It is clear beyond all doubt that the foreign policy of the last three years will be the dominant idea, and that the issue is between Lord Beaconsfield's Government and Mr Gladstone's condemnation of it—a condemnation in which the whole body of Whigs and moderate Liberals must feel themselves censured and proscribed. It is too late in the day to change that issue, and the enormous addition to the Conservative vote at Sheffield shows what a perilous issue it is for Liberals to raise. Finance is only important so far as it gives to Mr Gladstone's supporters an argument directed to the breeches-pocket, and an insinuation that the Ministry, following the usual precedent of spreading extraordinary expenditure over a series of years, are evading the consequences of their policy. No doubt, in making that insinuation Mr Gladstone carries his admirers with him. No doubt, also, he expresses the fanatical belief of his more ardent supporters—the sort of politicians who relapse into a broad grin whenever the Treaty of Berlin is mentioned, and burst into derisive laughter at any reference to Cyprus—when he says of a further continuance of this Ministry in office during the next twelvemonths—"There will be a chance of sending up some new rockets into the sky, a chance of taking some new measure which would again carry misgiving and dismay to the hearts of the sober-minded portion of the nation." Whether sobriety of mind is exhibited by this levity of speech in regard to the momentous events of the last three years, and to the admittedly influential and vigorous part which England has played therein, is a matter upon which we may venture to differ with Mr Gladstone's admirers. For ourselves, we should regard with the utmost misgiving and dismay the transfer of the Government to the hands of men who approve the policy and acts of Russia in Central Asia and Affghanistan, and believe their own countrymen to be guilty of every crime—who in Turkey systematically for twenty years neglected the administration and encouraged ruin, arousing in the end an hostility so bitter as to be fatal to British influence—and whose invectives, if they are at all sincere, point to a complete reversal of our relations to almost every European State. If Mr Gladstone dominates the Liberal party—as in the event of its success he must—either the agitations of the last three years will be proved to be utterly hollow, mere profligate manœuvres of party policy and passion; or, if the policy of the country is to be shaped in accordance with them, there is no prospect before us but one of humiliation and shame.

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THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE reigns of the female sovereigns of England hold a remarkable position in our annals. Perhaps as a little compensation for the ill-treatment which their sex has always had in literature, it has so happened that the two great epochs under which letters have specially flourished in our country have been those of our two queen-regnants, in themselves as unlike as two human creatures could well be; and this, no doubt, is one reason why the ages of Elizabeth and Anne have always specially attracted the attention of men of letters. But it has not been literature alone that has given them importance. In both cases these epochs themselves were of the most critical character, full of the surgings of new elements, the struggles of new forces with the old, and the full tide of one and another of those great waves of mental energy which seem to rise and fall periodically among men, though without leaving any trace by which their recurrence can be calculated. Comets and eclipses have no longer any mystery for us. We know when they will come as well as we know when the omnibus will pass the corner of the street; but we do not know when the law of mental revolution will bring such constellations as those which adorned the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" into our firmament again, or vary them, as in the combinations which still make glorious, though with a less exuberant light, the age of Anne. We are afraid the days of Victoria will not shine with a similar lustre; but as we are not spectators, but actors in the drama at this present moment, we may leave that calculation to those who come after us. In the meantime, it is enough to mark how curious is the recurrence of these high tides of energy and genius in the race, and how little they are traceable to any conscious agencies, or come under any established laws. Why, for instance, to say nothing of the more ethereal soul of the poet, did military genius leap over more than half a century from Marlborough to Wellington? And why, oh why, has no one ap-

peared since worthy to hold the candle to those great soldiers? These are phenomena which do not enter into the theories of Mr Darwin or the calculations of Mr Galton. All other ebbings and flowings may be gauged and tabulated; but here is a kind of high and low tide, which is controlled by no moon, and foreseen by no astronomer. When it comes it awakens the world, if not directly to applause and admiration, at least to the struggle of new forces, and the exhilarating consciousness of life renewed. The general course of living is stimulated, and every drop of salt water in every wave rises so much the higher upon the beach, dashes with more exultant foam of storm upon the rocks. And those ages stand out upon the duller level with a freshening of interest, an inexhaustible dramatic call upon our sympathies. They detach themselves from the background in which the great concerns of the world are always lumbering on, more or less dully, and make us aware of what has been accomplished for good or for evil in the intervals. In Elizabeth's time the great passion of our modern national life was preparing; but the stream had only gained grandeur and force and nobility by that swelling of all its currents which preceded the catastrophe. In Anne's time chaos was subsiding once more, the torrents calming down into their channels, the streams collecting to fill the national veins. Or, to change the metaphor, these two great and wealthy epochs of history are like the banks between which a raging and tumultuous stream is making its furious way. From one eminence the clear-sighted spectator might foresee a national agony of troubles to come; and from the other could look back upon dangers miraculously overcome, and a passage accomplished for the ark of safety through storm and peril.

And even the most abstract of historians — the writers to whom men are not men but only officials in the long procession of events, kings and statesmen and generals, —must permit a certain personality to appear when a woman holds, even nominally, the chief place in the historic scene. The group which surrounds Queen Anne is remarkable in various ways. It is not that she herself has, like her great predecessor, any touch of genius, or even of that intense and large individuality which often takes the place of genius, to make her remarkable; but there is a curious mixture of the great and the paltry in her immediate circle, and in the influences that move that circle so wonderful a combination of motives and objects that are imperial in their vast importance, with impulses and babble which are scarcely superior to a housekeeper's room,—that the comic and the tragical, the familiar and the heroic, get mixed up in a way which never surely was seen before on so exalted a stage. The most conventional type of female government, the hackneyed devices of broad comedy, to show how intriguing waiting-maids can manage a stupid mistress, could not have been more perfectly realised than in this chapter of the great epic of English story;—and yet the men pushed in and out of office by these Abigails were such men as Marlborough and Bolingbroke, and the affairs of the nation came to no fatal break-down under their influence. This strange group at the head of affairs adds a whimsical element to the great tale which is in some respects so majestic and in others so trivial: and in conformity with this strange conjunction, the age itself sweeps along,—so great, so polished, so

courtly; so mean, so rude, so brutal; so full of piety and simplicity, and the most depraved morals and the loudest vice; swearing like the coarsest trooper, yet writing like Addison,—that the paradox is kept up throughout, and enters into every detail.

It is scarcely, however, the curious manifestations of character, or picturesque contrasts of national life, which so abound in the age of Anne, which have been Dr John Hill Burton's * leading inducements to add this fine and full study of an epoch so important, to the valuable history of Scotland which we already owe to him, and of which it is the natural corollary and conclusion. Though his work is full of lively and graphic touches, the reader is aware that it is not his custom to present a series of word-pictures in place of a sustained and serious narrative. Neither is there any fear that he will take refuge in the abundant gossip of the time, by way of amusing our minds, and withdrawing them from the great threads of meaning which traverse all, but which, amid the confusion of warp and weft, it is not always easy to keep hold upon. So far as Scotch affairs are concerned, it is, as we have said, the natural sequel of his great history. The Revolution Settlement, with which that valuable work concludes, important as it was, still left many points which were capable of being reopened. It was a kind of betrothal rather than marriage of two very different, in some particulars dissimilar and often jarring companions, neither of whom was much inclined to yield to the other, and for whose future accord and conjugal jogging on together, with no more than lawful bickering, very substantial pledges had to be taken. If the bridegroom was arrogant and overbearing, the bride was grim and fierce beyond the use even of medieval heroines; and as in every betrothal there is always a possibility still of severance, so in this one there were moments when the silken leash was strained to its utmost, and one or the other ready to fling off the bondage, and stamp upon the uncompleted contract. The story of the concluding passages, and of the accomplished fact of the Union, is told more clearly and more fully in these pages than it has yet been told, with an indication of the vital points of difference, which only an authority at once in Scotch law and history could have so thoroughly mastered; and very interesting is the contrast and coupling of the two powers, who, the legal fetters once forged, have on the whole kept on their way with so much harmony, and as much mutual comprehension as perhaps was possible. This concluding chapter of the separate annals of his country Dr Burton owed to us—and he has paid the debt thoroughly.

But even the Union, important as it is, is but one of the events in Queen Anne's reign, the great animating thought and inspiration of which were the Protestant succession,—a principle which made England at that period—notwithstanding all the difference of politics, lively enough and warlike at all times—more surely a unanimous nation than she had ever been. Nothing can show more clearly the profound distrust with which the Catholic creed had imbued the whole race than this passionate national sentiment. The great Protestant King William had lived

* A History of the Reign of Queen Anne. By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. 3 Vols. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

and died unbeloved and unsympathetic; a great man, no doubt, but one who neither conciliated the prejudices nor attracted the affections of the country, which he on his side did not love;—and the choice of the new line in which the crown was to descend, was one which must have wounded the beliefs and inclinations of many in a country where primogeniture has outlived all changes. Nor was there anything in the character of the house of Hanover to call forth national enthusiasm. The narrow mind, which so often goes with narrow possessions, — a strong nationality totally alien from our own (notwithstanding those strenous relationships of race which were not discovered, or, at least, insisted upon, till long after), and manners which were neither charming in themselves nor capable of modification, — made the foreign Elector, the "German lairdie," in his own person, a figure most unlikely to call forth any enthusiasm. Dr Burton speaks of this contemptuous nickname as a proof of the popular misconception of the antiquity and importance of the house from which we sought our reigning line. But the six-and-thirty quarterings of Teutonic heraldry have never been impressive to the English intelligence, and we doubt whether the fullest understanding of them would have much changed the sentiment which suggested that felicitous title. Nobody knows better than our historian, or has more clearly pointed out, the intolerant insularism and contempt of other people, which is one of the great national characteristics of Englishmen; and a tremendous weight of pedigree overbalancing a meagre estate, has always been a favourite object of derision: but this makes the extraordinary unanimity of the national sentiment only the more apparent. Whatever was to happen to the nation, one thing it was resolved should not happen. England might have a monarch she hated. Such a thing had been, and had been endured: but a Popish king she would not tolerate. Notwithstanding the existence of a by no means insignificant Jacobite party, and of a large class, which, without courage enough to be Jacobite, had romantic leanings that way, or a kind of fantastic sympathy with a fallen king and banished race, this feeling was so general that agitation, great and universal enough to be called unanimous, sprang up in a moment at any menace from St Germains, or any hint of interference from France. The English people were under the influence of a scare, as the French people have been in recent days. When a nation takes fright it is generally for no small matter, nor is the panic an easy thing to deal with. We indeed pretend to smile when we see the passionate terror of our neighbours across the Channel for the red ghost of Revolution, of which they have so much better a knowledge than we have. But the same agony of fear confused men's judgments in Queen Anne's day, in respect to her possible successors. At the merest glimpse of a returning Stewart the country entirely lost its self-possession. And from the balance of power in Europe to the sermon of a popular preacher in St Paul's, everything that could by the remotest construction lead towards this end, brought on a fit of that furious fear which is one of the most terrible of passions.

Dr Burton keeps the action of this great national influence very clearly before us — not allowing himself to be led away as so many are by the exciting and brilliant details of the war itself to a forgetfulness of its great inspira-

tion. Most of us, to tell the truth, recall only with an effort the reason why Blenheim was fought at all. We are as much at a loss as Southey's peasant children to remember "what good came of it at last," and "what they killed each other for." The war of the Spanish succession — the question whether Philip of France or Charles of Austria should fill the vacant throne — does not seem a question to move the world, or above all, to carry British troops and British money into all the fastnesses of the Continent. But the preponderance of the house of Bourbon touched England with a far more vivid sense of danger then, than when, a hundred years later, Marlborough's great successor Wellington, with one of these strange repetitions so common in history, once more confronted the encroaching power of France at the head of a great European resistance to the universal conqueror. Napoleon frightened us a little, too, with threats of an invasion; but the possible predominance of Louis XIV. over half a world, made England fly to her weapons with passionate alarm and determination. She saw as the conclusion, not only the distant danger of a too great monarch who should wear the united crowns of France and Spain, but of a Catholic crusade, which should bring back another Charles, with a train of priests, and all those principles of despotism which her soul scarcely loathed more than it loathed the paraphernalia of the mass. The present generation is apt to laugh at the balance of power; and probably, had the German conqueror of 1871 found it possible to *croquer* another kingdom or two in addition to the big morsel of Alsace-Lorraine, England would still have looked on with much tranquillity. But we have no Pretenders nowadays, any more than they had the principle of non-intervention in the old times.

This struggle for the firm establishment of the Protestant succession, of which the great wars of Marlborough were but one of the products, was the very soul of the reign of Anne. She was, almost more than any other sovereign, a mere tenant—no possessor of the throne. "*Après moi le déluge,*" might have been said of her with as much reason, though happily less verification of the prophecy, than occurred in the case of her contemporary. And till the last moment of her life there were still a hundred chances that all the elaborate precautions of the great statesmen of the time, all the efforts of arms and outlay of blood and money, might prove of no avail, and the old struggle recommence again. To the determined stand made by the nation and its great leaders during this critical period, England owes it that the two romantic insurrections of 1715 and 1745—with which it is impossible, on the other hand, not to feel a personal sympathy—have remained in the category of romantic and tragic episodes, and never really touched the substituted royalty which the country had deliberately chosen,—not a lovely, or dignified, or much-beloved substitution, but yet the choice of the nation, and justifying that choice.

But what an eventful and bustling life, forgetful, except by fits and starts, of any great national principle at all, though always ready to respond to any appeal in support of it, occupies the foreground behind which the lines of the national destiny were being worked so firmly into the great web! Did Marlborough himself mean much more than beating the French and winning every battle that lay in his way? Most of the statesmen who thus tenaciously and stoutly worked

at the pulling down of the French power, and the keeping out of the Catholic line, had coquetted with both in their day; and it is almost impossible to tell how much meaning there was in the almost brutal determination with which the mass of the population backed up those helmsmen of the national bark, who guided the ship so strongly on one course, without ever banishing from their minds the possibility of having at a moment's notice to change to another. Perhaps the fact is, that the unreasoning force of popular prejudice, and strong and bitter resentment of national recollection against Rome and James, had, after all, more power in determining that course than all the convictions of the great steersmen, and that the mob really cared more for Protestant ascendancy than the ministers. But everybody cared for beating the French, whatever was to be the issue: that was an evident and glorious good, let the conclusions be what they might; and in the meantime, every kind of stirring business and pleasure was going on before the footlights, while the cannon roared in the middle distance, and, behind all, the leaders of the time watched and tested the completeness of the enemy's overthrow, the reasons that might occur for staying their hand, the silent change of the situation, procured in a moment, not by any great battle, but by a touch of Providence. Dr Burton, though he has not fallen into the temptation of character-painting, has yet given due attention to the curious group which stands foremost on this crowded scene. On the whole he is very favourable to Marlborough. Fortunately the limited period which he treats includes the best portion only of the great soldier's life; and the historian allows that it is "a satisfaction not to be responsible for an investigation and final estimate of his conduct throughout the twelve previous years." We will not go beyond our sphere by attempting investigations from which Dr Burton is glad to be relieved. Marlborough's great love for his wife—who, remarkable woman as she undoubtedly was, must have been somewhat trying on occasions, but who never seems to have experienced anything but the utmost devotion from her husband—invests with a curious domestic halo the least peaceable figure of an age in which domestic virtue was certainly little prominent. The great general, with his head full of strategy and warlike contrivances, and the lives of thousands in his hands, who, having parted with his wife while she was angry, receives her "dear letter" of reconciliation with almost abject gratitude, declaring that till he received it his life was of no value, and he did not care what became of him, is at once whimsical and touching in his tenderness. We may quote, however, Dr Burton's estimate of Marlborough under circumstances more greatly important in the full course of his splendid career.

"Unlike most men of great firmness and self-reliance, Marlborough courted counsel and discussion. He could conduct it with absolute calmness and courtesy. On his own clear views of what was to be done it had no effect, but it gained him coadjutors; for he was, like Wolsey, fair-spoken and persuasive. His patience was inexhaustible. He was cautious, but his caution had its corrective in an unmatched promptitude of vision. He thus never committed a rash act, and he never missed an opportunity for striking an effective blow. His fertility in resources made him less amenable to disappointment when his favourite scheme was thwarted, than men of smaller resources, whose mind contains but one scheme at a time, and that being forbidden, are destitute of

other resource, and helpless. To him, if one way were closed there was ever another opening. He felt secure in himself,—be the conditions that were to be wrought with what they might, he would bring out of them results which no other man could effect.

"It would be difficult to name another man whose communications ranged through so many strata of social grade as his. They passed through the whole world of Europe, from the emperor, who was still by courtesy the chief of kings, through various grades of royalty into still more numerous grades of nobility, till they reached the riff-raff brought out of the dregs of the various nations by the recruiter or the crimp. Having had the arduous duty of thus addressing men far above himself in rank, and of addressing in remonstrance, in rebuke, sometimes in menace, he knew and practised the maxim that a strict observance of etiquette in communication with superiors is the way to save the inferior man's self-respect and true position from invasion by the higher power. . . . Marlborough's dealing with the petty sovereignties owning these outlying contingents remains as a brilliant specimen of the firm and the conciliatory in the management of men. He is invariably courteous. Tendering advice or even objection is a favour. If he has to press hard, his tone is supplicatory rather than imperious, and there are no bounds to the merit and distinction he is prepared to concede to those who will give their invaluable co-operation to his next great project. . . . The most confidential of his communications" (Dr Burton adds in another place) "were in the possession of his kinsman* in the English Treasury, who so faithfully supplied him with the equipments and material supplies for the great project. But even Godolphin knew not whither the army was ultimately to march; and, indeed, Marlborough himself did not know; but it was part of the flexible power that led him always to a victory, and never to a defeat, or even a failure, that he could change his purpose at a moment's warning when he examined the surrounding conditions. He was like the engineer among a vast apparatus of powerful machinery, who, by gently turning a handle in a disc, can change the direction in which his potent enginery works, or even utterly reverse the whole process."

This fine and splendid figure does not, however, push out of sight, though it might well do so, the homely royal pair — the queen, whose individuality Dr Burton takes a little pains to note when he can, in all its modest manifestations, and the royal consort, who was so profoundly unlike the idea which, in these days, we have been enabled to form of what a royal consort might be. It is Lord Stanhope, we think, who says, with unusual humour, that if there was a duller person in the country than her Majesty herself, it was her Majesty's husband. And Dr Burton affords us a glimpse of this harmless personage, so utterly insignificant and unimportant in the story of his wife's reign, which relieves the seriousness of the dignified group that held the fate of the country in its hands. "The one thing for which Prince George is chiefly known to the world," our historian says, "is the occasion when his monotonous stupidity prompted the solitary jest that twinkles through the gloomy career and character of King James; and it came at the gloomiest moment of his days, when his family and kindred were one by one deserting him." We are indebted, however, to another writer for the comical-rueful picture of poor "Est-il-possible," in which, out of the "monotonous stupidity" so well character-

* We are somewhat at a loss to know why Dr Burton should insist that Marlborough and Godolphin were kinsmen. The son of one married the daughter of the other; but this is merely family connection, not relationship.

ised, there breaks a dull reflection of the same kind of piteous humour. When the agitation against Occasional Conformity was at its height, Prince George, we are told, was sent to the House of Lords to vote for the Bill abolishing it, which was strongly promoted by the High Church party. The dutiful husband did as he was told; but being himself only an Occasional Conformist, and keeping up his little Lutheran chapel for his own spiritual consolation, did it against the grain, and whispered to the leader of the Opposition, "My heart is vid you," as he went into the orthodox lobby. Poor royal Dane! happy for him that he was not born to set right those times which were out of joint. "It is difficult to understand," Dr Burton says, "how one not incapacitated by mental disease could have kept so entirely out of the notice of the world." Nothing can be more likely than that it was the entire want of support and backing-up from her husband which made Anne herself so dependent on her friends; and whatever we may think of the sentimentalities of their correspondence, there is something very touching in the forlorn queen's constant appeal to the sympathy and sustaining force of her high-spirited favourite—that imperious duchess, whom even Dr Burton, like everybody else, treats with jocular familiarity as Sarah. Here is a specimen of the curious qualities inherent in names. If my Lady Marlborough's name had been Mary, would any of her numerous historians have ventured on such a familiar use of it? We think not.

The queen is fat, and not very dignified; but she is always simple and kind, at least until the jar comes. When the poor little Duke of Gloucester died, and Anne became childless, there is something in her adoption of the title "unfortunate" in her simple letters which goes to the reader's heart. A mother of many children, but childless, the wife of a harmless drone, separated from all her natural kindred, what was the simple soul to do but to surround herself with that little band of friends? When Marlborough's only son died, she entreated to be allowed to go to them, protesting that only those who knew the same grief could comfort each other. In this, as in the heart of many a humble sufferer, lay the tragedy of her life. Otherwise there is nothing disagreeable in the little affectation of homely names which she adopted after the fashion of her time. She called the splendid pair who hold in history a position so much more brilliant than her own, Mr and Mrs Freeman; and Dutch William, her brother-in-law, was Mr Caliban—a name in which a little faint fun combines with the domestic spitefulness which prevails in almost every coterie. "Poor unfortunate Morley" is not so clever as any of those fine people; but the roundabout, plump, motherly Majesty, who suggests the duchess's housekeeper rather than her sovereign, was by no means without colour or character. Mrs Freeman cares no more for the Church than for anything else that stands in her path; but the queen makes an unwavering stand for it, and takes her own way, with a mild determination which shows that there is nothing abject in her dependence on her friend. Dr Burton's apology for Anne, and explanation of her position, is well worthy the reader's attention, and treats the subject with a justice rarely awarded to her.

"The growth of her friendships is touching in itself, as an effort to find something in the world dearer than

greatness and power, and to enjoy a little of that simple life—so hard to be reached from the steps of the throne—where friends can confide their thoughts and aspirations to each other without their being trumpet-tongued by the unscrupulous favourites that haunt the steps of royalty. And if it was a weakness, it was grandly exercised—it gained for the recasting of Europe that one whose name is yet the greatest among warriors,—if we count in our estimate only those whose science and achievements we know with sufficient distinctness for comparison. It secured the greatest financial minister that ever ruled Britain."

And when the quarrel ensued which has pointed a foolish moral ever since about female squabbles and friendships, and Mrs Masham (once more a woman unfortunate in her name—for who can refrain from making a jest about Abigail?) succeeded the duchess, the statesmen that waiting-woman brought in her train were respectable specimens of persons introduced by the backstairs. Had Queen Anne been surrounded by all the wisest sages in her empire, it is to be doubted whether she could have done much better than Marlborough and Godolphin, Harley and St John; who, indeed, were anything but immaculate—but yet as unlike the pretty gentlemen of a chambermaid's favour as it is possible to conceive. So much should be said in favour of Queen Anne and her women. One or two things in her life show a fine liberality. Almost her first royal act was to give up a portion of her revenue—the "tenths and first-fruits," originally intended as a Papal tribute, but transferred to the Crown at the Reformation—as a benefaction to the poor clergy, from whose livings it had been originally subtracted. Bishop Burnet claims the merit of this act, but it was one to which all his rhetoric could not move King William. Dr Burton seems doubtful whether this gift has really benefited the Church; but we believe there are many recipients of "Queen Anne's Bounty" who could satisfy him to the contrary. In any case, whether spoiled by maladministration or not, this royal giving up to the poor parish priest of the contribution originally intended for his own ecclesiastical superior, then swept into the revenues of the Crown, was a seemly and gracious act. At a later period, when the country was drained by the expenses of the great war, the queen gave a very large contribution from her civil list for the public necessities.

This great war, which Marlborough's genius turned into one succession of victories, filled the greater part of the reign of Anne with the excitement and high tension of a conflict in which the national *prestige* was to all, and the national safety, in the opinion of many, deeply involved. Its nominal object, which was to prevent the elevation to the throne of Spain of Philip of Anjou, the second son of Louis XIV., putting in his place the Archduke Charles, son of the emperor, was frustrated with that strangest and most solemn irony of fate which so often turns man's greatest efforts into confusion. According to the arbitration of war, all pronounced itself on the side of Charles, until, in a moment, death cleared the way for him to the imperial throne, making his accession to that of Spain as impossible as had been, at first, the candidature of the French prince whom Europe feared to see unite the crowns of France and Spain upon one head. Philip of Anjou, accordingly, at the end of all the prodigious efforts made to prevent it, ascended peaceably the Spanish throne; but not the less was the real object of the war attained. The power of Louis was shaken to pieces. Only here and there a sagacious and far-

seeing observer had yet divined that the power and splendour of France rested on a foundation of volcanic misery which, sooner or later, must come to a terrible explosion. And at the moment when Louis XIV.—moved, one cannot tell by what charitable temptation, what softening of the heart towards his unfortunate kinsman on his deathbed—appeared like a god by the bedside of the exiled and dying King James, and solemnly promised to recognise his son as King of Great Britain after him, nothing could be more magnificent than the position of France in Europe. Louis was *le Grand Monarque*, and his country *la grande nation*, beyond all rivalship or comparison. Successful in war, full of conquests, covered with glory, there seemed nothing that this triumphant country could not accomplish; and when Spain became the inheritance of a Bourbon, and the rich cities and strongholds of the Low Countries were occupied by French soldiers, no wonder that the wealthy Dutchmen, whose riches had tempted so many conquerors, should take fright. No less fright took England when the fine dramatic *tableau* of the godlike monarch appeared in that darkened room at St Germains, carrying transport to the bosoms of the poor little mock Court and all the busy conspirators. The great Louis was never concerned in a more fatal pageant. He had the first armies, the most scientific generals, in the world—and the science of arms had just taken a great leap, and so equipped itself with rules and systems, that its results could almost be determined beforehand, so clearly settled and ascertained was the order of its operations. But Marlborough was one of those for whom rules are not made. He used science when it suited him, and laughed at it in those cases where the inspiration of genius knew better. When he ought to have been working his way from step to step along the beaten path, he made a sudden blow at the heart, such as discomfited all the array against him, and shook the opposite forces for the moment into pieces.

Dr Burton is very interesting and lucid in his description of the critical and momentous battle of Blenheim. It was far away from the border towns which the allied armies had been taking one by one, and with which the French had hoped they would continue to amuse themselves until France had swept across the unprepared Continent, and won a kind of empire of the world by mastering Vienna. But Marlborough could march more rapidly, and keep his own counsel better than the best of the generals against him. The reader will not look for those details here which Dr Burton supplies so ably, but we may indicate the manner in which he treats them by the following account of the last act in that fierce and brief drama of battle. When the victory was gained, there was found to be a detachment of twelve thousand men shut up in the village of Blenheim, so crowded together, that action was almost impossible to them, their commander lost, and the entire forces of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, flushed with victory, in front of them.

"They showed vigour and courage, but to no possible end. They attempted to make sorties, after the manner of invested garrisons; but there were essential differences that baffled such attempts at the outset. The fortress has outworks, within the protection of which sallying-parties can form so as to fall on the besiegers in battle array; and when it is necessary, they can again come within the shelter of the outworks. But the un-

fortunates in Blenheim could only run out in the vain hope of forming themselves in rank outside, and with the certainty of being immediately slain. It was a period of awful suspense to the assailants as well as the assailed, for the solemn question arose, Was the victor, according to the hard law of a soldier's duty, to do the worst he could against the enemy if that enemy continued obstinate? The whole of Marlborough's army surrounded the village, with not only the cannon originally in its possession, but those taken from the enemy. The troops in the village were so closely packed, that we hear of the small area of the churchyard affording relief to the pressure. Must the victor then pound the village in a cannonade, and crush the twelve thousand under its shattered houses?

"This gloomy juncture is enlivened by an incident exemplifying the indomitable elasticity of the spirit of the Frenchman, and his instinct for the enjoyment of the mocking spirit of his intellect under the most tragic conditions. Two figures were seen to approach the doomed crowd. One was a French officer, the other in his uniform proclaimed himself an officer of rank in the British army. Was this latter a prisoner brought to them by one of themselves? Were they then able, at the conclusion of that disastrous day, to say they had made prisoner a British officer? Such was the tenor of the grim merriment in which the two were received. The British officer was Lord Orkney, accompanied by one of the French prisoners, to represent to his fellow-soldiers the hopelessness of their position, and to beseech them to surrender. It was a bitter alternative. The true soldier, in the choice of his profession, has thrown his life as a stake that may be taken up at any time. He cannot accept the alternative of saving it by anything that has the faintest tinge of grudging it. Yet there may be occasions where one who has responsibility for many other lives as well as his own, may seek and find the more honourable alternative in the act that must preserve all; and such surely was the condition of those who consented to the surrender of the village of Blenheim. There is little doubt that the surrender was a mighty relief to Marlborough, looking to the horrible work that had to be done if the imprisoned mob continued defiant."

We are not quite sure that it is generous on the part of the historian to characterise this outburst of the wild gaiety of despair as a proof of the "mocking spirit" of the French intellect. Other men besides Frenchmen have given vent to that laugh of desperation in the face of death: indeed, supreme excitement as often takes that form of expression as any other. But the incident in any case is very striking. We need not dwell, however, on the record of victories which moved England to impassioned interest, and intoxicated her with national pride. There is nothing finer in the book than the manner in which Dr Burton sets the great soldier before us—in the very spirit of Addison's fine lines, which he quotes more than once—like the great Angel of the Storm, "who drives the furious blast," while himself, "serene and calm" as the summer skies,

> "And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

While these thunders of war were bellowing abroad, changes of still more vital importance were taking place at home. We need not pause upon the Sacheverell Commotions, to which Dr Burton gives two instructive chapters, testifying to elaborate research—though there is a great deal of the paradoxical interest which is characteristic of the time in the prosecution of the popular preacher for his enunciation of those doctrines of divine right which were as obnoxious to the whole large scope of English statesmanship as Louis XIV. himself and his predominance

in Europe, though sympathised in both by the queen and the mob, the two extremes of society,—but will proceed at once to Dr Burton's great central interest, the history of the Union, upon which he has put forth his full strength. It would be difficult to say too much of the thorough and exhaustive record which our historian has given us of all the principles involved. It is no mere chronicle of the squabbles of commissioners on one hand or the other, abortive meetings, lukewarmness on the English side, and angry petulance on the side of the Scots, as it might easily have been; but a clear and lucid account of all the hidden forces involved, such as requires the eye of a philosopher as well as a historian. When Queen Anne came to the throne, though her authority extended over a really unanimous people on both sides of the Tweed, wishing nothing better than such a legitimate compromise as was found in her natural rights, between the law of hereditary succession and the new institution of elective sovereignty, the two halves of the kingdom were yet two, separated by some real and important discordancies of feeling, and by many bickerings and mutual offences, such as are too common among neighbours, and not unknown even in the closest circle of family life. A quarrel full of mutual aggravations and recriminations, nay, of absolute hostilities now and then, had been going on between them for years; and it had not yet become quite apparent, even to the wisest statesmen on either side, that—whatever might be the cost—these two must be made one or else break adrift altogether, an alternative forbidden at once by nature and by every true principle of policy. Throughout this quarrel Scotland had, we think (if it be not national partiality that affects our judgment), a stronger position and more reason in her resistance than England in her exactions. The cruel satisfaction with which—after refusing to the Scots any share in her commercial ventures, at a moment when the world was crazy on that subject—the richer and more powerful nation had looked on, nay, worse than looked on, at the ruin of Darien, had roused a furious sense of wrong in the Scottish bosom. Dr Burton treats this burning question, still capable of rousing the wrath even of spectators so distant as ourselves, with great impartiality and calm; but he points out very clearly the determination of the Englishman to let nobody interfere with his trade —an impassioned yet sullen determination to which he clung in the face of every law and national motive more elevated than his profit and prejudice. Foreign intervention had been checked by the first Navigation Act, passed under the Protectorate, and aiming at the diminution of the Dutch trade, which threatened to deprive England of the mastery of the seas, in which she took so much pride. And Scotland had been included within the protected circle upon the same terms as the rest of Great Britain, and only foreign Powers were shut out. But though the union of the two Crowns was a sort of general union of the two realms, there was really no feeling even of friendship between Scotch and English. The Scots, in spite of their subjection to the same sovereign, were practically looked upon as foreigners, and the second Navigation Act placed them upon the same footing in law as the subjects of other Powers. From the passing of this Act we have a continuous struggle, the Scots trying every means to induce, or even force, the English to yield them the much-

coveted freedom of trade; while on the other side we find a stubborn resistance kept up until the two kingdoms seemed actually on the verge of war.

Monopoly was the great idea of the time in commercial matters; in fact few if any other considerations seem to have commended themselves to even the most sagacious of the statesmen of the day. Throughout the varied phases of the relations between England, Scotland, and Ireland, the ruling theory in the English mind is always the same, that the best, if not the only, way to make one state rich, is to make and keep its neighbours poor. The relations of England with the two other kingdoms which now form with her the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, were no doubt very different. The difference is declared clearly enough from the English point of view in the answer returned by the English Commissioners in 1678 to the Scotch demand to be included in the privileges allowed to Ireland and Wales. This answer declares that Ireland is not only under one king with England, as Scotland, but belongs to, and is an appendix of, the Crown of England: that laws made by the English Parliament are binding in Ireland, while those of the Irish Parliament require confirmation by the English Privy Council: finally, that the high officers of the Crown have authority and jurisdiction in Ireland, "all which," it adds, "is quite otherwise in relation to Scotland." This difference is clearly shown subsequently, in the manner in which the theory of monopoly affected the measures taken by England towards Scotland and Ireland respectively.

The branch of trade which was in Anne's reign exciting most attention in England was the woollen manufactory. Here the three kingdoms came into contact: the plains of England were not the only places in the island upon which sheep could be reared; large flocks might be, and were, kept on the rougher and more broken country in Scotland and Ireland, and wool was one of the most important productions of both these kingdoms. This, of course, in pursuance of the prevailing theory, had to be put down at once; but the method of proceeding adopted was not the same in the two cases. Scotland, as has been already pointed out, was in all but name an independent state. Its legislation could, indeed, to a certain extent, be stopped by the refusal of the royal assent to the measures passed by the Estates; but even this was anything but a reliable power, and had to be used with the greatest caution: while in no way could the Houses of the English Parliament legislate for the internal affairs of Scotland as they could for Ireland. The difference between the relations was, in short, practically the same as that between relations with a foreign Power and those with a colony. They could and did prohibit the importation into England of Scotch wool, thus considerably injuring and discouraging the chief industry of the rival kingdom, and breaking off entirely negotiations for a union of Scotland and England, which at the time presented fair hopes of ultimate success; but with regard to the Irish competition they could do better still, and their proceedings in this direction were a most brilliant and instructive application of the ruling idea. Not only could the Irish trade to a great extent be crushed, but it might be made to help the English woollen manufactory. To this end all exportation to any foreign country—*i.e.*, to anywhere but England—of Irish

wool in any shape whatever, was forbidden under heavy penalties; while, for its safe conveyance to English ports, a large staff of officers was established on either side of the Channel, who actually watched the wool from its being shorn to its delivery in a stated port. Indeed it would be almost laughable, had it not been the cause of so much distress, to trace the extent to which the great theory of monopoly was followed out in dealing with the unhappy Irish. In compensation to a certain extent for the suppression of the wool trade, the Government determined to plant another industry in Ireland, and the linen trade was chosen. Arbitrary though the alternative was, the newly-introduced manufacture grew and flourished to a remarkable extent. The way in which its great success was welcomed in England is, however, a curiosity in history. Finding that it had got into the hands of a Scotch colony in the north, and was therefore not reaching the classes specially intended, it was proposed to remove the manufactory further towards the south of Ireland, so as to spread the industry over the whole country; but in discussing the question of a new grant for this, the commercial magnates are prevented from action by the fear that "if Ireland should fall into the making of fine linen, it would affect the trade of England." Such was the fear expressed by the Commissioners of the Board of Trade, and the mass of English merchants were of opinion that no further encouragement ought to be given to the Irish linen trade. It is difficult to imagine the real existence of so much ignorance and blindness as are here displayed. England had deprived Ireland of one trade in obedience to the mistaken principles of the age; she had implanted another to remedy the distress which she had caused, and at the moment when this substituted industry appeared to be on the point of accomplishing the object for which it was professedly instituted, the help and encouragement necessary to it were withheld. And the reason of this great stroke of policy was, that the new trade was tending to make Ireland rich and prosperous, to enable it to be a useful and self-supporting part of the kingdom, instead of a state ever oppressed with poverty and distress, and in need of assistance and relief from England!

Commercial tyranny of this kind was, however, safer as well as easier in the case of Ireland than in that of Scotland. The Irish might indeed be driven by distress to acts of lawlessness and violence, but the kingdom was in the power of the English Crown absolutely, and could originate no really formidable reprisals. But the refusal of the Scotch demand was a matter of much greater importance. The Scots Estates were greatly exasperated by the determined refusal of their claims, and as union seemed impossible, the next best thing appeared to them to be a more thorough and complete separation. This feeling culminated in the famous Act of Security, by which it was enacted, that in case of the queen's dying without issue, the Parliament of Scotland should choose from the royal Protestant line a successor to the throne of Scotland, with the limitation that the person chosen should on no account be the appointed successor to the English throne, unless during the interval the two kingdoms should have come to satisfactory terms for the protection of the freedom, religion, and commerce of Scotland. The violent nature of this Act clearly testifies to the depth of feeling

excited in Scotland by the selfishly exclusive position taken up by the English Government on the question of trade. Hitherto the two kingdoms, though practically independent in government, and widely separated in feelings, had been nominally united by the fact that they were both subject to one sovereign. But even this tie was now threatened. The Scots Parliament went to the utmost length that angry opposition could go. Not only did they leave themselves free to choose a different monarch, but bound themselves to do so. Thus all possibility of even a chance union was removed by the Act of Security, unless, or until the Scotch claims should be fully granted. So great, in fact, was the feeling against England, that an Act was also passed by the Scots Estates to encourage the importation into Scotland of French wines, &c., notwithstanding the fact that England and France were at war at the time.

Other events, of less importance in themselves, were tending at the same time to widen the breach between the two kingdoms. The Scots do not appear to have been fully alive to the surpassing merits and paramount importance of the system of monopoly, and they had made another claim besides that of free trade, which the English could not consistently allow. In an unlucky moment, fired with the speculative spirit of the times, the Scotch had established the well-known and ill-fated Darien Company to trade with Africa and the Indies. One of the stipulations made on their side during the negotiations for the Union, was that this Company, reduced though it was by this time to the verge of ruin, should be continued, with the alternative, which was eventually adopted, of the purchase of the shares by England. Here, however, the old question came in again; there already existed in England the East India Company, which claimed the monopoly of the Indian trade, and no English commission could think of giving it a rival. This special point of the controversy introduces a whimsical incident into the tale. The Indian Company took the matter into its own hands, and chancing to find in the Thames a vessel belonging to this presumptuous rival, gave the Scotch a hint of the power of their monopoly by seizing the vessel and its contents; nor could any Scotch claims obtain redress. Like the East India Company, the promoters of the Darien Scheme determined to act for themselves, and soon got an opportunity for reprisals, when one morning an English vessel was found to have been driven into the Forth for shelter. It was suggested, and of course instantly believed, that here was a ship belonging to the great East India Company, and the Edinburgh folk flocked to see it, no objections being made by the crew. Among others, one day three boatloads of curious visitors came out, all of course perfect strangers to each other, and were received with great cordiality by the officers of the Worcester, who little suspected that among them was no less a person than Mr Roderick Mackenzie, secretary to the Darien Company, and burning for vengeance. His plans were well laid; and the boats which brought off his party, divided so as to attract less attention, contained good store of wine and spirits, a cargo which made his welcome certain. What Dr Burton describes as "a thoroughly jovial revel" then took place; and when the party broke up, and Mr Mackenzie was saying good-bye to the Worcester officers at the door of their cabin, he seized a moment when all his party were outside and all the officers inside

the room, shut the door suddenly, and so had the officers as in a trap. The men, deprived of their leaders, were easily mastered, and the ship remained in the possession of the adventurous secretary and his friends. Here the story takes a tragical turn: it was soon discovered that the Worcester did not belong to the East India Company, as had been at first supposed; no one appeared to have any claim upon her except her crew, and the goods in her hold were not stowed away regularly, as for trade, but rather heaped up indiscriminately, in a way that excited suspicions of a less legal method of acquisition. These suspicions, strengthened by conversations overheard between the men, and by the startling news that one of the ships of the Darien Company had been captured and destroyed by pirates, soon ripened into certainties in the minds of the people; and Green, the captain, with thirteen others, were arrested, tried, and condemned for murder and piracy. The judgment was rash; for after-inquiries proved that the unfortunate vessel lost could not have been destroyed by the Worcester. Yet the sentence was so far justifiable that the men were proved, two of them by their own confession, to be pirates and murderers, guilty in other cases, if not in this; and on the ground that a pirate is an enemy of the human race, his execution is always legal, given proof of the offence. Still they might all perhaps have escaped, had it not been made to a certain extent a national question. The seizing of the Worcester was in itself an act which England might well resent; and English influence was exerted to the utmost to prevent the decreed executions. But the feelings of the Scotch people were too strongly excited to be calmed without a sacrifice; and accordingly, in direct opposition to the wishes of the English Government, Green and two of the crew were executed. Dr Burton does not attempt to justify this act, blaming for it most justly the looseness of the Scotch criminal procedure; but at the same time he observes, with equal truth and force, that, had almost any of the Continental Powers captured Green in the pursuit of his calling, it would have been a case of torture to begin with, and, for all who escaped hanging, the galleys for life.

Another case in which matters at one time threatened to become serious was what is known as the "Scotch Plot," an attempt on the part of the well-known and unprincipled Simon Fraser of Lovat to gain prominence for himself, and vengeance upon some personal enemies, by a Jacobite rising in the Highlands, assisted by aid from France. The plot came to nothing, as any scheme based upon the raising of 10,000 men in the Highlands was sure to do; but it created great excitement in London, and did not tend to increase the confidence felt in the friendly dispositions of Scotland.

Meanwhile, while the two kingdoms were drifting further asunder every day, the English Parliament had produced its answer to the Scotch Act of Security. All must, by this time, have been alive to the fact that they had before them the alternative of either allowing the Scots to compete with them in trade, or entering upon a war which, though it could hardly be formidable, must of necessity be fraught with disastrous consequences to their trade for a time. And their answer to the valiant defiance of the Scots was a wise and well-considered measure. It provided for the fortification of strong places in the North, and other warlike preparations, and

further signified the readiness of the English to accept the separation of the realms, should it be forced on them, by declaring that, from a given time, every native of Scotland should be considered an alien, and debarred from the privileges of a natural-born English subject; while, at the same time, it offered hopes of settlement by giving the Queen power to appoint commissioners for a treaty of union. The great merit of this answer lies in the manner in which, by showing equal readiness to accept either alternative, they cast back upon Scotland the responsibility of either holding to their ill-advised threats, which it is hard to believe can ever have been uttered except merely as threats, or, by consenting to treat for a union, making the trial whether these threats had produced their desired effect. The Estates adopted the latter course, and a Commission was appointed; but hardly had they begun their meetings before it was made evident that England had determined to yield her point, and surrender to the bold front shown by the Scotch. How such a defiance as that of the Act of Security can have frightened England into so great concessions can only be explained on the supposition that the English statesmen who managed the affair were really more prudent and far-sighted men than their commercial theories would lead us to believe. Dr Burton evidently thinks they were: he remarks of the Act of Security—

"It might be conjectured from the action of England at this juncture, that the sage Godolphin did not regret the formidable measures of Scotland, in some hope that the dread of war might frighten the great trading interests of England into compliance with the free trade demands of Scotland."

The "sage Godolphin" must undoubtedly have been too sage to feel this dread of war himself, but the great trading interests must as undoubtedly have done so, as, from the first meeting of this Commission, the behaviour of England to Scotland is marked with the greatest courtesy and compliance. The question of trade is given up without a murmur; the terms of union are sent up to Scotland to be debated clause by clause in the Scots Estates before they are laid before the English Parliament; and, finally, when sent back from Scotland revised and remodelled, they are passed through the House of Commons without any discussion of detail. In March 1707 England and Scotland thus became one.

There were, of course, many differences between the forms and customs of the two kingdoms thus suddenly amalgamated. A doubt must have remained as to whether the proud and sensitive Scots would be willing to take their place in a Parliament regulated entirely by the traditions of the race so long in opposition. On this point, however, Scotland showed no deficiency of good sense, and returned the courtesy displayed in the matter by the other side, by a prompt and unresisting submission to the English forms of procedure. The Scottish Historiographer-Royal takes this opportunity of paying a noble tribute to the English Parliamentary forms:—

"They stand not only unmatched but unapproached in efficiency, by any other public institution not copied from them, as a mechanism for collecting the predominating judgment of a popular assembly on any piece of business, whether of the simplest or the most complex character. . . . This noble organisation may be counted as the collective trophies gained in the long contest between prerogative and privilege; and those who had the keeping of so precious a charge would not and dared not sacrifice a morsel of it."

Thus ended, to the peace and consolation of all concerned, a most irritating and difficult negotiation. The Union at first was bitterly unpopular in the north; but Dr Burton, whose view throughout is more statesman-like and philosophical than local, gives little space or importance to the hostility. Many circumstances of disturbance have occurred since; and perhaps there might have been, had the country been keen to take offence, a sufficient tale of neglects and slights to touch the pride of a people so tenacious. But Scotland has always taken the wiser and more dignified part. She has never shown any wish to be pitied, and has pursued her own way without sulking like a touchy dependent at every demonstration of English self-superiority. Any such suggestion as that which has so long kept Ireland aflame, for repeal of the bond which unites the two nations, would be received in Scotland with inextinguishable laughter. The two are, indeed, no longer two, notwithstanding a goodly remnant of prejudices and ignorance on both sides, but to all intents and purposes one people.

The only chapter in Dr Burton's book which seems to us disappointing is the one which it was to be expected that an experienced writer of his large cultivation and taste would have written with most zest —the chapter on literature. Perhaps the sense that the natural temptation would be to give this chapter special prominence, may have had something to do with the restriction of its limits. It is a subject which could not fail to fill the mind with a hundred images. The "Augustan Age,"—the time of polished prose and more polished verse,—a kind of revival of letters and reawakening of all the Muses — it is an odd piece of neglect to crowd all the superabundant wit of such a period into a corner, and give us a series of detached and by no means exhaustive notices instead of that brilliant story of a climax in literary art which we might have expected. For the age of Anne was not only rich, but also characteristic in the highest degree, — no repetition of what had gone before, but a new and striking development of intelligence, owning new influences and a changed standard of excellence. Whether we do, or do not, give in our personal adhesion to the "Popeish" reign of polished correctness, we are unable to deny its power; and when we reflect that Dr Burton dedicates very nearly an entire chapter to the refugee Rapin and his history, we are more and more astonished at the limited space he allots to, and the hurried survey he gives of, the abounding literature of the time. He begins the record with a kind of apology. "The writings of Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Steele, with a large portion of the multitudinous works, small and great, contributed by Defoe, are among the living literature of the present age, and it would be a discourtesy to suppose that any reader required to be informed about them." This is, no doubt, a most graceful way of eluding us, and it is hard to be severe upon an author who thus compliments our supposed intelligence with so courtly a bow, and an air of so much polite deference. But, as a matter of fact, it would be an equal discourtesy to suppose that any reader was unacquainted with Marlborough, whom, nevertheless, the historian sets before us in detail. And of all the striking aspects of the age of Anne, its literary development is perhaps the one which has most charm and interest. Records of wars, though exciting beyond measure when accom-

panied by the keen zest of contemporary interest, are not, as a rule, very attractive reading. We pounce upon every little human incident in the chronicle of strategy or carnage, and care much less how the battle of Blenheim was won than about that tragic pause after it which Dr Burton has so well described. And it requires a great deal of character and human interest in the combinations of great politicians to carry the ordinary reader through all the cabals and intrigues, the councils and debates of Parliamentary history; but the Republic of Letters has the gift of being always, or almost always, amusing. Perhaps the actors in that drama are not so much above the ordinary level of interest as are those who guide the affairs of the nation; their vicissitudes, their disappointments and successes, are personal, the sweetness of their fame is such as we can all appreciate, and in most cases involves much amusing revelation of themselves. They are the only class who stand as it were in the foreground of their works, and hand to us with human smiles their contribution, which is so much greater than that of any other class, to the elucidation of humanity. And there never was a time in which we were taken more completely into the confidence of our instructors than in the days of Queen Anne. They were not the most admirable, nor even the most blameless, of mankind; but they have nothing to hide from us, those wits of the coffee-houses, those fine moralists with their ruffles dabbled in ink and wine, those coarse thinkers and exquisite writers. Perhaps it is the 'Spectator' more than anything else which has given us the sensation of actually walking about among them, seeing them hob and nob over their claret, hearing of their misfortunes and successes—a great man's ear gained, a dedication accepted, a place secured, which shall leave them free to rhyme; or else, more interesting still, an audience refused, and a careless patron set up for ever in his folly and petty greatness to the admiration and ridicule of the world. And no doubt the accessibility of this wonderful literary panorama makes Dr Burton less careful to give his own account of it. But we cannot help regretting this. "An acquaintance with the 'Spectator'" has, we suspect, very much ceased to be "a quality in the possession of all young persons whose education was not neglected." It has dropped, like so many more edifying things, from the list of books which it is indispensable for a gentleman to know. That list, we rather think, has narrowed greatly, so far as English literature is concerned, in recent days; and certainly it does not include the 'Spectator.' And though the furniture of Queen Anne's time has come into request, we are not aware that the contemporary literature has followed a similar rule.

What our historian really does, however, in this department, is to give us a few sketches of the great writers of the time, in which he is naturally hampered by the fact that all those great writers flourished beyond this limited period, and that the reign of Queen Anne embraced but a portion of their lives. Swift is the one of this distinguished company whose strange and gloomy figure is set most distinctly before us. He is not a favourite with the historian, nor are the extracts he makes from the letters to Stella of a kind to raise the great Dean in the opinion of a reader unacquainted with him; but Dr Burton is surely somewhat over-severe in his treatment of so re-

markable a personage. All the licence he grants to Swift's works is that, "although they are of a nature not to be palpably discussed in an age of decorum like the present, it is scarcely just that, flagrant as he chose to make them, they should be absolutely forgotten." Rabelais is more gross than Swift, yet Rabelais is quoted and gloated over by innumerable authorities, and holds the highest place as a classic, which, indeed, is also Swift's case. It was not a clean age, and much that is indispensable to our present ideas was not so much as thought of; but yet we doubt whether, in the existing condition of literature, we have any right to throw so murderous a stone. Swift's character and his works, however, are matters much too complex to be discussed in such contracted limits, and Dr Burton treats them more as a man might do who was counselling a youth not to have anything to do with literature of this description, than as an impartial critic reviewing a great national writer. Our sympathies are so entirely with Dr Burton, that we are the more bound to protest against a method which does not do justice either to the author or reader.

Addison and Steele are named, and no more, in the record, though Addison is the *fine fleur* of literature in Queen Anne's age, the most exquisite of workmen, and, notwithstanding Pope's tremendous invective, as irreproachable, perhaps, as his generation permitted. We cannot help being reminded of the fact that our historian has his hobbies like other men, and that we had met with him in the quaint researches of the 'Book-Hunter' before we knew him in the wider field of history, when we light, at intervals through these pages, and notably in the literary chapter, upon an unknown worthy, who might be Dr Burton's own invention, so new is he to our ears at least. Tom Brown—not our learned Sir Thomas, of meditative memory, but an altogether individual person, unknown, Dr Burton allows, even to ordinary English biographical dictionaries—is the new brother whom we find introduced, without much preface, head and shoulders, into the limited list of authors here noticed. As he is Dr Burton's discovery, it is well that he should have all the credit of him.

"There was another Thomas Brown busily writing and printing throughout our period—a genial being, who generally comes to the surface in the gossip of the day as 'Tom Brown.' When the two are estimated with each other, the one might be likened to a solemn organ, the other to a flute, keen and melodious. Sir Thomas avowedly dealt with learned matters, but Tom appears to have been the greater scholar of the two. He was saturated with classicalities, both Latin and Greek. He lets his reader see, with quaint innocent-like hints, that he sees some of the horrors hidden in classical literature. But he does not dwell on them as one like-minded—he rather lets it be seen that he sees it all and could enlarge on it if his taste induced or permitted him so to indulge. He has much to say about indecorums and immoralities, but he cannot be called an indecorous or immoral writer; and indeed he is apt to create surprise by the success that attends him in making the objects of his lash distinct, in language so inoffensive as he uses. He is a monument of purity if we set him beside the very reverend scorner who is believed by so many to give lustre to the literature of the age."

Among the considerable extracts which Dr Burton gives from the works of this new-old master there is one passage quoted, in a note in the first volume, from this writer, which

is very original at least, and, if it is to be relied upon, gives a new view of the position of the Dissenters and the Church in this age of transitions. Notwithstanding the various revelations on this subject which have all gone to convince the reader that a parson in Queen Anne's time was in every respect a very different man, and holding a very different rank, from that of the humblest curate nowadays, it is startling to be told of "the attractions of the Nonconforming interests in the eyes of a worldly-minded scholar selecting his lot as a pastor." Tom Brown is more graphic in this contrast than in the other commentaries upon the age which are quoted from him. He describes the disadvantages of the "poor painful priest" with some humour, showing how he finds in his new parish "an old rotten house ready to fall," tithes to be paid to the king, hospitality to be kept up,—"none of my parishioners to go from me with dry lips:" and that in the patron's house "it is two to one that there is an abigail who must be married;" whereas on the other side the attractions are represented as follows:—

"Suppose me then in a congregation as their pastor, teacher, holder-forth—call it what you please. You must know that they will be a select number of people (not like your churches, a herd made up of a few sheep and a multitude of goats), most of them of the sweet female sex (whose kindness towards their spiritual pastors or teachers is never less than their zeal for what they teach them), scattered up and down here and there in several of your parishes. And for the better edification of these precious souls, it will be in my power to choose the place of my residence or abode; and if I do not choose a convenient place 'tis my own fault. Instead of an old rotten parsonage or vicarage house, I promise myself forty, fifty, or threescore good houses, where I shall be entertained with such fulness of delight, yea, and empire too (not like your pitiful curates or chaplains that must sneak to the groom or butler), that even the gentlemen that pretend to make gods of their landlords will be apt to envy me: and if I resolve to enter into the matrimonial state, I shall be strangely unfortunate if, instead of an abigail, I meet not with some opulent widow, or some tender-hearted virgin of no ordinary fortune." "No obligation to hospitality will lie upon me, and I shall be troubled with few visitors but such as will bring their entertainment with them, if they send it not before them: I shall not be liable to pay one penny out of my income to bishops or chancellors, to church or poor—no, nor to the king and queen. And what a happiness, think you, will this be, to live under a Government and enjoy so much good under its protection, and not part with one farthing towards the support of it."

If this is not very brilliant satire, it is still legitimate enough, and has some revelation in it of one or two characteristics of the time, which is the grand condition of satire,—the chief thing that gives it any attraction for posterity.

Defoe, Dr Burton discusses chiefly in respect to his political writings, which, if the principle is a sound one, that these are "not to be found, like those of Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, in every gentleman's library," and, therefore, have more need to be produced as new to the reader, is right enough. But Defoe's greatness lies so entirely in the marvellous realism of his imagination, if we may use so paradoxical an expression, and his character in a political point of view is so little attractive, that we could have wished a different choice. It is no doubt true, as is well said by the last biographer of this strange genius, that his life

was essentially that of a journalist and political writer, and that his fictions were but incidents in his career. But at this distance these are the incidents which tell. And the peculiarity of Defoe's imaginative works is, we think, specially characteristic of the time, which was not an age for abstractions or elevated fancy, but one which loved detail and that fiction with the air of fact in it of which Defoe was the supreme master. The imagination of Addison was of a loftier kind. It conceived an ideal character, while Defoe only created an imaginary man: but yet there is that resemblance between them which runs even through the portraits of a period,—a resemblance which, no doubt, has something to do with costume, yet is more than costume. Sir Roger de Coverley is such a noble gentleman as Defoe has no conception of. Yet he is set before us with all the tender skill of a minature painter—line upon line, tint upon tint—his peruke, his ruffles, his old hall and servants, idealised only so far as the genius that created him was of a spiritual kind, and had called forth out of the unknown a noble and tender human being, superior to all his surroundings, before proceeding to set him bodily before us, among the fresh fields and old-world habits in which he lived. The details here are in just subjection to the beautiful ideal of humanity which makes the whole world more bright,—but yet the details are there, and though illuminated by a more lovely light of fancy, all is real in the soft landscape, every turn of the road and undulation of the soil painted for us, and even the very manners of the chairmen and shouts of the linkboys in Covent Garden, when our fine old gentleman comes to town. A painter could make a picture from nothing but these descriptions,—not perhaps so deadly exact as Hogarth, but full of visionary resemblance, and perhaps more true though less real. This is the literary tendency of the age. Memoirs, letters which are autobiographies, reported interviews, in which every word of every dialogue remains, and you know how many lackeys the suitor passed in the great man's antechambers and how many horses he had to his coach, if not how many ruts and ditches on the way. Of this tendency Defoe was the typical example. He was the climax to which the art pushed itself through all its softer and broader processes. With Addison it was conjoined with the purest poetical inspiration; and Sterne, a little later, mingled it artfully with many other ingredients, the evil part of which should not make us forget that by times he also rose to a high and beautiful level of ideal conception. But Defoe, with his brilliant intellect and prosaic character, carried it to the most absolute development which art ever had. We do not know very much about the kind of man his Crusoe was—no ideal of him, nor of what he would do in other circumstances, could have formed itself in the mind of any reader; but we know himself where he stands, and could make his portrait, and map out the road, and find the shelf on which he kept his treasures. He is as real to us as our next neighbours. We see him go and come, and note all his industries and the cleverness of his inventions, and never ask ourselves for a moment whether any of these wonderful expedients are unlikely. How, indeed, can they be called unlikely, when we see them, and the need of them, and perceive how his resources meet the ever-increasing strain made upon them? It is the very

triumph of fact turned into imagination—of the real taken possession of, moulded and leavened and worked out, pervaded by a creative force, but never losing its distinct and solid standing-ground. This man of fiction—this shipwrecked sailor—is, we repeat, as our next-door neighbour, whom we watch every day of our lives, and see in every particular of his existence, yet know nothing about. We could touch him and handle him did we stretch forth a finger, but we have never come to speech of him, nor do we know what is in his heart. The mental tendency of the time towards minute observation and lengthened record—the spirit which found so much interest in life that every turning of a corner was an event, and all the facts of existence memorable—reached its very furthest point in this great, curious, intense, and yet limited intellect, of which we feel sometimes inclined to doubt whether, notwithstanding its so vivid and extraordinary imaginative efforts, it possessed any imagination at all. Here, however, the remembrance of a work, to our own eyes much more striking and impressive than any of the others—the 'Journal of the Plague'—comes before us and stops our mouths. But even there, though the power of putting himself into a place and circumstances conceived by fancy is extraordinary, we are again confronted on every side by the real, and know very little, though more than Crusoe, of the man by whose side we walk, and through whose eyes we see.

Here, however, is the boundary-wall sharply marked, against which we can do no more than knock our heads, if any one of us should have the ambition of superseding Defoe. He has gone as far as man can go in the path he has chosen. Genius greater and more suggestive may diverge on all sides, but Defoe carries his art to the last limits of the possible. He is the perfect realisation of fact in fiction, and absolute prose in imagination. He is a photographer, but of a scene that exists only in fancy; a printer, but with types that never were founded. How far this is from the highest art it is almost impossible to say, yet it is the climax of that realism which ran through all literary effort in his period, most perfect in skill, most bewildering in facsimile,—a sort of highly-concentrated marketable essence of fact reproduced in fiction. So strongly was this the case, that when a real record of remote individual experiences dropped into the world without much information about its authorship, the very gravity of its truthfulness suggested to the critics that it must be the work of Defoe. He was thus the most perfect example of his age and its tendency in literature. It was an age of narrative, and he was Narrative impersonified—the very genius of the material imagination.

It is amusing, however, to note, through the medium of some of these literary sketches, how very little merit was necessary, notwithstanding the existence of so many great writers, to gain a figure among the men of letters of Queen Anne. This is a reflection, perhaps, which every new generation makes. Not very long ago we were startled and horrified to hear from one of the best of contemporary critics the audacious assertion that the world-renowned coterie of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in place of being, as we devoutly supposed, brilliant men of genius all, and worthy to have invented the modern periodical, were not a bit better than their successors—nay, that magazine writers of the present day are as a class superior, both in what they have to

say and the manner in which they say it, to those demigods. The statement personally took away our breath, yet it is not without evidence in its favour. But when we turn to the examples given, for instance, of Gay, we can but reflect, with dismayed astonishment, that the writer of those feeble verses walked complacently about the world labelled Poet, in the lifetime of Pope, and consorted with that master of expression on terms of easy equality as being, he too, a master of song. Contemporary eyes, we suppose, will continue to make these strange mistakes until the end of time.

Thus Dr Burton places before us one of the most critical periods in our history,—an age full of corruption and meanness, yet likewise of such a bold and resolute stand upon a broad principle as has seldom been equalled either in its tenacity or its success; a reign full of petty cabals and backstairs intrigues, yet in which the best men were chosen for the offices they were most fit to fill, with as much discrimination as if Wisdom herself, and not Court-favour, had presided at their selection. It would have better suited the supposed logic of events that the husband of Duchess Sarah should have been a fool and an incapable person, instead of the greatest soldier and diplomatist of his times. But Providence was kind in this respect to the solitary queen and childless woman who was so little adapted for a crown, yet in whose period of sovereignty the English throne was settled so securely, that all the deficiencies of the new dynasty, and all the romantic attractions of the old, failed to shake its equilibrium for a moment; and two nations full of jarring elements were happily made into one, and thus stood fast—and have stood fast ever since—against all assaults; and the English arms gained more than the barren glory which so often attends great victories, by subduing and rendering harmless the only antagonist who could have interfered with the internal peace and safety of the country. To set forth the great aims pursued through much personal pettiness, and a bewildering flutter of contemporary comment,—to show the energy and fulness and exuberant life of the period, and all it accomplished,—was no light task. Dr Burton has fulfilled it with a breadth of philosophical discrimination, justice, and impartiality which the readers of his former works will indeed fully calculate upon, but which are rare qualities at a time when picturesque description has almost won the day among us over sound judgment and impartial truth.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.—PART III.

IX.—RUNNING IN THE YELLOW MOB.

NEXT morning the black boy, whose business it was to collect and yard all the horses that happened to be in the paddock, reported that one of them was lying dead in a small water-hole. On going down to the spot with his tutor the horsebreaker, John found it to be the chestnut mare which had given so much trouble the day before. She was lying in a shallow pool of water not more than eighteen inches in depth, with her head completely immersed. They had her dragged out, and examined her carefully, but could discover no injury which would account for her decease. Jack the Native declared that she had drowned herself deliberately, and related several curious instances concerning sulky horses which had come under his own notice, some of which John West heard confirmed by other experienced bushmen. However, no one seemed to regret her loss, Old Graham, who had a detestation of unruly horses, remarking that "it was a good job; it would save some fellow's neck." A new two-year-old supplied her place in the yard, and soon succumbed to the treatment she had resisted unto death.

This morning the black colt, after having gone through his lesson of the previous day several times, was fastened to one of the rails of the yard by the halter. Finding himself fast, he endeavoured to break the rope by straining on it with all his force. In vain: he only compressed his jaws with each struggle. The green-hide halter was strong enough to hold a bull. He reared and fought with his feet in the air, the halter being judiciously slackened to allow him room, and again tightened on his coming down. Gradually he found that, by coming close to the fence, the rope relaxed and gave relief to his aching jaws, upon which he gave over struggling to free himself, and remained still.

"Now," said the Native, "after a lesson or two of that sort, you'll never break a bridle, my boy."

All horses, he explained to John, should be thus treated when broken in. They learn easily a lesson then which saves infinite annoyance afterwards. The black colt was now driven about the yard in reins in order to mouth him until he understood how to turn to the right or left when desired, after which, another quiet old horse having been procured and mounted by Long Jack, he was taught to lead alongside. This he picked up in the course of half an hour. The breaker then rode into the paddock, leading him, walked, trotted, galloped, took him round the buildings of the house, and back to the yard again. In the course of the evening the colt's breaking-in tackle was exchanged for a riding-saddle and bridle; he then received a short lesson in leading on foot, which his previous experience with the trailing halter had prepared him for, and all that now remained to do was the mounting. This was accomplished in the same cautious gentle manner which had distinguished his previous education. First the saddle received a few pats, then it was moved backwards and forwards; then a foot was quietly inserted in the stirrup, and weight put on it, the

colt being made to stand still; then the right leg was slipped over, and the rider sat on the back which never before had felt a burden. Dismounting, the same proceeding was repeated again and again. John was now made to mount the other horse, and riding side by side the pair moved round the yard. The colt broke into a jog once or twice, sawing a little at the bit and shaking his head, but one steady firm hand kept him to the walk, while the other caressed him soothingly, his rider addressing him in various terms of horsey endearment. This lesson over, he was again allowed his freedom in the paddock. Charley's horses were both pretty quiet also. One of them gave a few bucks, but went steadily afterwards.

Next day John found himself called upon to accompany the breaker when riding the young horses; and with the exception of a sudden kick or buck when startled, they behaved very quietly. The men seemed to have a habit of sticking tight to the saddle intuitively when the animal they bestrode gave the slightest indication of restiveness. The saddles they rode on were very well adapted for breaking-in purposes, and John did not recollect ever having seen any of the kind in England. They were made of what is called "bag leather," with the rough inside of the skin outwards. They were well cut back on the pommel to allow the withers of any horse plenty of room. The knee-pads were very large and strong, covering the front of the knee completely; and a pad behind the thigh fixed the leg as in a vice. The pommel was also furnished with strong iron dees driven firmly into the woodwork, for the purpose of holding the straps necessary for fixing on a swag. The Native explained that second or third rate riders very often made up a bundle of twigs, rolled up in a piece of cloth, which they bound across the saddle by these straps. This kid, as it is called, pressing firmly on the front of the legs, assists immensely in keeping a rider down in the saddle when a horse bucks heavily, but is at the same time dangerous. The easy grace with which the Native and his mate sat on their horses was a source of constant admiration to the young Englishman. The inimitable elegance which constant practice had lent to their slender, well-knit figures characterised every motion, especially that of mounting.

John soon learned sufficient of the breaking-in business to enable him to practise it successfully; and stimulated by the Native's praises, he hardened his heart and mounted several of the young horses for the first time. Gradually gaining confidence, he tried his hand at sticking to some of the more notorious youngsters, not without receiving many tumbles in the soft sand of the creek, whither he prudently conducted such animals as were of a lively disposition.

And now an attempt was about to be made to run in a mob of horses whose favourite pastures were in a remote part of the run. This particular herd of wild horses had amongst its numbers many fine animals which had escaped from servitude, and for which a standing reward existed. They had adopted all the characteristics of their wild brethren, and were quite as wary and watchful, and equally hard to turn in the direction of the yards, when they set their faces towards their mountain fastnesses. It was ruled by a stallion of unusual size and beauty, of a peculiar golden yellow colour, with waving long black mane and tail. He was a thoroughbred horse, son of a

horse imported at great expense from England, out of an imported mare of equal breeding, and when a colt of about eighteen months, had by great negligence been allowed to wander from "Bindarobina," the station of the United Australian Pastoral Company. For several years his whereabouts remained undiscovered, until a solitary stockman, tracking some cattle into this unfrequented spot, dropped across the tracks of a herd of horses, round a small water-hole at which he had stopped to water his own nag. Following up the fresh tracks for about half a mile, the stockman came suddenly upon a mob of nearly thirty horses, feeding up a pleasant valley, covered with delicate young burnt feed. A loud snort from one of the mares announced their discovery of him; and the yellow steed, galloping round his harem, drew them off to a little distance, and advanced with proudly arched neck and floating tail at a high stepping trot, to examine the intruder. One by one the rest trotted up, and caracoled in a circle, shaking their heads, plunging and kicking playfully at each other. Most of the foals and young horses were of the same rich golden yellow as their sire, and the beauty of their appearance plainly betokened noble pedigree on the father's side at least. A movement on the part of the man sent the whole mob flying through the forest glades. Several years had passed since then, and many attempts had been unsuccessfully made to get in the yellow mob as they were called, but in vain. Whether it was that those who first attempted it were inferior riders, or poorly mounted, or mismanaged matters, none had ever succeeded in capturing the fleet monarch of the woods. The frequent attempts to run in these animals had served to make them unusually alert, and the chief difficulty lay in keeping them together, it being their custom to split in every direction when pursued. Most men who had tried their luck with the yellow mob came home unsuccessful, with horses knocked up, or perhaps ruined for life; and those thought themselves fortunate who managed to cut out, and bring home, a few mares and foals,—unable to keep up with the better-winded and lighter-heeled steeds. The Native and Charley had heard many tales of these outlaws during their residence in the neighbourhood, but had never had an opportunity before of measuring themselves with them, and both ardently longed to attempt the difficult and arduous undertaking.

The day came, and mounted on the picked horses of the Cambaranga station, the Native and his mate, accompanied by the stockman and our friend John, started to find, and if possible capture, the yellow mob. John, who was in high spirits, determined that at all events no one should have it to say that he was afraid to ride, and resented highly Charley's depreciatory remark that "he wouldn't see the way they went."

The little party followed a narrow track, which, winding through some scrubby thick country, led them over a small range into the watershed of the creek, on the head of which the horses were usually found. The creek was at this time of the year merely a succession of huge water-holes and beds of sand. The country on its banks for some miles was of an open, ridgy, timbered description; then, as the party pushed further up, it took a different character,—the soil became poor—a mixture of pipeclay and sand; the trees grew tall and straight, while thick underwood and saplings here and there gave a gloomy look to the whole. Further

on the creek grew more confined. Ridges came close into it of a stony, broken, difficult nature, and at last, after about four or five miles of this kind of travelling, the country opened out again. Sandy, apple-tree flats, and iron-bark ridges, lined the creek here on either side; while at no great distance ranges bounded the view.

All now became interested in inspecting the ground. Horses' tracks, though old, could be plainly seen everywhere. A mile or two was traversed cautiously, the stockman assuring the party that if "Yellow-man got wind of them that night, they might say good-bye to their chance of getting a run out of him." Accordingly a convenient spot was chosen for a camp, the horses were hobbled and turned out, and matters discussed with the assistance of the pot and the pipe.

John thoroughly enjoyed this camping out. The red sun was sinking behind the dark mountain-range, throwing a warm glow over the western sky. Not a cloud was visible. The horses revelled in good sweet pasture. The fire was lit and pots boiled merrily, while overhead the laughing jackasses chorussed out in discordant union their strange greeting to the evening. Clouds of white cockatoos flew screeching one after another in the same direction, like flakes of snow upon the sky; gentle little squatter pigeons cooed lovingly in answer to their mates on all sides, or flew rapidly up to a branch of one of the old trees which overhung the pool at which they were accustomed to slake their thirst. Sometimes a kangaroo would come down with measured thud, thud, and drink, and then return without noticing the human beings; or seeing them, would swerve suddenly to one side, and disappear with flying leaps. Certainly it was the elysium of rest. The recumbent position gave thorough ease after the long ride, and the friendly pipe produced a soothing effect on minds free from care, which those only know who have experienced it. How little sufficed them,—a scanty supper of beef and bread, with a quart of tea; a thin half blanket a-piece under them, and their saddles for pillows. John would not have bartered his peace of mind to be a king.

Presently Charley commenced a yarn, which drew another from the stockman, followed in turn by the Native, after which the entire party dropped off to sleep.

John had not, as it appeared to him, slept more than a few minutes, when he was awakened by one of the others, who, calling to him to get his bridle, started off towards where the horses had been feeding. Hastily snatching it from the ground, he followed, and soon came upon Charley, who told him that a wild mob had come down to their horses, and they feared that their nap might be taken away by them. Now they overtook Jack and the stockman, who had succeeded in catching their animals, and stopping the others, which were hastily bridled. John had not got the sleep quite out of his eyes, but soon the noise of many hoofs awakened him completely.

In the clear starlit night he saw plainly a dark mass circling rapidly round them, while the tramp of the wild squadron sounded like thunder. Suddenly there was a pause, then came a loud fierce snort like a trumpet blast, then another short interval of silence. Once more the angry defiance broke upon the quiet night, then a rush —a breaking of saplings, the galloping of many feet — becoming fainter and fainter until lost in the distance. Sleep was now out of

the question. The Southern Cross sinking to rest betokened that the night had almost passed. Soon the bright morning-star ushered in the calm sweet dawn. A few birds began to whistle. The laughing jackasses simultaneously unite once more in offering their grateful but unearthly hymn of praise. Far down the creek, on one of the river-oaks which grow in its bed, a swamp pheasant utters its rapid coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-cook. Once more the cockatoos fly screeching across the sky towards their feeding-ground beside a distant stream. A huge crow, with a knowledge of their whereabouts truly supernatural, flies up and alights heavily on a branch above their heads, with a loud hoarse caw of satisfaction, echoed a moment afterwards by his mate. And now the glorious southern sun arises above the horizon. The air resounds with the joyous melody of birds, among which is heard clearly the rich full note of the organ magpie.

A hasty breakfast is soon over, pipes are lighted, horses saddled, and the party proceed on their search. How exhilarating is the morning sweetness! a brilliant fresh beauty pervades everything,—the leaves, the flowers, the grass, glisten with dew. As they cross the creek the horses stand with their fetlocks in the clear limpid water and sip it luxuriously, now and then raising their heads to look about them with their mouths full, a little stream escaping from their lips where the bit parts them. Now they follow the tracks of their midnight visitors. Occasionally they pass in close proximity to some old-man kangaroo, who, surrounded by his does, sits upright watching the small party as they go by, until reassured by the gradually increasing distance, he again drops on all fours, and slowly hops from one sweet patch of feeding-ground to another, interrupting his breakfast now and then to scratch himself with one of his short human-like arms, much after the manner of a monkey. Frequently they come to a bare patch of ground under a few shady trees, with horse tracks more or less fresh, and heaps of dung.

"Horse camp," whispers the stockman to John. "We may come on them any minute now."

John's heart flutters with the excitement caused by the stealthy approach, and the knowledge that the first glimpse will send them all away at a wild racing pace. The others take things more coolly. Now and then one gets down to examine a track which puzzles him. Now the tracks split and look as if going in all directions. At this moment Charley, who is leading, stops short, and holds his head in a listening attitude, lifting his hand as if enjoining caution.

All stop, and standing in their stirrups, crane their necks to discover the mob they are in search of,—but a patch of scrub lies before them. As they cautiously creep up to Charley, he whispers that he heard a foal whinnying not far in advance. It is fortunate that they are to leeward of the mob. They all alight and settle their saddle-cloths, tighten their girths and belts, pull the chin-straps of their cabbage-tree hats down, and mounting, move towards the scrub. For one moment John caught sight of a mob of horses, some black, a few bays, a grey or two, and a number of yellow or golden chestnut hue, —the most prominent figure, however, being a noble up-standing yellow horse, with a rich golden tint lighting up the otherwise rather ugly colour.

He stood a few yards nearer to them than the rest, gazing with up-

lifted head. Then seemingly comprehending what they wanted, he snorted and dashed off furiously. There was a confused noise, a few neighs from mares and foals, a huge cloud of dust, a rapid trampling, and John found himself galloping close to a number of mares and foals, streaming in a long line after a cloud of dust in the distance. John now realised what Charley meant by saying he would never see the way they went; but pushing his horse to its best, he flew on, hoping to overtake his companions. The mares and foals broke behind him in various directions, but still he pushed on; now some broken looking gullies with huge rocks rose in front, and dashing down them at the imminent risk of his neck, he found still worse before him. This was rather different to sailing over the open level country. Here he was stuck at these gullies, while no doubt his companions were straining every nerve in pursuit of the famous Yellowman. Scrambling sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, he came at last to a standstill, and recognised all his efforts as useless. He was clearly not destined to be the capturer of any of that wild lot.

Turning his horse's head, he followed, not without a good deal of trouble, the broken gully to its junction with the creek, coming upon the tracks of a mob of horses heading down it as he did so. Disgusted and ashamed of his failure, John pushed on with hopes of not getting in very much behind the others. As he passed through the thick country on the banks of the creek, following as much as possible the tracks of the horses, he came to a spot where the broken and bent saplings gave evidence of their furious speed; and on the ground he was shocked to see a man lying. Dismounting hastily, he found it to be the stockman, who had met with a disaster amongst the thick timber. Recognising John, he faintly whispered "Water." John procured some in his quart-pot, which the poor fellow eagerly swallowed, and coming round a little, with difficulty gave him to understand that he had struck against a large bough, which had knocked him off his horse, and he thought had smashed in his chest. Getting some more water, and propping his head up comfortably, John left him, promising to bring the buggy for him; and pushing his horse along at a gallop, soon reached the range dividing the creek from that on which the station stood.

As he turned round a patch of scrub he fell in with about a dozen horses coming towards him, and by their knocked-up, draggled appearance, guessed them to be part of the mob his companions had followed. Something had occurred to prevent them being yarded, which gave him a chance to distinguish himself, and redeem his failure. Shouting at them, and cracking his whip, he found little difficulty in heading the jaded animals towards home. His own horse was comparatively fresh, and he had nearly brought them in sight of the yard, when Charley came up on a fresh horse, overjoyed to find that West had turned up in the very nick of time. The horses were now securely yarded, and to John's intense delight and pride he found that the Native had run in the yellow stallion. Singling out from the mob, of which he was the leader, the powerful thoroughbred had stretched himself to his utmost, as he raced along, followed closely by the hawk-eyed active Native, on a steed whose Arab sire had bequeathed to him an iron-hearted stoutness and endurance which a Bedouin might have gloried in.

Alas, Yellowman! the soft, young burnt feed thy soul loved is now telling against thee. Still, with reeking flanks and sobbing breast, over gullies, creeks, and through scrub, the noble animal carried his wearied body, the pure blood sustaining the fearful pace, his wily pursuer edging him nearer and nearer home. A few miles more and a mob of quiet mares and foals are fallen in with, and surrounded by them, the conquered wild steed entered the yard and became a prisoner. It was at this moment that Charley, whose horse had knocked up with him within a mile of the station, made his appearance.

Hastily catching the horse which the unlucky stockman had ridden, and which had galloped in with the others, he started back to try and overtake the horses he had been compelled to let go, when he met our hero bringing them in.

No sooner was the accident made known than the greatest sympathy prevailed among all the station hands. One started at once for the nearest doctor, some seventy miles away, while the others busied themselves in harnessing horses to the buggy, and in getting it made comfortable for the sufferer, and started back to the place where he lay. They returned late at night, bringing the man with them. A large poultice of marsh-mallows had been prepared, which was applied at once, and afforded much relief. This simple remedy was used until the arrival of the doctor next morning, he having ridden hard all night; and under his skilful treatment the poor fellow progressed rapidly, and eventually recovered, although a deep indentation in his chest showed how severe the accident had been.

X.—A HARLEQUINADE—BETYAMMO AND THE GRAYS.

The news of the capture of the yellow stallion and some of his mob soon got about the district, and induced a good many to visit Cambaranga from various motives. Some there were who owned horses in the mob, or who believed, from descriptions given of horses seen amongst the wild ones, that they did; and there were others who were ready to claim any horse for whom no owner could be found.

Among the former was young Mr Fitzgerald, from "Ungahrun" station, a tall, fine-looking young fellow, of whom John had heard Ruth speak as a kind friend of her childhood. A short, glossy, black beard and moustache added much to the manliness of his honest open face. Living chiefly in the bush, away from the gaieties and temptations of town, he had retained the simple open frankness of manner and cheery nature which had always made him popular in his neighbourhood. Always ready, as he was, to afford hospitality and do a poor man a good turn, the working classes spoke well of him; while his skill as a horseman, and his intimate knowledge of bushmanship, together with the influence he possessed as the son of a large proprietor, secured the goodwill and respect of all, both rich and poor, in his district.

Old Graham was not at home, so having hung his horse up to the railings of the fence, Fitzgerald walked up to the stockyard, where he met our hero, to whom he introduced himself, telling his business in a few words.

A number of men were gathered round the yards, in which were

still the captured horses. The yellow horse stood by himself in a small high yard, surrounded by other divisions of fencing.

The dry white perspiration dimmed his golden sides; the want of food and water had tucked up his belly; his huge tail, draggled with sweat and dirt, and matted in great bush knots, swept the ground; his long mane hung in thick tangled masses on either side of his huge bull-like crest. Imprisoned and captive as he was, the wild eyes gleaming with unquenched fire from among the black locks which half hid his forehead, bespoke an indomitable savage spirit. Proudly, with uplifted crest and arched neck, he trotted around his small prison with grand high action, snorting loudly ever and anon.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Oh, I believe he belongs to the Company's station," returned John; "they have sent over for him."

"You have a treat before you there, Dick," remarked the young squatter to the Company's stockman, who was looking on. "How are you going to manage him?"

"That's just what I don't know," said the man, who, though a good enough hand among horses generally, seemed rather frightened. "He's a bit of a man-eater, this one," he grumbled, climbing into the yard, and cautiously approaching its occupant, who, wheeling round, and raising himself on his haunches, struck savagely two or three times at him. "I've been at him all day, and that's how he treats me now. He's a regular —— Benicia Boy," he continued rather ruefully; "but I'll put the tackling on him in the crush to-morrow, and see how he'll shape with that."

Fitzgerald's attention was now directed by one of the men to a particular horse in the other yard, which he at once recognised.

"By Jove!" he said, "there's a ten-pound note out of my pocket. I've not seen that grey horse these two years. I made sure some one had stolen him." Going into the yard, he endeavoured to drive the grey into a corner by himself, and catch him. In vain; round and round flew the mob like wild deer, the grey as wild as any of them.

Getting a light, long, green-hide rope, and asking two or three men to help him, the young man gathered up the slack in one hand, and holding the noose in the other, whirled it two or three times round his head, and sent it circling in the air after the excited horses, who kept flying round. Hovering for a portion of a second over the grey's head, it settled round his neck with wonderful precision, the rope was tightened, and, after a plunge or two, the horse, obeying his old education, made towards them, still straining slightly on the rope.

The rest of the mob were drafted into another yard. Fitzgerald sent for his bridle and saddle, and had his horse turned into the paddock. With a long stick he now rubbed the grey gently over the head and body, then, gradually approaching, he slipped on the bridle. The rope was taken off and laid on one side. Giving the bridle to one of the men to hold, he approached the horse carefully from the shoulder, and endeavoured (vainly for some time) to put on the saddle; but it was not until the animal's foreleg was strapped up that this could be accomplished and firmly secured. The crupper now caused some delay owing to the plunging of the animal; but all was satisfactorily managed at length, the men all left the yard, and, seating themselves on the top-rail of the stockyard fence, prepared to enjoy the coming scene with true bush zest. Fitzgerald, after fixing the reins to the

saddle, undid the strap which held up the creature's foot, and allowed him to run loose, in order that, if disposed to buck, he might do so before being mounted.

But Harlequin, as the grey was named, did not seem inclined to waste his energies on pigskin merely, and moved about very stiffly, with slightly humped back, and his tail held closely to his body.

"You better mind that fellow, Mr Fitzgerald," said the Native; "he's sure to buck a docker."

"All right, Jack," said Fitzgerald; "he looks ugly. I'll give him a few turns round the yard before getting on."

Accordingly the horse was driven at a canter half-a-dozen times round the enclosure, occasionally testifying his disapproval of the unaccustomed harness by humping his back, or lashing out with his hind-legs.

"Way, Harlequin, way, old boy," said the young squatter, stopping him at last, and catching him. "We'll try now whether you or I can hold out longest."

Leading him into the centre of the yard, he gathered up the reins in his left hand, and raising his cabbage-tree, allowed the chin-strap to drop to its place.

Standing close to the horse's shoulder, and catching the stirrup-leather in his right hand, he was about to make a spring when a violent plunge from Harlequin prevented him.

This was repeated two or three times, until Fitzgerald, shortening the reins, and slipping them up the horse's neck until his hand reached the animal's head, seized and held the near-side ear along with them in a grasp of iron, declining all offers of assistance from the onlookers. This plan answered. Placing his toe in the stirrup, he was on Harlequin's back in an instant,—a proceeding which that noble creature instantly resented by making a furious plunge halfway across the yard, alighting with all four feet on the ground at the same time close to each other, his head between his fore-legs, his tail well in, and his back bent like a boomerang. A series of similar movements followed with the rapidity of lightning, the vicious brute squealing all the time like a pig, and confining himself to a small corner of the yard.

Round and round he spun like a top to the right, then with a sudden prop he lashed out, and bucked round and round in the opposite direction. Now he flew partly across the yard, bucking from side to side, and leaning over so much in doing so that it appeared to John a miracle how he recovered his gravity. Well did he maintain the title to his very appropriate name, for seldom did horse buck harder than did the grey that day. Fitzgerald sat leaning well back, his legs rigid, his body above the hips swaying to the motions of his horse. After the first violent shock, which shifted him a little in his seat, he recovered his balance, and John could hear him mutter between his set teeth as he passed near him once, —"No, no, Mr Harlequin, we don't get on the like of you to come off."

But, alas! the best of riders sometimes come to grief. The next time he passed John, the latter noticed a strap flying loose about the cantle of the saddle, and heard the Native remark,—"The crupper has broken; he's bound to come off now." And so he did, but not ingloriously. Each succeeding buck shifted the saddle further and further on to the horse's withers, now that nothing held it back, still the young man kept as firmly to his seat as ever; at last a furious buck and rear sent the plucky rider to the ground, still clasping the saddle

between his legs, and holding the reins of the bridle, which had also been dragged off, in his hand; and away flew the horse, smashing the saddle with a kick which was intended as a parting salute for his owner. Loud applause and much encouragement had been bestowed during this scene on the young man, who, now picking himself up, examined his tackling. Not a strap was broken, not a buckle undone; the mischief had all been caused by the animal managing to slip his tail out of the crupper.

"This saddle is done for," he said; "who can lend me one?"

Four or five were instantly at his service.

"Now then, old man," he observed coolly, turning to the horse, who stood watching the proceedings from a corner of the yard, "we will try another dodge this time."

This dodge, which was put in execution upon the animal's being saddled the second time, consisted in tying the crupper to the horse's tail with a piece of twine.

Once more springing to his seat, the contest recommenced, Fitzgerald, whose temper was ruffled, freely using whip and spur. This fierce paroxysm lasted about as long as the former one; then gradually subsiding, the exhausted bleeding steed acknowledged his efforts as useless, dropped into an ordinary canter, and came to a standstill at his rider's bidding.

John gazed with admiration on the handsome, graceful horseman as he leant back on the saddle patting carelessly those hind-quarters to approach which had been so dangerous a few minutes before, and listening to the remarks of the spectators.

"Well," said one, "that fellow went to market like a bird."

"Yes," echoed another. "Bucked a blessed hurricane."

"Buck a town down," cried a third.

"Never see'd a horse strip himself naked quicker," muttered a fourth.

"Good job for you, you didn't catch that kick," congratulated Jack. "It was as close a thing as ever I saw."

"Well, a miss is as good as a mile," laughed the young man.

So saying, he unsaddled Harlequin, and turning him into the paddock, walked down to the house with John.

The pleasant open frankness which characterised young Fitzgerald won our friend's heart at once; and before long, the infection communicating itself, he found himself talking away as if he had known the other all his life. There was also an open simple manliness about John which was agreeable to the former, who begged that he would return with him to Ungahrun for a short visit. There being little to do at Cambaranga, and old Graham offering no objection, the young men started next morning, making a detour by "Betyammo" station, at which place Fitzgerald was desirous of calling.

Among other topics of conversation, the character of the Cosgrove family came briefly under discussion; and it was easy to perceive that Fitzgerald entertained no feelings of love towards the father and son, although he spoke very kindly of Ruth.

"She was a dear good little girl before she went to England," said Fitzgerald. "I found her once lying upon her mother's grave, crying as if her heart would break, and thought I would never get her comforted and taken home. But her brother Ralf was a black sheep. Before he left this he had surpassed in mischief all the blackguard boys in the surrounding stations. He

once tried to steal a colt of ours which had never been branded, and which he had managed to drive into the Cambaranga stock-yard among a mob of wild horses. If he hasn't mended his manners since he went to England, I should say he will get into trouble some day."

John assured Fitzgerald that to his certain knowledge there were no symptoms of reformation visible in young Cosgrove, but warmly re-echoed the other's praises of Ruth.

After travelling for about fifteen miles through a sandy, rather uninteresting, thickly-timbered country, they arrived about mid-day at Betyammo.

The thick timber and wattle-bushes hid the house from view until the travellers were quite close to it; and for a mile or two back, huge trees, denuded of their bark for roofing purposes, held up their gaunt bleached arms to heaven, as if appealing against the cruelty which had thus condemned them to decay in the full vigour of their strength.

Everywhere were scattered stumps of large trees, mostly sawn down by the cross-cut saw, the trunks of which had been split up for building purposes, as the chips and splinters lying about betokened. The buildings were enclosed in a paddock, one side of which ran parallel with the road for some distance. They presented a ragged, patched, rather tumble-down, yet on the whole comfortable, appearance.

The house never had been a good one, and its constant patching and repairing had probably cost as much as would have built a new one; but the family loved it, and in spite of the fits of new house building which periodically attacked Mr Gray, the owner of the station, they continued to dwell in the familiar old bark "humpy," so full of happy memories. The roof was covered with sheets of bark, held down by large wooden riders pegged in the form of a square to one another. The veranda extended the whole length of the front; but the two ends were closed up, and formed charming, ragged-looking, but exceedingly comfortable little rooms, covered by gorgeous creepers, except where, through the open windows, one caught a glimpse in passing of snow-white mosquito-curtains, and walls papered with illustrations from some of the pictorial journals. The veranda looked out on a pretty little flower-garden, its bright beds telling of much tender care and attention. A row of large-leaved tropical-looking arrowroot plants surrounded the little enclosure, beyond which the eye took in a considerable portion of the paddock. The greater part of the trees had been carefully felled and stumped; while those remaining, spared evidently with a view to shade and effect, imparted a noble park-like appearance to the view, rising as they did in tall clumps out of the thick short sward of couch-grass, green with the summer thunderstorms. Morning glories wound their graceful stems round the battered old posts of the veranda; and a huge vine spread its large leafy branches over the entire back of the house, tenderly covering from sight the nakedness and defects of the friend who sheltered it from the cold and rain, acquiring itself a double gracefulness in the gentle act. The buildings, nearly all bearing the same time-honoured look which a bark roof so readily bestows, stood, like those of most other stations, in the form of a quadrangle.

The centre of the court was occupied by a large tree, around which a handsome gigantic convolvulus twined itself with many a fold, its

large, green, plate-like leaves almost concealing the knotted stem and lower branches, from which long sprays trailed downward, swaying slightly in the morning breeze.

In the shade of this old denizen of the woods sat a merry circle of young black girls in picturesque though rather scanty attire. They were amusing themselves after the fashion of their light-hearted race, by singing one of their never-ending *corroborrees.*

One or two had gathered a quantity of the golden everlasting flower, with which they were decorating the short, shiny curls of their playfellows, now and then interrupting the singers with some sally, which would provoke an uncontrollable burst of laughter from all, causing a great display of bright dark eyes and pearly teeth.

As the young men approached, three or four fine kangaroo-dogs, which had been lying asleep in the shade, started up, barking furiously.

Exclamations of greeting broke from the girls as they recognised Fitzgerald, whom they had known since their infancy; and as the young men dismounted, old Mr Gray came out bareheaded with a hearty welcome, and a running fire of conversation, orders, and reproaches.

"Ah, here you are at last, Fitzgerald! Pretty time you've been about coming over, after all your promises! Kitty" (this to one of the girls), "yoro yabber Bobby come up, take 'im off saddle, and give 'im yarraman water. Merry micky now.* Mrs Gray was talking of you only this morning," he continued, "and the girls are dying to give you your revenge at croquet. You were beaten shamefully last time you played."

Fitzgerald had only time to introduce young West to the friendly squatter, when he was surrounded by Mrs Gray and her two daughters, who welcomed him with an unconstrained warmth which revealed a long and intimate acquaintance.

No less sincere and scarcely less warm was John's welcome as a new neighbour, and chatting gaily, the whole party entered the house, and going out on the veranda disposed themselves in various squatters' lounges and easy-chairs, old Mr Gray taking possession of a string hammock which hung suspended between two rafters. An animated conversation was kept up by the party until, lunch being announced, they made their way to one of the buildings close to the house, which was used as a detached dining-room.

The meal was plain but good. To John, indeed, after his hard fare of salt pork day after day, it almost seemed luxurious—and yet it owed all its nicety to a little feminine supervision of culinary affairs.

After dinner more conversation on the veranda was followed by an adjournment to a spot sacred to croquet, which game had penetrated the forest-depths thus far, and which exercised as great a fascination over the minds of the bush-maidens of that time as perhaps lawn-tennis does now.

The sisters differed considerably from one another, but both were charming, frank, natural girls. They spoke as they felt, honestly, and openly; and while carefully trained by their mother in the usages of society, their fine open air and self-reliant life had done away with much of the stiff conventionality generally attendant on

* "Kitty, tell Bobby to come and water the horses and unsaddle them. Make haste now."

it, without bestowing the fast air which those city young ladies who despise its precepts frequently acquire.

Phœbe, the eldest, was *petite* in figure, and a peculiar neatness and deftness characterised her form and actions. She was clever, and had read and understood more than many older women with better opportunities; still with all, there was an innocence and simplicity [illegible] her that were most [illegible] was so [illegible], so completely with[illegible]gotism, that she never seemed to think about herself or her acquirements at all. A humble, guileless, bright, loving little girl she was, and dearly loved by her own people, and indeed by all who knew her. Bessie, who was two years younger, was a little taller, and rather rounder and fuller in figure. A merry, laughing, roguish girl, who found amusement in everything, but with an earnest, sympathetic, true soul beneath the surface. Perhaps better fitted to withstand a contrary fortune than her sister, her spirits seemed to rise above any difficulty, and conquer it by force of her strong, faithful, loving nature. Both were cheerful, happy girls, with fair hair and blue eyes, learned in the mysteries of housekeeping, fond of riding, loving a dance with all their hearts, and as much interested in the latest fashions as the rest of the female world in general.

They had known Fitzgerald for many years, and were never better pleased than when he managed to ride over for a few days. His appearance was always a signal for some unusual little dissipation, and many a scolding did he undergo from light-hearted Bessie when he delayed his coming.

"Come along, Willy," she called now, addressing him, as she nearly always did, by his Christian name. "I never knew any one so tiresome. You declare you must go home to that horrid mustering to-morrow, and you are wasting the whole of the sunshine; we have only two hours until sundown. Come along, Phœbe, do; Mr Won do hurry them up."

Bessie's ener[illegible] together, and brought [illegible] Fitzgerald played [illegible]chedly the last time he was her partner, she announced her intention of joining forces with John. Soon the party were engaged in the now disregarded and despised game. Bessie was the life and soul of it, and in spite of all Fitzgerald's efforts, she croqueed her ball through the hoops in a masterly manner, time after time, returning to send his one way, and her sister's the other, while assisting John, who, to tell the truth, was rather a muff with the mallet. Game after game fell to her and her partner; and at last, satiated with victory, she proposed returning to the house.

The utter want of female society had never made itself so apparent to John as now when enjoying it, and he felt quite disgusted with the desolate dreariness of the life which he had lately thought so fascinating. As they approached the house, several black fellows came up expressing delight in their usual demonstrative way at seeing their old acquaintance Fitzgerald, and inquiring as to the whereabouts of friends whose nomadic habits might have led them into his neighbourhood. The girls went in to assist in preparing tea, while Mr and Mrs Gray joined the young men in the garden. Soon Bessie's merry voice was heard summoning the party in, and the evening meal was disposed of amidst much cheerful talk, and pleasant sallies of fun. A smoke on the veranda followed; after which Phœbe, seating herself at

the piano, struck up one of Strauss's glorious waltzes, marking the time with much precision; and Bessie, calling upon John to assist her, cleared the broad floor of the veranda of the chairs and lounges which filled it, and ordered Fitzgerald to spin and dance. He pretended "Oh, what a [illegible]" "Can't, Bessie. Bad his hand, she insisted on [illegible]ing an attempt. Round and round they floated until Fitzgerald sank exhausted.

"Well, I never did see any one tire so soon," she cried. "I know you are only lazy."

John now begged for a turn, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the vivacious girl, who unhesitatingly declared that he was much better fun than her old friend —and "waltzes much better, too," she added, poutingly. She then took her place at the instrument, relieving her sister, who was solicited for a dance by Fitzgerald; and John fancied that her quiet manner had a slight touch of shyness in it, and that her colour slightly rose as she smilingly assented.

After some time, Bessie, declaring she was quite weary, ceased her dance-music, and striking a few chords, sang a sweet old ballad, and the whole party entered the little drawing-room, which was really surprisingly pretty for such an out-of-the-way habitation. The slab walls were lined with calico neatly papered. A few good engravings, and a couple of old oil-paintings, representing Mr Gray's father and mother, were hung round, with some local sketches in water-colours, executed by Mrs Gray, who had much taste that way. Magazines and novels lay on the little table, on which stood a handsome kerosine lamp. A book-case, containing a capital selection of standard volumes and works of reference, occupied a corner opposite to the piano; while a sofa-lounge and a few chairs completed the furniture. Tanned native dog skins served as floor-rugs; and tanned and coloured sheepskins looked very handsome on the backs of the easy-chairs.

Fitzgerald, who had a good baritone voice, joined the ladies at the piano, and John and Mr Gray con-

About [illegible] the ladies retired, and the gentlemen withdrew to that apartment in the house specially devoted to bachelors. Brandy was produced, pipes lighted, and conversation returned to the grand staple Australian subject—"stock."

Mr Gray was a pleasant, frank, country-gentleman-looking squatter, with a kind word for everybody, and a keen eye for the merits or demerits of sheep, cattle, or horses. In early life he had served in the army, but seeing no prospect of marrying the girl he was attached to while remaining in her Majesty's service, he sold his commission, and marrying, sailed for Australia, where, after some years of hardship and ill-luck, he bought Betyammo, upon which he had lived ever since, well to do, if not rich. He was fond of retailing stories of his adventures in early life; and this evening, on John's remarking the gratification he received from the delightful hospitality exercised in the Bush, he said: "Well, yes, it is one of the pleasantest features, I think, in a squatter's life, being in a position to afford a welcome to those in want of it; and indeed the favour very often is conferred by the visitor. From him we derive information as to the doings of our neighbours, and much general news which could reach us through no other channel."

"But do you not meet with very strange characters at times?" questioned John.

"Occasionally," answered Mr Gray; "but they invariably behave themselves with propriety. Should they not do so, they would at once be requested to remove themselves to the men's huts.

"When I was much younger," he commenced, "I was travelling in the New England district, in New South Wales. I spent a night at a Bush inn, and there fell in with a tall, soldierly-looking Irishman. He had served as a soldier of fortune in more than one Continental army, and his conversation was exceedingly amusing. A sort of devil-may-care recklessness seemed to sit on him with a jaunty air, and one felt rather inclined to like the fellow. Our roads lay the same way, and we jogged along together for a couple of days, when we arrived at a station owned by an old bachelor. He received us very hospitably, and sitting in the evening over our pipes and brandy-and-water, just as we are now doing, the Irishman happened to make some remark about Spain.

"'Have you ever been there?' interrogated our host.

"'Oh yes,' returned the other; 'I served a considerable time in the Carlist army during the war.'

"'Indeed!' replied the old man, with much interest. 'I had a nephew,' he said, speaking slowly, 'a very dear nephew in that army. I wonder did you ever meet him? I have not heard of him for years.'

"'What was his name?' inquired the ex-Carlist officer.

"'His name was Nugent,' responded the squatter.

"'What! Francis de Burgh Nugent?'

"'The same.'

"'God bless me!' ejaculated the soldier, in a tone of surprised and rather curious interest; adding, '*Why, I shot that fellow ten years ago!*'"

"What a brute he must have been!" broke from both John and Fitzgerald.

"How did the old man take the information?" queried the latter.

"He got up," answered Mr Gray, "and without saying a word left the room."

"And the Irishman?"

"Oh, he wondered what was the matter with the old fellow, thought him very strange in his manner to his guests, and could not be brought to see that he had outraged propriety in any way by his indecent and cruel confession. We left next morning at daylight; I for one had no wish to meet our host again; and soon after I lost sight of the easy-minded mercenary. Now I'll show you to your rooms; breakfast will be ready to-morrow at eight, so you need not turn out early. Good night."

"Good night," "good night," returned his guests, retiring to their room.

XI.—EARLY MORNING AT THE GRAYS'—A RIDE TO UNGAHRUN—THE CATTLE-BUYER.

Notwithstanding that no duty called them forth, both the young men were up by daybreak. Early habits are so general in the Bush that breakfast is usually over by seven, and all hands at work. They strolled up to the horse-yard, into which all the horses contained in the paddock had been driven by a blackboy. A yard full of horses or cattle is irresistible to a Bushman: if he has the time to spare, he cannot pass until he has examined the animals, deciphered their brands

and criticised their merits, and in all probability stowed away in his mind the images of some of them so accurately as to be able to recognise them after months and even years have elapsed. After an hour spent in this manner they returned to the house, where they found the young ladies busy in their morning duties.

Bessie had first come out with a plateful of food for her fowls, and as she raised her voice greeting her friends, a handsome tame "native companion," which had been stalking about picking up insects, drew near. Opening his large slate-coloured wings, and dancing grotesquely, the interesting bird approached his young mistress, bowing gracefully from side to side as he hopped lightly along; then running up, he laid his heron-like head lovingly against her breast.

"What a nice bird!" said John, who had no idea they made such capital pets.

"Yes; isn't he a dear?" returned Bessie. "Davy, our blackboy, knocked him down with a stick when little, and brought him home to me, and now he will not go away although he has his perfect freedom."

"I don't wonder at it, Bessie," said Fitzgerald; "slavery to such a charming mistress——"

"Now keep your compliments for a native companion of your own, Mr Fitzgerald," said Bessie, laughing; "you will be taking one some day, you know, unless you marry an English wife. Come and look at my Joey, Mr West; and oh, Willy, we have got the most darling little humming-birds you ever saw. Phœbe has them in a cage, and she doesn't know what they live on, and she wants you to tell her."

"All right," returned Fitzgerald, entering the house.

The lively girl now opened the door of a small room, and a young kangaroo came hopping out. His pretty head, with its longish ears, and full soft lustrous eyes, looked something like a fawn's, as he sat up and ate bread from the gentle hand of the Australian girl. "There, Joey. Now look, Mr West, he follows me everywhere. I shut him up at night because I am afraid of some of the dogs chasing or killing him. Go away, Smoker, now! go away, Spring!" she cried, as two tall, rich, tawny-coloured kangaroo-dogs with black muzzles jumped up and raced round the terrified Joey, who hopped close to his mistress's skirt for protection. "When he grows a little bigger he can hold his own with the dogs," she said; "for they often seem afraid of touching a tame kangaroo, although they kill great old-men every day."

The native companion and the fowls, which had now flocked up, were fed, and Bessie and John went in and joined Fitzgerald and Phœbe on the veranda. They were standing close together, near a cage which hung half hidden among the foliage of a beautiful creeper. The rising sun was yet low in the heavens, and shone full into the veranda, causing the dewdrops on the short grass to sparkle like innumerable diamonds. A beautiful little blue mountain-parrot flew from spray to spray, alighting ever and anon on the head or shoulders of its mistress, uttering, in a whistling tone, "Pretty boy, pretty boy," and John thought he had seldom seen a lovelier picture. At this moment one of the little humming-birds fluttered out of its cage to the ground; and instantly, before any attempt at a rescue could be made, it was seized and gobbled up by a great red cock that happened to be prowling about in search of what might turn up.

"Oh the horrid creature! he has eaten alive my little darling humming-bird!" exclaimed Phœbe, ready to cry.

An attempt now made by John and Fitzgerald to catch the marauder and make him disgorge his prey, served only to produce a wild cackle and desperate exertions to escape on the cock's part, which it eventually did by taking to its wings.

Phœbe was inconsolable for a time; and Bessie, though grieving over the loss of her sister's pet, could not help sometimes seeing the comic side of the accident, and laughing at the instantaneous and unlooked-for manner of its disappearance. Mr Gray and his kind wife now came, and the party adjourned to breakfast; after which meal, horses having been brought to the door and saddled, the two young ladies and their father accompanied the young men a portion of their journey, bidding them at last good-bye, with many hospitable invitations for an early repetition of their visit.

"What a nice family!" said John to his friend. "I had no idea that such lady-like accomplished women were to be met with in the Bush."

"I believe you," returned his companion; "English people are so conceited. They seem to fancy civilisation cannot exist much beyond London. I suppose you fancied we were a community of convicts?"

"Well, the truth is, I had no very distinct notions on the subject. I always thought that the term 'native' was applied to the aboriginals, and now I find that it really designates the native-born white population."

"It is applied to both. I am a native, and am proud of it. I would not change, even if I could, to be an Englishman. It sometimes surprises me to meet with Englishmen, educated men of the world, who display an amount of ignorance about the extent, resources, and geography of the most important of British colonies, that one of our little schoolboys would be ashamed of.

"Well," confessed John, "I must frankly say that I knew nothing of the true state of affairs. I believed three parts of the people were convicts and bushrangers, and that the rest reared stock in some barbarous way, and picked up gold in the rivers or on the surface of the ground."

"Most of your countrymen have the same opinion when they come out," replied Fitzgerald, who seemed rather sore on this subject. "The fact is that, since the gold-fields were discovered, the convict element has been lost sight of and almost flooded out by the immense influx of population. You do come across it in various ways, but it is now a considerable time since the Eastern colonies refused to allow transportation of criminals to their shores, since which time most of the 'old hands,' as they are called, have died out; and although the disgrace clings in a certain measure to their descendants, yet they are comparatively so few in number to the bulk of the population, that they are quite lost sight of; and besides, some of the convicted felons were men transported for political offences, and other causes, which carried no degrading taint with them. Others, sent out for very trifling misdemeanours, were probably much honester than many who occupy respectable positions at home. A great number, I am quite willing to admit, were deservedly sentenced for their crimes; but I daresay, could the statistics be procured and published, it would surprise one to find how many reformed under the in-

fluence of kind treatment, a ticket-of-leave, and prosperity. And to say the least, the manner in which our society gathers its skirts together for fear of contamination from the children or grandchildren of one who made but a single error, and spent the rest of an honest lifetime in endeavouring to redeem it, is most deplorable, and uncharitable in a Christian people. As for you English people, you don't take the trouble to make any distinction at all. Everybody is either a convict or perhaps some relation to one."

The travellers now emerged from the sandy, wooded country through which their road had hitherto lain, and entered upon a large extent of richly-grassed rolling downs and plains. Herds of cattle grazed quietly about or lay camped under the shade of clumps of trees, which here and there dotted the prairie. A chain of beautiful blue-peaked hills stretched away in the distance, bounding the view; while in the immediate neighbourhood of the road there arose abruptly from the surrounding plain a large, isolated, flat-topped mountain of imposing appearance, its rugged sides clothed with dense scrub.

The way seemed much longer across the plain than it had done through the forest country, and John was not sorry to see a thick belt of timber, which they at first could only distinguish by its blackness, becoming more and more distinct. A couple of miles beyond the edge of the timber brought them to a large gate in a paddock-fence, entering through which they made their way up to the station.

Ungahrun was one of the finest stations in the district. The elder Fitzgerald had taken it up twenty years previously, when the country was entirely unknown, except to a few hardy pioneers who, like himself, had pushed beyond the frontiers of the gradually extending civilisation, and had braved the dangers of want of food, sickness, and hostility from the aboriginals; and his son, who now welcomed John West so heartily to its hospitality, had imbibed a love of its sylvan beauties with his mother's milk. On the soft flower-strewn sward he had rolled bareheaded, barefooted, a rosy, chubby-cheeked child. On the banks of the creek which flowed past his father's door he had sat for hours watching the finny inhabitants of its waters as they darted to and fro; or plunging head foremost beneath its cooling wave, imitated their motions with almost equal dexterity. Every spot on the large tract of country included in his father's run was familiar to him, and associated with some early memory. Up by that clump of river-oaks he stole quietly, when, possessing himself of a gun for the first time, he slipped out, determined to demonstrate his ability to use it. That was the very tree he fired from. How proudly his heart beat as he picked up his wild ducks, and returned home with the spoil! Down in the sand there he had mounted his first buck-jumper, And as he grew older, action succeeding action, and memory following memory, contributed to endear its scenes to his mind.

The house was the finest that John had yet seen in the Bush. It was built, like all the others, of hardwood slabs, but considerable trouble had been taken in the erection. It was one-storeyed, but twice the length of the Cambaranga house, and a splendid broad veranda ran round the whole building. Its doors and windows were of that kind known in the Bush as French lights. The iron roof was raised on double wall-plates, to allow a constant current of air to

pass through, thus securing thorough ventilation and coolness.

Fitzgerald led the way past the house to a little cottage beside it, covered in Bush fashion with roses and other creepers, saying, with a half laugh, "I daresay you will think it funny that we don't live in the *cawbawn humpy* (big house); but you see, after my father built it, he could not make up his mind to quit the little one in which he had lived so many years; and now that he and my mother have gone to live in Sydney, it is too large for my use." Dismounting at the door amongst greetings from dogs of all kinds, and the inevitable blacks, they unsaddled their horses, and after washing their backs, turned them loose in the paddock. A man now came out of the cottage and bade good evening to Fitzgerald, who welcomed him heartily.

He was, as John soon discovered, a buyer of fat cattle for a boiling-down company, which consumed most of the Ungahrun fats.

"Well, Thompson, back for more cattle?"

"Yes; how are you off?"

"Oh, I think we can let you have a draft of a couple of hundred pretty fair."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for we are running short. I was half afraid that you might have disposed of this year's draft as the Bindarobina and Barham Downs people have done. Some of these gold-field butchers have been round, I know, buying up."

"They came here, too," said Fitzgerald; "but they wanted to buy on bills, and I didn't quite like the look of things, so I stuck to the bullocks."

"All right," said Thompson. "Can you go out to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, as soon as you like; but come in now."

The cattle-buyer was a strong, bronzed, intelligent-looking man, with a long beard. He was dressed in moleskin breeches and "jockey" boots. A crimson shirt, open at the throat, completed his attire. His brawny arms, which the rolled-up sleeves of his shirt disclosed, were as black as the dark sunburnt neck and throat.

"Oh," he said, "there's another fellow here also: I don't know who he is; but I picked him up on the road, and he came with me. He's a queer-looking stick, but not a bad fellow."

The person alluded to now came up, and introduced himself to Fitzgerald by the name of "Williams." He said he was travelling down the country, and begged for a night's entertainment, which the kind-hearted young fellow willingly accorded.

The party entered the little paling-enclosed veranda of the cottage, and discussed matters pending the preparation of the evening meal.

It presented a very bachelor-like appearance. On the floor in one corner lay a saddle beside a heap of horse-hair, intended for the stuffing of its panel. A number of horse-shoes lay in another; straps and surcingles dangled from various pegs; a half-completed stock-whip hung beside the door; and odd spurs and different kinds of bits and stirrup-irons lay about in every direction.

The stranger made himself rather agreeable. He was an Englishman, and had been a few years in the colony. He said he had been employed on a station further north, and was going down for a spell. He looked yellow and unhealthy, and occasionally was attacked with some nervous disorder, which made him contort his face in the most dreadful manner, and throw his arms wildly about—after which he

would go on talking as if nothing had happened.

Having betaken themselves outside to inspect the station, John and Williams were immediately accosted by a great hulking black fellow, who, detecting a raw look about them, came up begging for "tombacco." John had none to give; but Williams, who was a smoker, put his hand into his pocket, and was about to bestow a small piece on the sable beggar, when suddenly his infirmity came upon him with great force. Twisting his face diabolically, he waved his arms round like a windmill. The black fellow merely gave one look, then taking to his heels he fled, glancing over his shoulder occasionally, and spitting, as their manner is when followed, as they think, by evil spirits.

In spite of his feeling for Williams, John could not avoid being much amused at the precipitate action which had followed the lazy, listless manner of the aboriginal,—and indeed, on recovering, Williams joined heartily in the laugh. A bullock-bell, rung by hand, now announced that supper awaited them; and soon the small party, being joined by a young man, who acted as a kind of overseer on the stat[illegible] gathered round the table [illegible]on, unpretending little ro[illegible] in the [illegible]

Boiled salt-ju[illegible] (a kind of ind[illegible], with *fulhen* potatoes [illegible]genous spinach) and [illegible] washed down with copi[illegible] draughts of tea, poured out of a huge tin teapot, formed the supper, and was much appreciated. The guests, following the example of their host, sat, as is customary at a bachelor's table, in their shirt-sleeves, or rather with them rolled up.

"I say, West," said Fitzgerald, "we had better luck last night. I don't know how it is, but I can never get a cook to make up anything but salt-junk. Now these Miss Grays, they knock up something good in no time."

Here Thompson, who was on intimate terms with his host, advised him to go in for an assistant manager to look after home affairs. "By Jove! Fitz, it's a shame to see that house empty and you a bachelor."

"Very good advice, old boy," returned the latter; "go ahead with a good example—I'll follow;" so saying, he got up and commenced filling his pipe.

Very soon the little room was filled with heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke, the position of each being only to be guessed at by the voice.

"Did you hear of that murder by the blacks on the Nelson River the other day?" asked William, addressing Fitzgerald.

"No," said he; "what was it?"

"Why, they stuck up Wilson's station there, and murdered the man and woman in the kitchen; they then planted inside the house, and waited until Wilson came home at night with his stockman. Then they rushed out, knocked old Wilson on the head, and drove a spear through the man's side. He managed, however, to jump on a horse which happened to be handy, and escaped to the next station. Some of the men got together and went over, but the niggers had gone, after gutting the store. They found the bodies frightfully mutilated, and buried them."

"They're a bad lot of devils those Nelson blacks," remarked Thompson. "Did the native troopers go after them?"

"Yes, they had started when I left, but I didn't hear how they got on."

"How far is it from here?" asked John.

"About three hundred miles."

"And do the blacks come in

about the stations as they do here?"

"Oh dear no," answered Thompson. "After you get out about one hundred and fifty miles beyond this you won't see a nigger unless it be a civilised fellow with his master."

"You see this is the way of it, West," explained Fitzgerald. "When a squatter goes into new country he is very often short-handed, besides which, on a sheep-station, the shepherds are scattered in ones and twos over an immense extent of country. Now the blacks are numerous. They have nothing to do but to fight and hunt; and if they knew the actual state of the white man's affairs, they would take advantage of it to come down at any moment and massacre all hands. On that account it is highly necessary they should be kept in the dark as to what is going on in the run. They are therefore driven back to the mountains and scrubs; and it is only after ten or twelve years have elapsed, when they have learnt to dread the white man's arms, and have become more tolerant of his presence, that they are cautiously admitted on the stations. Of course there is a constant state of simmering warfare between the two races. The black kills a white man, or a number, when he gets the chance, and the white man revenges it by going out alone, or sending out a force of black fellows, mounted and trained as irregular cavalry, under the command of a European officer, to shoot down as many of the offenders as they can. Every one carries fire-arms of one sort or another. They may never in their lives have occasion to use them, or they may be attacked on the very day when they have incautiously laid aside the hitherto constantly carried revolver."

"And do the native troopers fire willingly on their countrymen?" questioned John.

"Nothing can afford them greater pleasure," exclaimed Thompson; "and Government takes advantage of the hatred they bear to one another. For instance, men enlisted in this district are always employed in one at some distance away."

"Do they never unite against their officers?"

"No, I never heard of a case," answered the cattle-buyer. "They sometimes desert singly or in a body; but as a rule, a troop contains men from half-a-dozen different tribes, who, notwithstanding that they may have been comrades for many years, still secretly cherish their old tribal hatred for one another. The officer is, or should be, the friend of all, and in this way comes to the knowledge of any little plot that may be brewing in his camp; and besides which, he has a certain source of information in the police *gins*—*i. e.*, the men's wives; they generally discover what is going on, and, woman-like, cannot rest until they have told it."

"Are there many of these men employed in the country?" pursued John.

"I think," said Fitzgerald, "there may be from 200 to 250, but not more. Each detachment of eight or ten troopers has a white officer, and a white camp-sergeant, who superintends the distribution of rations, has charge of the barracks when the officer happens to be away on patrol, and whose wife usually cooks for him when at home. These detachments are scattered over an immense extent of territory. The police districts into which the country is divided are enormously large, a patrol having often to travel many hundred miles before it returns to its barracks. On this account," continued Fitzgerald, "it frequently happens

that when some aggression has been committed, the police are at a distance from the scene, and much valuable time elapses before they can arrive."

"And how do they proceed when they do arrive?" persisted young West, much interested.

"They inspect the scene of the outrage," said his friend, "and discover the foot-tracks made by the wild blacks. These they follow with the pertinacity of bloodhounds, and almost invariably overtake and punish the offenders. It sometimes occurs that other blacks join the original criminals after the perpetration of the crime, in which case, it being utterly impossible to distinguish the guilty from the innocent, all suffer alike."

"But," said John, "a single black fellow may alone deserve the punishment which, it seems, is inflicted on all indiscriminately."

"Yes; unfortunately it is so," said the young squatter. "In unsettled districts the wild aboriginals are seldom seen except accidentally, or in a case of this sort. They, as a rule, confine themselves to those portions of their wilds which, on account of their barrenness, are useless to the white men as pasture-grounds; and the principle we go on is to make a tribe responsible for the behaviour of its individual members. In truth, their almost communistic style of living utterly precludes the idea that any of their number could undertake any enterprise against the whites unknown to the others. The squatter and native police officer therefore condemn the whole."

"I should think," remarked John, "that under this system tribes are being gradually annihilated."

"Oh, not so much so as you would think," broke in Thompson. "The niggers are so active and cunning in making use of trees, rocks, long grass, &c., &c., as shelter, that very many escape altogether, after which the tribe remains quiet, probably for a considerable time."

"Are they very savage in their natural state?"

"They are; and yet when the humour seizes them they can be kind enough," returned the cattle-buyer, who had large experience on the outside country. "I've known men who were well treated when found by them utterly exhausted from want of food and water. I myself," he continued, "have reason to speak well of their kindness, for some of them suffered me to escape once I got among them, and showed me all the attention which lay in their power."

"Give us the yarn, Thompson," urged Fitzgerald; "here's West dying to hear some romantic adventures."

"All right," said the other; "it will give him an idea of what may happen to himself some of these days." So saying, he filled his pipe and began his tale.

MABEL'S HOLY DAY.

IN A GARDEN.

Arthur. He came, saw, and was conquered. Lady mine,
You cannot choose but conquer; in mere sport
You triumph, and your prize a human heart;
Where others strive, you take your ease and win,—
Win for you must; and so our friend was won,—
Tamed to the rose-chain which I've worn so long.
Was never victory more swift and sure!
Mabel. Never.
A. A week, day, hour—nay, not so much;
He came, he saw, was conquered. Victory!
Glory to you and me!
M. Take all the glory.
A. No—though 'twas I that dragged him from his books,
'Twas you that tamed him. Bent o'er dusty books
There was my friend, my Ralph, my dear sworn brother,
After some hundred years or so turned—poet,
Spoiling his eyes—the boy has pleasant eyes—
Gnawing a weighty tome, grub, scholar, mole,
Philosopher of dusk and dust—and poet.
I found him, and I dragged him forth to light.
M. To gaslight.
A. Yes, to gaslight—best of lights.
There he sat blinking—'twas the rarest sport—
The innocent had never seen a play,
Never! He knew his Shakspeare, loved the book;
But not the boards; they said the modern stage
Was all unworthy; so he only came
Because I prayed him, and we had been friends.
M. You had been friends?
A. Friends? Yes, the closest friends.
Oh but to see the change! There he sat dazed,
Puzzled, disdainful; and the play began.
What's this? The dazed eyes open round and bright.
What's this? Black-letter? parchment? manuscript?
A student's prize? Newest old-fashioned verse,
Or old verse new the fashion? Yes, by Love,
By the great little master! Such a scroll
As not all libraries on earth can match,
Parchment of living words, live manuscript,
Most old, most new, the very fount of song,
The world writ small in poetry—a woman.
He did not know the kind.
M. And does he know it?
A. He learns his lesson daily at your feet.
M. What shall you do? Where do you go to-day?
A. I am to go? I weary you?

M. Not much.
A. I cannot comprehend you.
M. I hope not.
A. I can but leave you.
M. You are very kind.
A. Sphinx though you be, you make your meaning clear.
Adieu, most potent lady: Queen, farewell,
Give my respects to Master Ralph; farewell,
Most arbitrary lady, queen of hearts,
Queen of the stage——
M. Don't speak about the stage:
I would forget—this is my holiday—
Let me forget the actress—so good-bye!
A. Good-bye. The gate grates on the gravel-walk;
He comes, I go—all pass; he goes, I come;
We are two buckets at one well. Good-bye.
You'll educate my friend.
M. Your friend! And mine?

[*Arthur goes away. Presently Ralph comes through the shrubbery; as Mabel gives him her hand, he begins to speak quickly.*

Ralph. Oh what a day! Are you at last content?
My lady, did you ever see such a day?
M. I have seen many days.
R. But none like this.
Why, all the land to-day is fairyland.
I came by the upland common all ablaze
With gorse from end to end, and met the breeze
Full in the face, and the grey morning clouds
Rolled northward rent, and the great sun shone through:
But that was nothing. Where the road dips down
Steep from rough common to the wide grass-lands,
I found a world of blossom; by my side
The May-trees stood so thick with bloom, methought
No space was there for song o' the thrush, that shook
The heart o' the bush with rhapsodies of love:
But that was nothing; for each blade of grass
Had its rain-jewel; short-lived buttercups—
Wealth of the meadow, fairy merchants' gold—
Thronged to my feet; then field and hedgerow, elms
All newly green, and golden youth of oaks,
And great horse-chestnut with imperial plumes;
Far trees, and farther in the farther fields,
Till I saw dimly the fair silver coils,
Where the full Thames lay dreaming. All the land
Was one broad flood of blossom, all the air
Was scent of blossom. Down the road I came,
Like a winged creature who but walks for whim,
Half stifled by the songs I could not sing:
But that was less than nothing; for I came

Under your garden-wall, the old red wall,
Rough stained and beautiful; and there I stood,
Delaying my delight, and looking up
I looked close in and through laburnum bloom,
And through the bloom light slanted to my eyes,
Sunshine and blossom dazzling, golden shower,
Quivering, with beauty breathless: but that's nothing,
For when I pushed your gate, my dusty feet
Were ankle-deep in daisies; nothing still,
For round the o'erflowing lilac-bush I stole
Breathless, and here are you.

M. Yes, here am I;—
And is that something?

R. Crown o' the day to me,
Music that makes all music's meaning clear,
The master-touch interpreting all lights,
Colour of colours, heart o' the living rose——

M. Enough! Enough! Would you too flatter?

R. No.
I pray you pardon me. I am mad to-day:
Drunken with spring: this morning on the road
I could not sing, for all the world was poem,
The world was poet, I was dumb; but now
Beholding you I speak I know not what,
The pent stream flows, and I am rhapsodist.
I pray you pardon me.

M. You need no pardon:
I think your liking for these things is real.
You really like the country.

R. Really like it!
To-day I love it.

M. Arthur loves the town.

R. Arthur? Where is he? Will he come to-day?

M. Yes, he is here; he's somewhere in the house—
Helping my maid perhaps to plan a gown
For the next part I play.—

R. Don't talk of plays.
Is not this better than the playhouse?

M. Yes:
Oh so much better! This is holiday,
My holiday amid the birds and bloom,
My holiday with flowers.

R. You love flowers.

M. I hate them.

R. What?

M. I hate them. So would you
If they were hurled at you, each on its wire,
Falling with a thud on the boards, stirring the dust,
Formal and scentless, dull, inevitable
As gloves or fans—a bouquet!

R. Bloom is bloom.
May I not choose some flowers for my lady?

M. No, let them live; I am so modest, I,
One daisy shall suffice me; thanks, my poet.
R. Your poet! If I dared—that was my dream
The night when I first saw you; on that night
I was so full of poetry, or verse
Which would be poetry, so full of song,
That, as I walked home through the London crowd—
Crowd that was but a murmur in my ears,
A shadow world,—I heard no single word
Of Arthur's talk, who will be critical.
The moon shone fair above base yellow lights,
And my lips babbled song; the moon shone fair
And touched my lips with madness, till I thought
That I was poet, fit to be your poet:
I broke from Arthur, and ran home; my brain
Was burning; "It is the god," I cried,
"The god inspires me:" so I seized my pen
And wrote:—and by the morning light I read
Page after page of broken scribbled verse,
Poor verse—Yes, you may laugh.
M. I do not laugh.
Show me this verse.
R. Then you love poetry?
M. I hate it. Verses have been flung at me
To fall with a thud like flowers: poetry
Is but cheap flowers, jewellery that's cheap,
Cheap as my life.
R. Why will you talk like that?
M. I talk as I feel. I am not good, you know;
Not good,—and somewhat weary of my life;
At least I can be honest—bad but true,—
Show me your verse.
R. My lady, speak no more
These cruel words against yourself. You know
I can't believe them—even if I would.
M. You would believe them then?
R. I wished to once;
Once; long ago.
M. We have been friends one week.
R. I was a fool, a prejudiced poor fool,
And I knew nothing.
M. A week ago! Poor boy!
R. I am a boy no longer. As a boy
I lived with boys, and loved my friends, my dreams,
And did not hate my books; I worked and played,
And both of work and play. Then I saw you:
Now I see nought but you.
M. Nought but each cloud,
Each summer cloud, each tree, each blade of grass.
R. I saw all these because I came to you,
Because I came to you, all beautiful;
They had but mocked me else.

M. As they mock me.
Would I could see their beauty; for this land,
Your dainty land of spring, is laid in flats;
The carpenters are barely out of sight;
Smell o' the lamp, glare o' the gas; and soon
Not without jolt and creak the play's next scene
Will be presented. I foresee the scene.
R. What is that scene?
M. A dainty scene enough;
A Room, a bijou, boudoir, lady's bower;
A wall of satin, save where Cupids leer
From panels; two long windows draped in lace
Through which the rose-coloured pale sunlight faints
To die on flowered carpet; all things there
Which women love, for which—Let's hear your verse.
R. There are tears in your eyes.
M. No, no. My eyes are dazed
By too much lime-light. Let me hear your verse.
R. There are tears in your eyes: why do you cry? Poor child!
M. Child! I am laughing now; are you content?
Child! I suppose that I was once a child,
Knowing no harm i' the world, a little child.
I must have been—but it was long ago.
R. Tell me about yourself.
M. With pleasure, sir;
The subject interests me: I was born
Some five-and-twenty years ago, or more—
I think that I was born before the flood:
I lived in a farm:—Now mark the pretty scene!
To Right a cottage porch o'ergrown with roses,
Right Centre—pump or pigeon-house on pole,
Then practicable gate o' the old pasture,
And Left a bit of barn-door. On this scene
Enter a young girl singing; that was I.
"Dost like the picture?" as they ask i' the play.
But come, recite! You did not tear them all,
Not all your pretty verses?
R. All, I think:
There's something I remember—but I will not,
You are so strange to-day.
M. You like me not:
You like me not to-day; and that is well;
You must not like me.
R. Stop; don't tell me that;
It is too late.
M. Poor boy!
R. Not poor but rich,
Rich with a kingdom that I would not yield
To be an Emperor.
M. And that's not much.
Don't talk like a young lover on the stage!
This is my garden, this my holiday;

Keep the stage lover from me :—Be my Siebel,
Cull me some flowers.
R. Let the flowers live ;
Is not the whole world nosegay for my lady ?
M. Pestilent vapours.
R. No.
M. Disperse them then ;
Come, let me have my hour ; come, if you love me ;
Sit by my feet and speak your verse to me ;
Here at my feet ! That's right ; and now the verses !
R. They are so weak.
M. The better ! Who am I
That I should make men poets ? Quires of verse
Have been discharged at me ; they were all weak.
Begin !
R. I cannot.
M. If you love me, Ralph.
R. I must. I can remember but few lines.

Night's flower, child of night and perfumed air—
Star o' the night, lone star as pure as pale—
Night's bird whose mere discourse is music rare—
Bird, star and flower, lovelorn nightingale—
Lightning of wrath, O passion fierce and frail—
Heart o' the rose, O heart of love's own heart—
Air, fire, life, death—and woman too thou art.

I have obeyed you, lady.
M. Thanks, my poet.
And when I played, you saw all this in me ?
R. You were so much to me.
M. And it was real ?
Was this play real to you ? Did you believe ?
R. The woman that you played was real to me,
Now shadow of a shade, since you are real,
Since I am by your feet, and this is you.
M. Shadow of a shade, ay, shadow of shade is play
And woman too.
R. Then nought be real to me
But this dear shade.
M. No ; have no faith in me.
R. I have no choice.
M. Poor boy !
R. Nay, not so poor !
Now, when I felt your hand light on my hair,
A blessing fell on me : Oh to sit here
For ever, that this moment might be time,
Dream with no waking after ! dreamful sleep,
Or death of all thought save that you are near.
M. Yes, dream ; you are safe in dreams—but never wake.
R. Dream, and I dream this day will ne'er be done.
M. The butterfly outlives it, but not love.
R. One night falls dark, dark night on love and life.

M. Oh this is poetry, folly, player's rant;
You dream and wake to-morrow. A week ago
We two were strangers; let some few days pass
And we are strangers.
R. But a week ago
I had not lived.
M. Stage fever is not life;
Stage fever's quick.
R. Yes, quick to cure or kill.
M. You must not talk like that.
R. What need to talk?
Let the air talk in the lilac; you and I
Sit silent breathing spring-time—you and I.
M. And are you happy?
R. I am rich with joy,
And yet not wholly happy.
M. Lover's mood!
O lover's luxury of sighs long-drawn!
Immortal—dead at sundown! Is't not sweet
To taste the day's delight, and sorrow too,
Sorrow in the thought that you and I must part?
R. Why must we part?
M. Why! Wake and see the world,
The world on which I make my player's round,
A star—how runs it?—star that's pale and pure,
Star o' the troupe, a comet with faint tail,
With somewhat musty followers—not with you.
Child, would you journey round this dusty world
Tied to my apron-string?
R. Yes, that would I.
M. No, be a man and burst these idle bonds,
These apron-strings.
R. Who tied me here but you?
You bound me, and I will not loose the bonds.
You bid me be a man; be woman you
To pity me: "I would I were thy bird."
M. Don't quote from plays.
R. 'Tis real enough to me.
M. I've seen so many love-sick Montagues;
I've stepped from windows with no house behind,
Leaned from sham balconies to lisp sham love;—
The powder's thick on the child Juliet's cheek;
She's dead i' the first scene, dead, stark, analysed,
Dissected—Now I shock you! You see now
How dull to feel I am, how cold, how bad,
How tired of life! A live warm-blooded man
Had better crash his heart against a stone
Than look for love in me. Be warned in time.
All is cold here at my heart, all is cold here.
See me, not Juliet in me: push her back,
This Juliet of your fancy, to the tomb;
To the tomb with her, if you love me, Ralph.
R. If I love!

M. Child, poor child, you must not love,
You shall not love me.
R. I am not a child,—
I love you, Mabel.
M. Hush! you shall not love me.
You will not: do you mark me? Arthur! here!
Where is my loving playmate? Ho, boy, ho!
Come to me, Arthur.
Arthur (*coming to them*). I salute you both.
Good morning, Ralph, a happy day to you!
Is it not happy, man?
M. Oh, much too happy!
I triumph, Arthur!
A. May I kiss your hand?
M. My lips if you will; I am right royal to-day.
A. (*to her*). What are you saying? You will spoil it all.
M. Look how the boy stares, boy who dares not think
Of woman's lip, who dares not lift his eye
When trembling sore he takes her finger-tips,—
Boy! child! a woman's wine is made of grapes,
Virtue! a fig's end!—oh, how runs the stuff?—
Iago knew us.
A. Good! Brava! brava!
Was ever such an actress! Ralph, applaud!
I'll swear he half believes her. What an actress!
R. (*to her*). And is this acting?
M. No. I tell you, no.
(Be silent, Arthur, do not cross my whim.)
I have been acting, acting for a week,
A long dull week, seven days of sentiment—
Heaven bless us all!—of sentiment and song,
"Sighing like furnace," of young grass and lambs,
Young grass, young lambs, young love, love of a boy.
But now good-bye, ingenuous charm of youth,
Good-bye to love, good-bye to love and lamb,
And back to town! I am free, I am true, myself,
I am myself again. Good-bye, dear boy;
We meet in town? No. Then good-bye again.
R. Good-bye.

[*Ralph goes away. Mabel will not look at him. When he is out of sight, and Mabel still stands and looks the other way, Arthur comes to her doubtfully.*

A. What means this, Mabel? Won't you speak?
M. Go.
A. What have *I* done? I've done nothing wrong.
M. Nothing but torture me! Go!
A. Very well!
I never yet have crossed a lady's whim.

[*Arthur goes away.*

M. I am alone: this is my holiday.

A WHITE RAJAH.

In the month of June 1868, James Brooke, Rajah of Sarāwak (known in the East as the White Rajah), died at Burrator, on the edge of Dartmoor. Others who have had greater opportunities for larger action have no doubt produced greater results, but in the annals of British worthies there is no purer or nobler name than the one we have just written. The little church of Burrator and the neighbourhood had been already consecrated in the memories of Western men by the presence and the kindly work of Sir Francis Drake. It seemed not unfitting that the Rajah should seek his last home and his grave in such a spot. He knew he was to die there. He chose himself the very corner of the churchyard where he wished to take his last long rest. It would have been difficult to have found, even in our own romantic land—in Moidart or in Sutherland—a more fitting place of refuge for the last days of James Brooke. He had chosen his last home far away from the sordid bustle of our great towns,—under the solemn shade of the wild Sheepstor—by the side of a Dartmoor brook which, close to the cottage, becomes a waterfall—almost in sight of Plymouth Sound (it can be seen from Sir Francis Drake's aqueduct, just above the house), from which, in the old days of English story, had sailed forth so many of our great Western captains, to help England at the hour of her sharpest need, or to win for her the dominion of the seas. But even during the seven or eight years of his life at Burrator, he had made himself as beloved by the rough Moorsmen as he had been by the Borneon Dyaks, superstitious reverence apart. James Brooke and human misery could never be neighbours. If trouble fell upon a Moorsman's cottage, there was one door at which he could knock, sure of the kindly help, and of the kindly look and word which made the help go down with people cast in so rough a mould. That was the door of Rajah Brooke, who, by the ignorance of some, by the jealousy, by the wounded vanity, by the treachery again of others, has been held up as a bloodthirsty and self-seeking man. The Dyaks of Borneo knew better—the stout old admirals who held the Eastern seas for England for so many years knew better—the great statesmen of England, with one or two sad and shameful exceptions, knew better—the officers of our Dutch rivals in the Indian Archipelago knew better—the Moorsmen of the West knew better. In a word, those amongst whom he had lived and worked, and those amongst whom he died, knew James Brooke better. Ill would it have fared with any glib politician, prodigal of his own good name, greedy and envious of the good name of others, who had dared to revile Rajah Brooke between Tamar and Chagford, between the northern and southern Tors of Dartmoor. As in Borneo the great orator would have seriously compromised his own safety, so on Dartmoor he would have run shrewd risk of making acquaintance with the shaft of a deserted mine, or at least with the head-waters of a famous Devonshire stream. Nor should it be forgotten that it was not from strong balances at his banker's, not from his own great wealth, that the Rajah continued to the

very last to help his poorer neighbours, but from his own straitened means and narrow income. His own patrimony had been sunk in the Eastern seas. The scant revenues of Sarāwak at that time could only afford him an income of which an English county court judge in his learned retirement would not have thought much; and on this income there were constant claims. What the Rajah, without cant or ostentation, freely gave to his poor neighbours, was balanced by his own self-denial. It was the old story of Sir Philip Sidney—a gentle Englishman of kindred spirit—"his need is greater than mine." And this was the man who was hunted down by slander to the last! The solemnity of death has not protected his grave.

The story—and it is a touching one—of the Rajah's death and funeral, will be more properly told at the end of this brief notice of his life and actions. The last and final scene of all must not come first. But now concerning the book,* 'The Life of Sir James Brooke,' which has given us occasion to say a few words about its subject. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left his papers and letters in the hands of Mr Spenser St John—formerly Consul-General at Borneo, and actually the resident British Minister at Peru. This must give a supreme value to the book in the eyes of all who are desirous of arriving at the truth of this Borneon story. Mr St John first went out to the Archipelago in the Meander as private secretary to Sir James, remained with him in this capacity for a long time,—indeed until, with the Rajah's full assent, he accepted office at Brunei under the British Government. He was deeply attached to the Rajah—nobody was better acquainted with his history, public or private—and no doubt it would have been impossible to find amongst his followers a more highly qualified man. We notice, as a characteristic of the book, and as showing how honestly Mr St John has endeavoured to perform his task, that whilst full and ample justice is done to his nobler qualities, the smallest foible of the Rajah is duly registered. The poor man was not clever at keeping accounts and double entry—he is not excused an error in vulgar fractions. He was over-indulgent to the middies and youngsters about him: one would almost imagine at times in these pages that we were reading the life of the great Mr Midshipman Easy.

"Mr Brooke [*i.e.*, the Rajah] had a large cabin, and this was the rendezvous of as unruly a set of young officers as it has been my fortune to meet. He had a nephew on board, Charles Johnson, a staid sub-lieutenant, who endeavoured to preserve order, but it was of little avail. The noisy ones were in the ascendant, led by a laughing, bright-faced lad, who, when he was a midshipman in the Agincourt in 1845-47, had become acquainted with Mr Brooke, and whose fondness for cherry-brandy was only equalled by his love of fun. No place in the cabin was respected: six or seven would throw themselves on the bed, careless whether Mr Brooke was there or not, and skylark over his body as if he were one of themselves. In fact, he was as full of play as any of them. The grave secretary [Mr St John] seated at the writing-table could but look on with astonishment at the liberties taken with his chief, for whom he felt then almost veneration, so highly did he esteem the work he

* The Life of Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarāwak. By Spenser St John, F.R.G.S., formerly Secretary to the Rajah. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1879.

had been performing in the East. But these young imps thought of nothing but fun: they ate his biscuits, drank his cherry-brandy, laughed, sang, and skylarked, till work was generally useless, and nothing was done."

When the chief and the secretary differ on more important matters, the chief is in the wrong. After laying the book down, we are really not sure which could give the other checkmate at chess. In a word, the Rajah was the Rajah; but Mr St John was the "guide, philosopher, and friend." We are glad to notice these little points, for they afford a fair presumption that Mr St John has honestly endeavoured to give a true picture of the man—weaknesses, errors, and all. He has, in a word, painted the Rajah as Oliver Cromwell wished to be painted, but he has paid great attention to the wart. With all this, here is his conclusion, and no one knew the Rajah better: "I have described him as he appeared to me, and I leave the reader to form his own opinion; but as I also have formed mine, I may say that I consider him to have been one of the noblest and best of men."

It is also desirable to call attention to another point. We must distinguish between what Mr St John actually saw with his own eyes when he had been for some time at Sarāwak, and the events which he records as having happened before he himself came upon the scene and began to understand something of Borneon affairs. From 1848 to 1868 we take him as a very trustworthy guide; but as to what happened when the Rajah first came to the country—when we find the Rajah and the secretary at variance—we are not quite sure that the Rajah was in the wrong. For example, when Mr Brooke was at Kuching with the Royalist in 1840, and was induced to give his help to the Rajah Muda Hassim against the Malay rebels, Mr St John tells us that the English should, if anything, have rather helped the rebels against a ruffian of the name of Makota, who had oppressed them in a terrible way. We have not the smallest doubt that Makota richly deserved the gallows, with short shrift indeed. But we feel that Mr St John is a very impartial man when he tells us of his clients, that "their religious position led them to despise the infidel, and their greed induced them to encourage piracy and warlike expeditions in order to obtain slaves and plunder"—in other words, they were just the set of scoundrels whom Lord Exmouth would have dealt with in a very summary way, had their lot been cast on the northern shore of Africa in his days. What Mr Brooke did was to stipulate, as the price of his assistance, for the pardon of all save the two or three chiefs. Even for these, when the affair was over, he extorted a similar pardon from Muda Hassim. As far as the affair itself is concerned, Mr St John's account of it reads like the story of a Christmas pantomime. Nobody seems to have been hurt but a poor British sailor; and his hurt, we hope, was not very severe, as it is spoken of in a casual sort of way. Mr Brooke, by supporting the Government, restored peace to the country without loss of life, obtained pardon and immunity for all, and gained an influence over the Rajah which he never lost. It was owing to this act of intervention that he afterwards became Rajah himself, and that the poor Dyaks are able to live at peace, and enjoy the fruits of their industry. Who was in the right?—the Rajah who was present at the time, or Mr St John, who formed his opinion "from information" many years

afterwards? Making this distinction between the two parts of the book, and noticing briefly the secretary's little foible for recording his chief's weaknesses in a way which, as our French neighbours would say, "leaves nothing to be desired," we may say that there are few men living who could have told the true tale of Borneon piracy as Mr St John has done it, or who could have described the position of the Chinese in Borneo and Singapore with half his authority and knowledge of the facts.

We do not wish to review 'The Life of Sir James Brooke,' but in a few pages (taking Mr St John's book mainly as a guide) to tell the story of Rajah Brooke's life. There will be plenty of people found to pull it to pieces, or to hit a blot in it—if any such is to be found. There is the Rump of Sir James's old slanderers — there are others who, wishing well to the Rajah and to his memory, may be induced to differ from Mr St John's views. It is known in select Sarāwak circles that many and grave dissensions gathered round the Rajah's later years; but on these we do not intend to waste a word—all interest in the Borneon drama is concentrated round James Brooke. The suppression of piracy in the Eastern seas is the great event of Rajah Brooke's life. We may attempt to describe this with some hope of success; we should certainly fail if we tried at too much. The only book which we will recommend our readers to take up with Mr St John's is entitled 'Letters and Journals of Sir James Brooke.' These were published many years ago; but from the charm of the style, as well as from the interest of the matter, they can even now be read with advantage as an appendix to Mr St John's work.

James Brooke was born in Benares in the year 1803. He was the son of Mr Thomas Brooke, an old Indian civilian, a man of high character and good sense, but certainly not a remarkable person in any way. Like other Indian children, the little boy was sent home at an early age; and, like other Indian children, he was handed over to the care of his grandmother, who did her best to spoil him. He was sent to the grammar-school at Norwich, then under the rule of Valpy; but he did not like the grammatical tortures of the place, so he ran away, and back to his indulgent grandmother, where he was sure to find liberal treatment. A private tutor was then tried upon him; but neither was this experiment crowned with greater success. The tutor was sent away this time, and the boy was remitted to another school. He ran away again; neither in a public nor in a private way could he be induced to enjoy the intellectual treat. The plain truth must be told—James Brooke was a sad pickle. We think, however, that Mr St John wastes a good deal of valuable ink in his lamentations over the Rajah's want of regular training. On Mr St John's own showing, Sir James was a constant and a hard student from the age of sixteen. Few men were better read in history, in theology, in natural history, in public law—in a word, in anything which concerned his career or interested his mind. It may amuse some of our readers to hear that throughout life, and to the last, he was a great reader of novels—especially delighting in Miss Austen's works. He might not have taken a high place at a competitive examination, or have done any form of pedant work in a satisfactory way; but though a self-taught man, Sir James Brooke

had taught himself a great deal. He had a firm hold of as much knowledge, under many important heads, as can be obtained from books.

Be this, however, as it may, it was soon arranged that the naughty boy was not to be a professional student. At the age of sixteen he was packed off to India to join a native regiment. Here he seems to have lived a life of fun, of frolic, of pig-sticking, and of so much adventure as usually falls in the way of a "sub;" but in 1825 more serious work fell in his way. He was then twenty-two years of age—a bright young soldier, panting for adventure and distinction. In Assam, during the Burmese war, he raised a body of irregular cavalry, and at their head charged the enemy home in a way which used to cut the knot of many a military difficulty. This, however, he seems to have done once too often, for on one occasion he fell into an ambuscade. "Brooke," as Mr St John writes, "came galloping up, and, putting himself at the head of his men, foremost fighting fell." He was left for dead; but his commanding officer was not a man to give up his gallant young subaltern without an effort. "Take me to his body," was his instant command. "Poor Brooke," said he, bending over him, and then taking his hand, as he thought for the last time. "He is not dead!" The young officer was brought into camp, with a bullet lodged in his lungs. It was a long and painful recovery, the end being that he was invalided home. He remained at home nearly five years; but on attempting to rejoin his regiment he was shipwrecked—and so he tried again. The second trial, however, was not more successful. He had put to sea in a ship which lost time between the Lizard and Madras, so that Brooke was "too late." He had broken his furlough, though not by his own fault. He resigned, and was not very sorry to do so, as Mr St John slyly suggests, for he liked his company in the Castle Huntly, and wanted to see China and the Chinese seas. To China he went, and filled his mind with pictures of the Indian seas. This voyage determined his after-career. He returned home in 1831; and here is Mr St John's account of him, which corresponds precisely with what the writer of the present notice has heard over and over again, from those who knew him well in those days. "He was handsome, elegant in look as well as in manner, fond of the lighter accomplishments of music and poetry, *so winning in his ways as to be beloved by all those he met*, and full of ability, and with his friends brilliant in talk. Yet in general society he was reserved, and rarely gave sign of the power which was in him." A true picture indeed! There was in the man to the last a something so gracious and so "winning," that, in the old Roman phrase, he seemed to "play round your heart." You could have no harsh or unkindly thoughts in the presence of one who appeared not to know the meaning of the word. In his old age, as in his youth, it was the same to the last. The "toddlin' wee things" at Burrator would hang round the old chief, and play with his poor helpless hand. His hair was scant and white, and his step so weak that he could scarcely creep up the path to his cottage; but he would prattle with the children as one of themselves. Yet speak to him then of the fortunes of his other "children" in the distant East, and of the great things in which he had been

concerned, and the old fire would come back to the eye, the same keen glance read your inmost thought. This, until one day there came on him that "far-away" look which all who have seen in the eyes of those they love can never mistake for any other look upon earth—but, even so, gracious and winning to all was James Brooke, and to the last.

In a very few sentences we must skip over a certain space of time, until we can land Mr Brooke in the Sarāwak River. Taking up our brief abstract of a long tale where we left it, we find that Brooke at this time of his life fell in love, and thought of Parliament. His suit did not prosper, and the lady did not live long afterwards. He was ever chivalric and gentle in his bearing to women, like a gentleman of the old school; but he was never again a suitor for a lady's hand. Nor did anything come of the parliamentary scheme. He finally hit upon the notable project of buying a brig, freighting it with merchandise, and sailing for China. This he actually did, but the adventure turned out a failure. The future Rajah of Sarāwak had clearly mistaken his line when he tried to be a "supercargo." Shortly after his return to England from this futile expedition his father died, leaving him about £30,000. He bought a yacht called the Royalist, of 142 tons burden; and so we find him at the age of thirty-two, a young gentleman in possession of the fortune above named — less the purchase-money of his yacht—a member of the famous squadron; just like so many others who have scoured the Solent from the Southampton water to the Needles, with an occasional run across to Cherbourg, and possibly, once in their lives, a trip to distant Athens and remote Constantinople. What Mr Brooke did was to take this very trip at once, in order to test his vessel and his crew; and then set sail for Singapore from Devonport in December 1838, which port he reached in safety after a prosperous run. His object at this time was geographical discovery.

In the year 1838, to parody Metternich's famous definition of Italy, Borneo was a geographical riddle. It might have been marked upon the maps with an alligator in place of a tiger, to signify—the unknown. The Dutch knew something about it, but they kept their knowledge to themselves. In 1838 less was actually known of Borneo than in 1879 of the North Pole or of the head-waters of the Nile. In those days a candidate qualified for the Travellers' Club by an adventurous journey to Naples—a place which he can now reach, and in a Pullman's sleeping-car, for little more than a ten-pound note, and in little more than two days and nights of travel. People knew that the coasts of Borneo were infested with bloodthirsty pirates; of the interior—nothing. Now it so happened that when Mr Brooke reached Singapore, a certain Muda Hassim, living on the banks of a river called the Sarāwak River, had, to the astonishment of all men at Singapore, done a kind act by some shipwrecked seamen. All Borneons, then, were not men-eaters — they did not all carry their heads beneath their shoulders. The Governor and Mr Brooke talked the matter over. The owner of the Royalist wished to go somewhere; the Governor wished that Muda Hassim should be thanked. Mr Brooke agreed to carry his message if he could find out where the Sarāwak River was. Thus it came to pass that James Brooke first

visited Borneo. After sailing some days the Borneon coast was sighted from the Royalist; and after a few more days of surveying, Mr Brooke found and entered the Sarāwak River, and finally reached Kuching, so soon destined to be the capital of his own dominion.

We have now to tell of how James Brooke came to be a ruler in Borneo. We must do this very briefly, for space would fail us to tell the tale as it should be told; besides, here is Mr St John's book. No man knows Sarāwak, or Brunei, or the forests of Borneo, better than Mr St John, and we must refer our readers to his pages. The province of Sarāwak was in a sort of nominal dependence upon the Sultan of Borneo Proper—Omar Ali, who held his somewhat mouldy court at Brunei,—a kind of "Venice of hovels," as Mr Brooke afterwards described it. A cunning ruffian, named Makota, was at this time governor of Sarāwak; but by his brutality, greed, and insolence, he had goaded the province into rebellion. Muda Hassim, uncle of the Sultan, and heir-presumptive to the throne, had been sent down from Brunei to restore order. This he was quite unable to do. In conclusion, partisan fighting, pestilence, and famine were rife throughout the province. Muda Hassim, who had hospitably received the white man that had dropped in upon him from the clouds, entreated Mr Brooke to help him. If he, the Sultan's High Commissioner, failed in his enterprise, he was a lost man when he got back to Brunei. His object was, having pacified the province, to get back there, where, as next heir to the throne, he had his own little interests to look after. He even promised Mr Brooke the government of the province, of course under the suzerainty of the Sultan, if he would help him to restore order. Long did the Englishman hesitate, and pause—he even sailed away from Sarāwak to see if matters would settle themselves; but on coming back some months afterwards, found things rather worse than better. At length he decided that he and his dozen sailors would help Muda Hassim, but on condition that full pardon was extended to all the rebels—save two or three chiefs, for whom he also obtained forgiveness in the long-run. Mr St John seems to think that the right thing would have been to get rid of Makota, and to have treated with the rebels. Mr Brooke, at the time, and after months of consideration, thought otherwise. It might not have been so easy to get rid of Makota; it was not so clear, if you could have got rid of the existing government and set up the rebel chiefs in its place, that you would have much bettered matters. The rebel chiefs themselves were great men amongst the pirates, and were just as ready to slay and plunder the Dyaks as the Malay Makota himself. Mr Brooke did interfere, and the chapter in Mr St John's book in which this terrible warfare is described is ludicrous beyond description. In the motley army of Sarāwak the Chinese waited for the Malays, the Malays for the Chinese. When they got near, but still at safe distance from the enemy, the troops would let off their guns into space, and piously fall to prayers. Then a council of war would be called, and then in the heat of argument the chiefs would dance their war-dances, and grind their teeth at the absent foe. Makota himself was the chief coward, as the chief leader; and in his ingenuity at finding reasons for keeping himself out of harm's way, could have given long

odds to stout Jack Falstaff himself. After giving up the job in despair, Mr Brooke went back to Kuching. Muda Hassim implored and prevailed upon him at last to return; and this time, mainly by cutting off the supplies of the rebel camp, and at the cost of one wounded sailor, Mr Brooke prevailed. The rebels surrendered, the white chief obtained pardon for all, and returned to Kuching. Not without delay, and not without hesitation, Muda Hassim at last kept his word; for after the victory, if such it could be called, Makota had regained his own influence. On the 24th of September 1841, the owner of the Royalist became Governor of Sarāwak, with full powers, and about a year afterwards the appointment was confirmed by the Sultan at Brunei.

How he used power we have yet to show; and, in showing it, to state the claims of Rajah Brooke to the reverence and affection of his countrymen. We must have expressed ourselves badly indeed, and have sailed under very false colours, if we have left the impression upon the reader that James Brooke was a cut-and-dried philanthropist, who went out to the East to convert the natives, as he might come across them. In the pages of 'Maga' there shall never be found a disrespectful word of the many fearless and noble men who have sacrificed their lives in missionary work. There is room enough in the world for David Livingstone as well as for James Brooke. Each worked in his own way, starting from his own antecedents; but Livingstone, followed by Gordon, will not in the long-run have put a stop to greater horrors, or done more to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures, than was actually accomplished by Rajah Brooke, when he had once fixed his dwelling on the Borneon coast. Independently of that love and goodwill to all, in which lay the secret of his power, there was this peculiarity about the Rajah, that God's image, cut in ebony, or it mattered not in what dark wood, was to him purest ivory. He did not, morally, come down sixteen pairs of stairs to patronise and exhort the *native*. To the last you would hear him speak of "a Malay gentleman, a great friend of mine;" or of a Dyak peasant, "for whom I had the highest respect." Amongst Malays and Dyaks he was just like an English country gentleman living amongst his friends and dependants, and acted towards them in the same way as the Englishman would have done with his Englishmen.

When he got the power, Rajah Brooke did make as clean a sweep of the pirates as ever stout Sir Edward Pellew did of the Algerine corsairs: he did put an end to the misery from which the Land Dyaks had suffered long before a European had been taught to distinguish between a land Dyak and a sea Dyak. Where, until his time, wholesale murder, rape, and plunder had been the rule, he made the rule to be the exception, and the "exception" (we ask pardon for the phrase) was as certain of punishment as if it had occurred on the home circuit. Within the dominions of Rajah Brooke, an assassin or a thief was as safe as a horse-stealer would have been before a Yorkshire jury. The fact was, that Mr Brooke had not formed any clear design when he had landed at Kuching for the first time, and became mixed up with Sarāwak affairs. He was drawn on from one step to another, believing at each step that he was doing "the right thing," until at last he

became ruler of Sarāwak, and insured for himself a place in our English annals. The facts in Borneo and in the Borneon seas seem to have been somewhat as follows—certainly as far as the north-west coast was concerned. The aboriginal inhabitants are Dyaks, but these Dyaks are divided into sea Dyaks and land Dyaks. The difference between these is as the difference between the wolf and the sheep—between Cain and Abel. The land Dyak lived as far as he could get up the great rivers. When he ventured down to the coast, or launched his boat upon the water, the sea Dyak was there to seize him as a slave, or to murder him and carry his head home as a trophy. Even let him lurk as cleverly as he might in his little up-stream village, the sea Dyaks would follow him there, burn his house, and carry off the women and children—if they did not murder them on the spot. But the sea Dyaks might be said in a way to carry on the retail business of piracy. The Malays, who are the nobles and rulers both in Borneo and in the neighbouring islands, took the matter in hand in a more complete and wholesale manner. These are the men who established piratical strongholds, from which their fleets issued forth and swept the seas in large craft—carrying 150 or 200 men, mainly sea Dyaks, well armed for war. Whatever they came across was fair prey. They would as soon have attacked an English bark,—Hume at the prow and Gladstone at the helm,—as they would have seized a poor Dyak's fishing-boat. Worse than the Malays were the Arab adventurers, — more subtle, more daring, more successful in their horrible trade. The taint of piracy had infected the land. The Sultan's court at Brunei was under the influence of the piratical party. The Sultan's relations, the Sultan's chief advisers, were — at least many of them were—interested in piracy. Makota was a pirate. In fact Borneo, when Rajah Brooke took the matter in hand, was somewhat like another country which it might be invidious to name — where the African slave-trade and the agreeable incidents of the Middle Passage were in full swing. This was the state of facts with which the Rajah had to deal; and at first he did so single-handed, but his influence soon availed to bring English men-of-war and the blue-jackets upon the scene. It may be said, and with truth, that most of the piratical strongholds were carried, most of the piratical war-fleets annihilated, by officers of the British navy, with men of the British navy under their command. This is true; but it is also true that it was Rajah Brooke who, by his instances and his personal influence with one admiral after another, and with one sea-captain after another, brought them upon the scene, directed them where to strike, and was ever helping with his own people. It is asking a good deal of our credulity to require the admission that Admirals Parker, Keppel, Cochrane, Farquhar, Belcher, Mundy, and other such men, being present on the spot, and having made careful inquiry into the matter, were all in the wrong, and Admirals Hume, Cobden, and Gladstone in the right. We will say nothing of the result of inquiries before courts of competent jurisdiction, where the matter was carefully looked into, and where it was decided that the acts of piracy were gross, flagrant, and a stain upon humanity. Admirals, judges, witnesses, profes-

sional and others, were simply fools, or blinded to the truth, which shone forth with unusual lustre before the eyes of three or four home politicians, who would have been not a little puzzled to assign their right places on the map to the islands of Gilolo and Celebes. Division after division in the House of Commons, in which the friends of the pirates cut as distinguished a figure as a knot of Repealers (we will not say Home-Rulers) would do in our day, remained without the smallest effect. It does seem a little strange—perhaps a little hard—that men's throats should be cut in the Eastern seas because a borough vote is shaky in the British House of Commons; but government by party must be carried on. The leading counsel for the pirates have all passed away. We are glad to say that Mr Gladstone was not at that time active in the matter. It has, however, since pleased him to revive the old and exploded absurdities: why, and for what reason, it would no doubt puzzle himself to tell. The only possible excuse we can make for him is, that many times when he gets up to speak, or sits down to write, he himself knows not what words will come to his tongue or his pen. Having spoken or written them he will stick to them; and his devoted admirers will accept them as words of oracular weight. It is with Mr Gladstone in this his last stage of intellectual life as with Lord Brougham at the close of his versatile career. How Mr St John has answered him we will show in due course. Mr Gladstone and his friends must not be surprised when they find what bitter animosity has been called forth by the wanton and unfounded attack upon a man so venerated and beloved by all who knew him in life. Could the hand which now lies cold and powerless under the granite slab on Dartmoor be raised in self-defence, he would need no help from us. James Brooke is dead, but he lives in the hearts of many who will not stand by in silence and see outrage offered to his memory. Surely there is better work for a man's hands than to bespatter the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

We have dwelt at length upon this point, for it is the turning one upon which men will form their decision as to the value of Sir James Brooke's work upon earth. To Mr St John's book we must refer our readers for details of the naval actions in which he was fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of the officers in the service of the British Crown who were then acting in the Eastern seas. Sir Henry Keppel came first in order, and between him and Rajah Brooke there ever remained the firmest confidence and friendship. To the last the Rajah's face would brighten up when the Admiral's name was mentioned. "What! my old friend Harry Keppel!" and, even now, you will see a shade pass over the brave old sailor's face when you speak to him of Rajah Brooke. He knew the man. It was not, however, without reference to the Admiral on the station, Sir William Parker; nor without further reference to the Home Government; nor without special call from the native sovereign, the Sultan of Brunei,—that the operations which resulted in the crushing defeat of the pirates were carried through. Captain Keppel began the work; Sir Thomas Cochrane—not a hasty man, not an officer without experience—continued it, and at last found himself compelled to reduce to submission the Sultan himself, who had again fallen

into the hands of the piratical party. At Brunei (as we should phrase it) "public opinion had again taken a piratical turn." Mr Brooke had now accomplished the first stage of his life-long task. He had brought down the power of Great Britain upon these fierce and pitiless hordes who had too long infested the Borneon sea. He had exacted pledges from the native chiefs, from the Sultan downwards, that piracy should be given up, and had good reason to hope that he had "broken the neck" of the infernal custom. As it turned out, the snake was scotched, not killed. Mr Brooke now thought the time had arrived when he might visit England once more. He left Sarāwak in the care of Mr Arthur Crookshank, that true and faithful follower who twenty years afterwards closed his eyes at Burrator. Mr Crookshank is still living; therefore words of praise from us might seem to be fulsome, and out of place. We may, however, be permitted to add that the Rajah always spoke of this gentleman with affection and respect, and considered him in ability, in courage, in fidelity, second to no other of those who had followed his fortunes. Whilst speaking of his followers, it would be wrong to omit mention of Mr Charles Grant, who afterwards joined him, and to whom the Rajah was greatly attached. There always appeared to be something peculiarly sympathetic in the relations between Sir James and Mr Grant, who had joined him when a mere youth, and faithfully followed his fortunes throughout. Mr Grant and Mr Crookshank were present at the funeral on Dartmoor, and certainly it would have been difficult to find two men more attached to him in life, as they were faithful to him even in death. The Rajah always spoke of him with the strongest affection. This gentleman, too, is still living, so we will say no more. The Rajah of Sarāwak landed at Southampton on the 1st of October 1847. James Brooke had sailed from Devonport in December 1838. He was then owner of the Royalist,—nothing more. He had, in the interval, all but destroyed the piracy of the Eastern seas, and was a prince in Borneo. The whole story is the chapter of a romance.

We have now to speak of him as the guest of the Sovereign—as the companion and friend of our English statesmen. Universities and corporations united to do him honour, and certainly he could not complain of the reception given him at home. It was the same to the last, whenever the feeling or opinion of his countrymen could be fairly put to the test. It is the worst of it, that the bulk of the people who are reasonable, are also quiet. The noise of the few prevails over the silence of the many. A quack doctor will overpower the business of a whole market-place. Two or three noisy curs will keep a village awake all night. This is what poor Rajah Brooke did not remember in after-years, when two or three of the most persevering bawlers in the country yelped at his heels without pause or stint. During his stay in England the sky was bright and serene; but, had he been blessed with the usual dose of suspicion and distrust, he would have seen a cloud, though not bigger, as yet, than a man's hand, rising on the horizon. This cloud was an agent to whom, in an unfortunate moment, he had intrusted the management of his affairs in England. This worthy creature had formed a nice little plan for a nice little company to work

Borneo and the Eastern seas. The profits or proceeds were to be divided between Sir James Brooke and himself. The Rajah in the Eastern seas was to become the "idol of his countrymen," the agent was to blow the trumpet at home, and the trick was done. It was as easy as lying or thimblerig. The Rajah would have none of it; so the agent turned upon him. By ill luck this man got hold of the late Mr Hume, who would no doubt have kicked him out of the front door at Bryanstone Square had he known him for what he was proved to be afterwards. But it would have taken the pressure of a hydraulic machine to get out of Mr Hume's head an idea which he had once adopted. The more and the more often he was proved to be in the wrong, the more he stuck to his text. In Mr Cobden he found a willing ally. Large as his views may have been on economical subjects, on all others Mr Cobden was one of the narrowest-minded men who ever lived. Greatness which was not the greatness of the Manchester school stank in his nostrils. Could you have converted the pirates from their evil ways by consigning to them cargoes of fast prints and piece-goods, and by helping them to establish mechanics' institutes at Balambangan or elsewhere, Mr Cobden would have been with you heart and soul. But blow pirates out of the water! was such a thing ever heard of? Each of them might every year have consumed so many shillings' worth of grey shirting. Besides, Mr Cobden actually and truly abhorred naval and military operations. Glory such as Rajah Brooke had won was "anathema" to him. So it came to pass that a service-pipe of "unadorned eloquence" was turned upon the Rajah as soon as he left England. Those two men between them were sore trials. The Rajah lived down their slanders and absurdities; but they no doubt embittered the last twenty years of his life, and worked much mischief on the Eastern seas, which was only put to rights at the cost of much bloodshed and misery. We read in Mr St John's book that the poor Rajah was at times thrown quite off his balance by their continuous and malignant calumny. "One day, galled by some furious assault of Hume and Cobden, he sprang to his feet, and said, 'I wish I had the two before me, sword in hand, on the sands of Santubong.'"

Meanwhile, on 1st February 1848, James Brooke, Governor of Labuan, Commissioner and Consul-General in Borneo, sailed in the Meander (Henry Keppel was captain) for Singapore, which port he reached on the 20th of May. At Singapore he was welcomed with the intelligence that the Queen had made him a K.C.B. His troubles were now at hand. He made a beginning of the settlement at Labuan, which did not come to good: he had a bad attack of fever. When he returned to Sarāwak he found that the Seribas and Sakarang pirates had got back to their old trade. Mr St John writes: "The Seribas, in their last raid, had obtained about one hundred heads, a few captive women, and a small amount of plunder. Sir James Brooke grew restless, could not sit still or sleep, but was continually wandering about the house, both night and day." The end of it was, that on the 24th of July 1849 the battle of Batang Marau, known as "Farquhar's action," was fought between the English and the pirate fleet, consisting of 105 war-boats manned by 4000 men. When the pirates had been chased ashore

and took to the jungle, Sir James Brooke might, by a single command, have caused the occupation of a tongue of land, which would have cut off their retreat into the interior, and not a man could have escaped. "I will not do it," was the reply; "perhaps they have been punished enough." The result of this and of the subsequent operations was the actual destruction of piracy on the Borneon coast.

At this point we will extract two passages from Mr St John's book illustrative of this piratical warfare, and which may serve as samples of the work. Farquhar's battle had been fought, and it was determined to follow up the blow by immediate action on the Paku branch of the great river. They ascended this, though not without great difficulty, when

"Captain Farquhar landed his force and marched them to the top of the cleared hill, and there took up a strong position. Everything was in active preparation, some of us had returned to the boats to get completely ready for the march, when suddenly a distant yell was heard. A volley of musketry, shouts and cries, a bustle on the summit of the hill, and the English forming into line, told that something of importance had occurred. We rushed on shore. At first no explanation could be given of the alarm. Some cried 'Kalong is dead,' others Bunsi, others Tujang, some that all three were killed—when the return of a Dyak, bearing a wounded companion, gave the first intelligence. The wounded man said that they were ahead, when a party of Seribas dashed from under cover of the bamboos, and killed a great many: he himself was severely wounded; he believed that all the young chiefs were dead,—he was sure that one was. The headless trunk of Bunsi, and the frightfully mangled body of Tujang, were now brought in; but Kalong, the eldest son, had escaped. Not knowing the strength of the enemy, and wishing to be prepared, the English were ordered to fall back a little and form a line along the summit of the hill.

"This slightly retrograde movement began to produce a panic among the natives, who imagined that our men were retreating, and they commenced rushing to their boats. At first I thought that the enemy in overpowering force must be approaching; but the Rajah, speaking quietly to the men as they passed us, and laughing, observed, 'Don't be afraid,' and turning to us said, 'Let us advance.' We instantly pushed up the hill. This had an immediate effect,—the men turned and followed the Rajah in crowds.

"Quiet being restored, we heard some account of the skirmish. The clearing party had advanced some hundred yards into the bamboo jungle, when Tujang, high-spirited but rash, pushed on ahead, and was followed by his elder brothers. Overconfident, they were almost unarmed, and without their fighting-jackets, and had advanced with a few men beyond immediate support. Tujang and Bunsi were stooping to pull out the bamboo spikes, when from behind a thick clump out dashed twenty of the enemy, and cut them down before they could draw their swords. Kalong, seeing his danger, sprang back and was saved; and the immediate advance of some Malays under brave Patah, who poured in a volley on the enemy, saved the wounded, and enabled them to recover the bodies of the slain.

"It was a melancholy hour for the old Orang Kaya of Lundu. The father was but a little way behind when they fell. Proud of his sons, and especially fond of Tujang, he at first could only find vent for his grief in bitter reviling of those whom he accused of deserting his sons. He retired with his tribe to their boats, and sent Kalong to the Rajah to request permission to return to Lundu to bury his children. The surviving son came, and in a subdued voice said, 'I have lost my two younger brothers.' 'Tell the Orang Kaya,' replied the Rajah, 'not to grieve; his sons died like brave men.' A proud though faint smile of satisfaction was for a second

visible, as praise from their great chief was indeed appreciated by them. Unwilling to allow his brothers' death to pass unrevenged, Kalong wished to remain with us; but the old Orang Kaya, bowed down by grief, begged him to return home.

"One would have thought that the measure of his grief had been full, but another incident occurred which filled it to overflowing. The Ranee steamer had been left at last night's anchorage, and a cutter, bearing the dead body of a sailor who had accidentally shot himself, arrived at the moment the Lundu chief was passing. There was a little bustle on the steamer's deck; a rope caught the hammer of a musket left at full-cock by shameful carelessness; it went off; the ball passed between two of the officers, grazed a boy, struck the Orang Kaya's son-in-law, killing him on the spot, and finished by burying itself in the breast of a Malay. The old man, completely overcome, burst into tears, and holding up his fingers to the officers, could only say, 'Three sons in one day,' and continued his melancholy journey. From him the enemy could expect no mercy, and every Seribas that came in his way, during his passage down the river, was killed; many fell by his own hand."

Here is another incident of the same transaction, which appears to be worthy of quotation. This also took place after Farquhar's action.

"One village was surprised by the Malays, and the inhabitants had only time to save themselves in the woods. A mother, being hard pressed, let go the hand of her son, a boy of ten, who was seized by our men. He was brought on board our *prahu*, and Sir James took him under his protection, had him clothed and well fed, so that before he had been on board many days he grew quite confidential. As we were coming down the river, near the site of his village, the little fellow asked, 'Where are you going to take me?' 'To Sarāwak.' 'I wish you would land me, and let me find my mother.' Sir James hesitated, but being assured by the natives that a Dyak boy of ten could manage for himself, it was determined to land him where he had been picked up. He was loaded with presents, and with food for three or four days. To prevent his being annoyed, a Malay guard was left at the landing-place until the last Dyak ally had passed on. This little fellow remained three days alone in the jungle, but never wandered, and was found by his mother at the spot she had left him. This conduct, so different to what is customary in native warfare, had an excellent effect: as soon as possible after the expedition his mother sent him to Sarāwak, with presents to the white man who had been kind to her boy."

The tale is told in the ninth chapter of Mr St John's book, and, in the tenth, Mr Gladstone's strictures on the matter are fully considered. This action with the pirates roused the slanderers at home to a point of insanity. Now was the agent's opportunity,—now was the time when Mr Hume fairly committed himself, and could never draw back; now was the time when the hose of "unadorned eloquence" poured forth a steady stream. Mr St John's book must be consulted for details of the action. The naval officers bore witness—the court at Singapore adjudicated on the question of piracy—the House of Commons at home was forced to a division, and the slanderers were left in a ridiculous minority. In subsequent years (and more shame that it was so), commissioners were appointed to inquire into the subject (amongst others) on the spot, and found there was no question before them. The best and greatest men in England, and the Dutch officers in Borneo — everything that was decent at Singapore, — all stood by the Rajah, and wished to trample the oft-repeated falsehood out of existence. In course of time it died out, though the

Rajah's proud spirit never quite recovered from the effects of the persecution. Will it be believed that Mr Gladstone but the other day renewed the attack, from no reason which we can suggest save that, as his own mind has become wilder and wilder, his uneasy egotism and vanity are now beyond all control? Read the tenth chapter of Mr St John's book, with Mr Gladstone's strictures and Mr St John's replies. Were not these pirates carrying on what was merely intertribal warfare? asks Mr Gladstone. Were they pirates at all, inasmuch as they had not attacked English ships?

We cannot copy into this notice the tenth chapter of Mr St John's book, in which he deals with Mr Gladstone's queries or charges *seriatim*. After all the investigations, parliamentary, judicial, by commissioners, and in other ways, Mr Gladstone returned to the charge, for what earthly reason no one but himself could tell. The story of Rajah Brooke has been a *res judicata* for a score of years and more; but here is the first query, and here is the answer:—

"*Query* 1.—That the so-called pirates were not pirates in the proper sense of the term, as applicable to persons habitually infesting the seas and assailing European commerce.

"'The Dyaks of Seribas and Sakarang were pirates in the proper sense of the term, as their fleets and squadrons frequented the coasts of Borneo, and the Natunas, Tambilan, and other groups of islands, during the whole of the south-west monsoon—that is, during the time that native war-vessels could keep the seas: that their cruising-grounds were from Tanjong Kidurong, north of the river Bintulu, to Pontianak, or about 400 miles in extent; whilst some of their vessels have pulled as far as Banjarmassin on the south coast.

"'The Seribas and Sakarang pirates, though usually called Dyaks, were not entirely so, as in every large *prahu* was a contingent of Malays who worked the swivels and guns and used the muskets; and in many cases boats were almost entirely manned by Malays. In the latter expeditions the Dyaks had many guns and muskets of their own.

"'The Seribas and Sakarangs were pirates in the proper sense of the term, as they attacked trading vessels under whatever flag they might be. They also ravaged the coasts of the Netherlands colonies, as was referred to by the Dutch officer, Monsieur Boudriot, who gave evidence before the Commission of Inquiry in 1854, and whose evidence was more clear and important than that published in the proceedings.

"'In no text-book, and in no instructions issued by her Majesty's Government, are pirates defined as only those who attack European commerce. It is sufficient to prove that men attack peaceful commerce on the high seas, or on the coast, to constitute them pirates; and the pirates of Seribas and Sakarang attacked every vessel they met which they thought they had a chance of taking; so that the Seribas and Sakarangs were pirates in the proper sense of the term as applicable to persons habitually infesting the seas and assailing peaceful commerce.

"'The attacks on the Seribas and Sakarang pirates were commenced by the present Admiral Keppel in the years 1843 and 1844. His proceedings were approved by the Admiral on the station (Sir William Parker), the Admiralty, and the Foreign Office. No instructions in a contrary sense were given during the intervening years to 1849, when the action in dispute took place. On the contrary, the Meander, in 1848, was fitted out with special boats, suited to river service, to enable her to attack the Seribas and Sakarang pirates with greater certainty of success. The Government were therefore satisfied of their piratical character, or they would have issued instructions accordingly. As the Admiralty Courts had accepted the evidence adduced in Captain Keppel's case, it could not be supposed

that it would be rejected in Commander Farquhar's. In fact, the Admiralty Court, presided over by that distinguished judge, Sir Christopher Rawlinson, decided that the Seribas were proved to be pirates, and admitted Commander Farquhar's claim for head-money.'

"I might have added that the Lanun and Balagñini, whom no one has ever doubted to be pirates, principally prey on native commerce."

So of the rest, but we cannot extract a whole chapter.

Granting that they were pirates, and assuming that they had prisoners on board, is it not clear that the fire of the British ships must have injured these innocent persons? One thinks of Lord Exmouth and of the first broadside which swept the Mole at Algiers; but Mr Gladstone rises superior to all such recollections. Who can sit down with patience to answer this rubbish? But Mr Gladstone is answerable to a far graver charge than that of writing mere rubbish. Without bringing forward one valid reason, one suggestion which has not been exploded over and over again, how has he spoken of the illustrious dead? If Rajah Brooke was a wholesale murderer and impostor, let him be crushed under the weight of infamy he deserves! Mr Gladstone does not say so in terms; but if his insinuations are correct, and of course all is left as implication, Rajah Brooke was all this. If he was not, surely Mr Gladstone is open to a very terrible retort.

The Rajah lived nineteen years afterwards; but in dealing with the question of Borneon piracy we have dealt with the great question of his life. The horrible system was crushed for ever and a day. The peaceful trader could carry his merchandise from Borneo to Singapore, or where he wanted, and sail back with his return cargo without fear of capture and death. The poor peasants could raise their little crops, and live on in their own way, without looking for the midnight yell, the savage rush, violation for their women, murder for themselves and their children. Where the bloody hand had reigned triumphant there was peace; where misery, happiness. Never was there a more contented or more prosperous community than Sarāwak under the humane and merciful rule of Rajah Brooke. This is what he accomplished in those distant seas, but the storm of obloquy still raged at home. Men of mark like Lords Ellesmere, Grey, and Blantyre, and Mr Henry Drummond, and a hundred others, remained firm to the Rajah; but what is the use of argument with men who are determined not to be convinced? In a moment of weakness, Earl Russell, who was himself assured of the righteousness of the Rajah's cause, threw a sop to Mr Hume, whose support in Parliament was just then of importance. Two gentlemen, Mr Devereux and Mr Prinsep, were sent out to Singapore as commissioners to inquire into facts, and there they found the editor of a local newspaper, as the representative of the Hume-Cobden party at home. The affair was nonsense at the beginning, and nonsense it remained to the end. The appointment of these commissioners was felt by the Rajah as an outrage to the day of his death.

It may be proper to add that the agent who had stirred up all this strife came to trouble at home. The seal was torn off the charter of his precious company by the competent court, and the world knew him no more. Another company was formed, called the Borneo Company, with the Rajah's full

assent, which we do not for one moment wish to confound with the first: but even here matters did not go on happily till the end. Who was to be the master? The Rajah, who had called the province into existence; or the Company, which desired—and legitimately so—to work it at a profit. The Company would have improved the Rajah off the land, as an encumbrance no longer of use. The Rajah here too prevailed in the long-run, and was able to maintain his own position and to appoint his own successor. We will not say a word to stir up the waters of strife.

The chief anxiety, however, of the later years of his life, lay in his relations with the British Government. Let him have been in the right or in the wrong, his firm conviction was, that Sarāwak could not stand alone. Rather than anything else, he would have preferred that England would have taken over the country and added it to the British dominions. Failing this, let England give protection; failing that, recognition, with occasional visits from British ships of war. The constant burden of his song was, "In the long-run Sarāwak cannot stand alone." When he failed with England he made a few feeble and half-hearted attempts to negotiate with foreign Powers, with the full knowledge of Ministers at home; but nothing came of it. Who was in the right, who was in the wrong, time will show; but recognition has been obtained. Lord Palmerston was not the man to swallow the unfounded slander which passed for wholesome food with Messrs Hume, Cobden, Gladstone, and the like.

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr St John's book is the one which contains the story of the Chinese insurrection. It holds your attention like a chapter in 'The Last of the Mohicans.' The Rajah used always to say that he could understand all human beings he had met with—save the Chinese. We will not dwell upon this incident, for it has not given rise to any controversy.

Another point we must touch upon, though we will do so with the greatest delicacy and caution, was what may be called the Family trouble. The Rajah had selected his eldest nephew as his successor. The nephew wished to construe the act by which he had been appointed Viceroy to be an appointment to the chief dignity during his uncle's lifetime. The Rajah, then old, and suffering from paralysis, started from England, and received the unqualified submission of Captain Brooke. He appointed as his successor his second nephew—the present Rajah of Sarāwak. The eldest is since dead. It seems altogether beside the purpose of the present notice to make emphatic mention of the Rajah's mission to Siam. For this, and for other side matters which are not relative to the main issue of our theme, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

Four times did the Rajah pass back between Borneo and England; and in England his friends were amongst the best and noblest of the land. He had suffered seriously from smallpox at Sarāwak, and the horrible disease had somewhat scarred and marred the beauty and lines of the face; but nothing could affect the graciousness and dignity of his bearing to the last. Sir Francis Grant's picture—a photograph from which is given by Mr St John—will afford a general idea of what he was in 1847. In appearance, as in mind, he was a "king of men." Then

came the fatal stroke of paralysis. It was the beginning of the end.

Meanwhile it came out that this self-seeking man had sacrificed his patrimony at Sarāwak, and was drawing from it a pittance scarcely sufficient for decent life. His friends at once subscribed a sum which enabled him to buy the little cottage on Dartmoor in which he died. One fit of paralysis succeeded another, and at last (as the immediate consequence of a fit of coughing) a final attack, and the end came. In the arms of his old follower, Mr Arthur Crookshank, the Rajah resigned his pure and noble spirit. A great grief, which will end only with their lives, fell upon all who had known and loved the man.

A rumour went out amongst the Moorsmen that the kind old Rajah — their friend and helper — had breathed his last. The funeral was appointed for a bright and beautiful morning in June; but, although the hay-harvest was on, not a stroke of work was done that day on the Moor. In the best clothes they could find (the poorest of them had contrived to procure a bit of crape), the people gathered round the cottage, and waited patiently and reverently till the procession was formed. According to the ancient custom of the Moor, the coffin is carried by straps passed underneath it—not placed upon the shoulders of bearers. Now, on the occasion of the Rajah's funeral, the procession paused at every third or fourth step, in order that a new set of mourners might hold the straps. This is their way of paying reverence to the dead. These poor rough fellows wanted to tell their children, and their children's children, that they too had helped to carry Rajah Brooke to the place of his rest. The churchyard was reached, and amidst the stifled sobs of the great crowd the funeral service was read by the good vicar of the place. Thus lived and thus died James Brooke.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"

REATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME.—PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MILLINERY.

"*Kath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
. . . More pleasing nor more commendable."
—*The Taming of the Shrew.*

It is the fashion nowadays to abuse any introduction of millinery or upholstery into novels. People condemn a novel in a sweeping way, jumping to the conclusion that it must be bad because dresses and furniture are mentioned in it. I find this unfair: surely anything that has a part in our daily life has a right to be put into a picture of daily life? The picture must necessarily be incomplete if you leave out any of the touches which go towards the making up of it; and if by your silence you were to ignore both clothes and furniture, you might give the erroneous impression that your heroes and heroines had no wardrobes in their rooms, and no clothes to put into their wardrobes. It is impossible to please everybody: if all tastes were to be consulted, every element which goes towards the composition of a novel would be tabooed in turn. One person is bored if you talk about politics, another cannot abide philosophy or science, a third has a rooted objection to religion. I know somebody who loses his temper at the faintest suggestion of a mystery, and another who turns away in disgust from any allusion to the beauties of nature. Some, again, always on principle skip all conversations; very many readers will not put up with plain narrative if it is carried on for more than half a page at a time; most people dislike explanation, and would far rather swallow icebergs whole, than have them dissected before their eyes.

But among all these things I still maintain that it is the unfortunate *Millinery* and *Upholstery* that come in for the brunt of the odium, and that I do not see why this should be. There are many things more interesting than millinery and upholstery, no doubt, and an overdose of anything is bad; but why should they not have their turn along with the others, and why should they not be as good elements in a novel as horses or dogs, if they serve to bring about the right surroundings and the requisite states of mind? Good upholstery must at all events be pleasanter than bad politics, and surely millinery is no worse than gastronomic dissertations: yet novels are not often abused for their minute accounts of delicacies, and the way in which they are prepared; while if you bring in a bonnet or a gown, there is an instant shower of abuse upon your unoffending head.

It is with the full knowledge of all these things that I have headed my chapter "*Millinery.*" Tremble and turn back if you like, but I will not waver; and should it suit my purpose I will call the next one "*Upholstery,*" and summon to my aid as many tables and chairs, yes, and sideboards and canopy beds too, as may be convenient.

It was with *millinery* that Reata and Hermine were engaged to-day, the day after that walk by the river, and three days before the great ball day. It was not one of the usual weekly balls which were established and regularly recurring things here

during the season. It was to be something out of the usual programme—a large public ball which was generally supposed to have some sort of connection with the Exhibition—nobody exactly knew what or why, but people were content to take the amusement without asking why they were to be amused. The combined Bodenbach-Schwerendorf party had not intended to show themselves at balls, but it had been difficult to refuse the numerous pressings that came from all sides; and Madame Schwerendorf, besides, was not very hard to persuade, especially when Count Stayn put in his persuasions with the rest. This was how it came to pass that the two girls found themselves plunged in millinery, surrounded by it, evidences of millinery all over the room. Hermine was sitting in the midst of clouds, blue clouds and white clouds; some of the clouds have been cut up into narrow strips, and are being hemmed with a neatness of precision worthy of a better cause. On the table at her elbow there is a long row of small bouquets of forget-me-nots,—not wet untidy bunches with drooping flowers, like those which were fished out of the river yesterday, but neat, firmly-made-up, compact little bouquets, each one exactly like its neighbour, and all presently to be introduced among the clouds. Reata is sitting on the ground, or more properly kneeling beside an *improvisé* lay-figure which she has constructed with an umbrella, a bolster, and a chair, and attired in a long flowing white satin dress; there is a black lace Spanish mantilla thrown over the skirt, tunic fashion, and she pulls it about, up and down, trying different effects.

It is not to be supposed that English ladies care less about millinery than German ones, but certainly as a rule they know less about it. An English young lady would usually as soon think of flying as attempting to make her dress herself; and the construction of a bonnet is to her a mystery fraught with difficulties which nobody with an educated mind can hope to grapple with successfully. If she cannot afford to get herself a new bonnet for the flower-show, then she just resigns herself with ladylike helplessness to remaining at home; while a German girl, under the same circumstances, will sit down and put together a bonnet out of whatever materials she happens to possess. I know scores of girls in German towns, who have never worn a ball-dress which was not made by their own fingers. They do not look less well, or enjoy themselves a bit the less in the ball-room, because they have had to sit up a little later for a few nights past, and devoted three or four hours a-day to the construction of their airy clouds. They are well aware that they would have to be curtailed of half their amusements if they were not to help themselves, their mothers not being able to afford the payment of long dressmakers' bills.

It is the same thing in English novels, or rather it is not the same thing, for here the matter is simplified by opportune gifts, if we have been given to understand before that the young lady is in straitened circumstances. No young lady, in a novel, ever loses a ball for want of having a dress. Either she is surprised on the morning of the auspicious day by the arrival of a neatly-done-up bandbox containing everything that her heart can desire, or she comes into her room at the last moment, and finds lying ready on the bed a crisp, airy,

perfectly-fitting costume, which enables her to outshine every other lady in the room.

"But are you really going to wear that dress?" asked Gabrielle, who was sitting upon the sofa, lazily winding up blue sewing silk upon an old envelope.

"Of course I am," answered Reata, beginning again to pull about her lace mantilla. She had been forgetting about her work for a minute, and with dreamy eyes had been looking up through the window to the sky from her place on the ground. "I have got nothing else to wear."

"But girls never wear satin," remonstrated Hermine, raising her head from her stitching. "It will look a great deal too old for you."

"Yes, satin, *quelle idée!* My dear, I never heard of such a thing. I do wish you would be sensible, and make your dress like Hermine's. It could be pink and white you know, if you like that better, because you are dark; and then you could have little bouquets of rosebuds all over it,—there is still time. Do get the stuff this afternoon, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, and I will hem all the flounces for you."

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Reata, energetically; "I am in mourning; and besides," she added lower to herself, "I said I would wear white."

"White," went on Madame Schwerendorf, catching the last word. "Well, then, it can be quite white, if you like, and the bouquets could be of lily-of-the-valley—that would be charming, and would suit you so well; nothing could be prettier or more fashionable. The 'Petit Courrier du Bon Goût' says that every one at Paris is wearing this style of dress; and you must acknowledge that the coloured illustration is quite charming—so fresh and young."

"No, I don't want any bouquets at all, or any flounces or trimmings; my dress must be plain, quite plain, like my Mexican dress that I wore at Steinbühl. I mean that I don't want to take any trouble about it," she added hastily, afraid of having betrayed herself. "I am not going to waste this glorious weather indoors,—the ball is not worth it."

This was not quite true, for Reata was thinking more of the ball just now than of the weather. She had not cared much about it before, nor looked forward to it particularly; but now she cared—she wanted to make herself beautiful. She did not stop to ask herself why, but she knew the answer. Beautiful she must be—beautiful in the eyes of one person; let the others disapprove of her dress if they liked.

"I am much more beautiful than Hermine," she said to herself, looking across at the carefully arranged pile of flaxen plaits, which was all she could see of Fräulein Schwerendorf's head from here. "But what good is that after all? it is a matter of taste. Some men can never admire dark women. Count Stayn does not, and perhaps *he* does not either; but why then has he walked beside me so often lately, instead of with Hermine?" And Reata brightened and smiled to herself, as she put another pin into the mantilla; then in a second her face fell. "To be sure the Count has not given him the chance; but if he cares for her he might have spoken before. He was to have done it at Steinbühl; perhaps he will do it at the ball." She shivered, and then uttered an exclamation of pain, for she had run a pin into her finger.

"But where did you get that

dress, Reata?" asked Gabrielle; "you never showed it to me before; and why did you have it made in that old-fashioned way with such a long train?"

Reata got up and stood busying herself with her back towards the others. "It was not made for me," she said, shortly.

"Not for you! how funny!"

"It looks like a wedding-dress," remarked Hermine.

"It was made for a wedding-dress," Reata answered, bending down and smoothing a fold of the satin.

"A wedding-dress, *pour l'amour de Dieu!* What do you mean, my dear?"

"A wedding-dress! how funny!" said Gabrielle. "Whose wedding?"

"Not mine,"—with an uneasy laugh. "It was made more than twenty years ago."

"Twenty years ago! *Quelle idée!* So that is why it is so yellow. But it is beautiful satin," said Madame Schwerendorf, in a conciliating tone, noticing some shade of annoyance on the girl's face. "One can never get such satin nowadays," going up and feeling it between her fingers. "It looks as good as new."

"It is new," said Reata, standing at the window, half turned away, "for it has never been worn."

Hermine raised her large flaxen head, and looked up with slow inquiry.

"The person for whom it was made did not marry after all," explained Reata, quickly.

"The marriage was broken off?" asked Gabrielle, with growing interest.

"Yes, broken off."

"And she gave it to you?" suggested Gabrielle, with a brilliant inspiration.

"Not exactly, for I wasn't born," Reata said, indistinctly, and then put her head out of the window. A minute later she drew it in again, and announced to the assembled company that the quiet elderly gentleman overhead was flying a large white kite from the balcony.

The two girls looked up, slightly staggered at the intelligence. Madame de Schwerendorf said, "*Quelle idée!* And he has got paralysis in his right arm; the doctor told me so."

"He seems active and in good spirits, though," said Reata; "I can hear him trotting up and down the balcony at a tremendous rate."

"I think there is something wrong about them," said Madame de Schwerendorf; "they are beginning to get restless or something since last night, dragging about their tables and chairs, as they have been doing all morning."

"Changing the order of their furniture, I suppose," Reata suggested.

"How can anybody take the trouble of changing the order of their furniture in this hot weather?" said Hermine.

Before anybody had had time to agree or disagree, there came a hideous crash from above, shaking the ceiling and making the windows rattle in their sockets. Gabrielle screamed, and put her hands to her ears; Madame de Schwerendorf murmured, "*Pour l'amour de Dieu!*" Hermine moved her head up rather more quickly than was her habit; Reata started for a moment and then laughed.

"This cannot go on—something must be done," said Madame de Schwerendorf, leaning back in her chair and listening fearfully for a second crash.

"What can be the matter with them?" asked Hermine.

"Mad, probably," said Reata,

quietly, as if stating an everyday occurrence.

"*Quelle idée!* People don't go mad at that age: they must be ill; and I think the doctor ought to be sent for. Probably the old gentleman has gone into a fit, and knocked down the chest of drawers."

"And his wife is flying the kite out of the window as a signal of distress," laughed Reata. "No, not that either; listen to that," as at the same moment a sound above-head makes itself heard, suggestive of clumsily-executed somersaults, leading to the supposition that the quiet elderly lady is going head-over-heels by the side of her afflicted husband. "I always said that she looked wide awake," finished up Reata.

"How dreadful!" groaned Gabrielle, lugubriously; "what will they be doing next? Please go and see, Reata. Can't something be done?"

"I'll go and see," said Reata, giving Gabrielle a hasty kiss, and going out.

The origin of the unnatural noises was soon explained. The quiet elderly lady and the quiet elderly gentleman had left two days previously—so quietly that no one had noticed their departure, —and the rooms above had been re-let to a family blessed with close upon half-a-dozen robust sons, between the ages of six and twelve.

The news was received with deep dejection on Gabrielle's part, and with indignation by Madame Schwerendorf.

"It is too bad, after we only took the house in order to be quiet. I shall speak to Arnold about it."

"Arnold must do something," half sobbed Gabrielle.

"Yes, of course he will; he will make it all right," said Reata, provoked with herself at not being able to speak of him without feeling her colour rise.

"I think you will be much better if you go and lie down in your own room," she said, authoritatively —"it is much quieter there;" and Gabrielle allowed herself to be led off, and fell into tired slumber on her bed in the darkened room, while Reata came back and returned to the draping of her lace mantilla.

Every now and then, when the lay-figure interposed its friendly shelter between her and the others, she let her hands sink down idly, and looked up through the window, or laid her cheek against the thick satin, creamy and yellow with age; doing nothing at all; but smiling, and thinking, and thrilling; and then again listening to some approaching sound, half frightened lest it should be the step she was longing for, yet shrinking to hear. This sweet trouble, this delicious fear, was a new experience—a new sensation to her. She had never been thus tempted to hide herself from Otto; she had never felt as if his mere presence in a room were sufficient to prevent her breathing freely; his eyes had never confused her and made her heart flutter wildly, as every glance from those dark-grey eyes now did. It was all quite different. If this were love, what can that other feeling have been which she had mistaken for it? She knew now what it was that made the world so different to her from what it had been before; she understood why everything had seemed so beautiful, why the scent of the pine-woods had been so sweet to her—sweeter far even than the aromatic breezes of her own dear forest.

How everything, every sound, every sight, seemed fraught with that confession she had made to herself last night in the solitude

of her room, in the depths of her heart. Was it supreme bliss or supreme torment? She knew not which; she puzzled over it, and while she still puzzled there came a distinct sound now,—a man's footstep outside coming near the house. Madame de Schwerendorf was surprised to hear the satin rustle violently, and to see Reata rise to her feet, and stand for a second listening, looking ready to start away in instant flight.

"It is only Langenfeld, my dear, and he has got something in his hand."

"Oh yes, perhaps it is the wing," said Reata, in a disappointed tone: she had forgotten all about the wing. It proved to be the wing, as Langenfeld eagerly explained through the window, as he raised himself on tiptoe in order to bring his head and shoulders above the level of the window-sill, while he handed in a gigantic-looking jetty black wing.

"It was capital fun," he went on, delightedly. "I was up before sunrise, and I was rather discouraged on leaving home by a wretched little waiter wishing me good sport, —the worst possible omen for a sportsman; but I managed to get the crow in spite of that."

"Thank you," said Reata, holding the big black wing, and looking at it rather blankly. Had she not been imprudent in pledging herself to wear this trophy? But then she thought of Halka's delicately veiled sneers, and resolved that she would not confess herself worsted.

"You will wear it, will you not?" asked Langenfeld, with his head a little on one side.

"Yes, of course I will; I always keep my promises," said Reata, speaking with more assurance than she felt, trying to persuade herself that the wing was not so very big after all, and then beginning to meditate a little clipping, a very little clipping, before Halka should see it.

"*Quelle idée!* My dear, wear that great black thing in your hair! You would not, surely: it would look like a masquerade."

Hermine was too much aghast to speak.

"I am going to wear it," said Reata again.

"Don't I deserve a reward, after all I have gone through?" now put in Langenfeld.

"Perhaps you do, but I am afraid I have none to give you."

"Oh, but you have plenty to give—three at least; and you can make me quite happy by giving me one."

"One what?"

"One quadrille: may I hope for the first?"

"The first quadrille—oh yes, certainly," she answered, somewhat absently. Would Arnold ask her for a quadrille, she wondered?

"I suppose I had better not come into the room?" Langenfeld asked now, rather doubtfully, looking as if he only wanted a word of invitation to bring him into the middle of the clouds of blue and white, and all the stray bits of millinery which transformed the little drawing-room into the semblance of a dressmaker's *atelier*.

"No, certainly you had better not," Reata said, decidedly. "You would be getting your spurs into all Hermine's flounces, probably; you are far better where you are."

"Perhaps we could come out and sit in the garden," put in Madame de Schwerendorf, who was always anxious to please everybody. "You have done quite enough for this forenoon, and that noise overhead is really very trying." To the dull sound of the somersaults had succeeded a lively course of drumming and trumpeting, intermingled

and combined. "Hermine, my dear, you had better rest your eyes from that flouncing."

"Oh, but I cannot come yet," said Hermine, raising her flushed face from her work. "I must unpick this last flounce—it is half an inch broader than the others."

"Nonsense!" Reata exclaimed, laughing in spite of herself. "What can it signify? I know I should not unpick it, if it were half a mile broader than the others."

But Hermine was not to be persuaded, and remained behind to change the luckless flounce, while Madame de Schwerendorf and Reata joined Langenfeld outside, where they in their turn were very soon joined by the Prince, who had a most wonderful knack of turning up at odd moments.

"So you have *not* come to grief," he greeted Langenfeld, with a somewhat disappointed air. "I thought your destruction was quite certain when I saw you going up that break-neck path."

"But I came down it again all right, you see, and Fräulein Reata has given me a reward for my dangers."

"A reward——" began the Prince, jealously inquisitive; and then, with a tremor blent of happiness and disquietude, Reata heard a quick step close by, and saw Arnold coming towards them. He was quite near them already, emerging from round the corner of the house. She was sitting on the bench beside Madame de Schwerendorf, her hands lying in her lap, not holding anything, not even a flower or a sprig that she might have put up before her face to hide what she thought must be written there. She had not seen him since last night,—not since that silent confession whispered only in her soul, not with her lips; and she felt as if he must know or guess the truth. Surely there must be something different about her, there must be some betraying sign on her face? Was it not written in her conscious eyes and on her guilty forehead, "I love Arnold Bodenbach"?

"Don't tell me that my mother is looking for me," called out the Prince, before Arnold had well reached them, or had time to open his lips. "I know it is not true, because she is safe at her bath, and I am not going away till I hear what reward Fräulein Reata has given Langenfeld."

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know?" said Langenfeld, looking mysteriously mischievous. And as Arnold turned his eyes in silent inquiry upon Reata, with a look which seemed to say, "What is the meaning of all this nonsense? does it mean anything or does it not?" she hastened to speak, afraid of his misunderstanding her, like last night. "It is only the first quadrille that I have promised Lieutenant Langenfeld, and I don't think the reward is so very great, as I have never danced a quadrille in my life, and don't know how I shall be able to get through it at all."

"The first quadrille," said the Prince, his face falling a little; "I had entertained hopes of it myself. But surely you will give me the second, will you not?"

"Certainly," said Reata, with a blank feeling that her quadrilles were melting away, and there would be none remaining. Would Arnold ask for one, or not? "At any rate I will dance the second quadrille better than the first."

"And the third better than the second. Who is the happy man for the third? Is it you, Bodenbach?"

Reata would have given a great deal just for courage to look up and see what Arnold looked like. She

was provoked with Prince D—— for speaking that way, but she hung with tremulous suspense on the answer. It came with a chill.

"I am not a dancer," said Arnold, with a sort of half-laugh, such as people sometimes try to cover embarrassment with. "I don't think I have danced a step since I was your age."

"Oh yes, Arnold, you danced with me at home, last year," said Hermine, who meanwhile had come out, abandoning the hemming of her clouds for the moment. Hermine's sense of veracity often led her to make inconvenient remarks.

"That was not a ball," said Arnold, frowning; "it was quite different."

Reata, deeply mortified, sat twining her fingers together in silence. Hermine collapsed instantly under the severe look which Arnold had turned upon her, and leant back wearily on the bench. Perhaps it was the hemming of the flounces that had worn her out, or perhaps it was something else.

"Come, Bodenbach, do you really mean to say that you are above dancing?" exclaimed the Prince, who, still wincing a little at the allusion to his age, found a revengeful pleasure in trying to aggravate the situation.

"Nonsense," said Langenfeld, putting in his word to the matter too. "Do you seriously mean to say that you are not going to dance at the ball?"

Arnold vouchsafed no answer; Reata sat still, indignant and miserable, longing to say something to turn the conversation, and not knowing how.

"Oh, you will change your mind, I prophesy," laughed Langenfeld; "those sort of resolutions never hold. Not that I was ever fool enough to make any. It was just the same with your brother last November at Rzeszólów; he swore that nothing would induce him to go to the ball, and he swore he would not dance when he was there, and it ended by his being the wildest dancer of us all."

"Capital!" said the Prince, laughing, in his squeaky fashion. "Take care that your resolution does not go the same way your brother's did."

This was just the sort of bantering which Arnold could least stand. He drew himself up to his fullest height—or rather, he made a semblance of doing so, for he was never at anything but his fullest height.

"I do not intend to dance, and I should consider it a *faux pas* to do so. I have always regarded it as a ridiculous amusement," he said, stiffly.

"*Faux pas!* What nonsense!" burst out Reata, almost angrily, forgetting her new-born shyness, and looking up straight at Arnold. "You may be happy if you never make a worse *faux pas* than that;" and then, rising from the bench, she slipped her hand within Hermine's arm, and the two girls walked off together, leaving the others to smooth down Arnold's temper or not as they chose.

Millinery progressed and was completed — that is to say, that Reata put in a few more untidy stitches to the draping of her lace, tried on her dress once, and then declared that she had had quite enough sewing, and would not be induced to take any further trouble; that Hermine finished the hemming and disposing of her clouds, and then introduced the neat little forget-me-not bouquets among them at regular intervals. There were twenty-four little bouquets, and at each one of the twenty-four, as she made it firm with many stitches, Hermine thought of Arnold, and never once of the Count: every forget-me-not on the

dress, every stitch of hemming, was for Arnold—only for Arnold.

Preparations progressed; so did the hundred and one noises from which the house was never free for more than five minutes since the arrival of the large and thriving family overhead. You will say that the two-footed nuisances must sometimes have gone out walking. So they did; but there were six of them, and they never all went out at once. A couple of them at least always remained to play at bowls across the floor, or go leap-frog over each other, or otherwise divert themselves in some youthful manner, bringing irritation and loss of temper to their down-stairs neighbours.

Madame de Schwerendorf, Hermine, and Gabrielle have all tried their persuasions upon Reata in order to induce her to think better of it, and not go to the ball in an old-fashioned satin, with a train longer than anybody wears nowadays; and above all, not to put the climax to her folly by wearing the black wing in her hair. But it has all been in vain. She clings obstinately to her will; and finally, with many heart-rending sighs, and many agitated shakings of her curls, Madame de Schwerendorf desisted, and abandoned the headstrong creature to her self-made fate. Only Halka looked on without saying anything—not volunteering a word of advice one way or the other. She had studied the art of dress very deeply—had cultivated it, in fact, as one of the fine arts—and she alone did not think Reata quite as mad as did the others. Reata's appearance in the ball-room would either be a caricature or a great success: it was an experiment under which her beauty (how Halka hated to acknowledge that beauty even to herself!) might fail, or else would come out more triumphant than ever. It was nothing but the insolence of beauty, Halka thought bitterly, which made Reata cling so obstinately to her absurdly-made satin, just to show that she could stand what another woman could not; and many a time Halka said to herself that it would serve her vanity right to have a fall—she deserved it for her foolish wilfulness; which meant simply that the fair Polish bride hoped most sincerely that Reata was going to make a signal fool of herself before everybody's eyes, and in particular before Otto's.

Reata had been rather surprised that day, after the trying-on of her dress, when Halka, with unusual graciousness, asked her what ornaments she was going to wear round her neck.

"None," said Reata, showing her surprise very evidently in her face. "I have only got a coral necklace, and I can't wear that in mourning."

"I could lend you an amethyst necklace," said Halka, carelessly; "it is set in silver, and would be quite correct in mourning."

"Thank you," replied Reata, accepting the offer, not because she was particularly tempted by the amethysts, but because she did not want to decline the first piece of civility that had come from Otto's wife.

"There are bracelets also to match," added Halka. "Perhaps you could use them also; I will send you the set to-morrow."

"Thank you," Reata said again, wondering what was the reason of this suddenly awakened interest.

If the offer had been meant as kindness, it was certainly rather unnecessary kindness; for were not Reata's arms and shoulders so beautiful that any ornaments to cover them could only be detrimental? It was strange that Halka, so thoroughly versed in all the secrets of woman's arts, should

have failed to see this. Or did she fail to see it?

Whatever doubt there might be of Halka's intentions, there certainly could be none of the worth and brilliancy of the ornaments. It was a handsome heavy necklace, in five rows, large balls of clear amethyst hanging by massive silver chains, richly wrought, and with long silver pendants between, bracelets and ear-rings to match, and also an ornament for the hair.

"I suppose you have no objection to my lending these things to Fräulein Lackenegg for to-night?" Halka said to her husband, on the morning of the ball, as she opened her jewel-case and began lifting out the amethysts. "The poor girl seems to have no ornaments at all, and I should be sorry if she were to look shabbier than the others. Coming along with your party, it would not do to have people making remarks."

"Certainly it would not do," replied Otto, turning round sharply from the contemplation of his own features in the glass; and then he caught sight of his wife's calm, passionless face, as she bent over the jewel-case, and he grew calm at once.

"Not much chance of her looking too shabby," he said lightly, —"is there?" while inwardly he thought that there was far more chance of her looking too lovely for his peace.

"It is strange, though," went on Halka, not heeding his remark, "that your aunt should not have left her something, — isn't it? if this girl really was such a favourite of hers. Old ladies usually leave lockets, or necklaces, or jewels of some sort, to their companions; and from the little I have seen of her, she seems to me just the sort of clever girl who would get round an old lady and get herself handsomely remembered. I don't know her much, of course, but that is what seems to me,—does it not to you?"

"I am sure I don't know what you mean by clever," answered Otto, crossly. "I have never studied Fräulein Lackenegg's character."

Halka saw that he was getting irritated, and desisted at once: she was too wise to overshoot her own mark.

"Well, and what shall I wear to-night?" she asked, closing the jewel-case, and going up to Otto, while she laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. She had settled her toilet down to the minutest detail, but this little show of referring to him for advice was graceful and becoming, and soothed his ruffled temper. "I think I should like best to wear those pearls you gave me, and your brother's bracelet; I have not had it on yet." Halka was very sparing of her little caresses, but they always came at the right moment, and she gained her object now, for Otto's excited spirit calmed down under the influence of her gentle quieting tact.

"You will let me do your hair for you," Reata had said to Hermine that evening: it was a sudden impulse she had taken. It had struck her a minute before that Hermine was looking less cheerful than usual, and something moved her to show her a little kindness, even only a trifling service like this. She could not have explained why; there was just an undefined feeling that she had something to make up to her.

Hermine assented gratefully to the proposal, and sat down meekly before the glass, allowing Reata to pull down the flaxen plaits, and dispose them as she liked.

"Oh, Reata, do arrange Hermine's hair the same way you did

that day at Steinbühl, with the coronet of plaits!" said Gabrielle from her sofa. "You know Arnold said she looked like that picture of Kriemhilde."*

What has become all at once of Reata's kindly impulses towards Hermine? She feels a sudden desire possessing her to make Hermine look as ugly as possible, and she knows she can do it with very little effort: she has only to bring down those heavy masses of hair further on to that already low forehead, and instead of Kriemhilde, Hermine will look like a commonplace blowzy dairymaid.

She looked over Hermine's shoulder into the glass, and met the gaze of Hermine's blue eyes, confiding and calm, and instant remorse for her momentary meanness was the result.

"What a vile wretch I am, heartless and cruel! She shall have her chance; I will make her look as well as possible,"—and so she did. The coronet of plaits was pronounced an immense success by everybody.

When the whole company was ready to start, and waiting for the carriage, a messenger arrived bearing a gigantic bouquet of crimson roses,—fragrant, glowing roses, larger and finer than those in the garden at Steinbühl; the whole, one mass of deep red, and one cloud of perfume—roses alone, with nothing but their own green leaves to set off their burning glory, and each rose a perfect specimen in itself.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Reata, as she took it in her hand, and bent down to drink in the fresh sweetness of their breath. "I never thought there would be so many; I fancied the Prince meant only to get me a little bunch, just enough to take in my hand."

"And what has he written on the card, my dear?" asked Madame Schwerendorf, who did not quite know whether this affair of the bouquet was very satisfactory or very much the reverse.

The Prince had written on his card a message expressive of the intense anguish he was experiencing at being suddenly obliged to leave D——bad. His mother having received some unexpected intelligence which necessitated her instant departure, and disliking to travel alone, she had asked her son to accompany her—a request he was not able to refuse.

"I am sorry," said Reata, as she threw away the card. "He is really amusing, and especially after having been so good-natured about the roses," and a minute after she had forgotten all about the Prince and his anguish. Not so, however, Madame de Schwerendorf, who continued ringing changes on this subject all the way to the *Cursaal*. "Very imprudent of the Prince, my dear, to make himself and you so conspicuous! Such a young man as he is, too! But the roses are beautiful, to be sure; and then his having left the place makes a difference, to be sure; so nice of him to have gone off with his mother—shows very good feeling; only I wish the bouquet had been a little smaller!"

* One of the heroines of the Nibelungenlied.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A "FAUX PAS."

> "Why are the joys that will not last
> So perishingly sweet?"
> —MONTGOMERY.

> "Liebe steht ihr gar zu schön,
> Schöures hab' ich nie gesehen!"
> —GOETHE.

Halka was in the ball-room already with her husband; to-day she had not carried out her usual principle of coming late, she must be there to see the entrance of the Bodenbach party—that is to say, there was only one person she was anxious to see, at whose appearance in the ball-room she must be present. It was not long that she was left in suspense; a slight commotion running round the vast, high-pillared, lofty apartment, a whisper, a little craning of necks, many faces turned towards the door, announced the arrival of another party.

It was the pause after the first valse, so that people had more leisure for interest and observation; conversations and flirtations were suspended for a brief minute. They came in rather like a procession—a procession of three pairs. In front the old Baron, in the correctest of evening dress, giving his arm with courtly old-fashioned grace to Madame Schwerendorf; next Hermine, in all the regal splendour of her coronet of plaits, and blooming with her countless forget-me-nots, on Count Stayn's arm; then, close behind them, so near as almost to tread upon Hermine's much-flounced train, Reata with her hand resting on Arnold's arm,—Reata, radiant, happy, smiling, as she answers some remark of his, looking down at her red roses, proud and shy all at once—proud not so much of her beauty as of being on *his* arm, listening to *his* words. She thinks more of this than of everything else; more of the look he is bending on her than of all the dazzling lights and gay sounds, or of the countless eyes that are turned towards her. If she were walking upon clouds she could not move along with more joyous lightness: it seems to her that the big black wing which she wears in her hair, whence it stands out from the dark coils as if carved out of them, would enable her to fly up into the air, away from all sadness; it seems to her that she can never again feel sad in her life. Not even the long heavy satin train, which trails rich and plain behind her, can weigh her down to the earth and its sordid cares.

There had been a moment's doubt and hesitation outside the ball-room as to who was going to give whom their arm. Count Stayn, Arnold, Langenfeld, two other gentlemen, had stepped forward. Hermine had looked up expectantly towards Arnold; but he, saying quickly and rather severely, "Don't you see, Hermine, that Count Stayn is waiting to give you his arm?" had turned decidedly towards Reata, and constituted himself her cavalier.

The party paused for a minute in the middle of the room, to look round for places; every eye, every eye-glass was fixed on Reata, scrutinising each line of her appearance. There were many people there, strangers who had come to D——bad for the ball-day, who had already heard of *La belle Mexicaine*, and

wanted now to see for themselves; there were many who had seen her in the daytime, and who wanted to see what she was like in full dress—whether she lighted up well; there was expectance, criticism, envy, waiting to dissect and point out each flaw. They had not seen much of her face as she came along holding up her red roses, as if she wanted to shield herself; every woman in the room had during that minute taken a rapid survey of her dress, and concluded that it was beautiful. It was not what a girl should wear—they would not allow their daughters to go in heavy satin and rich black Spanish lace, nor to put a crow's wing in their hair—but such as it was, it was perfect; more ornaments or trimmings would only have detracted from the whole. Such was the universal female opinion. Her arms and neck were devoid of ornaments, without a ribbon or a jewel to deck them, with nothing to detract from the matchless lines of the shoulders and the curve of the throat, with nothing to take the eye from off the rounded whiteness of the arms. The heavy *parure* of amethysts, which would so effectually have concealed all this, had not been put on after all; or rather they had been put on, and then torn off at the last moment, as instinct told her that she would be better without them.

Reata raised her head quickly, as Hermine and the Count came to a standstill in front of them: she would have liked to go on walking this way with her hand on Arnold's arm for an interminable time to come; she let her roses sink down to her side, and looked round the room wonderingly, with a half-smile still on her lips, and as the dusky splendour of her eyes shone out in their innocent beauty, the room was taken by storm. She was beautiful, more beautiful than she had ever been before. Even Halka, watching with eyes that were strained in burning jealousy, had to tell herself that it was a triumph of beauty,—a triumph as complete as ever any woman had achieved in or out of a ball-room. She pressed her lips tight together, and clenched one of her white-gloved hands within the other, while her eyes shone with a hateful gleam. But it was only a second of weakness; in the next she had remembered that her mouth looked too thin when firmly closed, and that her white kid gloves would probably burst under the violent pressure, and she froze back into her usual self,—languid, indifferent, unemotional.

Langenfeld, who had been baffled in his endeavours to lead in *La belle Mexicaine*, and who had slunk in behind the party, looking rather like a whipped dog, retired in a frenzy of jealous despair into the supper-room alongside, and astonished the waiters who were haunting that apartment by comporting himself like a maniac, wringing his hands and making wild grabs at his hair.

"Why did you take that monstrous thing?" Arnold asked of Reata suddenly, looking down at the crimson mound of roses which she held in her hand.

"But it was you who suggested the roses yourself," she answered, surprised.

"Yes; but I did not mean you to take a cart-load of them, nor that fellow to give them to you."

This speech was not exactly a courteous one, but Reata, usually so mindful of her dignity, took no offence at it; the tone of authority and displeasure made her feel proud and happy. She did not answer at once.

"At any rate they are beautiful,"

she said, holding them up for his inspection; "you must acknowledge that. What does it matter who gave them?"

"But the giver is gone, I suppose you know?" In Arnold's tone there was a ring of something very like triumph. "He is not going to be here to-night."

"Yes, I know; it is a pity, for he was very good-natured."

"And you are not likely to see him again; his mother has taken him away out of danger's reach."

She understood him quite well, and did not affect not to have done so.

"Quite unnecessary," she said, rather coldly.

"Is that true?" he asked, eagerly. Arnold was very rapidly beginning to lose his usual reserved coolness of manner. "Are you really not miserable at his having gone? And you were to have danced the second quadrille with him—do you not mind that?"

"No; why should I? I shall dance it all the same, I suppose."

"With whom?"

"How can I tell? The first person that asks me. One partner is as good as another." She looked up again as she spoke, and met his eyes fixed almost fiercely on her. She hastily turned her head aside, and in her confusion had nearly let the heavy pile of crimson flowers slip out of her hand on to the floor; but Arnold, usually so inattentive in rendering any of these services to ladies, was, for once in a way, equal to the emergency. Stooping to arrest the falling roses, his strong grasp closed over her trembling fingers for a moment, and for one brief second he felt her breath almost mingling with his.

"If one partner is as good as another, then you will dance it with me," he said, hurriedly, in a tone of authority, almost of fierce command; not saying it softly or tenderly, as Otto would have done under the same circumstances—not acting as Otto had acted once in a not dissimilar moment. His resolution was going the same way his brother's had done at the Fire Brigade ball: it was like, but it was unlike. He was not being led on step by step by a skilful hand; he was surrendering himself freely, with a sort of consistent inconsistency, if there be such a thing. Oh, what a great throb of joy her heart gave! She looked up at him—she had the courage to look now—and the liquid softness in her eyes was answer enough in itself, though his fierce demand had seemed to ask for no reply. To "make eyes" at men, in the usual acceptation of the word, was not one of Reata's accomplishments: want of practice, perhaps? thought some young ladies, wishing that Providence had bestowed such orbs on them; they would have known much better how to turn them to use. In spite of this, or perhaps because of this deficiency, Reata's eyes spoke out sometimes more than she wanted, more than she meant to betray. It was one of these moments now, as she looked up at Arnold, and her look told him plainly that he was better, a thousand times better, than any other partner could be.

"You will dance it with me," he said again.

"I thought you considered dancing a *faux pas*," she said, shyly.

"That is my business," he replied, drawing himself up in his usual fashion, and recovering his lost coolness.

When Madame de Schwerendorf had disposed herself and her charges on convenient seats, there was a sort of rush towards them,—friends coming up to shake hands, gentlemen wanting to be introduced, other gentlemen wanting to ask for

dances: the two girls were plunged in a whirl of talk, of questions and answers, of names getting put down on cards. Arnold stood a little on one side with folded arms, watching it all silently.

Other people besides Arnold had speculated upon whether the beautiful Mexican would be much disturbed by the abrupt departure of Prince D——. He had been very assiduous in his attentions, and though he was ugly and had a squeaky voice, most women would have been ready to overlook those trifling disadvantages in favour of his title and of the accumulated income which made him one of the most coveted *partis* in the country.

"Sharp old woman, the Princess," said one man to another. "Got away her precious youth in the very nick of time. He was half mad already, and if he had danced with her to-night, his coronet and riches would have been laid at her feet. I would have bet anything."

"Doesn't that great hussar fellow with the eyebrows look as if he were going in for it too?"

"Who, Bodenbach? Not a bit of it. That sort of thing is not much in his line. I know him better than that."

"So the amethysts did not suit after all?" young Baroness Bodenbach remarked, the first time that she found herself near Reata. Her phrase was put very sweetly, but there was a point of interrogation at the end of it.

"No, thank you, they did not do," Reata answered, frankly. "I tried them on, but the stones were so cold, and the chain scratched my neck; and besides, I found that I looked better without them," she concluded, with perfect simplicity.

"Oh, really!" with an enraging smile. "Fräulein Lackenegg seems to find it difficult to get used to our fetters," said Halka, turning her head lightly towards the lady beside her. "Perhaps you have not been accustomed to wearing ornaments often?"

"No, I am not accustomed to wearing them at all," said Reata, readily, too joyous to feel provoked; and then a waltz striking up, she moved off on her partner's arm, whirled into the midst of the dancers — light, supple, her feet moving instinctively to the music, enjoying the movement and the excitement and the brilliancy about her, valsing as well as the most *routiné* valsers in the room, and with twenty times their grace of motion.

"Otto, standing with his back against one of the lofty pillars, looked after her, his finely-marked brows drawn together in similarity to one of Arnold's portentous frowns, his face paler than was its wont. When he had stood watching her for a minute he turned away impatiently. He saw Halka, just released from the arm of a partner, sinking down to her seat, with her pearl-grey satin falling in folds around her, and the pearls on her neck shining white and soft; and with a sudden movement, as if to shut out that other vision, he went up and asked his wife to waltz with him.

Halka did not jump at the proposal, as might have been expected, seeing that Otto was the only person in the room whom she really cared to dance with. It is usual for newly-married couples to dance together, and just for this very reason she did not wish to put herself on a level with every other newly-married bride. If Otto had danced with her, she would only have had the pleasure of a waltz; whereas if he did not, he might remain under the delusion that he had really wished for that waltz—

and the thing thus withheld would gain greater worth in his eyes. Quickly she weighed the *pros* and *cons*, and then leaning a little more back, and fanning herself, she answered, "No, thank you, Otto; we are not going to play the sentimental before people, are we?" (As if they ever did it behind people!) "I have no right to claim you to-night; you had far better go and make yourself generally useful; it will probably be expected." This was to bring the sense of his social importance well before his mind; and it had its right effect, for Otto was easily flattered, and, besides, deeply grateful at being let off from any sentimental display. Halka yet pushed her tactics further, apparently encroaching upon dangerous ground, but placing herself in reality on the safest side.

"Have you not danced yet with Fräulein Lackenegg? It seems the correct thing to do to-night; and as she has come with our party, it would not do if any of us were to appear inattentive to her."

"No, I have not danced at all yet," replied Otto, surprised. He had been trying during the last few days to make out whether Halka did or not suspect anything of the passages which had passed between himself and Reata. And now as she looked up, putting her question serenely, he came to the conclusion that she certainly could not have guessed anything. Clever men are so easily hoodwinked by moderately clever women!

"I think you ought to dance with her as well as with Hermine Schwerendorf and your other acquaintances. You cannot have any objection, surely, for Fräulein Lackenegg seems to dance well, and she really is very handsome; don't you think so?"

"Yes," Otto answered, mechanically, feeling that the world was all turning upside down.

Acting on Halka's advice, the very next time that he saw Reata free, he hastened up to her and offered himself. He was all in a whirl; his head and his ideas were topsy-turvy. Being expressly sent by his wife to dance with the girl whose beauty was maddening him; ordered into the very jaws of temptation, it seemed to him; and Halka looking on unmoved, carrying on quiet conversation with her neighbour. The very sight of her calmness acted as a safeguard. If he had seen her watching him with flurried anxiety, it might have pushed him to some piece of folly.

There was not a word said during that turn between Otto and Reata, and it was only when she was half-way round the room that she fully realised that it was Otto she was dancing with—it was Otto's arm that was round her waist, Otto's hand that was clasping hers at that moment. She ought to have sunk into the earth, she told herself, remembering what he had once been to her; remembering how often he had held her hand when that hand was to have been his, and how his arm had been put round her waist, one short year ago, with the right of an affianced bridegroom. But somehow she could not feel ashamed, as she ought to have done. She was surprised and shocked at herself, but it was no use. They were nothing to each other now: he was nothing to her, and she could be nothing to him. It was dreadful to think that she could thus quietly dance round the room with the man whom she had once expected to go through life with, who had professed to be her lover; nay, whom she herself had once loved, and now—another woman's husband. She felt perfectly indiffer-

ent, although it was wrong and unnatural, she told herself, to be so. In fact it was rather pleasant than otherwise, Otto danced so well, and steered her and her heavy satin train so skilfully among the knots of dancers. A little later in the evening, the ice being broken, Otto danced with her once or twice again — even spoke to her, such commonplace remarks as may pass between the most indifferent acquaintances. Halka might have heard every word without cause for displeasure. Whatever past there had been between them, it was over now; it seemed buried, never to be disinterred; buried deep down by him, and guarded by many things — by necessity, by vanity, by expediency, by the very consciousness of his mortification — and buried still deeper by her in the deep grave of oblivion and indifference. Otto suffered acutely, of course; for how could it be otherwise? Only just at this moment he suffered less than he has suffered, and than he will suffer later. Every great misery has its reaction, at least for a time; it is impossible to go on suffering very acutely for ever. The very fact of having gone through such torments of suffering, of having reached the climax of his situation, and put the insurmountable barrier between himself and Reata, served to blunt him for the moment, enough to enable him to play his part in the little social comedy with tolerable success.

Of course Langenfeld did not remain the whole evening in the supper-room, tearing out his hair and wringing his hands. Even long before the first quadrille raised him to a state of brief felicity, he had smoothed back his ill-used hair, and returned to the ball-room. The second quadrille was now drawing near, the time for Arnold to make his *faux pas*, for of course he had not danced as yet. He had stood in the doorway most of the time watching the dancers; and during one waltz, which Reata had been too tired to dance, he had sat by her side. People had not been slow in noticing this; and now, as he took his place in the quadrille with Reata on his arm, comments became more general. But although people made remarks to each other, nobody ventured to say a chaffing word to Arnold. He stood there, grave and rather rigid, evidently very much upon his dignity, with a look that said very plainly that he was accountable to no one for his actions—his very uniform, which he wore on this occasion, seeming to add to the severity of his appearance. Even Langenfeld, much as he would have liked, did not dare to remind him of his broken resolution. Langenfeld was their *vis-à-vis*, dancing with Fräulein Melanie, whose acorn-crowned head and brilliant verdure of dress would have been enough to frighten away a less bold man than Langenfeld, who, with lugubrious grimness, had selected the very plainest girl in the room for his partner.

Somebody, of course, had been kind enough to call the notice of the old Baron to the marked attention his eldest son was paying to the Mexican girl, but for once in his life the old Baron refused to get flurried immediately.

"Arnold is so sensible; no danger of anything. He is only doing what he thinks proper, considering all that we owe to the memory of my poor cousin Olivia."

"Yes, yes, that is all very fine," answered the other, who was no less than the Baron's best friend with the hooked nose and the one arm. "But whatever you may owe to the memory of your cousin

Olivia, it surely does not require him to sit beside that girl during the whole of that waltz, and to be following her with his eyes whenever she is dancing."

"Yes, to be sure, to be sure; perhaps you are right. Following her about when she is dancing, you say? that will never do. I have never known Arnold do that sort of thing before."

"Have you ever known him to be in love before?" asked his hooked-nosed friend, dryly.

"Oh dear, no; never. But you surely do not think he is in love now?"

"I never said anything of the sort; I was only calling your attention to facts."

"But he couldn't marry her, you know," said the Baron, more hopefully. "She is of no family; and you know about my uncle Max's will."

"Yes, I know all about it, but I advise you to be careful."

"What do you mean? Had not I better go and stop him at once?" asked the Baron in great agitation, glancing towards where his son was taking place in the quadrille, as if meditating a sudden rush in that direction.

"You had better leave him in peace," replied the other, with a quiet chuckle, "unless you want to make matters worse." The General was himself an old bachelor, but his personal observations had taught him that young men of Arnold's temperament were better left in peace under the circumstances.

"Arnold is so sensible," the old Baron said again, but a little less hopefully, and with a little more flurry than the first time.

Reata's second quadrille was by no means an improvement on her first. In fact, as far as making mistakes, and getting entangled, and losing her place, and finding herself in somebody else's went, it was a far worse specimen of dancing. Arnold never was very talkative, and he did not speak very much now: he did not make amusing remarks, as the Prince would have done; or ridiculous ones, as Langenfeld had done. What he did say was commonplace enough, but the sound of his voice alone sufficed to jumble up all the figures in her mind, and make her forget everything but the present moment of unalloyed felicity. But when does felicity remain unalloyed for long? Reata's felicity remained unalloyed during three whole figures. In the middle of the fourth a sudden shade of unrest seemed to alight on her face; her eyes wandered about the room in search of something. Arnold, having just rescued her from a new piece of confusion, noticed this shade of disturbance.

"Are you not too tired to go on dancing? Would you not like to sit down?"

The rooms had grown considerably fuller within the last half-hour; there was a fresh accession of people — men who had been dining late, or had been gambling in the card-rooms, and now came lounging in, and stood in groups or knots, watching the progress of the quadrille.

"No, thank you, I am quite well; only I had an odd sensation for a moment, as if a serpent were looking at me."

"A serpent!" repeated Arnold, with at least three points of exclamation in his voice.

"Yes; don't you know the feeling?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"Oh, I forgot, you have never been in Mexico; but don't you know the feeling of being watched by something familiar and unpleas-

ant? It makes one feel sick and giddy; don't you know?"

She was looking up at him with anxious inquiry, with that shade of unrest still on her face. Arnold was not subject to nervous fancies, and was in general not very tolerant of them in others, but the unaffected truth in her upturned eyes must have convinced him, for he expressed no further disbelief in the serpent, or whatever the undefined monster might turn out to be.

The quadrille over, Arnold did not seem in a hurry to leave his partner yet: he did not take her back to her place, but began promenading about the room, as many of the other couples were doing. Hermine, on the Count's arm, was following in the same stream, the Count talking very earnestly. Hermine did not smile nor answer; she looked on in front of her, following with her eyes the direction which Arnold had taken. She was looking very tired, harassed, out of her usual placidity; her blue flounces had lost their freshness, and her blue eyes were a little dim. She had had a good deal of admiration and a great deal of attention to-night, but she had not had what she wanted.

"Will you not listen to me?" Count Stayn was saying, not looking down at her exactly, for she was nearly the same height as he was, but looking at her. He had hardly left her side for a minute the whole evening: he was very much in earnest, but not diffident—according to all human manner of foresight he must be successful. Langenfeld, who had rapidly got rid of his green-robed, wide-mouthed, small-eyed partner, and was now coming along briskly in search of Reata (for he did not see why Arnold should have the monopoly now, just because he had danced the quadrille with her), perceived the expression on the Count's face, and understanding that something serious was going on, went past quickly, so as not to disturb such a critical moment. There was another room off the ball-room, less large, less lofty, with seats for non-dancers, and into this room some of the dancers were straying in couples and trios, to enjoy the greater coolness, Arnold and Reata among the others. Langenfeld, looking about wildly, caught sight of them just as they were passing through the door, and hastened forward; but before he could reach them, there arose an interruption, an obstacle, something which turned matters differently.

Just as they entered the other room, Arnold was surprised by feeling the hand which lay on his arm make a sudden convulsive movement, the effect of a violent start apparently; for on looking at Reata he perceived that the colour had left her cheeks, and that she was staring at somebody or something with eyes very wide open. Following their direction, Arnold next saw a man who had been lounging on one of the seats, and was now rising and coming towards them, with an odious smile, Arnold thought, on his face. The man was youngish, very fresh-coloured, and with a thick head of black hair: he was in evening dress, and a general impression was conveyed of there being too much white shirt seen, not so over-white, either; also a general impression of snobbishness and bad style.

"What is the matter, and who is that fellow? Am I to knock him down?" asked Arnold, looking in surprise from Reata to the man advancing towards them.

"Oh, don't—for heaven's sake don't!" she answered, in frightened tones. "I must speak to him."

"Do you know him?" Arnold asked, severely.

"Yes, I know him—I knew him in Mexico; I must speak to him at once;" and there was no time for more parley, for the stranger had reached them, and was going through a flourishing bow to Reata.

"What an unexpected pleasure," he was beginning, when she interrupted him in trembling haste, talking in a language that was strange to Arnold's ears, but which he knew to be Spanish. The man with the abundance of white shirt looks up suddenly with an expression of incredulous stupefaction on his face, and makes some half-interrogative reply in the same language. To this she answers again, a somewhat longer phrase, and it seems to Arnold, who is standing by the while like a poker, that her tone is almost an imploring one. Can she be asking any favour of this unwashed-looking snob? Can she be in his power? Horrible thought.

The expression of stupefied incredulity on the stranger's face gives way to one of confidential mystery, and the odious smile begins to reappear upon his lips. Reata takes her hand from Arnold's arm, and stands for a minute between the two men, irresolute as to what she shall do. She has not got her roses in her hand now—they are too heavy to hold always, and she has left them over there in the ball-room. There is no speck of colour about her, not even in her cheeks, for she is still very pale. Not as brilliantly, radiantly beautiful, as when she made her entrance to-night, but very lovely yet, standing there slight and stately though trembling, her eyes looking large and black under their lashes. One heavy twist of her hair has got unfastened in dancing, and hangs down her back like an ebony rope.

Arnold meanwhile is measuring the stranger off into inches.

"You will excuse me," she says quickly, without looking at Arnold, "I have something to say to this gentleman—to Mr Fadenhecht;" and then, to Arnold's infinite, inexpressible disgust, she lays her hand on the other man's arm, and moves off with him.

"Yes, something to say—just so," Mr Fadenhecht mutters, as he favours Arnold with a friendly nod, Arnold returning the nod with a stiff and shadowy inclination, and then turning stalks out of the room, and away from the ball, and does not appear again that night. As he was striding quickly down the steps, somebody else brushed past him, and by the gaslight he recognised Count Stayn, looking graver than Arnold had seen him yet, although he always was a grave man.

After every ball dozens of little scenes are enacted at home in the privacy of people's chambers. Nobody ever goes to bed at once, the instant they find themselves back in their room. Be your feet ever so stiff with dancing, nerves and imagination are too much excited to consent to the rapid transition from gaslights and music, to quietude and a night-light. Those little scenes, joyful or sad, according to what the ball has brought, would be quite as interesting to watch as the ball itself, only nobody ever has the opportunity of watching them; every person has but their one little scene. No doubt there are dozens of these little scenes going on after this ball, too, like after any other: perhaps Fräulein Melanie, with her acorn wreath, is going through a little scene of her own. Why should she not? But we have not to do with her.

Halka is in her room, sitting before her glass; she has taken off her pearl-grey satin, and is wrapped

in a long dressing-gown of pale blue. She is getting her hair gently brushed out of the semblance of tow into which it has been frizzled for the evening. There are two or three long curls, and a bunch of small frizzy ones, reposing on the toilet-table. Halka never makes any attempt at concealing these little accessories to her toilet from Otto, knowing well that he must find them out in time, and that it was wiser to take the initiative and accustom him to accept these things as a matter of course.

Otto is sitting on the sofa, and beginning slowly to pull off his gloves, one finger after another.

"What a very strange man that was at the ball—the one who was giving his arm to Fräulein Lackenegg after the second quadrille! did you notice him?"

The maid who is brushing out Halka's hair is a Frenchwoman, and does not understand anything but her native tongue, so that her presence is no obstacle to conversation.

"No, I did not," said Otto, beginning to pull off his second glove.

"I never saw anything so dreadful in my life; such a costume!" and Halka shuddered delicately. "And such free-and-easy vulgar manners! I wonder how Fräulein Lackenegg could stand him: she must surely have got used *now* to a different sort of society!"

No answer from Otto: he is very tired—fagged to death with the long strain of the evening, and he has no energy remaining either for talking or thinking. Halka does not pursue this subject, although she has made a note in her mind of several little signs concerning that stranger, which have excited her curiosity; but she begins another.

"It was a very good ball; don't you think so? So brilliant and animated, and so many pretty faces; but I think that Fräulein Lackenegg was quite the prettiest girl in the room."

There was nothing to find fault with in the words; but all the same, they seemed to imply some lowering to Reata, which was not definable exactly, and Otto was far too much worn out in mind and body to attempt defining it; he simply remained silent, and rolled up his gloves into a round hard ball.

"It struck me though, to-night," continues Halka, bending forward a little nearer to the glass,—"it struck me that it is rather imprudent of your father to have such a handsome girl staying in the house. Your brother is young, after all, and there might be danger in such constant intercourse."

"What do you mean?" asked Otto. "Arnold is so——" sensible, he might have said, or "so different from me;" but he did not—he finished his phrase differently. "Arnold is such a cut-and-dry fellow, and such a stiff-backed aristocrat in his ideas, he never would think of anything of the sort——"

"My dear Otto, how quickly your ideas travel! I never suggested the possibility of Arnold's ever thinking of marrying her; but I really think that he has been making an unnecessary display of his admiration to-night."

"And even if he should," Otto went on, hardly having heeded Halka's words, and following only his own train of thought. "He is not at all the sort of man to attract a girl like her—I am sure of that."

"Oh, indeed," said Halka, quietly; and there the conversation dropped.

This was in the hotel where the young Bodenbach couple had their rooms: there was another conversation going on in the Swiss building, where the other portion of the party lodged.

Hermine was standing upright in her crushed ball-dress: she was wont to be very sleepy after balls, but she was not sleepy to-night. The flaxen plaits were rough and disordered, and the twenty-four bouquets of forget-me-nots—those bouquets which had all of them been sewed on for Arnold, but at which he had not even glanced—were flattened and ugly.

"Why did Count Stayn go away so early?" Madame Schwerendorf was asking. "He disappeared all of a sudden."

"I hope he will never come back," gasped Hermine.

"But, my dear child, *pour l'amour de Dieu!* what do you mean? Has he not spoken to you? I thought it was all as good as certain."

"Yes, he spoke to me—but—but I sent him away."

"Sent him away! Refused him! *Quelle idée!*" Madame de Schwerendorf almost screamed out; and then, seeing the expression of her daughter's face, she went on quickly: "Don't look so unhappy about it, dearest child—I am not going to scold you. Of course you must choose for yourself—and the ball has been such a success, and everybody admired you so much; I was told so ever so often, and your dress was so pretty——" But in the middle of this brilliant enumeration Madame Schwerendorf was stopped short by Hermine flinging herself suddenly and heavily into her mother's arms, and bursting into passionate sobs upon her neck. She was worn out, weary, sick at heart with waiting for something that was not coming, and which she now knew would never come!

Two doors off, Reata, still in full ball state, is standing before her glass with clasped hands. Her red roses, still smelling sweetly, but no longer the fresh-glowing roses of last night, are tossed on the table beside her. Neither is she the same Reata she was last night—triumphant and joyous. Her eyes are burning deep and dark, and there is an expression of misery in her face.

"I had almost forgotten all about it," she is thinking, wretchedly. "And I remembered it all when I saw that man's face; it must have come sooner or later; but why could I not have been happy a little longer? But I cannot speak now, I cannot throw myself at his head—I will not speak." And she stamped her foot on the ground, and threw up her dark head, where the crow's wing still stood out in bold outline. She looked at her own image in the glass.

"And even if I were now to speak it would be of no use, I should lose him. I should lose him either way, and I deserve it for my folly."

And she turned away slowly from the looking-glass, dry-eyed but wretched. Everybody is talking of her triumph to-night, but to her it is no more than a miserable failure.

CHAPTER XL.—GUESS-WORK.

> "Vorrei spiegar l'affanno
> Nasconder lo vorrei
> E mentre i dubbj miei,
> Così crescendo vanno
> Tutto spiegar non oso,
> Tutto non so tacer."
>
> —METASTASIO.

Back at Steinbühl; out of the whirl, the movement, the gaiety of D——bad, away from the frothy river and the pine-woods; back in the quiet house with the green shutters, and the weather-beaten wall, and the alley of horse-chestnut trees. It had all been very sudden and unlooked for, and done with little or no premeditation. They had not got through half of their projected stay; the lodgings were engaged for a fortnight longer when their unexpected exit had come to pass.

A sudden change for the worse had taken place in Gabrielle's health and spirits. *Little causes produce great effects*, we are told in our copy-books, and it proved true here, if indeed it can be called a small cause, all the misery and irritation of nerves produced by noisy people overhead. The Swiss houses at D——bad, although they were very pretty to look at, were not supposed to do more than to lodge people during the summer months, and were therefore not so solid of structure as might have been desired. The ceiling creaked under the tread of each of the six boisterous children overhead. The course of their games, usually leap-frog or nine-pins, and of their quarrels, could have been followed without difficulty by anybody who cared to do so. Arnold, of course, was told that he must do something: there were complaints made, and entreaties, and threats, all to no purpose; the leap-frog and the nine-pins continued, and Gabrielle went from one fit of hysterical tears into another. Within the space of two days she lost all the little strength which she had slowly been gathering; she lost all her delight in D——bad, in the view from the window and the fir-woods. Her father offered to take other rooms at once, but she would not hear of it. The whole place was horrible, she said; she was tired of it, and she wanted to be back at Steinbühl.

The final climax was reached on the day after the ball, when Gabrielle, dozing on her sofa, was awakened by a noise of howling and rattling, and there came racing in by the half-open door, mad with terror, and half wild with pain, Chéri harnessed with twine to a red-painted toy-cart, hung with bells, and dashing about upside down from side to side behind the terrified animal.

Gabrielle screamed, and had a fainting fit, and had to lie flat on her back with smelling-salts for the rest of that day.

Arnold was again told that he must do something, and he did do something, the more readily that his temper was decidedly short that day. He thrashed the first of the half-dozen boys he met, eliciting such piercing yells that Gabrielle nearly had a second fainting fit. The doctor was sent for, and said the same thing as Dr K—— had said, that the invalid's fancies must be humoured. So packing up in all haste, the party turned their backs upon the hills and pine-woods of D——bad; and two days after

the ball-day the Bodenbachs and Schwerendorfs were back at their respective homes, while Otto and his wife went straight to Vienna, to establish themselves in their villa there.

It had been settled long before, and was now ratified in the haste of parting, that Arnold and his father were to make a run to Vienna next month to enjoy a sight of the Exhibition, and their friends the Schwerendorfs held out hopes of going there at the same time.

The departure of the young Bodenbach couple from D——bad had taken place about two hours earlier than that of the rest of the party; and during the ten minutes' interval, when Halka was waiting ready dressed for the carriage, while Otto had gone off to hurry it, there had been a little conversation between Arnold and his sister-in-law —Hermine, who had outwardly recovered her usual placidity, sitting in the room engaged in fitting up her travelling-bag for the journey. Reata was in her own room, probably going through some ceremony of the same sort. She had not shown much all yesterday; she said that the ball had tired her, and that she preferred being left alone. Once or twice, when shé had joined the others, it had seemed to Reata that Arnold spoke less to her than usual, and her jealous fancy made her notice every word he said to Hermine. Very likely it was only the hurry and confusion and discomfort which affected him, and very likely he did not speak to Hermine oftener than usual; but her morbid imagination distorted everything, and made her more and more restless and dissatisfied. Was he angry with her on account of that unfortunate *rencontre* with Mr Fadenhecht? What ought she to do? She could not see clearly, or think clearly, in the midst of this bustle. She could not say or do anything till they were back at Steinbühl, and then she would try to think, and see what was her best course, for there were many doubts and perplexities weighing on her mind just then. Should she tell everything, and be done with these hateful mysteries for ever? But no; again she trembled when she thought of what might be the possible effects of her confession—the surprise, probably the reproaches she would have to endure. And how explain, how get anybody to believe that she is innocent of any moral consciousness of guilt? that she had done what was wrong thinking it was right, or at least allowable? Is it not madness to expect others to place themselves in her place, see with her eyes, through the medium of her strangely trained mind, when at that moment even she herself has learned to regard it differently? There is a code of right and wrong which stands upright throughout the world, but the interpretation is modified according to classes and countries. How was she to have guessed that that which in her Mexican wilds would have seemed a trifle not worth regarding, was in Europe a heinous fault?

No, she tells herself over and over again, she cannot do it while she is alone; she must have somebody to stand by her, and take her part against everybody. In a few weeks she will have somebody, she hopes; but even then she still trembles at what she must go through. Arnold, with his stern sense of justice, his withering contempt for any deceit, will he not spurn and despise her? She felt sure he would; it seemed to her that she could see the way in which he would knit his eyebrows together, and draw himself up to his fullest height, and turn away and never speak to her again. He

might have cared for her otherwise—he had begun to care for her already, she had seen that—but his love would die in contempt when she lifted that veil which she had wilfully woven with her own hands. He had begun to care for her already—yes, she told herself repeatedly; but would he ever have gone further? Would he have sacrificed his prejudices of caste by selecting a low-born girl for his wife? Thousands of thoughts as confused and harassing as these, had been circling round and round in Reata's brain, ever since that moment when she turned away from her mirror with dry eyes but a sinking heart; and hour by hour her doubts, by dint of brooding over them in a state of mind highly strung, and with an imagination always prone to excitement, had gained in dimensions, till now, a few hours before the departure from D——bad, she literally does not know which way to turn, in order to escape from the perplexities which she sees on all sides.

While Arnold and Halka are talking in the drawing-room, and Hermine is fitting up her travelling-bag for the journey, Reata is pacing up and down the room feverish and disturbed.

"If only there was one person whose advice I could ask, or I think I shall go mad! My head is aching wildly already. I ought to speak, I know. Oh, why am I such a coward? But I cannot bear to be spurned and despised by him. In three weeks, perhaps a fortnight, she must be here, and then I will go away, far away, not to Mexico, perhaps that is too far (with an unconscious afterthought), and then they shall know everything; but I shall not be there to see it." And so on and on in a restless round. She is rapidly working herself into the state of mind which makes women commit follies to be repented of ever afterwards.

"I am sorry not to have seen Fräulein Lackenegg to say good-bye to," Halka was saying to Arnold, while she pulled on her gloves for the journey. "But I had really quite forgotten all about her; she has kept herself so hidden these last two days. Perhaps Hermine," turning towards her, "will be kind enough to make my adieus for me. She is not ill, I suppose?"

"I don't think she is quite well," answered Hermine from over her travelling-bag. "She complains of a fearful headache."

"Oh, indeed! It would be a nuisance if she were to knock up just now when Gabrielle is in such need of care."

"Gabrielle has got her maid to look after her," said Arnold, with a little temper. "She cannot always expect Fräulein Reata to be attendant on her."

Arnold's relations towards his sister-in-law were of a somewhat distant nature, and the conversations between them were few and far between. In theory he approved of her thoroughly; she was just the ladylike, aristocratic, quiet woman best qualified to have become a member of the Bodenbach family; but in practice, somehow or other, she was not as thoroughly congenial to him as all these qualifications might have been supposed to make her. Perceiving the shade of temper in Arnold's manner now, Halka changed her drift imperceptibly.

"Well, Gabrielle will have to get accustomed to doing without her; she will not be staying with you always, I suppose?"

"I suppose not," Arnold replied shortly, as the possibility of Reata's departure occurred to him for the first time.

"You don't know whether she

has any relations to whom she intends to go ultimately? or do you think she intends taking another situation?" Halka would have preferred working up to the point with more nicety, but the time was short, and the carriage might appear any minute.

"I don't know anything about her relations," he answered, ignoring the latter part of the speech. "She has got relations in this country, I know; but there seems to be some quarrel or misunderstanding which prevents her being received by them at present. In any case, she is perfectly aware that she can have a home in my father's house for as long as she chooses to avail herself of it."

"But that is just it, my dear Arnold; for how long will she choose to avail herself of it? No delicate-minded person would be content with that peculiar sort of position for long, and I am sure Fräulein Lackenegg would not. Have you any notion how she has been left by your aunt?"

"No; I have no notion about how my aunt has disposed of her money. I don't think she had even the power of disposing of any of it in favour of her friends; she certainly had not the power to leave any to us."

"And do you really mean to say"—with a little feigned surprise—"that you have not heard anything further from Mexico? That is just what I was asking Otto about the other day. Have you never received any further intimation of the death?"

"Never any," answered Arnold, with a guilty feeling of having forgotten all about the matter lately, and of having completely overlooked the fact that the reply to his letter to Mexico was now more than due.

"How very strange! And is Fräulein Lackenegg not able to throw any light upon this extraordinary silence? Have you never asked her?"

"Oh, but Reata does not like to talk about Miss Bodenbach's death," explained Hermine, innocently. "We never ask her about it, because it makes her so unhappy."

Halka made a slight movement with her head, which for her was as much as pricking up her ears.

"How very strange!" she said again, reflectively. "So that actually you have got no further evidence of your aunt's death than that certificate of burial which was sent you by Fräulein Lackenegg?"

"No other," answered Arnold, provoked at the catechism he was getting put through. Halka was silent for a minute, and apparently engaged in the contemplation of the ivory handle of her parasol. Hermine, having completed the arrangements of her bag, had gone over to the other side of the room, and was collecting various small trifles from off the table.

"I suppose you are quite sure *that your aunt is dead?*" Halka said suddenly, in a lower voice, looking up at Arnold.

He started violently, and returned her look of inquiry by one of haughty surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I mean nothing—nothing at all; there is no reason for excitement. It was only an idea that passed through my mind. One does hear of such very strange things sometimes; and do you know, Arnold," went on Halka more quickly, as the sound of approaching carriage-wheels met her ear, "it has sometimes struck me that there is some mystery afloat about this matter, which Fräulein Lackenegg seems anxious to screen. It may not be anything bad"—noticing the expression of his face

—"but I advise you to be careful. Did you notice that odd-looking man she was talking to at the ball? It was just after the second quadrille. She was speaking to him very eagerly; and I do not think he can be a mere indifferent acquaintance, from the way she spoke and looked. You were gone by that time, I think, so you could not have observed him." And then, before there was time for Arnold to make any answer, the door was opened by Otto, and they were in the bustle of departure.

By the evening of that same day the Bodenbachs were back at Steinbühl; and the very next morning Arnold walked down to the village to make inquiries at the post-office concerning the letter which he had despatched to Mexico in the middle of April. The doubts and the train of ideas which Halka had engendered were fermenting in his mind. He was too large-minded to have given birth to those suspicions himself, but he was human enough to be affected by them, now that the seed of them was strewn. He was torn between vague suspicions and furious jealousy; between condemnation of Reata, and another feeling which he was only beginning to acknowledge to himself, and which strove to cry down the suspicions and the condemnation.

As he walks down the village street, noisy with children on their way to school, with women chattering in front of their doors, or calling after the men as they start for their work, Arnold is thinking over that scene at the ball, when Reata had abandoned him so pointedly for the low-bred snob who claimed her acquaintance; and by the new light which Halka's suggestions have thrown upon everything, the words and looks which passed at that moment gain a greater weight and a darker light. She had looked guilty—positively guilty. Yes, Halka is right: that snob was not a mere indifferent acquaintance; he must be, or have been, something more than that. Striding along with these thoughts in his mind, Arnold reached that little house—the last in the row—with the black double-headed eagle upon flaming yellow ground outside; the house towards which Reata and Gabrielle had wended their way on that April afternoon, carrying the letter for the Mexican mail.

Half an hour later Arnold strode back down the village street where the village pump was splashing peaceably, across the grass meadow where the lambs were rapidly turning into full-grown sheep, up the lane where the hawthorn-hedges had long since borne and shed their blossoms, under the horse-chestnuts, up the creaking steps, and into the house.

He stumbled upon Reata alone, standing near the table reading a note—at least he supposed it was a note or a letter, from the rustle of paper; but she stuffed it away quickly into her pocket, and, looking round at the sound of his footstep, he could see that she looked red and angry and embarrassed. He was in a state of mind very prone to suspicions, and that rustle of paper and her look of embarrassment did not escape his notice.

"I have been down to the village," he began.

"Yes," she said, wondering a little why he made the announcement with so much solemnity.

"And I have been making inquiries."

"Yes," a little more faintly.

"At the post-office."

No answer; she looks away.

"I find that the letter which I wrote in April, to Mexico, never went off."

No answer again.

"There was only one letter posted that day—a letter in a blue envelope, sealed with an Indian seal. My letter, you may remember, was in a white envelope with a black edge, and sealed with my own seal." He pauses for a minute, but, getting no reply, pursues. "As this letter has not gone off, I am going to write again immediately; and this time I shall post my letter myself." He walks towards the door. "I suppose," he says, stopping before he has quite reached it, "it would be no use asking you what you did with my letter? You certainly never posted it."

"No, I did not," she cries, lifting her head and facing round; "I tore it up and burned it to cinders."

He had expected something of the sort, but he starts all the same. "I thought as much;" and as he says it, his features assume such stern rigidity, his eyes look so severely condemning, there is such withering contempt in his voice, that she feels all the little fund of courage which she has been gathering together dwindling away to nothing. "Why should I not tell him? It is no crime, after all, I have to confess;" she has been saying to herself five minutes ago. "I cannot tell him, he despises deceit too much," she says to herself now.

"You are very angry, I suppose?" she asked.

"I am angry with myself for ever having been fool enough to trust you."

"And angry with me?"

He only shrugged his shoulders a little.

"And you despise me, I know."

"I despise every action that is underhand and deceitful."

"Every action?" she asked, despairingly. "Cannot an action be deceitful and yet harmless?" But even as she asked it her heart was sinking; a great many things in the past had been growing clear lately. She had used deceit, and thought to do no harm; but now with painful distinctness she sees where her fault has been. She drooped her head, awaiting Arnold's answer, but she knew it ere it came.

"In my opinion, not; deceit must be mean;" and as he spoke he looked at her as though he would read her with his eyes.

"And you would never forgive deceit?"

"I would forgive anything rather than deceit," he said, sternly; and then in a tone of hard inquiry he went on more quickly, "Will you, or will you not, tell me what your motive was for destroying that letter?"

She looked up at him, hovering for a second on the brink of disclosure: to be done with it all, what a relief it would be!

If his voice had been a shade less hard, or his eyes had not looked so witheringly contemptuous, she might have dared to speak; but she hesitated, and in that moment her courage again grows faint.

"No, I cannot."

"Very well, then, I will tell you," he answers, while the suspicions insinuated by Halka suddenly take a tangible form in his mind. "*My aunt Olivia is not dead!* and for some purpose, which is to me incomprehensible, you are trying to make us believe that she is."

Reata starts so violently that she has to clutch on to the table to keep straight.

"Can you deny it?"

"Deny what?" she asks, faintly.

"You dare not, upon your honour, assert that my father's cousin, Miss Bodenbach, is dead?"

"Yes, I dare;" a sudden light has come into her eyes, and she does not look away from him.

"You say that upon your honour?"

"I will swear it to you by all that I hold most holy. Upon my honour, your father's cousin is dead. Are you satisfied?"

It was a foolish question; of course he could not be satisfied, and he was not.

"Whatever you wish to conceal, you cannot do so much longer. I write to Mexico to-day, and shall take every precaution to make my letter reach this time. In eight weeks the answer will be here."

"You will not have to wait so long," she replied, sadly. "Long before that I shall be gone."

"Gone! What do you mean?" in a tone of sharp inquiry. But she does not answer, and only buries her face in her hands; and Arnold, who for the last minute has been standing with the door-handle between his fingers, turns it now and goes out.

That same afternoon Dr K—— came to Steinbühl again, and the immediate result of his visit was the urgent advice to take Gabrielle to Vienna, where she could be placed under the care of the eminent physician Dr Braun, who made diseases of this description his *spécialité*. The sudden turn of the illness had baffled his experience, and he was honest enough to say so.

The departure was fixed within the next two days, and Steinbühl was to be left deserted again, as it had been during the past fortnight. All this had been settled upon in haste in the evening. Reata has talked back Gabrielle into calmness, from the excitement into which the news has thrown her, and now she is alone in her room, and draws out of her pocket that note which, by its obnoxious rustling, irritated Arnold on his entrance that morning. She had hardly read it herself; she had only glanced at it, but to a quiet perusal she had not come, since the moment when it was put into her hand by a dirty little boy, who had watched and waited for her among the horse-chestnut trees of the avenue.

Now, in the solitude of her room, with closed shutters and bolted door, she ventures to take it out and read it through consecutively.

"What insulting impertinence!" she murmured, looking red and angry, as she had done at the moment when Arnold's footstep had surprised her in the sitting-room: "but I dare not refuse; I must get rid of him, even if I have to give him every penny I have got remaining. What if he should really have the power, as he says, to harm, perhaps ruin me? Can it be true? If he were not a lawyer I could afford to despise him; but it is too dangerous—I must go."

Reata rose, and unlocking her desk took out a blank envelope.

"At six, he says; it is fortunate, certainly, that he has been good enough to choose such an early hour," she muttered to herself bitterly.

TO CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE SHIPKA PASS—OCTOBER 1879.

So rapid is now the postal service between the East and the West, that Englishmen resident in Constantinople are apt to grumble should they not receive their London letters on the sixth day after despatch. As with a letter, so with a man. He can, and often does, "post" himself, so to say, in London, in full confidence that he will be safely and comfortably delivered within a week at the Hotel de Byzance or d'Angleterre, Pera, in ample time for an excellent *table-d'hôte* dinner at one or other of those two well-known Eastern establishments.

For myself, although the goal of my journey was Turkey, I preferred the comparative slowness of river-steamers to a meteor-like flight through Europe in express trains. Accordingly, I steamed up the Rhine to Mayence, and thence, after some detour, struck the Danube at Passau, in Bavaria. From Passau, I steamed leisurely down the Danube—passing a day or two at the more interesting points—for upwards of one thousand miles, and finally landed at Rustchuk, in Bulgaria. I propose to begin this account of my excursion to the East from Widin, the frontier town and fortress of Bulgaria, whence Osman Pacha marched to Plevna on hearing that the Russians had effected the passage of the Danube. We stopped at Widin ten or fifteen minutes. Hitherto all our surroundings, animate and inanimate, had been Western and peaceful; but from this point eastwards, passengers, earth, air, sky—all were Eastern, and the signs of the late Russo-Turkish war were ever present.

We had but an hour or two before swept gaily by precipitous banks—vine or forest clad to the river's brink; and here and there, when the stream wound sluggishly along through flat alluvial meadow-lands, we had picked our way through a maze of Lilliputian islets, still greenly clad, and contrasting deliciously in their late surviving freshness with the dull autumnal hues of the herbage on the banks; and wherever there were human communities dwelling near the river, there in mid-stream we had seen rows and rows of floating boat-mills, with their great ugly wheels slowly revolving in the seemingly quicker-speeding water. We had passed, too, many a sweet Arcadian-like cottage and village, sleeping snug and peaceful wherever some brooklet added its tiny dribblet to the waters of the great river. Anon we had come to frowning hills and rocks which locked up that river in a narrow tortuous bed; and finally, we had brushed by the remains of Trajan's road and Trajan's bridge, and had steamed in safety over the boiling rapids of the Iron Gate—a grim, terrible gorge, through which the river rushes, and very like some of the dangerous rapids on the Indus between Attock and Kooshalgarh. That Iron Gate separates the West from the East—separates lands which have achieved their freedom, and enjoy all its fruits, from lands still groping in ignorance after the same happy consummation.

The river, too, as if sensible of the change, was no longer the same. The "deep blue Danube" was no longer deep or blue, its course no longer rapid, clear, and well defined. No; it was now a great broad shallow stream, dull and brown like its banks, moving along slow and uncertain in its quest of the sea. To

talk more plainly, from Widin to the Black Sea—a distance of over 400 miles—the Danube closely resembles the greatest of Indian rivers—the Indus—in the last 500 miles of its course. The right bank is well defined, and rises arid and treeless from fifty to two hundred feet above the water-level. Like the Lower Indus, the bed or valley of the river is from four to ten or twelve miles in width. Luckily for steam navigation, the set of the Danube is against the right permanent bank. On the left, going down stream in autumn, the traveller sees nothing but sand and mud and half-desiccated marshes; and far away on the horizon a dusty yellowish line indicates, he is told, the true left bank.

So much for the Lower Danube. Now let us return to our steamer, or rather steamers, for one of the inconveniences of autumn travelling on the river is repeated transhipments. An Austrian company enjoys a long-term monopoly of the steam navigation of the river from Vienna to the Black Sea, and the river is the one great highway for all towns and villages near its banks. The consequence is—the line being worked very economically—that there is generally much overcrowding. To an Englishman speaking no Western language but his own, *plus* a smattering of indifferent French, the Babel of noisy tongues heard on board a Danube steamer east of Vienna is very jarring. For the twenty-four hours preceding our arrival at Belgrad, Germans, Croats, Hungarians, Bohemians, Serbs, and Wallachs had been talking their respective mother tongues at the tops of their voices, had been smoking and spitting, laughing and singing, in every part of the ship. Besides ordinary passengers, we had been taking on board and discharging at every military station batches of fresh-caught conscripts. Though their dresses were strange and picturesque, their odour and never-ceasing talk—few seemed musically inclined, poor fellows—were unpleasant. Between Belgrad and Orsova we had got rid of most of them, as well as of our other passengers, and now there was comparative quiet on board. Our numbers were reduced to thirty or forty, and of that number only seven were first-class passengers, — viz., three Roumanian ladies returning to Bucharest from Carlsbad and Vienna, a Russian colonel *en route* for Odessa from Montenegro—a very agreeable companion he was, speaking English well, and being most communicative—myself, and two nondescripts.

From Widin eastwards there was no more quiet. As we neared the shore, the feeble light of a few hand-lanterns flickered fitfully over numerous whitey-brown, sheep-like objects, all huddled together on the little wharf.

"Trade seems brisk for such a hole. After all, the war may have done some good," I remark to my Russian acquaintance.

He grins at this, but says nothing. Presently we are lying up alongside of the wharf, and a bridge of planks is laid between it and the ship. The sheep-like objects begin to move and crowd into the narrow way. *They were all Turks.* Some forty or forty-five came on board; the men in most cases first, carrying the heavier baggage, then their women and children, each with some bundle in the arms. It was pitiable, yet comical, to see the women struggling to preserve their *purdah*, their infants, and some cherished household article under our prying and to them unsympathetic eyes. One young mother staggered on board with a baby at

her breast, and with her disengaged hand she dragged along an old-fashioned cradle of carved black wood. Seeing this, I could not help saying reproachfully to the Russian, "It is all your work."

"What will you have?" he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "They *will* go: they can stay if they like."

The same scene was repeated, but on a progressively diminishing scale, at every Bulgarian town and village we touched at. Every Turk who had the means was leaving, if he had not already left the country, and was fleeing towards Constantinople, hoping there to find a new home, more likely there to starve and die. So far as the two "liberated" provinces are concerned, the wish that their Turkish inhabitants should evacuate them "bag and baggage" has been more than fulfilled, for most of the Mahommedan population have been glad to escape with their bare lives, leaving "bag and baggage" to the Bulgars. Except the ever-recurring spectacle of sad-visaged men and women proceeding into voluntary exile because they could not live as a subject-race where until lately they had ruled as the conquering race, there was little to interest me between Widin and Nikopolis. From the latter town down to Rustchuk — about 60 miles — the Russian colonel made the time pass pleasantly and profitably by describing the various war events which had occurred in that reach of the Danube. The capture of Nikopolis, the passage of the Danube at Sistova, the stampede over the bridge there after the first great Russian defeat at Plevna, the river-fights between gunboats and torpedo-boats, the abortive railway, the bombardment of Rustchuk from the left bank, were all recounted to me in good simple English. He considered the crossing of the Danube and the taking of Nikopolis were the only masterly operations done during the war in Turkey in Europe. About the former, he said the Turks were prepared for an attempt to force the passage at Nikopolis, but not at Sistova. Their spies had been instructed to fire some conspicuous building near the point selected for the attempt as soon as the troops destined for that service were actually in motion, but not before. The Russians massed large bodies of men opposite Nikopolis; orders were given for crossing there; the troops began their march; the Turkish spies fired a mill, and not till then was the direction of the march changed for Simnitza, and the passage cheaply effected between that town and Sistova. I saw the creek up which the rafts and boats for the real passage had been hid, the famous island, and the jungle in which the Russian soldiery and guns had been concealed; and all I can say is, that to my civilian understanding the Turks were very easily deceived.

"Was a clasp given for the crossing?" I asked the Russian colonel.

"No; a general war medal was given only."

"What! no clasps, no distinctive decorations for particular engagements?"

"No; except for the defence of the Shipka Pass and of Bayazid."

"And nothing for Plevna?"

The Russian looked at me doubtingly for a moment or two, and then with a sigh replied, "No; that was a shame and a disgrace to us."

As to the results of the war, he said that no Russian was satisfied with them; that there had not been a peasant, man or boy, in the empire who had not understood and gloried in the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano; "but now,"

he added, bitterly, "they know you made us tear that up, and they neither care to comprehend nor do they take any interest in the new one. They hate to hear the war spoken of."

On landing at Rustchuk, I found the town *en fête*. The Prince was expected—had been expected daily for a week and more; and now the triumphal arches, Venetian masts, flags and streamers, which decorated the chief streets, were looking shabby and dusty. Not so the loyal Bulgars. Every male in the town was in some sort of showy yet serviceable uniform, and never seemed tired of disporting himself in it.

"Why tarrieth his steamboat-wheels?" I asked—referring to the Prince—of a grand personage who looked like a general about to have his photograph taken, but was in fact only a police sergeant.

"His Highness is at Bucharest making arrangements," was the answer.

"Arrangements for what?"

"To bring over a Roumanian band." And so it was.

At last the Prince came; and there was hurrying to and fro, a great dinner, much music by the newly-imported band, a great display of brave Bulgarian troops, with officers much be-medalled and much be-crossed. In short, the reception was altogether brilliant. Its success was in part due to the loyalty of the Rustchuk citizens, but more particularly to the fact that the Prince had graciously accorded them ample time for preparations; and they were complete in all respects but one,—nobody had thought of applying what in India is cynically called "eye-wash" to the streets; consequently the dirt, the smells, the dust, the flies, and the painful unevenness of the principal roadways, must have struck his German Highness as aptly illustrative of one of the most disagreeable characteristics of his new subjects—their indifference to cleanliness. Having witnessed the Prince's welcome, despatched my luggage to Constantinople *viâ* Varna, and made arrangements for my onward journey, I said good-bye to our consul—a kindly Scotch gentleman, without whose assistance I could not have got on—and started in my "carriage" for Biela, Plevna, the Shipka, and Yeni Saghra. The "carriage," by the way, was very light, very rickety, very ancient, and so small as barely to hold the dragoman—an Englishman long resident in Bulgaria—myself, the Turkish driver, a few wraps, a bottle of brandy, and a packet of tea. I had been warned to "be careful with the springs;" and so careful were we, that by walking wherever the ground was not level, and otherwise treating our delicate conveyance as a patient with a very weak constitution, we succeeded in deferring the inevitable smash of the springs until the fifth morning.

On starting, the sky was overcast with clouds; but as no rain had fallen in Bulgaria for several months, we were told not to fear it now. However, it did rain, and that incessantly for three days, and very wet and uncomfortable we were; and, worst luck of all, the roads got into such a sloppy, treacle-like condition, that I thought it best to give up Plevna, and make straight for the Shipka *viâ* Tirnova and Gabrova. We spent the first night at Biela, in an old *hāne* or poor man's inn,—and a more wretched eight hours I have seldom endured. We had arrived cold and wet, and after dark. The supper supplied us was anything but palatable, and very dirtily cooked. Then when I lay down, fleas and other small vermin, and the snoring and talking of

Bulgarian travellers near me, made sleep impossible. The same programme, but somewhat ameliorated under daily accumulating experience, was repeated for the five following nights. By starting very early, we generally managed to arrive at our halting-place before sundown, and had thus plenty of time to make the best sleeping and eating arrangements possible, and to stroll about and talk with the people.

From Rustchuk to within a few miles of Tirnova, a distance of nearly fifty miles, the landscape was wearisomely monotonous—like a great sea of liquid mud which had been solidified whilst there was a heavy swell upon it. Down we drove into the trough of some great billow, and then up we climbed slowly and laboriously on to the crest of another, furrowed, perhaps, with rifle-pits, trenches, and other earthworks, with here and there small mounds, each surmounted by a wooden cross, marking the nameless graves of Russian soldiery. But whether on high ground or low, our surroundings were always the same,—a melancholy expanse of virgin soil—treeless, dwellingless, manless. From Tirnova onwards the scenery improved. There lay the Balkans right in front of us, looking formidable enough in their snow-clad, cloud-wrapt mysteriousness. But between them and us were interposed a succession of hilly terraces running parallel with the main ridge. Here at last we saw extensive cultivation—maize and the vine mostly—prosperous villages, and trees in plenty. Both Tirnova and Gabrova appeared busy and thriving centres of trade. No one idled. Every adult male who was not engaged in soldiering was working. The poorest man (not a Turk) was surrounded by rude plenty: if a shopman or artisan, his home seemed comfortable, and he and his children well fed; if a peasant, his yard or "compound," as we say in India, was well stocked with maize and fodder for winter use, and his supply of live stock—oxen, fowls, geese, turkeys, and pigs—would have made many of our farmers envious. I may note here that throughout the parts of Bulgaria and Rumelia visited by me, I was much impressed by not having met one *Bulgarian* beggar or *poor* person. I did meet both beggars and poor people, but they were mostly in Rumelia, and in all cases either Turks or gypsies. All the Bulgarians both north and south of the Balkans whom I saw, had wind and rain proof houses, and had plenty to eat, drink, and wear; indeed most of them seemed to eat flesh once or twice a-day, and country wine was drunk by all classes as copiously as beer or water by us—and much cheaper it was than pure, clean water, for that was hardly procurable. Then the quantities of geese and turkeys I saw about most homesteads were surprising; and yet plentiful though they were, I was nowhere able to buy one for my dinner—a prohibitively fancy price (from four to six silver roubles) being demanded, which I grudged giving. Then the pigs,—they were everywhere. It was a comical sight to see a troop of these animals careering down a street at nightfall, and gradually diminishing in numbers as each piggish family dashed aside into its own door. It was almost a more comical sight in the morning to see *pater*- and *mater-familias*—Bulgarian—sniffing the fresh air out of that door in company with rounded snouts great and small—piggish. There are many dirty races in the world, but the Bulgarian is a match for any of them, as he clothes himself in sheepskin, which

he seldom changes, and sleeps with his pigs. The fact of this, the uncleanest of unclean animals being so generally kept in the lately "liberated" provinces, goes far to prove how contemptuously tolerant must in many respects have been the Turkish rule in them. No Mahommedan ruler in India would permit swine to have the run of his streets; it would be defilement, and would not be tolerated. Nor do we permit it ourselves in India. An amusing illustration of the *Indian* Mahommedan's intolerance in this respect occurs to me. Several years ago a number of native gentlemen and myself had a few days' pig-sticking and pig-hunting on the banks of the Indus. Every animal slain was left where it fell. With me was a Sikh orderly, and dearly the fellow loved the flesh of swine. When unobserved, he cut off a juicy slice from a young squeaker, and kept it wrapt up in his *cummerbund* or waist-band until supper-time. He was billeted for the night on a Mahommedan peasant. When the time for the evening meal came, the orderly began coolly to cook his piece of pork in the cottage, pretending it was the flesh of a hog-deer. The deception was, however, detected, and the peasant and his family thrashed the man soundly and turned him out. He, of course, came howling to me, demanding "English justice;" and he got it, by being fined four annas, and told that had his beard been well pulled in addition to his body being well cuffed, it would have served him right. But enough of pigs.

On arrival at Gabrova the dragoman and I began to perambulate the town in search of a clean lodging. In a side lane our attention was arrested by an unusual sight—two Bulgarian girls on their hands and knees scrubbing a floor. We soon persuaded their master — a petty tradesman—to give us beds, and then we went to an eating-house for dinner. Having dined, we returned to our lodging, and found the master enjoying a *nargilleh*, or water-pipe; so we lighted our pipes and sat down beside him. The burden of our conversation was much the same as it was everywhere north of the Balkans. The opening question on the Bulgar's side was, of course, "What do you think of *our country?*"

"A fine one, if you can keep it and quadruple the population; but you have two powerful enemies, Austria and Russia."

"Ah," said he, "we are not afraid of Austria; but the Russians, we fear them. *Our nation* will not submit to a military despotism."

"And yet you are under one now. All your young men are training for soldiers. Now tell me, are you better off now than under the Turk?"

"Well," he replied, reflectively, "we now have compulsory service in the army, and our taxation is treble what it was; but then we know what we have to pay, we dare grow rich, and—*we are a nation.*"

Before leaving Gabrova, I procured an intelligent Bulgarian guide to accompany us over the Shipka and explain the positions and course of fighting. He had at first belonged to the "avenging legion," but when fighting became serious, the dictates of discretion and humanity made him turn water-carrier for the Russians in the Pass, and so by the end of the war he found himself the happy possessor of a whole skin and several roubles. The Shipka Pass is said to be naturally the easiest over the Balkans. Russian labour has made it still easier; and now a man can drive from Gabrova to the village of Shipka in the Kesanlik plain, at the south-

ern exit of the Pass, in six hours. The dragoman, the guide, and I walked. The ascent is in most places very gradual, nature having obligingly thrown out a spur from the summit to the northern base of the mountain. Up the watershed of this spur runs the road in tortuous fashion through beech and oak forests, with a luxuriant undergrowth of nutwood, brambles, and several kinds of creepers. Every commanding point all the way up was fortified; and wherever there had been room for a few score men to encamp, were numerous graves, some surmounted by a rough wooden cross, some by monuments of white masonry. About two-thirds of the way up we came to the ground on which the first Russian front attack on the Pass had been repulsed. Immediately below on our left, in a little valley, lay a Greek monastery, surrounded by well-cultivated fields. Though almost in the line of fire, it had not suffered in the war at all. This forbearance, visible both here and elsewhere, seems to demonstrate that the Turks destroyed nothing wantonly, except when they appeared as avengers. As we approached the Pass itself, the traces of the late struggle became more numerous,—the hillsides were bare, all timber having been felled, and the rocky face of the mountain was full of holes and trenches. A white pall lay on everything, for snow was falling, although it was only the 11th of October. Before we had reached the highest point of the Pass, we found our appetites so sharp, and the wind so keen, that we scrambled into Fort Nicholas, and made a hearty breakfast there off cold fowl, black bread, and grapes, all of which we had brought with us. Behind and to the right, every point was crowned with similar but smaller forts, and on top of each was a large rude cross in wood. The ground on all sides had been burrowed into, each hole being from six to eight feet in diameter. In them the soldiers had lived. Many of them were protected by earthen and stone dikes, or by rows of fascines. The main Turkish positions were on a parallel ridge about a mile to our left. Between them and us was a deep ravine or gully. We three were the sole occupants of the famous Shipka Pass, silent enough now, though not two short years before, over 50,000 brave men had held it against each other for many weary weeks, facing daily death from bullets, death from starvation, and death from cold. One glance at the positions sufficed to show how impregnable were those of the Russians, once fortified. It was maddening to think that Suliman Pacha had sacrificed 25,000 fine troops in attempting to take them by direct assault. Before turning our backs for ever on the bleak and mournful landscape, we visited two large enclosures lying immediately below the highest fort. They contained many hundreds of Russian dead. There were few monuments, but those few were neat and simple in design—either crosses or plain white obelisks.

"I have not yet seen, either on the Jantra, or the Lom, or here, one Turkish soldier's grave," I said to the guide.

"No," he replied; "where buried, nothing marks the place. But, generally, they lay where they fell, until the wolves, and dogs, and vultures ate them."

"How do we find so few bones about?" I asked.

"The Russians buried all about here," he replied; "but if you go over there" (pointing to the Turkish positions and the intervening gully), "you will find lots of skulls and other bones. We removed all we could after the war was over. Those

in out-of-the-way places were not worth the trouble."

Hearing the man speak so, I recollected having seen at Nikopolis or Sistova—I forget which—great piles of bones ready for exportation, amongst which were some human skulls. I also recalled to mind that two months previously, when I was visiting some chemical manure-works in the north of Scotland, the manager showed me his bone-stores from the Black Sea, and said that human bones were often found in cargoes from that quarter. Again, a few weeks after my visit to the Shipka, I saw a considerable number of men's skulls and other bones in shallow open holes in the Acropolis of Athens, which the local dragoman told me were the remains of Greeks and Turks who had fallen in the war of independence fifty years ago! That Mahommedans and other rude races are indifferent about burying the bodies of those in whom they have no special personal interest, I can well believe. With them the feeling of sympathy for physical suffering is almost non-existent. If so callous about the living, why should they care for the dead? Over and over again in India I have been disgusted by the cruel way they leave a dog, when disabled by a boar, to die a lingering death in the jungle —from starvation, or being eaten whilst still half alive by beasts of prey—when a prod with a spear would have ended the poor brute's misery. It is the same with baggage and other animals. Of the 70,000 camels which died during the 1878-79 Affghan campaign, I suppose a large majority died in one or other of the above horrible ways. Of those that did not, we may safely conjecture the happy despatch was either due to the humanity of a British officer, or to the promptings of the Mahommedan stomach. From the Prophet downwards, camel-flesh has been esteemed by the ruder amongst the Faithful as a dainty strength-imparting meat. About six years ago, when in camp on our north-west frontier with a friend now at Cabul, we both tried a camel-steak for our dinner, and tough, stringy, and strong-tasted we found it. A camel had slipped down a crevice, quite close to our tents. Being worth from £6 to £8, every means was tried to extricate the unfortunate brute; but in vain. It was so firmly jammed that neither ropes nor digging were of any avail. At last a man was lowered to the spot, and with a *bismillah* (in the name of God), the camel's throat was cut. An hour later some thirty strong men were gorging themselves with its flesh. Now, to return for a moment to the subject of sympathy with physical suffering. If we attempt to generalise, it would seem that the emotion of compassion is dulled by an active open-air existence. With us its measure of development appears to be in the inverse ratio to the number of hours we spend daily out of doors. Thus, our home-staying ladies, and our men of sedentary habits, are intensely sympathetic—our sportsmen are, I think, less so, except in the case of animals like the horse and dog, which serve their killing propensities.

Having visited the cemeteries and looked about for relics, we dismissed our guide and hurried down the steep descent of the southern face of the Shipka. At its foot we passed through the village of that name, and were glad to see that a good half of the destroyed cottages had been, or were being, rebuilt. We were now in the Kesanlik plain, a broad beautiful valley, much like that of the Lolab in Cashmere, and, like it, very fertile, and well studded with groves of walnut-trees. At

this season its famous rose-gardens resembled cotton-fields in winter with three-year old cotton-plants in them. At Kesanlik—a large, thriving village which had escaped burning—we found the peasants all busy with their vintage. In the main street were lines of roomy waggons, and each waggon was full of grapes, and each of the three vat-like compartments into which a grape-waggon is divided held a sturdy bare-legged man, who was treading the grapes, the expressed juice dribbling into a tub below. After leaving Kesanlik, we travelled down the valley eastwards, crossed the Lower Balkans, and pushed on to Eski Saghra, which before the war had been a fine town containing 18,000 inhabitants. It was still literally "level with the ground." Here and there the dome of a substantially-built mosque had defied all Bulgarian efforts to destroy it; but generally one or other of the minarets had been demolished in such a workmanlike manner that it had fallen athwart the dome and broken through it. There was a large, newish-looking barrack full of soldiers near the ruins of the town, but it seemed that with its erection all efforts at rebuilding the place had ended. Why such of the Turkish inhabitants as are still alive do not return was clear enough—they dare not; but why the Bulgars are still absent was not so apparent. Naturally the answer I received to my queries was, "They are all dead;" but that is unlikely. During our two-hours' halt here I was surrounded by a group of peasants, who amused themselves by examining my clothes and watching me eat. In the course of our talk I asked them whether the Russians or the Turks were the braver?

"The Russians," was the answer.

"Why?"

"Because they crossed the Balkans and beat the Turks."

"And whom do you like the better—the Russians or the English?"

"The Russians—you have done nothing for us."

"Well," I said, repeating an argument of our Rustchuk consul, "the Russians drove the Turks out, but we drove out the Russians for you."

I regret to say that neither here nor elsewhere did I find this truth acceptable. Propounding it only raised an incredulous smile—nothing more.

From Kesanlik we pushed on to Yeni Saghra, a distance of about twenty miles, over a vast melancholy plain, flat as a billiard-table. The soil was as usual excellent, but there was no one to cultivate it. Yeni Saghra itself was a miserable village, and still mostly in ruins. Being on the line, I expected to get a train down to Adrianople; but on going to the shed which served as a station, I found that the down-train had left that morning, and that I should have to endure an enforced halt of forty hours. There was, it appeared, only one working engine on the line, and it did one journey daily between Jamboli and Tirnova, the junction station with the main Adrianople-Philippopolis line.

On the evening following that of my arrival, I went down and saw the up-train come in. A score of tatterdemalion Bulgars—peasants apparently impressed to act as special constables, or possibly new conscripts—were doing sentry-duty all about the station. Each was armed with a breech-loading rifle, in which the bayonet was fixed. Except the weapon there was nothing to show that they were soldiers or policemen, for their belts and sheepskin clothing were ragged and filthy. When

the train had stopped, twenty-nine Turks, of whom about one-half were women and children, got out.

"They are refugees returning to their homes. Watch how they will be treated like a batch of convicts," whispered the dragoman to me.

I did watch, and continued watching for upwards of an hour, and what I saw was this: The refugees were surrounded by the nondescript guard described above, and driven, so to say, at the point of the bayonet, into a compact heap of men, women, babies, and bundles outside the station. There the women squatted themselves on the ground, looking wearied and frightened. But the men, they stood still, with arms folded, silent, solemn, contemptuous. After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes several dapper Rumelian officials in new uniforms made their appearance, and strutted about amidst the group examining passes and so forth. It was a strange contrast that, the big, stalwart, impassive Turks — the late masters,—in the midst of the small, fussy Bulgar Jacks-in-office with their cruel, cunning faces—the new masters. The latter so appreciated their work of lording it over their late lords that they wore out my patience, and so I returned to my lodging with a strong belief that the home-seeking refugees would before many days go back to Adrianople, or Turkish elsewhere whence they had come.

On the following morning I was glad to get away by train for Adrianople. The rate of speed was about eight miles an hour. At Tirnova I had several hours to wait for the down-train from Philippopolis, and during the interval was lucky enough to meet several intelligent Rumelian civil functionaries. Aleko Pacha, the governor, was at the time making a tour through his province, hence those in authority were in a state of locomotive excitement. When informed I was an Englishman, and not a correspondent, their next question was, "Why did *your* Beaconsfield separate us?" I had been asked this question several times before, and I have not yet been able to think of any answer which would satisfy a Bulgarian. They know that the separation is more nominal than real, the only practical distinction being in the title of the chief of the State. In Rumelia, as in Bulgaria, the Government has but one aim — the promotion of Bulgarian interests to the exclusion of all others. Neither north nor south of the Balkans do the Bulgars care to disguise their intention of becoming united at the first opportunity. To be ready for it they are arming and drilling themselves in a way which, if persevered in, will put them on a footing with Servia or Roumania in a few years. Perceiving all this, and being convinced that should Turkey ever attempt to put in force her Treaty of Berlin right of occupying the Balkans, the Bulgars on both sides of the range would rise to a man against her, and the whole Turkish question be reopened, I always felt the query, "Why did *your* Beaconsfield separate us?" to be a poser.

In process of time I arrived in Adrianople, after a tiresome journey of fourteen hours by the slowest train I have ever travelled in. Adrianople was the first Turkish town I had yet seen. It was full of Turks, a good third of whom have no ostensible means of livelihood. From Adrianople, Constantinople is thirteen and a half hours by rail. The line winds about in a curious serpentine fashion. In my innocence I greatly admired the skilful economy of its construction, and ascribed to Turkish brains the masterful way with which, by a

succession of small and otherwise unaccountable detours, aggregating thirty or thirty-five miles, the necessity of making tunnels, bridges, embankments, and cuttings had been obviated. But alas for Christian honesty! I had not been three days in Constantinople before I was informed that what I had attributed to Mahommedan thrift was due to Christian craft. In the construction of the line, as has been often the case in transactions between Mahommedans and Christians, the simple Turk had been overreached. The Christian contractor selected his line after the rate per mile had been agreed upon; hence that winding route, hence the absence of those engineering works which are to be found in all other railways throughout the world. Here is another case in which the Christian has driven a hard bargain with the Turk. In the hotels of Constantinople and Therapia certain English gentlemen who are in receipt of plenty of money, but nothing to do except to praise the Turkish people and vilify their Government, are to be met with. They are English officers of gendarmes enlisted just before the war broke out. They have been drawing their pay in gold for about two years, and up to the present time have not done an hour's work, there being no gendarmes. The Turk would gladly have rid himself of them a year and more ago, but cannot do so yet, as the term of contract will not expire for some six months yet. In conversation with an unofficial Turkish gentleman who spoke English, I reprobated the Shylock-like exaction of the said officers of gendarmes. He laughed at my scruples, and said, "Oh, it is all fair! Our Pachas have robbed you of millions, now you are getting a few thousands back."

I remained a week in and near Constantinople, and was deeply impressed by the awful destitution of a large portion of its inhabitants; by the suggestive contrast between its few magnificent palaces and the lines of dilapidated buildings in its streets; by the faded rags of the soldiery and the brilliant uniforms of their superior officers; and, above all, by the signs of accumulating wealth visible everywhere in Christian quarters and dwellings, whilst in those occupied by Mahommedans all was decay and ruin.

Here are two sad pictures illustrative of the contrasts given above:—

Like every other traveller, I went to see the Sultan go "in state" to pray. The day was Friday, the time noon, the mosque selected for the occasion that near the garden entrance to the summer palace. The intervening roadway was lined with troops; whilst the space immediately in front of the mosque was, in addition, occupied by a strong guard of honour, a military band, a body of trumpeters, and a number of officers, amongst whom were several very tall fussy negroes, who appeared to be great favourites with all. They were eunuchs, I was told. Behind the ground held by the troops was a dense, patient, good-humoured crowd of citizens. It was not until an hour after the announced time that his Majesty screwed up his courage sufficiently to show himself for a few minutes to his people. Then, at length, the garden gates were opened; the troops stood to attention, and a hush of expectation fell on all that vast multitude. As the *cortège* approached, we saw the Sultan on horseback in the midst of a compact body-guard of high State officials, all of whom were on foot. The distance from gate to mosque was about 100 yards. In less than

two minutes from its first appearance the procession came to a halt before the mosque. The troops presented arms, the trumpets sounded, the band played, and most of us unbelievers uncovered. The Sultan dismounted hurriedly, as if afraid to be looked at, and dragged his faltering legs up the carpeted steps of the mosque. On the highest step he turned round, and for a second or two faced his troops and people. He raised his hands to his face, as if blessing or saluting them. There was a rapturous shout, and he was gone. From first to last he had not been visible for more than two or three minutes, and in the last few seconds of those two minutes the present state of the Turkish empire was reflected before our eyes as from a mirror. That central, timid, corpse-like man, with the bloodless face and the nerveless gait, that is the Sultan — the ruler of Turkey. Those splendidly-dressed officers, whose breasts sparkle with decorations, whose bodies are so burly, and whose faces look so sensual and passion-swayed, they are the great State officers, who rule the ruler of Turkey. They all hate and fear each other; they all love the same thing. Their country? No; but power and money. These are their gods. For these they are starving the army and plundering their fellow-subjects—in short, destroying their country. And their Sultan, he who is so amiable, has, like the Emperor of Russia, such "good intentions," what of him? Miserable, cadaverous being, he is the slave of whatever clique of Pachas is in power. And those troops, what a grand *physique* they have! That cannot be hid, though their uniforms are worn, torn, and threadbare. With what fervent devotion they shout as their puppet Sultan turns his pale face and twitching hands towards them for a moment before he takes refuge in the mosque! And look beyond the troops at the great array of thin, keen, attentive faces. They belong to the citizens of Constantinople. Their garments are rags, their stomachs are empty; and yet, when they see their Sultan and his magnificent suite, they shout as devotedly as do the troops. In any other capital in the world both troops and citizens would fraternise and destroy that magnificent "ring" of plundering Pachas—what restrains them is the intensity of their superstitious veneration for the head of their religion, and that natural submissiveness to those in authority which is so admirable a characteristic of the Turk.

Here is the other picture. Its pathos is deeper, as the wronged ones are women. The day was, I think, Monday, the time 3 P.M., the locality a large public building. The space in front had been filled for hours by a throng of patient women and children—the widows and orphans of Turkish officers who had fallen during the late war. They had come to receive their pensions, a periodical dole of a few piastres, hardly sufficing to keep body and soul together. After hours of waiting a door was opened, and a good-looking man in a handsome uniform appeared. The throng rises respectfully and hopefully. Each will receive or hear something about her pittance at last. The official begins to address them. No other sound is audible but his voice, so suspenseful is the silence. He tells them there is no money in the treasury wherewith to pay them their pensions. As soon as the terrible news is heard, there arises a great wail of despair, a few passionate appeals, and then follows a stupefied silence. Soon one by one, or in groups,

widows and orphans move sorrowfully away, to weep and starve and die.

Scenes like the above are common enough in Turkey, and ought to sadden any man. I spent only one month in what lately was Turkey in Europe (October 3 to November 2 last), but in that short period I saw and learnt enough to give me food for reflection for many a long year, and to convince me that, of all the "oppressed nationalities" in Europe, the Turkish is the most oppressed. And there is no one to assist them —none but half-a-dozen good English ladies, whose kindly charity can only reach a few hundreds from amongst the many suffering thousands in Constantinople. Theirs is the only effective sympathy I heard of; that of others expends itself in writing and talking and doing nothing.

So far I have thought it best to confine myself to a simple sketch-narrative of what I saw and did between Rustchuk and Constantinople. Like other men whose interest in the Turkish question has been strong enough to induce them to study it on the spot, I have come home with my opinions shaken on some points and strengthened into conviction on others. I shall only trouble the reader with those relating to the political future of the Turkish race. But before doing so, I would venture to remonstrate with the many cultured Englishmen who abominate the Turk as "anti-human," and long for the day when he shall be driven, "bag and baggage," into Asia. In their sweeping condemnations they forget that it is not the Turk who is evil, but only the ring of Pachas who govern him. The said Pachas are, of course, not the representatives of the people; but detestable though their administration is, it is not worse than were those of several Christian states not fifty years ago — *e.g.*, Naples, Spain, Russia. Though it is only fair and charitable to remember little facts like the above, we too readily shut our eyes to them. The charity of free Christian peoples is, after all, very narrow. No observant man, not blinded by party or religious feeling, who has travelled in the East, has anything but good to say of the unofficial Mahommedan, be he Turkish or Indian. Even the Affghan has more good qualities than bad. It is the fashion to call him treacherous—"Treacherous as an Affghan" is almost a proverb — and so he is, from our standpoint, and yet he has never done a deed so black as that of the Massacre of Glencoe. At present he is patriotically resisting an invasion. No one can blame him for that. Why good men and good women in this country abhor the Turk is due, I think, as much to sentimental as to religious intolerance, and to detestation of his polygamist practices. A little knowledge, a little Christian charity, is wanting here. The Turk is nearer a Christian than the picture-adoring Russian, for he is sober, obedient, honest, and worships God after the simple fashion of his forefathers, whereas the Russian is not far removed above a pagan idolater. Then as to polygamy: if we remember that a Mormon-like plurality of wives is an expensive luxury, which none but the rich can enjoy, we would see at once that most Mahommedans must be monogamists. In Turkey, as in India, not more than one married Mahommedan in eight or ten is the husband of more wives than one at a time.

But I am losing sight of my impressions and convictions respecting the future of the Turks. Before I

visited Constantinople, I did hope and believe that the regeneration of Turkey could and would proceed from within. I am now convinced that it must come from without. What Power will liberate the Turkish people from the Turkish Government no man can say. That we shall take a leading part in the good work is, I think, certain. Euphemise and moralise as our humanitarian sophists may, we are pre-eminent amongst civilised races for enlightened selfishness. With such a quality, and with our exhaustless energy and material strength, is it likely that we shall be backward when the time comes to better ourselves and the Turkish people at the expense of the gang of plunderers called "the Turkish Government"?

JEMMY BLINKER.

(IN MEMORY OF A GREAT SCHOLAR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.)

Air—"The Brown Jug."

DEAR Tom, this brown beaker, so clasped and so cracked,
Was once Jemmy Blinker's, a scholar exact;
He gave it to me, when he died in his bed,
This bowl, with his Homer bound trimly in red.
And now once a-year, since the flight of his soul,
I read in his Homer, and drink from his bowl—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

O rare Jemmy Blinker, where now shall we find
A scholar like him, of omnivorous kind?
Not this volume he tasted, or that, for his whim,
But a book was a book and a banquet to him:
Its date and its title and binding he knew,
And its place in the Bodleian Library too—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

O rare Jemmy Blinker, oh where shall we find
A scholar like him, of the Polyglot kind?
For his Latin, could Cicero rise from the dead,
He would wonder to find his own echo so spread;
And for Greek, every twig he could hunt to its root,
In Sanscrit, and Gothic, and Gaelic to boot—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

When you caught him in one of his musty old nooks,
Half buried behind a big rampart of books,
With his soft-shaded hair, and his delicate skin,
You ne'er had suspected the giant within;
But Jem was a tough one, and never knew pains
In his vulcanite bowels and bend-leather brains—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

Our readers are now a light-skirmishing race,
Who skim frothy fancies with grasshopper grace,
But Jem, with a folio like Hercules, would wrestle,
And he pounded the stuff in his brain with a pestle;
His memory beat all the rhapsodist crew,
For Homer both forwards and backwards he knew—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

'Twas a feast to behold him, with pipe and with coffee,
Grinding his teeth o'er some rugged old strophe;
His wit never failed when a verse was to mend,
With a gash in the front and a gap in the end;
And keen as a terrier nosing the vermin,
He smelt a hiatus like Porson or Hermann—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

At famous book-sales with the clock he was seen,
In a snuffy old shirt, and a coat of pea-green;
Few volumes he bought, but when Blinker was there,
Be sure that the lumber contained something rare;
He once stood an Aldus, so costly a winner,
That he lived a whole week without port to his dinner—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

One winter at Rome, when he journeyed with me,
No pictures he went, no processions, to see;
No vespers he heard, and no matins could say,
But he sat in the Vatican day after day;
And when he came back from his tour antiquarian,
He published the text of an old Greek grammarian—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

So mighty was he *variantes* to fish up,
I never knew why he was not made a bishop;
Perhaps such a fellow, who shaped his own notions,
Might shake an old creed with unseemly commotions:
I once heard it whispered, though not Unitarian,
He brewed in his brain a slight tincture of Arian—
Poor Jemmy Blinker!

He had faults, I confess, but what mortal has not?
We moderns, he said, on the shelves would soon rot;
Bombastic was Shakespeare, and once he detected him,
Cribbing from Pindar, when no man suspected him;
John Ruskin was flighty, Tom Carlyle was crude,
And all were admired most when least understood—
Said learned Jemmy Blinker!

His books he loved well, but loved not less his bottle,
Like Socrates, Solon, and sage Aristotle—
For the Greeks were great drinkers, he said, and if you, sir,
Denied it, you'd find that he knew what he knew, sir;
He'd rise in his chair, like a god, and belay us
With book, page, and letter of old Athenæus—
Rare Jemmy Blinker!

One day in his study—what fate could be sadder?—
He clomb to the shelf, No. 10, on a ladder;
And while fumbling up there for a Cassiodorus,
He came tumbling down with a rumble sonorous:
And he broke his hip-bone, and the doctors him bled,
And we wept briny tears when he died in his bed—
Poor Jemmy Blinker!

Then fill up the glass, Tom, of port do not scrimp us,
'Tis nine years to-day since he rose to Olympus;
Not lightly again shall we see such a tinker
Of wormy old vellums as glorious Blinker.
I read in his Homer, I drink from his bowl,
And I pray that the gods may give peace to the soul
Of rare Jemmy Blinker!

BRITISH INTERESTS IN IRELAND.

We have had another flash of the pan in Ireland—happily, as usual, without any results. We venture to say without any results, because the only results which the agitation against the Irish landlords could have produced would have been the alienation of sympathy with suffering peasantry on the part of Great Britain, and of every other Government, whether in the Old World or in the New. We are already satisfied that the tactics of the Irish revolutionists and their friends have failed to mix inextricably up impracticable political claims with the distressed condition of a portion of her Majesty's subjects. The noble and womanly appeal which has issued from the Viceregal Court, and the response which has been returned to it in Ireland, as well as in Great Britain, has vindicated the British nation from visiting upon suffering the penalty due to sedition. We have always treated Ireland as the spoilt child of the British family, and we certainly shall not choose the present moment for adopting a sterner attitude towards her, although a portion of her professed friends have done their best, out of her distress, to make her fly in the face of her natural relationship. That the Irish are not regarded as aliens, the sympathy which Britain is at present showing for the straits of a part of their population is a proof. If that sympathy is not widespread and spontaneous, then those who claim the title of Ireland's champions have themselves solely to blame.

Of all internal questions, the condition of Ireland is the most hopeless with which Parliament is called upon to deal. Not that there is absolute impossibility of remedying most of the grievances under which the Irish people really labour, or of ultimately placing the island upon a footing of perfect equality with the other contented divisions of the United Kingdom. The difficulty arises from the impracticable demands of a large portion of the people themselves, which they well know that no British Parliament can grant, and which it is highly doubtful that they themselves would press if they were fully conscious of the consequences involved in their demands. And the Irish people are less to blame than a portion of the representatives to whom they have recklessly confided their cause. Irish agitation presents too advantageous prospects not to become the prey of political adventurers, with whom better and more patriotic men will, unhappily for themselves and their country, sometimes be mixed up. For the former class of politician moderation has no attraction. He is too wise, in his own interests, to take his stand upon a platform which there is any chance of Government adopting, and thus cutting away from underneath him. No leader of the agitation which, under the various forms of Repeal, Fenianism, and Home Rule, has kept Ireland in a ferment for the last half-century, which has demoralised its masses and retarded its progress, has ever had the slightest anticipation that he would achieve his end. The selfishness and vanity which underlay the greater part of O'Connell's career are now matter of history. Mr Butt never hoped for the ultimate success of Home Rule; and our respect for his memory inclines us to believe that he pursued it as

a policy mainly to obtain minor and much-needed concessions for his country. Of the present leadership of the Home Rule party—which, strange to say, not a few high-minded Irish gentlemen condescend to follow—we need have less scruple in speaking. Mr Shaw has, fortunately for himself, been overshadowed; but Mr Parnell's career affords ample proof that political prominence and party leadership are the high objects which he has in view; and that, to secure these, there is no depth of folly and misery into which he will not willingly drag those of his countrymen who are infatuated enough to follow his guidance. He has none of O'Connell's eloquence and statesmanship to serve his purpose. He has neither Mr Butt's judgment nor tact. His own darling policy of obstruction has signally failed to secure his authority as an Irish leader. And now that popular confidence in his capacity as a national champion was fast ebbing away—now that the better part of those who have sat beside him in the present Parliament and followed him into the lobby were rapidly rising against him—he has sought to re-establish himself in the popular favour by the daring *coup* of stirring up an agrarian war between tenant and landlord.

It did not require much penetration on Mr Parnell's part to discern that the land question in Ireland presented a fertile field in which to sow the seeds of popular ferment. Unhappily the proofs of discord between landlord and tenant are ever present with us in their most serious form. The frightful statistics of agrarian crime with which that country annually furnishes us, are too well known to require repetition; and they prove the existence of serious faults connected with the relations of landed property. Nor can we suppose that these faults are entirely on one side. Ireland has not a monopoly of either bad landlords or bad tenants. The repeated interference of the Legislature in the interests of the latter, bind us to believe that the claims of the former were in many instances pressed to the general disadvantage of the country. But these parliamentary interpositions have in most cases turned out to be, to quote the phrase of an eminent Irish statesman, "amendments that have made the matter worse." Well-intended as they doubtless were, their chief effect has been to foster a belief among the Irish peasantry that they had claims to consideration conceded to no other class of tenantry, and that they had rights in the soil superior to those coming to them in virtue of their contract with their landlords. In dealing with the Irish land, the British Legislature has always been much more desirous to remedy grievances than anxious about the effects which the exercise of its good offices might produce upon the minds of the people. The restless and excitable disposition of the Irish peasantry, and the peculiar notions which they entertain about their rights to the soil, have rather been stimulated than appeased by all that has hitherto been done in their behalf; and the only expectation that experience has to offer us, is the danger that further concessions will be followed by still more grasping demands and by an aggravated degree of agrarian discontent.

The present agitation can hardly be called a new one; for the feelings upon which it is founded have always, to a greater or less extent, haunted the minds of the more ignorant and discontented peasants. Their fallacious views of their own history, and their sentimental dis-

like of other races, have ingrained them with the idea that they are being unjustly kept out of their lands by strangers. The practical value of such a plea is absolutely nothing; and it is really only a shade less ridiculous than if the Anglo-Saxon population of England were to insist upon the expropriation of the descendants of the great English landowners whose ancestors came over with the Norman conquerors, as an act of justice to the sons of the soil. But if the idea is not new, it has now for the first time been distinctly formulated; and we are called upon to inquire why this demand of the Irish land for the Irish people should be authoritatively put forward at the present moment by that section of their representatives who claim for themselves the title of the National party.

In the first place, ample evidence meets us at every turning that the Irish land agitation has been excited at this juncture to bolster up Mr Parnell's leadership of the Home Rule movement. In spite of the accessions which the Home Rule party has recently gained, the cause has rather declined than advanced since Mr Butt's death. What it has gained in voting power it has lost in respectability; and many of its adherents who are most swayed by national feelings, consider that a party which, in their eyes, occupies a dignified and patriotic position, is degraded by being made a mere machine of parliamentary obstruction. At the coming elections the conduct of the Home Rule party was bound to be discussed by every constituency in Ireland; and Mr Parnell had good reasons to be anxious as to the results. A supplementary policy was clearly wanting—one which would be subsidiary to Home Rule, and would, at the same time, elevate him into the leadership of the movement. Hence his unscrupulous appeal to the Irish tenants, and his effort to quicken the national feeling by holding out the land as a bait. Circumstances certainly favoured the scheme. Ireland has had its share of the recent bad seasons, and if its agricultural prospects were affected in a less degree than those of England and Scotland, there was still a considerable amount of distress, and, of course, of discontent and restlessness. The Irish peasant, *cupidus alieni, sui profusus*, is ready to seek for any means of ameliorating his circumstances except industry and thrift; and when Mr Parnell tells him that all his misfortunes are due to foreign landlords, and that his only remedy is to seize hold of their property, he catches at the proposition as a most attractive gospel. The suggestion is a very alluring one, which even more moderate communities would have some difficulty in resisting, if it were only seriously put before them. We are therefore bound to view with all the more severity the conduct of agitators who seek to shape this popular weakness to their own political ends.

The present anti-rent agitation is not many months old, and yet it has already gone through several phases, thus showing how uncertain are the elements of which it is composed. Its leaders have all along ostentatiously boasted that the course which they were counselling was quite a constitutional one; but the recent agrarian riots have placed beyond question the understanding which the people themselves have put upon Mr Parnell's advice. Mr Parnell started by telling the peasantry that they must "hold a firm grip upon their homesteads and lands;" and it was only by an afterthought that he qualified his recommendation by saying that they must

do so by legal and constitutional means. But if any doubt remained that unconstitutional means were to be resorted to in aid of the anti-rent agitation, Mr Parnell speedily dissipated it. His counsel that the populace should assemble *en masse* wherever an eviction was to be carried out, was a proof that he was determined to overawe the law as well as the landlords, and to assist the defaulting tenant in "holding a grip" upon property to which the courts had decreed that he had no longer any right. This idea of a constitutional agitation may well seem to Englishmen a very Irish one. Instead of seeking to secure their object, a peasant proprietary, by the usual course of argument, by convincing their opponents, by removing obstacles, and by exhibiting the prudent and law-abiding habits of the class in whose interests the landlords are to be deposed, the Irish agitators first propose to "hold their grip of the land," and then ask Parliament to confirm them in possession. It did not need the agrarian outrages which have speedily followed the anti-rent meetings, and the recent rent-riots in Connemara, to stamp the whole agitation as unconstitutional, and its promoters as enemies of the Government of their country.

The action of the Government towards the agitators has been fully criticised, and in some cases not in very favourable terms. We can easily sympathise with the indignation of Irish landlords, who see their persons endangered, and their property exposed to the risk of ruin, from the impunity with which demagogues are allowed to hold them up to reprobation, and to raise the ill feelings of the masses against them. A little consideration convinces us that the Government has acted with prudence in refusing to dignify the "twopenny sedition" with exceptional notice. Such a course would practically be to pronounce in favour of Mr Gladstone's immoral idea of agitation lately enunciated to the electors of Mid-Lothian. Irish malcontents have always been ready enough to turn their allowance of rope to its proper use; and by giving full vent to their extravagant utterances, we shall most readily allow them to push their cause to its natural consummation of ridiculousness and folly. We can have no wish to add more names to the already sufficiently long list of Fenian martyrology. It is matter of regret that the Government should have been compelled to vindicate the law in the few arrests which have been made, although it is well that the agitators should be made to understand that the Executive is quite prepared, when necessary, to draw the line between rant and rebellion. A few impatient critics may have murmured that the arch-instigator of the rent-meetings should be allowed to go free, while a few of his wretched tools were selected for punishment. But the wisdom of the policy that Government has pursued has already been justified. The arrest of Mr Parnell, for which we make bold to say sufficient warrant existed, would have raised him to the dignity of a hero and a patriot in the eyes of his misguided followers. Mr Parnell, unchecked and at liberty, may safely be trusted to undo his own work, and to speedily bring discredit and failure upon the Irish National Land League and its demands. He has already done a signal service to Government by his American expedition. The boasted sympathy of the United States with Irish disaffection, upon which the National party has so long fed delusive hopes, has now been demonstrated beyond doubt to have no real existence; and so far are the Irishmen in the

States from contributing their dollars to the extinction of landlords in the old country, that Mr Parnell has had to give them his solemn assurance that every cent with which the Americans may intrust him will be applied to the relief of distress, and not to political agitation. The cold water thrown by America upon Mr Parnell and his plans will go a far way to convince his countrymen that he has been buoying them up with false expectations, and will assure the loyal portion of the Irish public that the Government knew very well what it was about when it left him to take his own way. Mr Parnell in prison might prove dangerous to his excitable followers; Mr Parnell at large is as harmless as any demagogue can well be. The most timorous of politicians need never apprehend that the member for Meath will ever place himself at the head of even a cabbage-garden insurrection.

But while Government is perfectly justified in contemning the anti-rent agitation as a political movement, it is bound to take careful account of the social consequences which seem likely to flow from it. Its first, and, so far as the State is directly concerned, its most serious, result is, that the processes of the courts are opposed and the law obstructed. It is absolutely impossible that an eviction can be carried out in the presence of the "moral" mob which the agitators have recommended to assemble on such occasions; and the Irish papers have supplied us with countless instances during the past few months where the execution of such processes has had to be postponed rather than risk bloodshed and general tumult. And it is highly creditable to many Irish landlords that they have not invoked that assistance which the Government, if called upon, was bound to have afforded them on these occasions. But a state of affairs like this must speedily come to an end. Sooner or later the law must be supported; and it deserves consideration whether leniency which encourages lawlessness, only to be followed by a heavier retribution in the end, is not, after all, a mistaken policy. Where the law is resisted, the Executive cannot expect loyalty.

But the effect of the agitation upon the owners of land themselves must be a matter of still greater concern. The Irish landlord is a person upon whom sympathy is not generally wasted. Unfounded as the representations against him must in very many cases be, these have not failed to exercise a prejudicial influence upon the popular judgment. We have been taught to imagine him as an absentee, knowing nothing of his dependants, and caring less for them; not even spending the rents which he racks out of his tenants in the country where they are collected; and leaving his land to the management of an unscrupulous agent, whose chief object next to feathering his own nest is to grind the faces of the peasantry. Even the Legislature has come to look upon the landlord's position as an anomaly which it cannot well defend, and for which it is even sometimes disposed to be apologetic. In all the discussions on the land question, the rights and privileges of the Irish landlord are tacitly regarded as though they occupied an inferior position to those of the English or Scottish proprietor; while the claims of his tenants against him are assumed to rest upon a basis which in neither of the other two countries would be conceded by anything short of a revolution in the land laws. If there is any justice in the charge of indifference to Ireland brought

against the British Parliament, the landlords have certainly the first right to complain. They are the only class that cannot be said to have had its fair share of the exceptional benefits which we have sought to bestow upon that country; and it is mostly at their expense that all our recent land legislation has been effected. We are not, however, altogether to blame for the indifference with which the Irish landlords' interests have been treated. The fact that they have not stood upon their rights as stoutly as proprietors in the other kingdoms have done, may have been accepted as some confession of weakness in their own position. But we are nevertheless obliged to own that the constant turbulence of Ireland has made us much more anxious to seek out and allay the causes of popular discontent, than to confirm the loyalty of that section of the population which has ever stood by the cause of order. This is not the least of the mistakes which we have made in our administration of Ireland; and if the present agitation does not convince us of our error, its only valuable lesson, so far as Great Britain is concerned, will have been wasted. During the last few years we have heard much of British interests in various remote parts of the world, and we have marked with pleasure the zeal with which Lord Beaconsfield's Government has addressed itself to the protection of the persons and property of our colonists when endangered; but we cannot help thinking that, so long as the life of the Irish landlord is left in greater peril than that of the Natal colonist or the Cape Colony border farmer, we have looked somewhat far afield in search of our immediate duty.

The last few months have revealed a kindly feeling and consideration upon the part of most of the leading landlords in Ireland for their tenants, with which English opinion in its ignorance would scarcely have credited them. They have responded to the appeals of their tenantry with more promptitude and liberality than the mass of English landlords, whose tenants, we do not hesitate to say, have had on the whole more serious losses to contend with. They have also interested themselves largely in the relief of local distress by undertaking extraordinary improvements upon their estates for the employment of the straitened peasantry. Considering the attitude which the peasants have taken up in so many parts, this speaks strongly in favour of the landlords. We cannot for a moment imagine that the benevolence of the latter has been in any way stimulated by the threats and denunciations which have been so freely uttered against them—for experience has shown us that there is no more certain means of hardening a landlord's heart against his tenantry than any show of coercion; and on many estates where the cultivators are now complaining the loudest of their hard terms, their condition has been brought upon them mainly by their own intemperate and troublesome bearing. In the present depression the Anglo-Irish landowners have not been behind the native proprietors in liberality, and the latter as much as the former are to all appearances the victims of the popular malevolence.

The Irish landowners have stood only too little on their own defence, and it is important to note how they are prepared to meet the calumnies to which the anti-rent agitators have given such widespread circulation. Among their evidence, that of the Knight of Kerry deserves to have a prominent place. The Knight, who "repels

with the utmost indignation the most unrighteous and untruthful accusations ever brought against any body of men since land first came to be land," quotes the following testimony from the late Bishop Moriarty, whose sympathy with his country and its peasantry will not admit of challenge:—

"I believe," wrote the bishop, "that no body of men have ever been more unjustly calumniated than the landlords of Ireland; and, as a rule, none have shown so much consideration as they have done in their dealings with their tenants."

Such an opinion from a prelate whose feelings lay naturally more with the masses than with the dominant class, has a higher value than would attach to a landlord's statements. But the highest authority that we can point to on the dealings of landlords with their tenantry is the official returns of the Board of Works, showing the loans which landlords have for years been obtaining for expenditure upon the improvement of their estates, of which the cultivator reaps the primary benefit. That is, he might reap the primary benefit if he only accepted his advantages in the same spirit as they are offered to him by the landlord. If the occupiers in general were industriously to make the best of their holdings instead of wasting their time in fruitless political movements, in murmuring for concessions to which they have no just claim, and in promoting agrarian agitation which can only make the landlords on their side "keep a firmer grip," to use Mr Parnell's phrase, the chief causes of distress and of discontent would be speedily swept away. Bad seasons must, of course, produce calamity, of which it is only fair that the landlord should have to bear his share, if the tenant can show that his industry and prudence in good years have not enabled him to lay past sufficient store for tiding over hard times. We would be doing gross injustice to our past experience of Irish landlords, if we supposed that they would not willingly share with their tenants the burden of unavoidable losses. But the fact that a man has failed as a tenant gives him no claim to ask that we should give him a trial as a landlord.

It would be misspent pains to consider the scheme for the establishment of a peasant proprietary which Mr Parnell and the Land League have formulated, from either a political or an economical point of view. In the former case, it involves principles which the British Government as presently constituted could never admit as a proper basis of discussion; and in the second, the demand brings us into collision with hard facts, not altogether complimentary to the Irish cultivators as a class, but which must override all economic theories.

The principle of expropriation, if once admitted in one country of the United Kingdom, could not be confined there. The Irish are not the only cultivators who have grievances connected with the land, any more than they are the only tenants who would gladly own the lands which they now rent. If the State is to assume in one locality the power of buying out the landowners, and of distributing their estates among the cultivators, we may make sure that it will very soon be called upon to exercise its function in other quarters. But the British Government has never claimed to be possessed of such a power; and we need have no apprehension that the country will be in a hurry to confer it. That school of politicians which sees no sanctity in any property that does not consist of hard

cash or cotton-mills, might have little scruple in supporting an expropriation policy, but it can meet with no countenance from any responsible party in the Legislature. It is Mr Bright, we think, who has suggested that we might usefully spend some five millions in purchasing Irish estates and settling them with a peasant proprietary; but even this proposition, which would be only an experiment compared with the wholesale programme of the Land League, has never recommended itself to practical men. The State would like some better security for so large an investment than that afforded by either the industry or the thrift of the peasants who make up Mr Parnell's mob meetings. Upon this question of expropriation there can be no division of parties. Nothing short of a complete revolution of sentiment upon the subject of landed property will ever secure even a patient hearing to the Irish agrarian claims in a British House of Commons.

The theorists who argue in favour of a peasant proprietary as a source of national prosperity, have never gone the length of alleging that Ireland was a soil peculiarly suited for such an experiment. They point to the success which has attended peasant proprietors in Belgium, in Switzerland, and in some parts of Western Germany, as the most conclusive plea in favour of their system. But we do not need the teaching of political economy to tell us that the success of a peasant proprietary must entirely depend upon the character and habits of the cultivators themselves. The Belgians and the Switzers, had their lot been cast under large landowners, would, doubtless, have been as successful tenants as they have been cultivators of their own homesteads. It is their frugality, steadiness, contentment with small profits, that have secured the success of peasant proprietors in both countries. In Norway—which used to be a country cited in favour of this tenure, but where these qualities are less conspicuously displayed in the character of the people—a peasant proprietary is beginning to clog the prosperity of the country, and to retard its agricultural development. And it has always been held essential to the success of a peasant proprietary that the population should be animated by orderly and law-abiding instincts. Will the Irish agrarians venture to tell us that their cultivating masses are possessed of these qualifications? Judged by a comparison with the habits of the Belgians and Switzers, we know of no country where it would be less of a blessing to the agricultural classes to convert them into the owners of the land. We have of late had painful illustrations in our trade disputes, that the Belgian can thrive as an artisan where the English or Scotch workman fails; and we need build no hopes of prosperity to Ireland from peasant proprietors because the system has succeeded among the soberer and more frugal races on the Continent.

But the Irish agrarians tell us that the worst qualities of the Irish peasant—his indolence, his lawlessness, and his intemperance—all spring from the blight which the land laws have cast upon his existence; and they point to the prosperity which attends their countrymen in our colonies as a proof of this. The argument is a plausible one, but will not bear sifting. A better explanation is, that the Irishman, removed from the atmosphere of political disaffection which pervades so many parts of his native country, away from the influence of demagogues and priests, and from the contagion of popular discontent,

falls rapidly into the industrious and orderly habits natural to his race, which make him a most valuable element in all our colonial populations. His Celtic adaptability enables him to assimilate himself rapidly with other races, and to accommodate himself to the circumstances of a new country, more quickly, perhaps, than either the English or Scotch settler. But wherever there is a separate "Irish element" maintained, as in the United States, it is more than doubtful whether he is not quite as much loss as gain to the country.

But if from his habits we cannot expect that the Irish peasant would succeed if transformed into a landlord, there is even less encouragement, from the present condition of the cultivators, to attempt the experiment. The agitators themselves tell us how poor the Irish peasantry are, how wretched their houses, how deficient they are in agricultural implements, and how deeply sunk in debt to tradesmen and money-lenders. This is not a very hopeful basis upon which to found a cultivating proprietary. The repayment by instalment of the purchase-money of their holdings, according to Mr Parnell's scheme, would add at least a considerable percentage to the present scales of rental, which no tenant would be able to undertake unless he were not only free from embarrassment, but also possessed of some capital. The expropriation of the present class of landlords might accordingly be speedily expected to be followed by the transfer of the land to the money-lenders of the country, who are not likely, as masters, to make matters much better than they are at present. It is only the well-to-do cultivators who could afford to accept the position of proprietors, and this is the very class that has least desire for any alteration of the present system. We have the authority of Lord Lifford for saying that long leases, and even fixity of tenure, have failed to stimulate Irish cultivators to greater exertions.*

"Notwithstanding," wrote his lordship in a letter to the 'Times' last November, "that while, according to common-sense, a man would naturally lay out more on his own land than he would on another person's, yet Ireland being Ireland, it is an absolute, well-ascertained fact, that in proportion to the length of tenure of an Irishman of the tenant class is bad cultivation and consequent poverty, often coupled with sub-letting and exorbitant rents screwed out of miserable under-tenants."

We may expect that the condi-

* In the recently published volumes of Dr John Hill Burton's 'Reign of Queen Anne' we come upon the following remarks, which fully bear out Lord Lifford's opinions:—

"It happened to the author, in the course of one of those autumn visits of scientific groups who from time to time enliven such a town as Edinburgh, to mix in a general conversation in a train making an excursion through East Lothian. The tenor of that conversation may perhaps be best epitomised by limiting it to a dialogue between a landed gentleman of Kerry and a Lothian farmer. The Kerry man finds himself in a land of agricultural miracles. He identifies the farm-steading as elsewhere the cotton-mill is identified by the tall chimney of the steam-engine house. He sees the peasant in the fields employed, like a skilful engineer, in the guidance of machinery. He has passed wheat-fields clean and waving with a heavy crop, in size ten, twenty, thirty, possibly fifty acres. He thinks sadly on the bogs of his own Kerry, and moralises on the capriciousness of fortune, and then he is assured that these fruitful fields were at one time bog and stone. He is further told that their metamorphosis is the doing of the tenants, who in general have extensive capital, and the landlord is often more thoroughly in the hands of his tenant than the tenant of his landlord. It is explained to him that the surface of Scotland, though not naturally fertile, has fertilising elements, and among these are the traps and other igneous rocks of what is called the later eruptive period; and that these, in combina-

tion of Ireland will demand the early attention of the session of Parliament which is about to meet; and no doubt we shall receive from the Irish representatives much valuable information as to the remedies applicable to the existing state of feeling. That the peasant proprietary scheme of the Irish Land League will not require much consideration, should it, as seems likely, be brought before the House of Commons, may safely be predicted. Parliament will have enough to do with devising practicable measures to meet pressing necessities, without discussing impossible proposals. With the existing distress, Government may safely be trusted to deal, wherever the aid of private charity proves inadequate for its relief. But there are many considerations that must necessarily hamper the disposition of the Executive to assist the people at the present moment. We must, in justice to the country, see that proper restrictions are laid upon the expenditure of public funds in those parts where the turbulence of the population has made them improper objects of public sympathy. There is a certain amount of harshness in the remarks recently made by Lord Newry, but it must be admitted that the counsel which he gives is not unfitted to the existing state of things.

"Let the benefits," he says, "to be deduced from this fund [charitable subscriptions], accrue only to those who deserve them, and not to the ignorant followers of professed agitators, who, for the sole purpose of self-aggrandisement, have, under a despicable cloak of miscalled patriotism, succeeded in distributing broadcast the pernicious seed which, if not promptly eradicated, must bear fruit in rebellion and bloodshed. To assist these no doubt indigent but lawless individuals, will but serve as an inducement to increased outrage, while the real sufferers, whose loyalty and love of order no depression has weakened, will be left out in the cold to starve and perish."

When starvation is in question, the public is not apt to draw the line by deserts, and the benevolent may properly be influenced only by the degree of suffering which they see before them; but with the Government the case is different. It is impossible to overlook the attitude of the peasantry and their leaders in many parts of the country without putting a premium upon disaffection. For the same reason the Government must feel itself precluded at present from considering any projects for permanently removing the grievances of which the peasantry chiefly complain. Parliament cannot be expected to assent to further expenditure of the imperial revenue upon a country whose condition forbids the supposition that any general advantage will be derived from State assistance. The Irish members ought to present us with a peaceful and orderly population before they prefer any demands entailing extra expenditure upon the country, whether these take the shape of assistance from

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tion with organic manures and certain chemical agents as stimulants, 'warm the cold soil,' as the farmer may put it. The Kerry man, in the illustrious Rock of Cashel, knows a specimen of this geological phenomenon near home, but had never associated it with fertilising qualities. How is the same metamorphosis to be accomplished in Kerry? This brings the discussion to a climax, and he is told that, if by the waving of an enchanter's wand the people of Kerry and East Lothian could change places, half a century would behold Kerry smiling with waving corn, alternating with rich meadows and abundant potato-fields; while East Lothian would, as thoroughly as what has once been cultivated can cast off cultivation, have lapsed into the fungus-covered cabins, and the dirty patches of potato-ground, where the ragged peasant works with no better tool than a broken spade."—Vol. iii. pp. 167-169.

the Irish Church surplus, reclamation of waste lands, or systems of arterial drainage.

There is one matter, however, that we trust will be treated by Parliament with the firmness proper to the present state of affairs—we mean the security of the subject in Ireland. We have allowed the agrarian agitators full scope to ventilate their schemes; and we must now, in justice to the landlords, protect them from the legitimate conclusion of Mr Parnell's suggestions. The chorus which interpreted the member for Meath's "constitutional" and "moral" arguments against the landowners by exclamations of "shoot them!" showed that the seed had fallen upon congenial soil. The position of a landlord in the disaffected parts of Ireland, insecure at the best, has, within the last few months, become altogether untenable; and for this we must assume that the Government is in a great measure responsible. Were an agrarian assassination to happen in Suffolk or in Haddington, the United Kingdom would be thrilled with horror; but the murder of a landlord in Connaught hardly provokes a passing comment in the newspapers. We hear many complaints of Irish inequality, but no difference is so marked as the relative values of the lives of a British and an Irish landowner. If the one is less secure than the other, it is distinctly the fault of the State, which is charged with the prevention of crime, and which ought not to be deterred by difficulties from doing its duty. If the circumstances of the Irish land have encouraged agrarian crime, and the corruption of juries have thrown obstacles in the way of punishment, the reason is all the stronger for devising exceptional means of meeting these evils.

It will be well both for Ireland and for the Government if the coming spring can be tided over without the necessity of having to resort to new measures of repression; but unpopular as these must always be, we trust that the claims of life and property will have their due weight with the State. The populace in the towns are beginning to clamour for bread with not much more cause than their compatriots in the counties are crying out for land. We would be very far from speaking harshly of the demonstrations in behalf of labour and charity made during the past few weeks, and we would regret if anything written in these columns should lessen the sympathetic feelings now manifested for Irish suffering; but we cannot help pointing out that the bread-riots and processions of the unemployed are only another phase of the general revolutionary agitation. Inquiries have shown that the recent bread-riots in Cork were quite unprovoked by any real want of food; while the later demonstration in Dublin was unquestionably concerted by one of the Nationalist newspapers. These facts show that a spirit of great discrimination will be required in dealing with Irish distress, if our policy is to be one of relieving suffering without promoting agitation; and a grave responsibility will rest upon any section of the Nationalists that may be unscrupulous enough to seek to extract political capital out of the present sufferings of their countrymen. Speaking at Stroud on the 15th of last month, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave utterance to a friendly warning which ought not to be without effect:—

"You know well enough," said Sir Stafford Northcote, "that the action of agitators is not the action which is likely to benefit a country, but, on the contrary, to keep it back from pros-

perity. You know well enough that if they produce the effect of embittering the people of Ireland against the English Government and people, they will not succeed in embittering the English people against the great body of the Irish. We may condemn, and we do most strongly condemn, in the interests not of England, but of Ireland, the action of those who do such pernicious work among the Irish people. We believe them to be men of far less influence than they suppose themselves to be, but they may rely upon it that their action will in every possible way be counteracted by the action of the British Government."

The action of Government, so far as it can be said to be yet matured, has held a cautious mean between ignoring distress and recognising sedition. It has given the landlords and others even greater facilities than they usually possess for obtaining advances to be spent in employing the labouring classes; and in the more distressed parts of the country loans have been granted at a nominal rate of interest for the first two years, which, even when prosperous times arrive, will not rise above one per cent. It has given special powers to boards of guardians to arrange for relief measures, and has promised to obtain indemnification for them wherever it is found necessary to go beyond the provisions of the poor-law. We are justified in believing that these measures, aided by charitable donations, will be sufficient to obviate famine without the risk of further demoralising the peasantry, or of encouraging simulated distress which springs purely from political machinations. Neither the condition of the country nor the temper of its population is such at the present moment as to warrant a Government in bringing forward any wholesale measure of permanent improvement, the cost of which will necessarily fall in the first instance upon the Imperial exchequer.

The effect of Mr Parnell's agrarian policy upon the Home Rule party will be watched with much interest during the coming sessions. Several of the more moderate Nationalists have already disavowed all sympathy with the anti-landlord agitation; and when the time comes for the party to take up its position on the land question, something more than difference of opinion may be looked for in the Home Rule camp. We must not imagine that the land movement takes any special colour of nationality from its supporters, for Lord Lifford recently pointed out that,

"With only two or three exceptions, and those generally the least offensive of their class, the men who so freely denounce what they call Saxon rule and Saxon possession of property, are in reality for the most part of Saxon, not Celtic, descent."

There are many of the native Irish members that have done most to secure consideration for the cause of Home Rule who will not commit themselves to the principle of expropriation, and who must now be divided from the political adventurers that are seeking to make capital out of that question. Sir George Bowyer, the Home Rule member for the county of Wexford, has publicly notified that he is prepared to sacrifice his seat rather than "connive, even by silence, at a policy leading to treason, and doctrines opposed to morals and religion, or subversive of government and civil society." And there must be many other gentlemen of the party equally actuated by the same principle. It will be to the disadvantage of these that the land agitation must operate at the elections; but we may anticipate a speedy loss of such credit as the Irish Nationalist party at present enjoys, for a larger infusion of Par-

nells and Biggars into its representatives will not add to the tolerance of the House for Home Rule. Some of the best members of that party, who have loyally assisted the work of legislation, while their companions were occupied in obstructing it, must necessarily go to the wall in the coming elections, unless the anti-landlord outcry has happily fallen into discredit before that time arrives.

The tone of the meeting of Home-Rulers at Dublin a week or two ago leaves us little reason to hope that as a body they will exert their influence with their countrymen in favour of moderation and order. The resolution passed upon the motion of The O'Donoghue, the latest acquisition to the National cause, expressed in its original form direct sympathy with the lawless stand made by the western peasantry; and even when modified under the persuasion of the more prudent members of the party, still afforded them substantial encouragement to "hold a grip of the land," in opposition to the law. It is satisfactory to note that The O'Donoghue's motion was not carried without strong remonstrances from various gentlemen present; and the tone of the controversy indicated any feelings but those of amiability and unity. It is also agreeable to record that those members of the Home Rule party who have most earned the confidence of the House of Commons found excuses for not being present at the Dublin meeting. The position of those who joined the movement under a belief that a demand for Home Rule was compatible with loyalty to the law and respect for the rights of property, must now be felt to be a mistake. They must perceive that Mr Parnell and his friends have forced their hands, and precipitated them into an alliance with principles which, as honest men and loyal citizens, they cannot but cordially detest. Their experience on the present occasion ought to convince them that when the ball of agitation is once set a-rolling it is not so easy to stop it at a given point.

There is also a deep lesson in this anti-rent agitation to members of Parliament for the United Kingdom sitting on both sides of the House. It is an additional proof, if indeed any had been needed, that the abyss of Irish discontent is perfectly unfathomable, and that to do away with one grievance is simply to provide room for parading another and perhaps more intense wrong. It is hardly ten years since Mr Gladstone imagined that he had removed every obstacle to the prosperity of Ireland and the contentment of its population; but the practical result of his policy has only been manifested in a greater degree of national restlessness, in demands for more sweeping concessions, and in a declaration of war against the landed classes, upon whose estates the peasants are now anxious to seize by a scheme of legalised robbery. Can either side of the House reasonably hope, after what has been done for Ireland in the way of legislation, and the results which have attended such action, that any change for the better in the feelings of the people can be wrought by such further tinkering of the land laws as the constitution of the State and the rights of property will permit us to attempt? Measured by the test of success, it would seem that we have done overmuch for the Irish tenant-farmers and peasantry, and that our wisest course would now be to try what we can do on the other side. There must be finality on the side of the landlord as well as upon that of his tenant; and we have been brought

to that pass when we are called upon to determine whether the condition of Ireland will not be better consulted by emphatically declaring our intention to protect the owners of the land, who are really the trustees of British interests in Ireland, in the full exercise of their rights, than by opening up a way for further demands to a class of disaffected agrarians whose main object is to obtain the confiscation of the land to their own advantage.

It is not likely that much sincere sympathy will be wasted with Irish disaffection under its forms either of Home Rule or of agrarianism at the coming elections in Great Britain. The electors are justly impatient of Irish grievances and Irish claims; and they, moreover, have good reason to resent the interference with the course of parliamentary business which Mr Parnell's obstruction has exercised for the last two or three sessions. An Irish platform will be no recommendation in the United Kingdom, except in those towns where the Irish element adds more to their population than to their prosperity. It is claimed that there are 170,000 Irish electors who will vote in the United Kingdom next polling; and on the strength of these the Home-Rulers are already talking as if they held the balance of parties in their own hands. But if the British constituencies do their duty, the Nationalists will find that they have reckoned without their host. The violent conduct of the typical Home-Rulers, and the preposterous character of their latest effort at agitation, have made all parties in Great Britain averse to identify themselves in any way with the aims of the Irish electorate; and its members will find that both Conservative and Liberal will be alike unanimous in refusing to purchase Irish support at the cost of any expression of sympathy with the National and agrarian movements. A few Radical members, to whom the disruption of the empire and the introduction of communism would be a welcome revolution, may perhaps coquet with the Irish voters; but even if they succeed, their influence in the House will be of infinitesimal service to the cause of the Home-Rulers. A few Liberals—and we are sure they will be very few — will go the length of pledging themselves to support an inquiry into Irish Nationalist grievances, and of course seize the earliest opportunity of qualifying or explaining away their promises. Mr Bright has taken upon himself to throw out the hope that a prospect of settling the Irish land agitation will be secured by the definite alliance of the Home-Rulers with the Liberal party, and he has seized the opportunity still more recently to avow his sympathy with a programme closely resembling that of the Irish Land League. But he speaks only for himself; and the responsible leaders of the Opposition would speedily find their interest in disclaiming all connection with his views on this subject. The Irish, with justice, complain that the affairs of their country have too often been made objects of party capital on both sides of the House, but on the present occasion we feel sure that this reproach will not hold good. It is an interest to both parties, higher than the question of a Liberal or Conservative majority, that an end should be put to the chronic disaffection and lawless turbulence of the sister kingdom; and the first step towards that end is to frankly show it what it may reasonably hope for, and what Britain is determined that it shall not get. The next step is, that as the rights of the landlords have now been assailed by a

popular agitation, the State should declare its duty towards them, and should at once make the necessary arrangements for providing for their personal safety and that of their property. Mr Parnell has been allowed to run his course unchallenged by the Government; and the result has been the utter discredit of himself and the measure which he has been advocating. It is, however, an imperative duty upon the Government to guard lest the deluded peasantry should have recourse to the lawlessness to which his counsels directly lead, and to save those loyal and orderly subjects of whom we can still boast in Ireland, from the consequences of the popular ferment. The Home Rule demand ought to be answered once and for all in the only terms in which the legislative union will permit a reply to be returned, and the special claims which the Irish peasant is setting up to the soil which he cultivates should be distinctly and formally disavowed. While the dignity of the House of Commons continues to be impaired and its time wasted by an irreconcilable party pressing impossible requests, the legitimate interests of Ireland will continue to suffer. It is an unpleasant duty to express in hard terms the feelings which Great Britain has been driven to entertain of the nearest and dearest portion of the empire, at a time when so considerable a part of Ireland is suffering from straitened circumstances; but it would be an injustice to the country itself if the organs of public opinion were not to speak plainly at the present time.

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AN AMERICAN STATESMAN ON IRISH ATROCITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

[We have thought it best to give our readers the benefit of the following letter, as well as of the article which accompanied it.—Ed.]

"Sir,—The enclosed article was designated for the pages of the 'North American Review,' a periodical which, as you are doubtless aware, occupies the highest rank in the serial literature of our country. Before, however, I had communicated with the talented editor of that Review, it was suggested to me by an Irish friend, that, dealing as it does with a question of British politics of paramount importance, it would produce a more direct effect upon public opinion in England if it were published in that country instead of in America, more especially if the periodical selected was one enjoying the confidence of her British Majesty's Government. I have been informed, Sir, that this is so in the case of the Magazine which you edit. I have therefore adapted my article to the British public, and address myself to you in the first instance. Should you refuse this contribution, you will easily, on perusing it, comprehend why any of the Radical Reviews would only be too glad to publish it, and I will thank you to return it without delay. Should you, Sir, however, perceive its value, a few words explanatory of the position which I occupy in my own country, and of the circumstances under which my sympathies have become enlisted to an absorbing extent in favour of the oppressed peasantry of Ireland, may be desirable. These you are at liberty to publish. I am a pure-blooded New England Republican, a member of the Unitarian Church, and a politician of the highest standing in my own State. I do not say this in any spirit of vainglory, but because it is admitted that when it comes to stumping the country, there is probably no man in New Eng-

land who has a greater power of swaying the masses than I have—a fact which I think you will be compelled to recognise as soon as I commence the campaign I am about to undertake in favour of reform in the administration of Ireland, and when the effects of my scathing communication of the oppression under which the unfortunate peasantry of that country are suffering come to be felt in England.

"You may not be aware, Sir, that the result of the visit of that great patriot Mr Parnell to the United States, has been to divide our people into two categories, who are already known as philo-Irish and anti-Irish; and that the question of reform for Ireland will become a very important plank on the political platform at the next Presidential election, which the Republican party intends to use in order to catch the Irish vote, and also because it appeals to the moral and religious side of their nature. I have therefore been at great pains to derive from purely Irish sources accurate information in regard to the treatment which the Irish have experienced at the hands of the English, and especially of the Scotch in the northern districts, who have, I am informed, been camped in the island for some centuries, and have acquired possession of the land upon no better right than that of conquest; and I am about to prove to our people that the sacred principles of justice and morality, which are paramount to all claims of international friendship or considerations of political expediency, demand our direct interference in the affairs of the United, or I should rather say, the Disunited Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and that, if it should become necessary to enter into an understanding with Russia for that purpose, an alliance eminently holy might become the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of rescuing an innocent and interesting race from the rapine, murder, and oppression to which they are now exposed. I have refrained from reading the articles of the English press upon the subject, or even the speeches of English statesmen, because I am assured they are nothing but a tissue of misrepresentations and falsehoods; even if they were not, I should refuse to listen to the immoral side of the question, for fear of my judgment becoming biassed.

"In the article which follows, I have endeavoured to point out how the policy which I advocate is imperiously demanded by the most ordinary dictates of morality; in fact, I clearly demonstrate that the anti-Irish party in America are destitute alike of all religious principle, as well as of every sentiment of humanity. And I would here express the obligations I am under to an eminent British politician for supplying me, not merely with epithets with which to characterise my political opponents, but with arguments based on pure virtue, the application of which to Ireland by himself, should he return to office, may still avert a Russo-American intervention in its affairs, and so crown a great political career with a moral climax, which shall shake to their foundations the corrupt international relations upon which the effete and decaying empires of Europe have been established.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

"BOSTON, MASS.,
February 2, 1880."

IRISH ATROCITIES.

THERE can be no question that the family of nations have great moral duties to perform towards each other, and that these duties are not based upon treaties or international obligations which have been the result of wars or acts of coercive violence, or which have been agreed upon by Governments at Conferences, whose interested or selfish motives have dictated protocols or concluded arrangements; but are based rather upon immutable laws of right, justice, and humanity, which override questions of political expediency, and the international engagements—no matter how solemn—to which they may have given rise. As nations advance in civilisation they acquire a moral right, involving a heavy responsibility, to interfere in the internal affairs of States which are less advanced; to free races which the latter have subjugated; to frame constitutions and administrative codes for them; to alter and rearrange frontiers, to deprive them of their territory, and to introduce reform in any way which they may think proper. The nature of this interference, and the occasions when wars may be undertaken to give it effect, mainly depend upon the difference which exists between the religion professed by the Government of the country to be reformed, and that of the country which undertakes to reform it.

Given a country which has been conquered by an invading race of a different religion, by whom it is misgoverned and oppressed, and, provided that the invading race do not come up to the required standard of civilisation, it becomes the moral duty of its more civilised neighbours to interfere forcibly, if need be, in the manner indicated. These are general principles which it is impossible for any moral and humane man to dispute. Those who think differently are charlatans, political tricksters, and are entirely devoid of any religious instinct or virtuous aspiration. This being so, the whole question of the right of intervention for purposes of the liberation of subject-races, alteration of frontiers, transference of territory, and the introduction of reforms generally, turns upon the extent to which those races are oppressed, the nature of their theological opinions, and the relative civilisation of the reforming Government with that to be reformed. These are questions of evidence of sentiment and of appreciation. In regard to the first point, it is clear that the only evidence which can be relied upon is that of the oppressed race itself. It is the interest of the governing race to extenuate its acts of maladministration, to falsify reports of atrocities which may have been committed, and to delude the political emissaries of the more civilised neighbour with fabricated lies. Whereas the oppressed race, especially if they can claim a theological affinity with those who seek to remedy the evils from which they suffer, can have no such motive. Their testimony may always, therefore, be at once received without question, while the testimony of their governors should be summarily rejected.

In regard to the second point. The purest morality dictates that nations with whom we have no religious affinity have no moral claims upon us. This principle was

most properly and rigorously adhered to in the case of the Moslem population of Turkey, by the anti-Turkish party in England. I will now apply it to the Catholic Irish. As a State religion is inherently and fundamentally vicious and immoral in principle, involving the sale of livings, the sin of simony, and other evils as great in our eyes as polygamy, and as we have no State religion or Established Church in America, and as the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches are established in England and Scotland respectively, it follows that we have no religious affinity either with the English or the Scotch, and that the peoples of those countries have no moral claims upon us; nor need we entertain the same sentiments of humanity towards them that we do towards Churches that are not connected with the State, and the people who belong to them. I am aware that the Episcopalian Church of Ireland is now disestablished; but this was a concession forced upon the Government, and does not affect the general principle. For this reason moral Americans are compelled sympathetically to espouse the cause of non-Established Churches. Of course there are immoral and irreligious Americans—such, for instance, as those who advocate the maintenance of friendly relations with England and non-interference in its religious affairs, who are so lost to all other considerations than those of the most grovelling expediency, that they would advocate anything rather than injure their position in London society. But we who belong to the anti-English party take our stand principally upon the Bible. And hence it is that, for many of us who are not Catholics (myself among the number), any more than British Protestants were members of the Greek Church in Turkey, with which they sympathised, to feel anything but the most profound contempt and aversion for all Established Churches and their members would be tantamount to abandoning a sacred cause.

Again, we are much attracted by the name Catholic, which means "universal," just as the anti-Turkish party in England were attracted by the name Christian, though the Slavs were not in reality any more Christians in the practice of their religion than the Roman Catholic Church is universal. It is, as I have said before, a question of sentiment, and no man has a right to inquire into the character of a spiritual affinity which may possibly turn upon a name, and to which none but lofty and elevated natures are capable of attaining. The fact that we hate the monarchical system of government, considering it to be barbarous and immoral, and that the future government of Ireland under Home Rule will be Republican, constitutes another overpowering claim upon our sympathies.

As to the third point—viz., the relative degree of civilisation of the two countries — that is a matter which can only be appreciated by the nation which feels itself morally impelled to interfere in the interests of humanity. It is evident that the less civilised nation, being less civilised, can have no adequate power of appreciation in the matter. It would naturally, owing to its less civilised state, be under a delusion on the whole subject. If, therefore, there is an overwhelming religious conviction and moral consciousness on the part of one nation that is more civilised than the other, no other justification is needed; it becomes *ipso facto* invested with the right of interference by force, if

necessary, in the internal affairs of that nation. For if this is not so, we are compelled to enter upon a definition of what constitutes civilisation—and as no one who is not civilised can define civilisation, we find ourselves in a vicious circle. To be civilised, you must be able to define it; to be able to define it, you must be civilised. The definition of civilisation by a less civilised person would seem absurd to a more civilised person. And for this reason the Englishman's idea of civilisation usually seems absurd to an American. The Turk's idea of civilisation, in like manner, seems absurd to an Englishman; the Chinaman's idea of civilisation seems absurd to the Turk; while the Russian is considered his inferior in civilisation by the Chinaman. It is a question of degree, of which the only judge is the nation, which instinctively feels its superiority. It is this instinctive consciousness of superiority — which the Chinese possess in an eminent degree — that imposes the moral right of civilising crusades; and the possibility of Chinese civilisation invading California is even now occupying the serious attention of some of our most eminent statesmen — myself amongst the number.

I am aware that, in laying down these broad, moral, international axioms, I may be accused of plagiarism, and be open to the taunt that there is no originality in my definition of the moral and religious duties devolving upon a civilised country, relatively to such of its neighbours as differ from it in religion, and are less advanced in civilisation; that all this has been said over and over again by Mr Gladstone, in far plainer, more forcible, and more eloquent language. This I do not deny; but I must, in my own justification, state that I held these views when Mr Gladstone, still in the depths of moral darkness, thought everything right which he now thinks wrong; and that I rather think he owes his conversion to a pamphlet of mine, now out of print, in which I proposed the annexation of Jamaica to the United States, on the ground that the negroes were being oppressed in that island, and the local government was in much need of reform. The insurrection which broke out not long after verified my assertions. However this may be, I am too glad of obtaining Mr Gladstone's powerful advocacy, to cavil at any claims of his adherents in favour of his being the originator of a school of international morality which furnishes me with those elevated and humane principles, the application of which to Ireland I shall now endeavour to illustrate.

In the relative positions of the United States, Great Britain, and the Irish people, we have an almost exact analogy to those which existed between England, Turkey, and the Christian races of the latter country. We have the American people penetrated with a sense of their own superior civilisation, animated by the purest sentiments of religion, humanity, and a lofty moral ideal. We are not even fettered by treaties binding us not to interfere in the internal affairs of Ireland, as was the case in the treaties between England and Turkey relative to the internal affairs of the latter. We have cruel and rapacious Protestant landlords and Episcopalian noblemen persecuting a down-trodden Catholic peasantry, just as we had the ruthless Moslem Beys of Bosnia tyrannising over their Christian peasantry; but I am assured by many Irishmen who have visited Bosnia for the purpose of inquiring into the question, that

the savage treatment by the Protestant landlord of his tenantry in Ireland far surpasses that of the Bosnian Bey, both in respect of his religious fanaticism and his avaricious instincts. This, I am aware, will be denied by the corrupt and unscrupulous Viceroy, whose position and functions resemble those of a Vali or Pasha in Turkey, and who is now squeezing immense subscriptions from the public to be devoted to his own private ends: but I have the strongest evidence that the most appalling horrors are being perpetually perpetrated in the name of religion; for I hold in my possession a memorial, signed by seven Irishmen, giving a detailed account of atrocities, unfit for publication, of which they and their families were the victims while attending Mass.

I do not mean to assert that the Tipperary atrocities were conducted on the same scale, or with the same attendant outrages as those of Bulgaria,—it is, as I said before, a question of degree; but America alone can be the judge whether enough has not been done to call aloud in the sacred name of humanity for her active interference.

When I read the evidence of those Protestant atrocities, collected by a Commissioner who was sent to Ireland by the philo-Irish Committee for the purpose; when I perused, in the fully and accurately informed Irish newspapers published in the United States, those narratives of eviction, in which the British Zaptieh, called in Ireland a "process-server," and the British Bashi-Bazouks, styled there "constables," smash in the doors of the unhappy cotters' cabins with sledge-hammers at the behest of Protestant noblemen or Beys, and charge defenceless women across cabbage-fields, trampling them beneath the hoofs of their horses; when I listened to the burning eloquence of Mr Parnell, who, fresh from scenes of which he had been an eyewitness, stated "that the British Government, unable to sweep back the movement, had resorted to massacre;" and when I heard him praise the noble conduct of the peasantry, "who, when their brothers and sisters were shot down beside them, still forbore from violence,"—every moral and humane instinct within me was aflame, and I burned with righteous indignation against a Government which, while other countries have been advancing in the science of administration and in the arts of progress and civilisation, has learnt nothing during these hundreds of years except how to crush more effectually an alien race, and persecute more bitterly a rival religion.

It is a mockery for England to maintain that she has made the requisite advance in civilisation, and that, on the ground of our superiority in this respect, we have no right of intervention. Who in America has not heard of the horrors of the Black country? of the degradation to which factory girls are reduced by the State? of the sufferings of little boys who are used as chimney-sweeps by the rich? Who has not read the "Song of the Shirt," describing a condition of female destitution impossible in America, or, indeed, in any civilised country? Who has not wept over the oppressed state of the rural population nearly driven to revolt, and, indeed, in some instances resorting to violence, under the devoted leadership of the gallant Arch? These things are matters of history. Many Americans, pastors of churches, historians, and humanitarians, have either witnessed these

things with their own eyes, or know that they must be so from their profound study of the customs of the ancient Britons, and of the characters of the Danes, Saxons, and Normans, who were subsequently grafted upon the aboriginal race. I am aware that the philo-English in America deny that this is an accurate picture of England, and maintain that our knowledge of that country is superficial and incorrect. Some have even gone so far as to call us *doctrinaire*, and to maintain that a more precise knowledge is to be gained of the local conditions both in England and Ireland, by a residence in those countries, than by a conscientious and lifelong study of their past history; but the opinions of the philo-English are unworthy of notice, for the simple reason that they are an essentially immoral political party, who are merely anti-Irish to curry favour with the Germans, in the hope of securing the German vote at the next Presidential election, and for no other reason. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who, as a clergyman and a man of immaculate virtue, is probably the highest authority in America on a question of pure morals, has given it as his experience—and his testimony cannot be doubted—that the Irish are so oppressed as to be entitled to resort to insurrection. As a Christian minister, he would not take the responsibility of actually counselling this course; but he begged his hearers to remember "that every amelioration in the condition of Ireland has followed the outbreak of violence in Ireland."

Indeed, the advice given by our Rev. Mr Beecher to the Irish is in all respects similar, and based upon the same reasoning, and the same accurate knowledge of local conditions, as that which your Rev. Mr Malcolm Maccoll tendered to the Bulgarians.

The more we carry out the parallel between Great Britain and Ireland and Turkey and her territories, the more complete do we find it to be. We have, as in the case of European Turkey, an alien race camped in a conquered country, professing a different religion, speaking a different language, retaining possession of land which has been violently snatched from its rightful owners, and handed over to raiders from England and Scotland, who drain the country of its life-blood, while they force the peasantry to live for the most part in caves underground or in peat hovels,—their only food seaweed, when they are near enough the coast to obtain it, and roots in the interior—their only clothing the cast-off rags of bloated Scotch Presbyterians, or the skins of wild animals. I have been assured by persons who have travelled in both countries, that the condition of the peasant of Bulgaria was far superior to that of the downtrodden serf of Connemara. We have in the Hebrides and in the Highlands of Scotland the remnants of the same Celtic race, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, and yearning to be united with their Celtic co-religionists in Ireland as ardently as the Southern Albanians even now desire to be united to Greece, or the Northern Albanians to Montenegro. I am aware that this will be denied by the philo-English, who insist that the Highlanders of Scotland do not desire annexation to Ireland; but this is due partly to their not having studied the early history of the Picts, and partly to malice prepense, and a firm determination to deny every fact which may in any

way interfere with their grasping and selfish political designs. But even were this not the case, the moderation displayed by the Irish during the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny, when they might have rebelled and thrown off the British yoke, entitles them to some reward; and in the event of Russo-American intervention securing their independence, it is only moral, it is only just, it is only due to the glorious traditions of historical Erin, to the memory of the great St Patrick, and the claims of the religion he implanted upon the soil which he purified—it is only in accordance with our veneration for the race to whom we owe the existence of dolmens, cromlechs, and some of the finest monuments of antiquity—that the Highlands of Scotland, whether they like it or not, should be annexed to Ireland. All our noblest sympathies—all the æsthetic instincts of our nature—all the associations of our childhood, principally connected with Irish servants—and, above all, the claims of civilisation,—demand the territorial aggrandisement of the Celtic race; and whether the Picts be Celts or not—as indeed they are, without knowing it—or whether they like to be annexed to the Celts or not, the moral claims of the Celts are paramount to those of the Picts; and those who think otherwise display an ignorance only equalled by the inherent immorality of the political party to which they belong. Although the Southern Albanians claim to be Pelasgians, not Hellenes, this does not prevent all right-minded men from advocating their annexation to Greece; and although Northern Albanians are Moslems, this does not militate against their being forcibly annexed, against their will, to Christian Montenegro. Why, then, should the claim of the Highlanders to be Picts, and the fact that some of them are Protestant, or may not wish to be included in the future republic of Ireland, militate against their annexation to that country? The thing is absurd. The same principle holds good with regard to Wales and Cornwall, both which provinces should, upon grounds of strict morality, be annexed to Ireland. It should never be forgotten that the same ethical rules which control the relations of individuals towards each other do not apply to nations. We have a striking and beautiful illustration of this in the case of the policy which it is proposed by the moral party in England should be pursued in regard to Cyprus. Nothing can be more just and lawful than that this island, which, five hundred years ago, was taken by the Turks from the Venetians, should be now given by England, to whom it does not belong, to the Greeks, who have no especial claim to it. Although in private life we should call this robbing Peter to pay Paul, it is, as I stated at the outset, the moral prerogative of civilised nations to take by force, if necessary, the territory of less civilised nations—on the ground that, at some former period, they conquered it, and are now misgoverning it—and make it a present to any other nation which at the moment may, for historical or sentimental reasons, enlist their sympathies.

Ever since the days of Lafayette the United States have felt the strongest sympathy with France. Moreover, the city of Paris—as is well known—has always p[illegible] a strange fascination for [illegible] in cor[illegible]nce of [illegible] chara[illegible] civ[illegible] ma[illegible]

which has long been a sink of Protestant corruption, and where the Governor-General and principal officials revel in the enjoyment of large salaries, plundered from the unhappy people through the instrumentality of the House of Keys. I have evidence of this in a petition addressed to Congress by the foreign consuls of the principal seaports of the island. I can only characterise the condition of things which this petition describes as a disgrace to civilisation, and a moral blot upon the age in which we live. For these reasons, after a temporary occupation by the United States army during the war of liberation and rectification of the Welsh and Cornish frontiers, the Isle of Man will be ultimately handed over as a great moral duty by the United States to the sister republic of France.

It follows, as a matter of course, that the Channel Islands, being inhabited by the French race, speaking the French language, professing the Catholic religion, and being subject to the same Protestant persecution, will also be restored to France. It is needless for the philo-English to protest that this persecution does not exist. If Catholics are persecuted in Ireland, we need no further evidence to prove that they are oppressed in the other parts of the British dominions. In like manner, it will be the privilege of the United States, on the strength of its consciousness of superiority in civilisation, to deal with the subject and persecuted races in all the British colonies and in India, in [illegible] with what its Govern- [illegible]ives to be the dictates [illegible] and humanity.

[illegible] the loud- [illegible]l comes [illegible] is with them that this great and glorious work must begin. It may not be generally known that Pan-Celtic societies exist throughout the United States, for the purpose of carrying on an active propaganda both with men and money, and that their agents are energetically and secretly at work both in Ireland and in the Celtic districts of Scotland and Wales, encouraging tenants to resist by force eviction by their so-called landlords, provoking the Orangemen to acts of violence, which it is hoped may incite them to retaliate by the perpetration of such atrocities as may send a shudder through the whole civilised world; but as to the precise nature of their operations, prudence suggests silence—suffice it to say that the explosion cannot much longer be delayed, more especially now that, owing to the arbitrary measures of the Government, a famine has been produced which will increase the despair of the population. As soon as the outbreak, which is now being carefully prepared, takes place, officers and men will pour into Ireland from America to the assistance of the insurgents. I do not hesitate to say this openly, because the precedent has been established in the case of Servia, and European international consent on that occasion has sanctioned the practice. An American Tchernaieff will take command of the Irish legions, and thousands of volunteers in the uniform of the United States army will flock over, as the Russian soldiers did to the insurrectionary forces of Servia, to help the Irish to throw off the yoke of the hated Protestant invader. Should the British be so short-sighted or so inconsistent as to suspend relations with America, for pursuing a course against them which they warmly commended

when it was adopted by Russia against Turkey, allied operations will be undertaken by Russia and the United States against England, for the purpose of turning the British out of Ireland; but in this case it will not be "*with* bag and baggage." Indeed, I never could understand why the weak, and I may say immoral, concession was made by Mr Gladstone, of allowing the Turks to leave Europe *with* their bags and their baggage. What earthly right had they to bags filled with the unlawful spoil of the nomad conqueror, or to baggage consisting probably chiefly of concubines which they had stolen from the Christians? We shall allow no such privilege to the ejected Britishers. The Scotch will be seen flying with their legs as bare as when they first raided into the country; and the only kind of bag which the English will be allowed to take will be "Gladstone bags," whatever these may be, and this merely out of compliment, and as a special concession to the greatest moral statesman of the age, who, through no fault of his own, happens to be British.

Prior, however, to undertaking military operations, a conference of Powers, actuated by humane and Christian sentiments towards the Irish race and religion, will probably be convoked in London—at which, following the precedent set at Constantinople, no English representatives will be allowed to be present—for the purpose of proposing a reform in Ireland through the instrumentality of allied American and European consular commissions. A *gendarmerie* of Russians and Americans will be proposed, to supersede the Irish Bashi-Bazouk constabulary; and the Viceroy, though allowed to remain, will practically be deprived of all executive authority. In a word, England will be required to grant Ireland the blessings of Home Rule under foreign protection. Should England refuse these terms—and none other will satisfy Irish aspiration, or the moral requirements of the case—it follows that war will ensue; and this, as I have already remarked, will be carried on by Russia and America — an understanding on the subject having been already arrived at between the Pan-Slavic and Pan-Celtic committees. I may here divulge the fact that the head-centre of the Pan-Celtic committees is no less a person than General Grant himself, who will owe his success at the next Presidential election to this widespread organisation. Indeed, the philo-English maintain that the whole affair is nothing but an electioneering dodge to bring in the Republican candidate; but there is no motive, however base, which the philo-English do not impute to those earnest, religious, and humane politicians, whose moral elevation they are unable to attain, or even to comprehend. It is probable that the English will make a far more stubborn resistance than the Turks did; and as it is estimated that the loss of human life in the cause of religion and humanity on the occasion of the late Russo-Turkish war exceeded a million of souls, a sacrifice of a million and a half, at least, will not be too high an estimate for the liberation of the Irish Catholics. But what are a million and a half, or even two millions, of lives in a righteous cause? It is folly to suppose that great moral and civilising results can be attained by peaceful methods. The most Christian way of putting a stop to massacre, and of promoting a religious idea, is by massacre. Then, again, the moral law applicable to nations

differs entirely from that which holds good in the case of individuals. If a doctor undertook to cure a man of a disease against his will, and found that the shortest way to do it was to kill him, he would be called a murderer; but if a nation undertakes to reform another nation against its will, and finds that the shortest way to do it is by wholesale extermination, another law comes in. If a race in favour of whom the reforming nation interferes enjoys a religious affinity with it, then such extermination becomes a most moral and righteous act, and the misery of the race which is being exterminated is not to be taken into account; for, as I said before, this race not enjoying such religious affinity has no claims either on our morality or on our common humanity. All the religious wars of Christendom, to which we owe our present advanced state of civilisation, prove the truth of this proposition. Again, it is probable that besides a million and a half slaughtered, there will be at least a million of destitute Protestant refugee men, women, and children, chiefly from the north of Ireland, who, being Presbyterians, deserve no sympathy. I name a million because it is estimated that the total number of Moslem refugees from Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Eastern Roumelia closely approximate half a million—these, however, are being rapidly reduced by disease and starvation. Being Moslem, on religious grounds they deserve no more consideration than Presbyterians, at all events from a Catholic point of view; and it is by this we must be guided. It must never be forgotten that true humanity is based upon a religious idea, and can be extended, therefore, only to those whose religious idea renders them worthy of it. The religious idea of the Moslem deprives him of all claim on our sympathy as a human being, and it becomes a moral duty to drive him and his wife and his little ones out to perish in the cold, if those whose religious idea enlists our sympathies may thereby be benefited. Hence it is that the hated Orangemen of Ireland need expect no better treatment at the hands of the Irish Catholics than the Moslem peasantry of Turkey have received from the Greek Christians, who have so warmly and so properly enlisted the noble sympathies of the great moral party of England, and their pure-minded, earnest, and philanthropic leader. We have only to compare the glorious results which have been achieved by their efforts in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, with the cost of human life and the amount of human suffering which they have involved, to be encouraged to go forward on the same charitable and holy mission in Ireland, feeling assured that the enlightened Celtic race will present such a spectacle of harmonious and united Home Rule, when they once obtain their independence, that it will have been cheaply purchased by the slaughter or extermination, by disease and starvation, of, say, at the outside, three millions of heretical Protestants.

I say, then, let those Presbyterian Orangemen beware; let the whole Protestant public of England beware; let a fundamentally corrupt, tyrannical, and altogether odious Government beware—let them delay no longer to grant those concessions and inaugurate those reforms in Ireland which the moral sense of enlightened America demands. We cannot much longer stand tamely by while our Catholic fellow-creatures, yearning after a free Church in a free State, are being massacred by Episcopalian fanatics, and plundered

and oppressed by cruel and rapacious landlords. We require, as I have shown, no other code of morals to justify an alliance with Russia, and an active intervention in the affairs of Ireland, than that so eloquently and ably propounded by your own greatest statesman. If, as seems not improbable, he attains once more the position of Prime Minister, we may expect his co-operation in this great work; indeed, he will be false to all his most cherished convictions, and quench the dictates of his enlightened conscience, if he refuses it. But if the present unprincipled and arbitrary men remain in power, let them tremble! We shall then be sure of his alliance, and that of the great moral party he controls; for the only chance of checking the growth of the imperialism which they fear, will be by a policy of dismemberment—a policy forced upon the British nation by the united pressure of America and Russia from without, aided by their powerful allies, the great Liberal and Radical party of England, who, true to the principles of enlightened Christian morality which they have so successfully advocated in the case of Turkey, will co-operate from within.

I have been glad to observe that the pledges which many candidates have given in view of the impending general election, show strong Pan-Celtic tendencies, for the purpose of securing the Irish vote. Let them, then, boldly persevere in this patriotic course, resting assured that they will have the hearty support both of America and Russia in their noble efforts, and that by means of this combination England may yet be shorn of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales and Cornwall, and of all her colonies and dependencies; thus offering to the world a glorious and shining example of a people that had attained such lofty elevation of sentiment, and such enlightened conscientiousness, that they did not shrink from sacrificing the lives of millions in order to reduce the dimensions of their country, and who dared to apply unflinchingly to themselves those eternal laws of morality and equity which they had forced with such eminent success upon the empire of Turkey.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.—PART IV.

XII.—THE CATTLE-BUYER'S YARN.

"I WAS 'Super' of a sheep-station up north two years ago, and had got along very well without having come into collision with the blacks. The station had been formed for about six years, and those who had taken it up and managed it before my time had been equally fortunate. Some of the neighbours had had men killed and sheep driven away, but we always escaped. We had grown so careless as to have given up carrying firearms about the head-station; and even the shepherds were in the habit of going unarmed, although living far away from each other.

"Having gone out one evening to count the sheep at one of the sheep-stations, I was surprised to come across a strange flock, evidently unshepherded, grazing, and scattered through the Bush in the vicinity of the yard. On examining them, they proved to be a flock which had been shepherded by a man living with his wife and child at another hut eight or ten miles away.

"I guessed that something had gone wrong: the man had gone to sleep perhaps, and the flock had gradually fed away without his knowledge, and on awaking he had not been able to find them; or he had got separated in some silly way from his charge, and they having been shepherded at this sheep-station before, made their way back to their favourite old beat. The thought of blacks being on the run never entered my mind.

"As soon as I had counted the sheep and secured the strange flock in an empty yard, I started down the creek to the sheep-station hut where lived Donnelly, the shepherd of the wandering flock, with his wife and child. It was a calm, balmy moonlit night, and as I rode through the silent Bush no sound was heard save the mournful wailing shriek of the wild curlew as it rose, shriller and shriller, until, fading away, its plaintive cry was lost in the forest-depths; or, when startlingly near, arose the prolonged howl of the dingo, echoed back again on all sides.

"There was something in the air as I approached the hut which caused my heart to sink. A foreboding of evil seized me as I rode up to the little dwelling which looked so weird like in the ghostly moonlight.

"'Are you in, Donnelly?' I shouted.

"'Oh!' said a feeble voice, inside; 'who are you?'

"'Thompson. Don't you know me, Mrs Donnelly?'

"'Have you seen my husband?'

"My heart felt like a lump of lead. 'No,' I said, speaking as cheerfully as I could. 'Isn't he here?'

"'I haven't seen him since Monday morning' (this was Thursday night), 'and oh, I fear—I fear——' Here her sobs interrupted her.

"I still sat on my horse outside, for the conversation was being conducted with the door barred.

"'Did you hear or see anything to cause you alarm?' said I.

"'No; nothing. Only on Sunday night—the last night I saw him—the dogs howled the whole night through; and I was frightened, and he kissed me, and told me no harm should befall me while he was near.

I fear—oh, I do not know what I fear! A snake may have bitten him, or he may have had sun-stroke, or perhaps blacks may have been around the house watching him depart on Monday. My dear kind fellow!' Here she broke once more into a fit of weeping.

"'Now, Mrs Donnelly, you must hope for the best,' said I, not knowing well what to say; for the woman was distracted with grief, and half maddened with the weary watching of these awful days. She knew not the way through the trackless Bush and over the mountains to the head-station. Her only hope was to sit still and wait; but oh, the agony of that waiting!

"'Oh, there is no hope, no hope! I knew it; I felt it when his sheep came home on Monday night without him, and the dog that loved him so brought them to the yard and went away; and she only came back to-day, wherever she has been. Oh, if she could only tell! I kept the sheep two days in the yard and then I turned them out up the creek, in the hopes that they might go back to their old run, and so give notice of something being wrong.'

"'Now, Mrs Donnelly,' said I, 'if you like I'll ride in for help and be out the first thing in the morning, and track and find your husband; or if you feel frightened, I'll just lie down here and go in the morning.'

"'Don't wait,' implored the poor creature. 'Oh, go at once; it will save time, perhaps his life! Oh, pray, go! Never mind me. I'm not afraid for myself.'

"'Well, good night, and God keep you,' I uttered in a broken voice; for I'm hanged if the whole thing wasn't rather too much for me."

"No wonder," ejaculated his audience.

"Well, I pushed home that night and roused up the overseer, got fresh horses up and firearms cleaned and loaded. We took a man with us to shepherd poor Donnelly's flock, which we counted when we arrived at the yards. *They were seven short.* From that time I had little hope, although I said nothing.

"We called at the sheep-station hut just to give the poor woman the comfort of knowing we were doing what we could. Then we searched until we found the tracks of the shepherd as he followed his flock out to pasture on that Monday morning. The sheep in coming home had, as their nature directs them, chosen a different route, so that the tracks were not obliterated. Slowly keeping on the track (for a man does not make much of a mark on hard ground, and we had no blackboy), we followed until we came to a large river, into which the sheep-station creek emptied itself, considerably lower down. 'Ah,' thought I, 'they came here to drink. Yes, here's their camp: they camped here during the heat of the sun.' The tracks now led down to the bank of the river, where I lost them among the hard shingle and gravel. My companion and I searched carefully along the banks, but there were no tracks returning; then they led down to the water's edge, and there we lost them. The river was here broad and rocky; a waste mountainous country lay on the other side. There was no inducement for him to cross. Suddenly the overseer raising his head uttered a short ejaculation.

"'Found anything?' I asked, quickly.

"Silently he pointed in the air. Words could have conveyed no more significance than that gesture. Circling on the air were numbers

of carrion-kites, while others sat on trees, either gorged, or awaiting to commence a banquet of horror. What that meant my throbbing heart only too surely told me. A long island, clothed with thick vegetation, lay between us and the other shore; and it was above the furthest channel that the birds of evil omen flew.

"Hastily stripping, and tying up our horses, we grasped our revolvers and forded the first stream. We searched up and down the island, looking for what we feared to find. Nothing was to be seen. At last I cast my eyes on the other stream. *Something* there was there. Yes —*something*. What is it? Is it a sheep? No. O God! now I see. It is a naked body, on its face, jammed in between the rocks, the poor stiff legs moving up and down with the rapid current. I cooeyed. The overseer came hastily. My face told him.

"'Where is it?' he breathed, in a fearful whisper.

"I pointed at the dreadful *it*.

"'The head! Look, it has no head!" he cried.

"I looked again. It was true. The bare neck-bone stood out several inches above where the flesh had been cut. Somehow I felt relieved. It was bad enough to have to view the swollen, festering, sun-blistered corpse, but at that moment I felt that to look on the sodden, water-bleached face, with the ghastly goggle eyes and tangled dripping locks, would have been more than I could stand.

"Well, we cleared out of that fast enough, you may depend. I sent my companion to bring in the woman to the head-station, while I myself rode off to despatch letters calling for the assistance of the native police. I then got a couple of more men, and taking a woolsack and pick and shovel, we went back to give poor Donnelly Christian burial. We waded out and managed to slip some bagging under the corpse, and brought him ashore. Alas! he was shockingly mutilated. And there, on his left side, the little round hole too surely told where the deadly spear had penetrated. His head we could not find. We buried him under a river-oak of that darkly timbered island. And the dense underwood, amid which had lurked his savage slayers, now shelters the lonely grave where, unheeded by all save One, that disfigured clay lies."

"What became of the poor woman?" asked his hearers.

"The overseer brought her in. She received the news of her husband's death in a dull, stupid sort of manner, as if hearing without understanding. She had apparently lost all interest in life. She sat all day by herself, rocking to and fro, with the poor fatherless child clasped tightly to her bosom. We made a subscription for the poor creature, and sent her down to her friends, who lived in Sydney; but since then I have heard nothing of her."

"Now, then, have some more Hennessy," said Fitzgerald, pushing the brandy-bottle towards Thompson, "and tell us how you got mixed up with the niggers; and after that I'll tell you of an adventure which befell me about three months ago."

XIII.—THE CATTLE BUYER'S YARN—*continued.*

"I told you that I had sent off for the native police," commenced the ex-Super after a deep draught of "three-star," judiciously qualified,

though by no means drowned, with water. "Well, they came after about a week had elapsed. I might have followed the trail myself, with some of our men: but in the first place, I feared that we were not strong enough for the natives, who were evidently in large numbers; and in the second, I could not be certain that my own men would not report the occurrence to Government, in which case, supposing any of the wretches to have been knocked over, I would in all probability have had to stand my trial for murder.

"The detachment came at last, and although officers of police are supposed to allow no whites to accompany them, yet being well known to the sub-inspector in charge, he was only too glad of my company for a few days.

"The boys of the troop, on arriving at the spot where I had lost the tracks on the shingle, spread out, and their acute eyesight enabled them to read the characters on the earth as one would a printed book.

"'Here, Mahmy,' said one to his chief—'here that been cut him head off. You mil-mil (see) blood.'

"I shuddered. There, now that it was pointed out to me, on the very stone I had sat down on when stripping to search for the body, the blood-stains were plain. They spattered the dead leaves, and stained the grass-stalks.

"Well, we started on the tracks, overtook the retreating tribe, gave them a sound punishment, and returned home. Other duties soon effaced the memory of the affair, and we concluded that for some time at least nothing would be heard of the offending blacks. The season proved a very dry one, and I found myself obliged to erect temporary yards and huts on the very outskirts of the run, in order to make use of hitherto unoccupied ground. One station in particular I had caused to be built several miles up the river, beyond the spot now known as 'Donnelly's grave.' It was difficult of access. A short distance above that well-remembered spot, the mountains closed so abruptly on both sides of the creek, that the only passage lay among the rough boulders and shingle of the river-bed. I had been up counting the sheep, and left the hut at dark on my road home. The distance before me was about sixteen miles. I rode along, my mind occupied with conjectures as to the best disposal of my sheep during the trying drought. The road now turned down into the river-bed, and picking his way the best he could, my horse cheerfully jogged on his homeward path. The mountains towered in shadowy gloom on either side above me as I rode along the side of the river, which, although considerably shrunk by reason of the summer droughts, churned and foamed as its rapid current forced its way through its rock-barred channel. Occasionally the track led through clumps of river-oak saplings and bushes, emerging from which I could discover a bare patch of sand, and beyond that shadow. My horse knew the road, however, and I cared not; half my time was spent in similar lonely rides, and I was not nervous. I was getting mightily hungry, however, besides which, the mail-man was expected at the station, and I longed to read my home letters. My horse's shoes clattered against the stones as I stuck my spurs into his sides to urge him onward. A sudden turning in the road now showed me a number of small fires glowing ahead. But that they were stationary, I should have been inclined to think

them caused by fire-flies. On my left there were more. The sudden turning of the river had placed some in front and some behind, and hitherto the thick groves of flooded oak had hidden them from my sight. On my right frowned an overhanging crag. I drew my rein; perhaps (for blacks often chatter loudly in their camps) they had not heard me. I listened. Not a sound save the rushing, tumbling, river-current. It was, after all, perhaps only the remains of a bush-fire. Some of the logs were still alight, and the night air had fanned the embers into a glow. Again I listened intently. If blacks really were in the camp, they must have heard me coming; no doubt they had barred the way ahead and behind. The broken river-channel forbade my trusting to flight. What should I do? Not three miles away lay poor Donnelly their victim, in his cold grave of wet river-sand. What was his fate then, might be mine in a few minutes. I determined to keep still and wait for what might turn up. Presently I heard bushes rustling some distance behind, and the voice of a black fellow, uttering, in that strange tone in which the wild savage first pronounces English words, 'Boodgeree;' and again, 'Boodgeree, white fellow' (good, good white fellow). The sound startled me. They were here, and looking for me. I drew my pistol. Some of them should have daylight through them, I inwardly vowed, if it came to a final struggle. Now I heard their low rapid utterances, in various excited tones, in front, behind, and above me, — the word 'white fellow' being repeated often. Escape was hopeless. There was one chance for life in the inconsistency of their behaviour. I determined to put a bold face on the matter, appear at home, laugh and talk with them, and if the worst came, sell my life as dearly as possible. Accordingly I shouted, 'Hey! come on boodgeree you, my boys, come along!' and a great deal more nonsensical talk, which they could not have understood, but which served as well as anything else to show the confidence which I tried to gull them into believing I yet possessed. The effect was magical. A simultaneous shout came from those nearest. All around, in fifty different places, as many voices broke into an unintelligible jargon; while from the camp, the noise of women's voices could be heard as they shrilly inquired what was going on, and tendered advice or admonition.

"Knowing how useless it was to do anything else, I sat still on my horse, and in a few minutes was surrounded by a dense crowd of dark, savage-eyed, wild men, all fully armed with native weapons. More kept coming. There was a perfect Babel of sounds. The gloom was so great that I could only distinguish the dark moving figures and the long spears, or occasionally the glint of a pair of fierce glittering eyes, shining out of a paint-bedaubed visage. Now they felt me all over. On feeling the pistol, which I had returned to my belt, the man who discovered it said something to the others, who became still more excited. They now led me, still sitting on my horse, across a ford of the river to their camp. And now for the first time I could see the faces of my captors; and wild and devil-like they looked as the fires threw their light across them. Thick masses of curly black hair, low foreheads, short noses, large white teeth, and short beards on the upper lip and chin, seemed to strike me most; their eyes gleamed in the fire-

blaze like burning coals. A tall man, looking at me earnestly for some minutes, now commenced an animated harangue; pointed to me several times, then pointing up the river, imitated the sound of a gun being fired, pointed to himself, and finished by addressing me rapidly at great length. From his manner I guessed that he was friendly to me for some cause or other, why, I could not make out, but I determined to take advantage of the turn in my favour. My tall friend now made signs that I should dismount: this I did at once. I had made up my mind to trust my protector implicitly, and at any rate not to show fear. I was by no means easy, however, as my sable friend led me through the scattered fires, surrounded by a number of blacks, who, as far as I could guess, seemed to coincide with him in his views regarding me. Most of the mob had departed to the fires which appeared behind me when I first came upon the natives.

"I found that there were two camps at a distance of about two hundred yards apart, and my people belonged to the small camp. We now arrived at a fire which, from the signs made, I found was owned by the tall fellow with me. He made a series of gestures, by which I understood him to intimate that I was to partake of his hospitality. The only word of English he knew was 'white fellow.' This he repeated many times. Sometimes he pointed to me, then to himself, patted his breast and smiled; then he would point to the distant camp, and shake his head, and frown. Sometimes he pointed to himself, imitated the sound of a shot, pointed to my pistol, then up the river, then again to me, looking eagerly at me to see whether I comprehended him or not. I knew not what he meant, but I feigned to understand him, and nodded, smiled, patted him, and repeated the word 'boodgeree' two or three times. He at once caught up the word and pronounced it distinctly, and seemed much pleased. Things now seemed on a much more satisfactory footing. My entertainer produced some black-looking kangaroo-meat, which he warmed on the hot ashes, then tearing off a piece with his strong teeth, he offered it to me. Knowing how necessary it was to keep up the terms of friendship, I accepted it with much cordiality, and though almost sick, managed to eat a portion of the dirty-looking food. A drink of honey and water was now offered me in a *cooleman*, which I also politely accepted. After the repast a number of aboriginals from the neighbouring fires gathered around me, and from their language seemed to be making fun of me. One fellow especially seemed a great wit. The slightest word of his sufficed to set the others in a roar of laughter. Still it all seemed to be of a good-humoured nature. Presently my tall acquaintance, pointing over to the other camp, made signs that there was a *corroborree* to be danced. I understood, and nodded. Then he gave me to understand that he and I would go together; to this I also assented. Soon after this a long clear cry arose from the other camp like pir-r-r-r-r-r-r. A general movement now took place among the men and women of the camp in which I was. They gathered in a body, each one covered from head to foot in a 'possum-skin cloak. I arose with my host, who bestowed on me a cloak, and we took our places a little on one side of the rest. Another signal arose from the distant camp, and, as if in obedience to it, my neighbours

commenced to march slowly forward towards whence the sound proceeded. Slowly, silently, solemnly, they marched, their bodies bent almost double, which position my friend signed me to observe. There was something very unearthly in this phantom-like procession. The dusky, indistinct, muffled forms gliding noiselessly forward through the midnight woods, sometimes entirely lost in the shade of a large tree, and again emerging, to be lost again.

"Fears began to take possession of me. Why was this singular method of approaching the *corroborree* ground observed? I had heard of ceremonies of a dark and secret character being practised amongst those tribes at which no white man ever was present. Was such a one to take place now? Was my life only spared before that it might be sacrificed now? My blood began to curdle, and my flesh to creep. I thought of flying, forgetting for the moment the utter impossibility of getting away from the nimble-footed, sharp-eyed savages. My tall friend, however, seemed to divine my intentions, for he patted my breast, then pointed to himself assuringly, then to the large camp of natives which we were nearing, and shook his head, spitting with apparent disgust, and once more patted himself and me. I could not exactly tell what he was driving at, but it seemed to indicate friendly intentions towards myself, and that the other camp was occupied by a hostile tribe. This I afterwards learnt was the case. We had approached within about a dozen yards of the dim fires towards which we had been making our way, when a similar signal to that already given was uttered by some one in the other camp. Upon this my companions, still retaining their bent position, turned their faces towards their own camp, and remained waiting, and of course I followed their example. Another cry succeeded, and almost immediately a bright blaze followed, illuminating the dark woods in a ruddy circle. Flinging off their coverings, and turning simultaneously round, the crowd of blacks about me gave vent to a general deep 'Ah!' of wonder and surprise, not unmixed with a superstitious fear.

"I understood it all now. The tribe were being initiated in a *corroborree* they had never seen before. At the same time it commenced. A half-circle of fires burned brightly in front of us. Between us and the fires were seated rows of women, across whose knees were lightly stretched their 'possum cloaks. They held boomerangs in their hands, which they beat together as they sang, keeping the most exact time, occasionally varying the accompaniment by beating on the skins, producing a drum-like noise. On the far side of the fire a row of forked stakes had been driven into the ground, and poles laid on the forks, about six feet above the ground. About twenty savages, painted in the most grotesque fashion, were seated all along this rail. Their long hair was tied tightly in a knot on the top of their heads, from the middle of which rose a tuft of cockatoo crests. The soft white down from the breast of the same bird clung to their eyebrows, moustaches, and beards. A red fillet passed round the forehead and encircled the head. Their bodies were painted with pipeclay to imitate skeletons. Boomerangs, stone tomahawks, and knives hung from their girdles. Holding their elbows close to their sides, they moved their forearms and hands in a segment of a circle from their waist to their ears, first the right, then the left, in time to

the barbarous chant. Beyond these, the chief figures in the assembly, stood a dense crowd of fierce-eyed sable warriors leaning on their spears. Looking round, I found that the men of my party had assumed the same attitude, while the women had taken up a position a little apart.

"In spite of the feeling of insecurity and alarm with which my position filled me,—for I knew that all present would think nothing of knocking me on the head if the whim seized them,—I felt rather amused at the absurd climax of their preparations, and its monotony soon got tiresome to themselves. Jumping down from their perch, the painted savages cleared away their posts and rails, and commenced one of the usual *corroborree* dances of the country, in which they were joined by many others, who had taken no part in the first performance.

"My tall friend, spreading his rug on the ground, planted a spear at each corner and sat down, motioning me to take a place beside him—all the others following his example. The dance was now most vigorously prosecuted, and it carried with it a certain amount of dramatic effect. Issuing from the dark background of solemn gloom, the mass of vague dusky shadows danced their way in to the circle illumined by the fire, their hands held in front of their breast, after the manner of kangaroos, their bodies bent, and their feet stamping. As they got nearer the fires which divided them from the orchestra, the singing and dancing became more energetic, till at last a brilliant blaze having been produced, by means of dry leaves kept on purpose, the whole culminated in much stamping, quivering of legs, and shaking of heads, winding up with an almost instantaneous disappearance of the whole party into surrounding darkness. This was repeated for hours, and I thought they never would leave off. At last all seemed to weary, and my tall friend and his followers returned to their own ground, taking me with them. Here I found my horse ready. After a good deal more of talk, and many gestures, he signified that I might go. I stripped myself almost naked in making presents. Then seizing his weapons, he called on a friend to accompany him, and both came with me as an escort. I had little difficulty in persuading them to proceed all the way; and they were so much pleased with their treatment that they asked permission to bring their tribe in, which they did, and we had no more difficulties afterwards."

"That was a capital fellow, that long nigger," said Fitzgerald. "Did you ever find out why he took a fancy to you?"

"Oh," said Thompson, laughing, "that was all a mistake on his part. It seems that when up the river in pursuit of the tribe which killed poor Donnelly, he happened to be among the crowd we attacked. He had hidden himself under a log upon which I had taken up my position. He said that I kept looking at him, but allowed him to escape, and it was in gratitude for this supposed service that he saved my life."

"Then you did not know that he was under the log?" asked John.

"Not I," returned the other. "It would, I am afraid, have been a bad day for both of us had I done so. And now, Fitzgerald, give us your yarn."

"It's getting late," the young man said, "and you know we must be up early; but the story is a short one." So saying, he narrated as follows.

"I suppose you know that I'm a beak—I mean, that I'm on the Commission of the Peace. I was appointed about two years and a half ago. Shortly after my appointment I was over in the little township of Yéring, not far from here, and a desperate row occurred between two men. One of them seizing an axe struck the other on the head, causing instantaneous death. I happened to be near the scene of the fatal struggle, and made one to seize the murderer; and being very zealous in the discharge of my duties, like most young hands, made myself perhaps too officious in the matter. At any rate, on leaving the court, after committal for trial by my brother magistrates and myself, the murderer vowed to be revenged on me for the share which I had taken in the business. I thought nothing more of it, and time passed on. About four months ago I was obliged to start from here up north on some business connected with a station belonging to my father. It had been only recently formed, and the natives had the reputation of being very treacherous in the district. My business led me to a neighbouring station, and as I believed that the way by the road was very much longer than the actual distance as the crow flies, I determined to hit out straight across the Bush. It was nearly dinner-time when I set out, and I had about forty miles to go. I had gone about twenty miles, when I got into a nasty intricate country, with a good deal of thick scrub, in which I got entangled, and it was a couple of hours after dark before I got clear. I now pushed on as well as I could in the dark, but got so very sleepy that I had made up my mind to lie down until morning, when the sound of voices made me prick up my ears, and on moving forward a little, found myself close to a large camp of niggers. Well, I was luckier than you, Thompson, for I managed to get away without their hearing me, and I pushed on, for sleep had fled. I had gone about ten miles further when my horse struck into a little path, and the smell of sheep convinced me that I was near some sheep-station hut, or *bark gunyah.* Dogs now barked furiously, and a man shouted, which I immediately answered. I rode up, unsaddled and hobbled my horse, and walked in.

"Who do you think the man was? It was my friend the homicide. The meeting was startling to both. The wild look of the man, with his gun in his hand (he had seized it on hearing the noise made by the dogs), at first led me to believe that he meant to fulfil his vows of vengeance; but suddenly flinging it into a corner, he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and wept. When he grew calmer he told me that he had been sentenced to nearly two years' imprisonment, and had come straight here from prison; but he begged my forgiveness, and said I had only done my duty. I camped with him that night, and next morning made the station."

"By Jove!" said John, "I think it must have been horrid to meet that fellow in such a lonely place."

"Well, yes, I didn't like it," returned his friend.

The party now separated to obtain some sleep before the arduous work of mustering commenced.

XIV.—MUSTERING FATS FOR THE BUTCHER—DRAFTING ON THE CAMP.

The dawn was barely visible when our hero was awakened by hearing a sound of conversation near him. It was Fitzgerald giving orders to one of the blackboys.

"Horses in the yard, Peter?"

"Yohi."

"Bugler and Gaylad in?"

"Yohi."

"All right. Take down my bridle and the bridle which belongs to that gentleman who came with me last night, and send them up."

"Yohi, Missa Fitzgell. Me ride 'im, Charcoal? That fellow boodgeree kallopp."

"Very well; and tell one of the other boys to catch Forrester for Mr Thompson."

John now jumped out of bed, and hurrying on his things, made his way outside. The sun had not risen, but everybody was astir. Blackboys were bringing up horses from a yard in the paddock, into which they had all been driven. Breakfast was being carried in, and every one was preparing for the day's work. After a hasty meal was disposed of, the horses were saddled. The little court in front of the houses was crowded with horses awaiting their riders. The party consisted of Fitzgerald, Thompson, West, two white stockmen, one of whom was Fitzgerald's lad Tommy. Besides these and their horses, Mr Williams's saddle and pack horse swelled the number.

A general mount was now effected, and, bidding good-bye to his entertainer, Williams started on his way down country.

"Now, Tommy," said Fitzgerald, aking to the youth just mened, "we are going to divide. u, with Mr Thompson and Billy rlow, can go up to the Peaks, then start down, bringing all you see worth taking along with you. Send Billy over to Oakey Creek, and let him meet you down at Plumtree Camp. You can clean out the middle branch of the station creek, and then bring all you find down to the main camp, where you will find us."

These directions, which, perhaps, may seem unintelligible to the general reader, referred to the manner in which the young squatter proposed to gather together the cattle among which he expected to collect the bullocks he required.

The two parties now separated—Fitzgerald with his assistants to examine the southern branch of the main creek, together with the country lying between the many tributaries which flowed into it; while the others were to direct their attention to the opposite side and the surrounding country. It was most exhilarating riding along in the cool morning air. How pleasant the fresh smell of the grass! Now they pass through a small patch of Brigalow scrub. Some one has split a piece from the trunk of a small tree. What a scent the dark-grained wood has! What numbers of wallabies! They start out in every direction, and flying across the path swiftly disappear. We are in grass once more. Whirr-r-r-r—a covey of quail start from under the horses' feet, fly a short distance, and alight on the thick grass. There are some cattle standing in their camp on a small patch of scrub. We don't want them, however—we can get them any day. Here is one standing by himself. It is a two-year-old steer—a white one. He stands perfectly still; his hanging head and tucked-up body betray his

want of health. As we ride past he shows the whole of his eye, and, gathering up his strength, he gives a deep hollow cough which rakes his whole frame. "Pleura," said Fitzgerald, reading John's inquiring glance; "we always have it more or less on the run."

"Does it not carry off immense numbers of cattle?"

"Well, it has done so; but for some years past we find its ravages have been nothing to speak of. A great deal has been written on the subject. Some have proposed preventing the attacks of the disease by inoculation; others, again, laugh at the idea. For my part, I am convinced that pleura lurks in every herd in the country, and that it only wants favourable conditions to make its appearance."

"What are these conditions?" asked John.

"Much knocking about invariably produces it; for instance, it often breaks out amongst cattle on a long journey, or that have been herded long. It is also much more severe among cattle feeding on rich swampy pastures than on the high hilly stations. Besides which, there is no doubt, I think, that it is both contagious and infectious, and, of course, some constitutions have a hereditary tendency to it."

Now they emerge on a plain bounded by scrub, with openings between the patches, and vistas of plains and more scrub in the distance. On the plain, about half a mile away on the right, a large herd of cattle are scattered, gently feeding towards their camp. What a delightful spot for a gallop! How fresh the horses are! Gaylad feels as if he could devour the space between him and that beautiful blue chain whose distant peaks glitter in the morning sunshine. "Way horse; steady, Gaylad, you'll have your work to do by-and-by." See, there is a plain turkey, quite close; he walks steadily along, keeping his head up and his eye fixed on us. He is quite within shot. There, there, unobserved before, but almost under your horse's feet, is his mate. Startled by the horses, she quickens her pace, breaks into a run, opens her large wings, beats the air two or three times, and rising, wings her way heavily off, followed almost immediately by her companion, uttering a kind of hoarse croak. There they light again, not a quarter of a mile away. Now we come to a watercourse. It is a succession of longish holes filled with clear water. Trees, with drooping branches like willows, fringe its sides. The broad leaf of the lotus, amid which rises here and there the beautiful flower, floats on the surface. Look at the wild ducks swimming in twos and threes. Stay for one instant. There, on that broad lotus-leaf, two or three little mites of wild ducklings are sitting. Their mother, with the rest of the family, is floating calmly beside them. Her quick eye notes us; she moves away, her little brood following. Now those on the leaf plunge in and swim bravely after her, shaking their little tails. The other ducks, catching the alarm, at once detect the cause. A sudden splash, a few frightened quacks, and away they fly, the water dripping brightly from their webbed feet as they rise, with the sunlight glinting on their dark-brown bodies and blue and bronze wings. There they go, out of sight in a minute. The mother and her brood have vanished in the same instant. You may search, but you will not find them. The little things understand diving as well as their mother, and the banks of the creek are one mass of sedges and long grass. Watch, here come the ducks back again. High in the air they approach, fol-

lowing the course of the creek with the rapidity of lightning. Here they come, right overhead; a confused whizz denotes the speed they are travelling at, and down the water-course they take their way to alight in some undisturbed spot.

As you leave the water, pigeons of all kinds, from the strong beautiful bronze-wing to the gentle squatter and little dove, fly from under your horse's feet, with strong rapid-flapping noise, or sit crouching on the ground, humbly hoping that their insignificance and homely plumage will not attract attention. A white crane, and a few dark-feathered water-hens, at the far end of the water-hole, seeing you moving, conclude to stay. Here is the half-dried carcass of a beast. It died here on the camp near the water. Whew, what a smell! Any one who wants more than one whiff of that is a glutton. Look at that "booming 'guana!" He has been feeding sumptuously on the carrion. He is watching us with his "glittering eye," his head up, his viscous tongue darting out now and then like a serpent's fangs. He knows we are observing him; off he scuttles at an incredibly swift pace, making for that big iron bark tree. Gallop after; hit him with your whip. Ah, you are too late! he has reached it before you; he is away up lying flat on a high branch. You can just see the end of his tapered tail hanging over, or his head, the tongue still striking venomously. Now we emerge on still larger downs, dotted prettily with cotton bush. Cattle-tracks converge from all points to the water. They are quite narrow, like little footpaths. The ground bears on its surface the impressions of many feet. You cannot find a foot square without the point of a hoof of some age or another. The grass must be sweet here, the cattle keep it cropped down so closely. That long line of tall white-stemmed gum-trees marks the banks of the main creek; here is the junction of the southern and northern branches. We must cross and follow up this branch next us. Yonder is a mob of cattle; they are not so quiet as those we have already seen. Two or three old cows nearer us than the others lift their heads, smelling our approach. They turn and run. The old brutes, they know quite well what it is to be rounded up; they have been hundreds of times in the yard; it is all roguery. Now some of the rest notice them running, they run also; had the old cows remained quiet the others would have been stationary too. Now they are making off in a body. Sam, the white stockman with the party, and Peter the black fellow, mounted on Charcoal, spur after them, get in front, and heading them, bring them to a stand-still. There are a dozen nice bullocks in the mob. After making them stand a little to cool them, Peter is sent to take them over the river to a camp, to be picked up by the party on their return down the other side. The party divide once more in two. Sam and Peter go one way; John still remains with his friend, and they have two or three exciting gallops after different mobs. Gaylad is sweating now. What a little stunner he is! It will not be his fault if the cattle get away. He watches their every movement with a personal interest. Fitzgerald and John have got a good mob together. They have taken them across the creek, and are bringing them down the other side to pick up the cattle on the camps there. The bullocks and steers and heifers go along without much trouble; but some of those old cows with calves try all sorts of dodges to get away. They fear that we are mustering for

branding. It will come soon enough. Let us get through with these fat cattle, then we shall set to work branding. There, that cunning old wretch of a cow has managed to slip away with her calf, and she is making off for some scrub in the distance. Now, Gaylad; now, boy, fetch her back. Indeed Gaylad wants no bidding, but is flying over the ground at his best. Now he reaches the cow and her calf, a good strong six-months-old bull. She swerves away as the horse approaches. Now is your time, John; close on her, turn her, keep her head to the mob; give her a cut or two with your whip, and she will be amongst them once more. Ah! you do not know how to manage your rein; your bridle-hand is fumbling with it; it is too loose; your whip is in your way. Gaylad flies past the cow about twenty yards; she once more makes off in her own direction. Once more John charges her with the same result, only that this time, as he holds the rein tighter, Gaylad, obeying the check, props round at the same instant the old cow does. John finds himself sitting on his horse's neck; it is a miracle how he holds on. He manages to get back to his seat, and confining operations to a trot, succeeds in heading the chase back towards the mob. He will punish her at any rate for the trouble she has given him. Two or three desperate cuts at the cow fall harmlessly, another only gets the lash under Gaylad's tail, who resents the indignity by kicking once or twice, and humping his back, and nearly upsetting his rider. Now is a good chance; hit her hard. A vicious cut follows. Something catches the fall. "O heavens, my eye!" shouts John, with one hand up to that organ, which has suffered instead of the guilty animal.

Now a camp with a good many cattle on it has been reached. Sam and Peter have evidently been here, and are away after more. The cattle stop of their own accord, mingling with the rest, uttering many bellows of greeting. Fitzgerald proposes to wait for a little. What a thorough master of his work he looks, as with careless ease he sits side-saddle fashion on Bugler, his long whip hanging festooned round him! Hark! there goes a whip! The cattle on the camp recommence bellowing. Here they come down this gully—the bullocks and young cattle ahead, running towards those on the camp, roaring as they run. A mixed lot, with many cows and calves bring up the rear, after which come Sam and Peter, riding side by side. There are so many cows and calves, it is not advisable to drive them as far as the main creek. We don't intend taking them home for branding to-day. We cannot draft the bullocks out properly here though; we require all hands for that. Let us keep as many as we can of the others back on the camp, therefore, when they start. It is not quite easily done either; for with stronger perversity those even who wanted to stay behind previously now desire to go along with the mob, and insist on following up, until effectually driven back to their camp. We have yet a large number, and still pick up more as we go along. Gaylad makes himself very busy in assisting to drive. Should any beast in his vicinity lag behind to crop a sweet morsel he marks him; then, laying his ears back, with outstretched neck and open mouth, he rushes at the offender, inflicting sometimes a rather sharp bite. The loud pistol-like report of a stockwhip is heard again, this time ahead. The leading cattle quicken their pace. Bellows in the distance are answered by bellows from the

mob. We come in sight of a large number of cattle standing close together on an open yet shady camp, and some distance apart, under a shady tree, are three horses. Their riders are lying on the ground. The two mobs mingle now, amid terrific roaring, as we ride up to the little party under the tree.

"Well, Thompson, had much luck?"

"Got about sixty or seventy head, I think."

"There are forty or fifty in our lot," said Fitzgerald; "we had better set to work at once. It will take all our time to get them drafted and yarded before it gets late."

Now they prepare for work. John, with the lad Tommy and Billy Barlow, is told off to ride round the cattle, and prevent them straggling off the camp. Peter is to look after the bullocks when separated from the main crowd, and Fitzgerald, Thompson, and Sam are to draft. A few very quiet animals are driven out, and placed at about one hundred and fifty yards from the rest, to form a kind of nucleus mob for the bullocks to run into. Peter is in attendance to receive them when they come, and prevent their making back, or running away.

Now, threading his way through the masses of cattle, Fitzgerald selects one which his practised eye tells him is of the kind wanted, and, riding behind it, urges it quietly to the edge of the mob. Bugler knows his work, and loves it with all his heart. His undivided attention is given to the animal in front of him. He is aware that it is his duty to separate him from the herd, and he is determined to do it. Any dodging movement on the part of the bullock, as, looking from side to side, he approaches the outside ring, is met with an involuntary motion to balk it on the horse's part, revealing the intense interest he takes in his work. A slight raising of the bridle-hand, and Bugler makes a desperate rush. Startled, the beast singles out from the rest, but immediately tries to double back, and mix up with his fellows. In vain—Bugler's quick eye watches him too narrowly; he has turned in the same instant, and is racing alongside, between him and his bellowing mates. Now, so suddenly as to be almost instantaneous, the determined brute has stopped, wheeled round, and is going at a headlong pace the opposite way. But it is all of no use. The practised stock-horse props at the same moment, and still at speed bars the way. A few sharp cuts from Fitzgerald's whip decide the question, and the conquered creature joins a couple of his mates who have been taken out respectively by Thompson and Sam, and who are now running to mingle with Peter's charge.

Riding back slowly to breathe their nags, the drafters single out more of the particular class wanted, and the scene is repeated. The ground resounds with the rapid battering of the horses' feet, as, stretched at their utmost speed, the intelligent creatures assist their riders with all their might. It is a stirring scene, full of healthy enjoyment and wild excitement.

"How these Australian fellows do ride!" thought John, as he notices the sudden dead-stop and sharp wheel, the rider sitting unmoved in his saddle. Look, there is a bullock which has proved too much for Thompson single-handed. He is a large roan bullock, with a red neck, and long, sharp, cocked horns. He is six or perhaps seven years old. He is one that has been missing from the run for the last year or two, and has been seen to-day for the first time during that period.

Most probably he has been away on the scrub with a wild mob, and in an evil hour has taken it into his head to revisit his old haunts. His temper has not been improved by his association with the scrubbers. See, he turns on Thompson. What a narrow escape! Forrester manages to get out of his way, but receives an ugly scar on his thigh, which he will carry while he lives.

Sam now bears down to Thompson's assistance. Roaney is once again cut out of the mob. Watch —now—here! here! here they come! The wild-looking roan bullock endeavours to break back, while Sam races alongside, his body bent forward, uttering short, fierce, quick shouts, as, waving his hat in his hand, he seeks to intimidate the savage scrubber into sheering off from the main mob. What a pace they are going at! There they pass side by side between two trees, that barely allow them room. The leg of Sam's white moleskins brushes the fire-blackened trunk, and adopts its colour. A sudden fierce prop, and Roaney has shot behind Sam's horse, and succeeds in burying himself among the many-coloured bellowing herd. Sam rides slowly back, and, dismounting, slackens the girths of his streaming horse, who, with hanging head and quickly-heaving flanks, betrays the exertions he has made.

Thompson and Fitzgerald come up. "That's about," remarks the former.

"He's the dead finish—go right through a man," rejoins Sam, rather sulkily. "Blessed if he didn't —— near skiver my hoss!"

"Well, Sam, as soon as your horse gets his wind, you and I will tackle him," says Fitzgerald. "Our horses are the handiest. I wouldn't lose that fellow for a trifle. Ten to one, if we don't get him, after this knocking about he'll make back for the scrubs again."

In about ten minutes' time Sam and his master ride side by side through the crowded camp. At last they notice their savage friend pushing his way through a thick mob of cattle some distance from them.

"Now, Sam," says Fitzgerald, "as soon as we get him fairly out, I'll ride alongside and shoulder him, and you must keep close up and play on him with your whip."

"All right," growls Sam.

One or two essays are ineffectually made to rush out into the open the huge beast, whose hot blood is now boiling within him. At last he is out, and is again racing, with Fitzgerald alongside this time, to get back into the mob.

"Now, then, Sam!" shouts the squatter, as the clever bold horse, in obedience to his accomplished rider, closes on his horned antagonist, and, leaning over, presses all his weight against the scrubber's shoulder, edging him towards Peter's mob as they fly along. Sam, galloping at the creature's heels, has been waiting the word, and now commences a flagellation with his long twelve-footer, which compels the red-necked savage to keep his pace up, and gladly seek refuge among those already out.

It is now time to be making homewards, and the selected fat cattle are driven steadily in, and yarded for the night.

THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE:

NARRATIVE OF LIEUTENANT PALANDER, SWEDISH ROYAL NAVY, COMMANDER OF THE EXPLORING VESSEL.

YOKOHAMA, *Sept.* 12, 1879.

DURING a long succession of years numerous endeavours have been made to sail from Europe to the Pacific Ocean by the north of America or Asia—or, in other words, to discover the so-called North-west Passage by the north of America, or North-east Passage by the north of Asia. At first these attempts were made with the hope that by these routes sea-communication might be obtained between Europe and the countries of the Pacific. That hope is now abandoned; and the voyages which during later times have been undertaken with the view of discovering the North-east or North-west Passages have been for exclusively scientific purposes.

The North-west Passage has been principally explored by Englishmen. The reason of this has been that Franklin, who, in 1845, left England with two vessels, the Erebus and Terror, to pursue that route, was never again heard of; and in consequence, numerous expeditions (for the most part organised by Franklin's widow, Lady Franklin) were sent out from England with the object of discovering the fate of the missing explorer and his companions. As all are aware, the present Admiral Sir F. L. M'Clintock, commander of the steam-yacht Fox, brought home in 1859 indisputable proofs of his countrymen's sad end.

Undoubtedly no vessel has yet passed from the North Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, or round the north coast of America; but, nevertheless, the discovery of this passage has been attributed to Sir R. M'Clure, captain in the English navy. In command of the ship Investigator he took his course through Behring Strait, and followed the American coast until his progress was arrested by ice in long. W. 115°. After spending three winters there, he learned that some English vessels (belonging to Belcher's expedition, which from the east had endeavoured to penetrate the North-west Passage) were lying some hundreds of miles from him. With all his crew, which had suffered considerably during the three successive winters, and had been subjected to more intense cold than any other Arctic expedition has outlived, M'Clure crossed over the ice to the ships formerly mentioned, and returned to England through Baffin Bay and over the Atlantic Ocean. In this manner he completed the North-west Passage, although 200 miles of the way were accomplished by the use of sledges on the ice instead of by ship. On his return home he received promotion, and was voted by Parliament a national reward of £10,000.

Since M'Clintock's return no expedition has been organised to penetrate the North-west Passage.

Circumnavigation of the north coast of Asia from the Atlantic to Behring Strait has been essayed by no less than thirteen expeditions. Of these—six were sent out by Holland, five from England, one from Austria, and one from Sweden; besides an unsuccessful endeavour to force a passage in an opposite direction, made by the famous Captain Cook, the English circumnavigator, in 1778.

In 1553, three ships were sent

out by England: the Bona Esperanza, Captain Willoughby; the Bona Ventura, Captain Chancelor; and the Bona Confidentia, Captain Durforth. These vessels only proceeded as far as Novaya Zemlia.

In 1556, an English expedition went out under Stephen Burroughs, commanding the ship Searchthrift, which at the Kara Gate was compelled by ice to return.

In 1580, yet another English expedition is mentioned, consisting of two ships—the George, Captain Pet; and the William, Captain Jackman. These vessels entered the Kara Sea, and afterwards returned without making any further discoveries.

In 1594, there were sent out from Holland three—in 1595, seven—and in 1596, two, vessels, all of which expeditions entered the Kara Sea, but did not proceed any further east. All these voyages were shared by the famous William Barentz, the discoverer of Spitzbergen. The latest of these expeditions is remarkable on account of its being compelled to pass the winter on the north coast of Novaya Zemlia, which is the first occasion on record of a Polar expedition spending that season in the Arctic regions.

In 1608, an expedition went out from England, led by Hudson, but was unsuccessful.

In 1610, 1612, and 1625, expeditions were sent out from Holland under Hudson, Van Horn, and Boseman, which succeeded in entering the Kara Sea, where the ice arrested their further progress, and they were compelled to return.

In 1676, England sent out her last expedition for the discovery of the North-east Passage. It consisted of two vessels, under the command of Wood and Hawes, and had no better success than its predecessors.

The want of success attendant on all the expeditions here mentioned appears to be attributable to the circumstance that they always returned too soon. The experiences of later times show that the Arctic seas are most free from ice during autumn, immediately before it freezes anew. One cannot calculate with any certainty upon the Kara Sea being navigable before the first days of August, and it seems to remain so until the beginning of October, or perhaps even later.

After the English expedition of 1676 there occurs an interval of nearly 200 years without any endeavour to make the North-east Passage. The country that now took up the great question was Austria, which, in 1872, sent out an expedition subsidised by private individuals. The ship bore the name of Admiral Tegetthoff, and was commanded by Lieut. Weytprecht, who was accompanied by Lieut. Payer, as leader of all land excursions. Of the vessel's being frozen in on the west coast of Novaya Zemlia, of its wonderful drifting with the ice, and consequent discovery of a new land, and of the crew's fortunate escape, it is not necessary here to speak, as a work has been recently published in which the whole is admirably described. The attempt made by this expedition to reach the North-east Passage proved unsuccessful, inasmuch as it gained no point farther than its predecessors with the same object.

A more fortunate issue has been reserved for the thirteenth expedition, organised to circumnavigate the north coast of Asia—the Swedish Arctic Expedition of 1878. Of its equipment and voyage I will now give some account.

When Professor A. E. Nordenskiöld, during the years 1875-76, crossed without difficulty the Kara Sea, which had hitherto been regarded as unnavigable, and penetrated to the mouth of the Yenisei

River, which in the former year he sailed up, returning home overland by Siberia, it occurred to him that, with a good steamer, one could sail still farther east along the north coast of Siberia to Behring Strait. In the programme which Professor Nordenskiöld drew out for the promotion of an expedition with the object of sailing through the North-east Passage, he mentions as ground for the possibility of such a voyage, among other reasons, that the warm current which is formed by Siberia's many and powerful rivers, and the direction of which, by reason of the earth's revolution, ought to be from west to east, would be so strong, and would so heat up the water lying nearest the coast, that a navigable stream must be found there during the last summer months—namely, August and September. This opinion has now proved perfectly correct. Supported by the results of the successful voyages of 1875-76, and the opinion just mentioned, Professor Nordenskiöld succeeded in interesting his Majesty the King of Sweden, Mr Oscar Dickson, merchant, and Mr Alexander Sibirikoff, a Russian mine-owner, in his project. They undertook to defray the expenses of the expedition. Afterwards aid was obtained also from the Swedish Government, who liberally allowed £1500 for the repairing of the ship to be used by the expedition, and permitted the work to be executed at the Royal Dockyards at Carlscrona. The Government also made an allowance of 1s. 6d. per diem in addition to the regulation pay.*

The steam-ship Vega was bought for the expedition from a Swedish Sealing Company for the sum of £8500. The Vega is a barque-rigged steamer, built in 1872 for seal and whale fishing in the Arctic seas, and consequently, the exigencies of ice navigation have been duly considered in her construction. The vessel is 500 tons burthen; and its dimensions are, — extreme length, 150 ft.; breadth, 29 ft.; depth of hold, 16 ft. It is provided with an engine of 60 horse-power, on Woolf's principle, which gives the vessel a speed of seven knots, with a coal-consumpt of 3 cwt. per hour. The Vega, which was not permitted to carry the royal flag, has sailed during the whole expedition under the flag of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club.

After having undergone considerable reparation of masts, sails, hull, and machinery at the Royal Dockyards, the Vega left Carlscrona on the 22d of June 1878.

The ship's company was made up of the following officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and men on leave of absence from the Royal Navy: Lieutenant Palander, commander; Lieutenant E. Brusewitz; F. A. Pettersson, engineer; R. Nilsson, sailing-master; three firemen, of whom one acted as second engineer; four able seamen and four ordinary seamen; seven boatmen; one carpenter.

Besides the crew, the Vega was accompanied from Carlscrona by Lieutenants A. Hovgaard and G. Bove, belonging respectively to the Danish and Italian navy—the former the physiographer of the expedition, the latter its hydrographer. Both of these officers had been residing at Carlscrona to be present at the equipment of the ship. From Carlscrona we went to Copenhagen,

* Pay and rations were provided by Government only for those of the expeditionary officers (commissioned and non-commissioned) and men who were in the naval service. The private contributions supplied an extra allowance of £3, 10s. per month to each of the crew.

from whence almost all the supplies estimated for thirty men for twenty-four months were taken in.

In provisioning the ship special attention was paid to the regimen which must be followed during an Arctic voyage; consequently the supplies consisted chiefly of preserves. In the choice of provisions, care was taken to obtain everything of the best quality. Among other articles of supply taken to avert that pest of the Arctic regions, scurvy, may be mentioned —lime-juice, pickled cabbage, concentrated rum, pickles, preserved vegetables, mulberry-jam, dried fruit, and preserved cream. After some days' stay at Copenhagen, necessary for the shipment and stowage of the supplies, we left there on the 26th of June, and arrived at Gothenburg on the following day. At Gothenburg the following gentlemen embarked: F. R. Kjellman, botanist, Fellow of Upsala University; Dr A. Stuxberg, zoologist; O. Nordqvist, lieutenant in the Russian army, interpreter and zoologist; Dr S. Almqvist, medical officer of the expedition; and a personal attendant for Professor Nordenskiöld. Provision and coal supply were completed here; and also we shipped the scientific equipment; sledges, and pemmican for sledge-journeys; and two collie dogs, bought in Scotland.

On the afternoon of the 4th of July we left Gothenburg, not again to see the dear shores of our native land for nearly two years. A stiff contrary wind delayed our voyage to our next place of destination, Tromsoe, where we did not arrive until July 17th. Here embarked the leader of the expedition, Professor Nordenskiöld, and three Norwegian fishermen.

Our number was now complete, and made thirty men all told, comprising nine officers and scientific gentlemen, three non-commissioned officers, and eighteen of a crew. In Tromsoe a full supply of water and coals was taken in, also a parcel of furs and sundry other articles.

At our departure from Tromsoe the coal-supply consisted of nearly 225 tons. At the lowest reckoning, with deduction of fuel for galley and stoves, it was estimated that the Vega could, solely with the assistance of her engine, make more than 4000 miles, which nearly corresponded to the distance between Tromsoe and Behring Strait.

From private sources the crew had been provided with under vests, drawers, stockings (long and short), and mitts of wool, sailcloth boots, fur-mitts, fur-caps, hoods, and snow-spectacles, &c.

On the 21st of July we steamed out of Tromsoe harbour, accompanied by the steamer Lena, which was to go with us to the mouth of the river Lena, proceed up that river to Yakutsk, and thereafter be employed in the conveyance of passengers and goods.

The Lena was quite new, built to the order of Herr Sibirikoff, formerly mentioned, at the Motala Engineering Works, of Swedish Bessemer steel, provided with a high-pressure engine of 15 horse-power, which consumed 2 cwt. of coal per hour. She was 90 feet long, 17 feet broad, and 7 feet draught, with a cargo of 65 tons dead weight including coals. She cost £2500, and, like the Vega, carried the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's flag. She was commanded by an experienced Norwegian whaler, and had a crew of nine men. She was supplied with provisions for sixteen months, and with 40 tons of coal.

After having been compelled by severe storm to take refuge for three days in a bay near North Cape, we ultimately got out to sea

on the 25th of July. A pretty stiff breeze with heavy sea soon brought about our separation from our lesser companion the Lena; and we did not again see her until the 31st of July, the day after we anchored at our rendezvous, Yugorscharr, the sound lying between Waigatz Island (south of Novaya Zemlia) and the mainland. At Yugorscharr we also met other two vessels, the steamer Fraser and the barque Express, which, through Professor Nordenskiöld, had been chartered for account of Herr Sibirikoff to load a cargo of grain and tallow at the mouth of the Yenisei.

At Yugorscharr there is a village of which the inhabitants are partly Samoiedes, partly Russian. The Samoiedes there settled were Christians, spoke pretty fair Russian, and had a church of their own, although it was little better or larger than a very small and poor wooden hovel. They are a people of small stature, with broad faces, prominent cheek-bones, yellow complexion, oblique eyes, and flat noses. Their costume is much like that worn by the Lapps. They live on what they catch of seals and fish. The Russians in the village remain there only during summer, during which season they fish and barter goods with the Samoiedes, returning in the autumn to the interior of Russia. They usually have their homes in Petchora or that district.

On the 1st of August, with beautiful weather, all four vessels (the Express in tow of the Fraser) left their anchorage at Yugorscharr and were soon in the Kara Sea, which was then completely free from ice as far as the eye could reach.

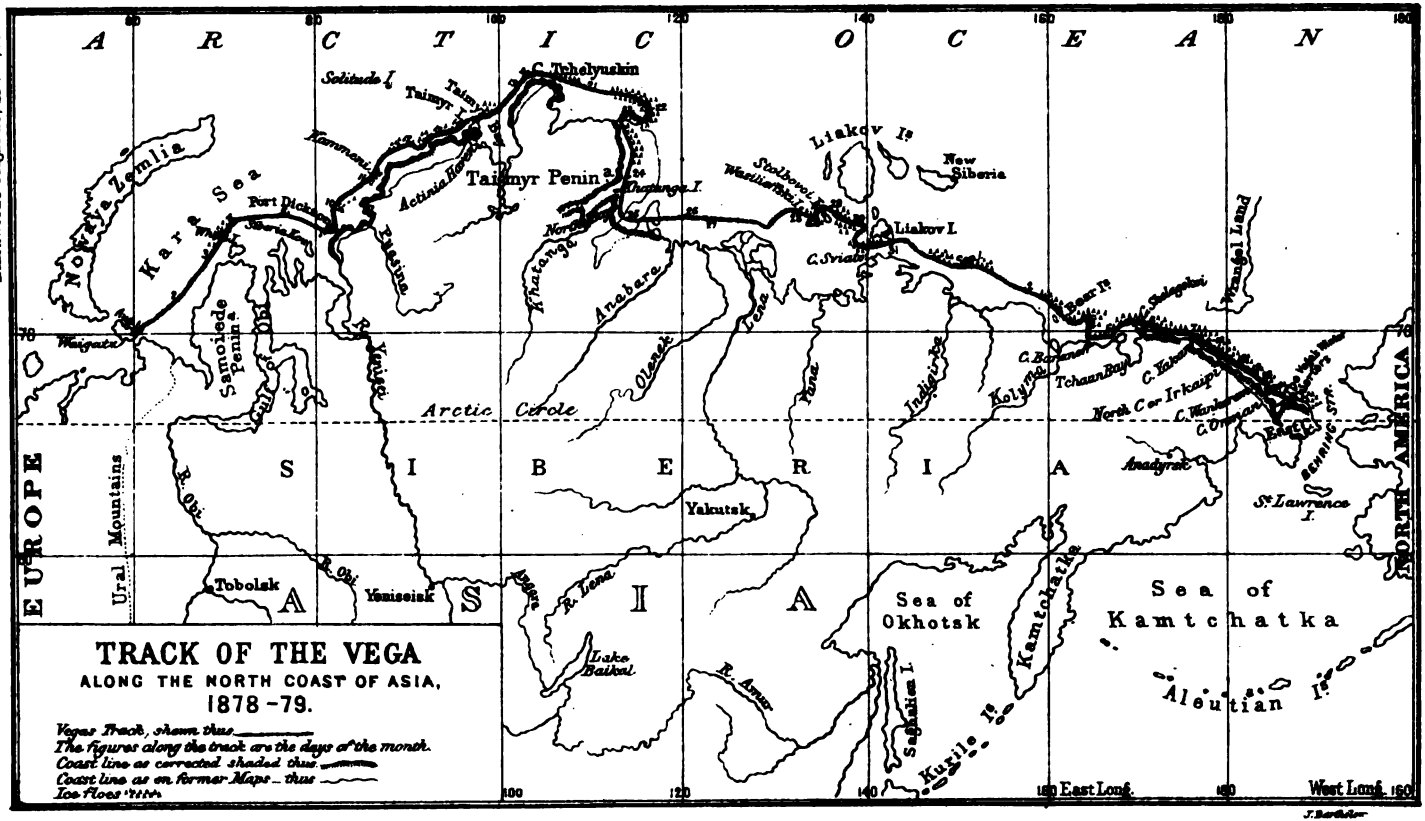
At our entrance into the Kara Sea the scientific work of the expedition began. From that day were instituted complete meteorological observations, dragging, sounding, investigations of the temperature, and of the specific gravity of the water at different depths.

Early on the morning of August 3d we met the first drift-ice, which was, however, of such a description as could be easily passed through. With the object of avoiding contact with more compact and stronger ice we steered down towards the coast of the Samoiede peninsula, which we followed as close as the shallow water permitted. The land, which is properly only a sandbank cast up by the powerful river Obi, could not be seen by us, although the atmosphere was quite clear. We met here only spread and easily navigable drift-ice.

The Lena, with Hovgaard, Almqvist, and Nordqvist on board, was sent off to investigate the sound lying between the peninsula and White Island, but found it impossible, on account of the numerous sandbanks, to go through it. As a result of very nasty weather, and the poverty of the land in animal and vegetable life, the harvest reaped by our scientific companions on this occasion was somewhat meagre.

On the 4th of August we rounded the point of White Island in water entirely free from ice. Here we met a stiff breeze from the north, which, in conjunction with a high cross sea in three or four fathoms of water, was anything but agreeable, particularly as no trustworthy chart of these regions is yet to be had. The water was of a brown colour, precisely similar to that of many of our own rivers in Sweden. Danger of stranding, however, does not exist, even although one should happen to be near the flat shores of the White Island during a storm, because the powerful current from the confluence of the Obi and Yenisei rivers in the neighbourhood of the above island sets north during the summer season with a velocity of three to five knots.

Blackwood's Magazine, March, 1880.



On the 6th of August we anchored beside one of the group of islands which lie outside Dickson's Harbour. Two hours later the Express and the Fraser anchored near us. In the afternoon, after the course had been examined by the steam-launch, we went farther in, and anchored in the harbour, which is well protected by land on all sides. The following day the Lena arrived from its exploring expedition.

Both in Yugorscharr and Dickson's Harbour the Lena, as well as the Vega, took coal-supplies from the Express, which had carried about 400 tons of coal from London instead of ballast. By these vessels letters and telegrams were despatched to be further transmitted from Norway.

On the 9th of August the Express left us in tow of the Fraser, and steered up the Yenesei, to ship at the appointed place, Yakovieva, the cargo formerly mentioned.

After having mapped the harbour, prosecuted various scientific investigations, and made the ship clear for sea, we left our anchorage early on the morning of the 10th of August, and steered for the Arctic Sea. The course was set for the Kammeni Islands, with the intention of afterwards following the coast of Taimyr Land to Taimyr Island. Already, during the first day, we met several small islands, which, according to the chart we had, should have lain sixty miles farther east.

This was not the last time we made the discovery that the coast was described in this chart as much farther east than in reality it is. This was particularly noticable when we reached the other side of Cape Tchelyuskin, where, according to the map, we sailed over long stretches of land.

The map which we used as a chart had been constructed by the Russian general staff, and was founded upon old delineations from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We found the coast correctly delineated for the first time from the other side of Kolyma River to Koliutchin Bay. That portion has been described by Admiral von Wrangel as recently as 1821-23. The map was, besides, more a land than a sea chart. The depth was indicated in very few instances, and these were usually at fault. It was necessary, therefore, to proceed with the utmost caution. Our regulations were to sound every hour as long as we were in deep water—that is to say, as long as the depth was not less than seven to ten fathoms. At a less depth we sounded every quarter of an hour; and often, when we were sailing along the coast, in from three to four fathoms of water, or even less, the hand-line was constantly employed for days in succession. As soon as the depth decreased to about four fathoms, the steam-launch, which was always kept with steam up, was put out and sent before the Vega. This could be easily done in water free from ice, or in spread drift-ice; but when the ice was so compact that the Vega had to force a passage through, the steam-launch, of course, could not be used.

Only upon one occasion, when we stood eastward from Cape Tchélyuskin, we sounded and found seventy fathoms; at no other place, even when far out at sea, had we more than twenty fathoms, and as soon as we neared the coast, the depth gradually decreased to three or four fathoms and under. Usually we sailed in a depth of from five to seven fathoms.

On the 11th of August we anchored near an unknown island to

await better weather, there being a storm of wind and rain right in our teeth. On the afternoon of the same day, when the wind had somewhat moderated, we continued our voyage.

On the 12th we .encountered drift-ice, but so spread, that without too many deviations we contrived to go forward in a north-easterly direction. The ice now began to be accompanied by fog, which in the Arctic waters is more dense than anywhere else in the world. As long as there is drift-ice in the neighbourhood, so long can one almost with certainty calculate upon having an impenetrable fog, which only lifts for a few hours during the day, usually immediately after noon, or early in the morning. Often when the fog disperses at mid-day, there is brilliant sunshine, and one discovers that the course taken in the drift-ice during the fog is wrong, and there is nothing for it but to return the same way and begin to push forward anew by another and better route. The fog rises and falls very suddenly without any premonitory signs, and might be compared to a stage-curtain, which is alternately raised and dropped.

On the 13th of August, during a dense fog, we found ourselves close upon land right ahead of us, as well as on both sides. Fortunately we were proceeding with such caution, that by backing we could come to a stand-still before we had run ashore. We anchored, and when the atmosphere cleared somewhat for a few moments, we found that the land beside which we had anchored was simply an isolated heap of stones of a C form lying out in the sea. For the remainder of the 13th and part of the 14th we lay in compact drift-ice and fog, unable to make any advance. On the evening of the 14th we were favoured with a few hours' clear weather, and managed to make a little progress landward, where the ice appeared thinnest. As our scientific party wished to go ashore for the purpose of collecting, we anchored in a bay on the south-west of Taimyr Island. The bay was named Actinia Harbour, on account of the vast numbers of Actinia (or sea-anemones) which were found on the bottom. Here we were detained three and a half days by a dense fog. During that time, with the aid of the steam-launch, there were several excursions made to investigate the sound lying between Taimyr Island and the mainland, which at its western mouth was so shallow, narrow, and rocky, that the Vega could not pass through it. The current here always runs westwards with a speed of three to five knots.

On the morning of the 18th of August the fog rose so far as to permit us to go to sea. The course was taken north of Taimyr Island, between some reefs covered with boulders, which were now and then discernible through the rapidly-returning fog. During the night, after having passed through a great deal of drift-ice, and seen at a distance several large islands lying northwards, we sighted the land south of Cape Tchelyuskin. The land here lay considerably farther west than as delineated on the chart.

On the afternoon of the 19th of August we doubled the Old World's most northerly point, Cape Tchelyuskin, the Vega being the first vessel which has succeeded in so doing. At 6 P.M. we anchored in a creek on the eastern side of the above cape. The national flag was hoisted, a salute given; while on the shore stood a large polar bear to bid us welcome. That night and the following forenoon were

employed in deciding the position of the Cape (which was found to be lat. N. 77° 36′, long. E. 103° 25′), and in making various scientific investigations.

At 1 P.M. on the 20th of August we raised our anchor and steered in a north-easterly and easterly direction as far as the ice permitted. We now no longer followed the coast, our intention being to see if we might not possibly discover farther out some hitherto unknown islands or continents. But by the 22d we were so entangled in compact drift-ice, that during the fog which prevailed we found the utmost difficulty in finding our way back to the coast. To penetrate farther east in this latitude was then impossible.

On the morning of the 24th we were again near land, and found there a channel from three to five miles broad, and almost quite free from ice. We sailed along the coast in this stream almost directly south, in a depth of eight to fifteen fathoms. Our map demonstrates how incorrectly the coast here has been delineated, and shows that we stood four and a half degrees inside the supposed coast-line. In contrast with the other parts of the north coast of Siberia, which almost everywhere is low, with a gradual elevation landwards, there is here a high mountain-chain with remarkably beautiful snow-clad peaks, the height of which we estimated at 2000 feet.

On the same afternoon we anchored at Khatanga Island, at the mouth of the bay of the same name. How incorrectly this bay has been described may again be learned from the map. Khatanga Island had a very singular appearance. The northern side was about 250 feet high, and descended perpendicularly into the sea. From the northern summit the island sloped gradually away to the south, where its shores were finally lost in a sandbank, which stretched far out into Khatanga Bay. The island was about one mile from east to west, and one and a half mile from north to south. On its western side there is a very good anchorage, only protected, however, from the winds between N.E. and S.E. Its northern shore was quite covered with puffins and other species of birds, among which our guns made great destruction. Two polar bears were also shot here. At 9 P.M. we raised our anchor, and steered under alternate fog and clear weather for the north-east of the bay. The light nights were at an end, and it was now extremely dark about 10 P.M.

On the 25th of August, following the coast, we passed the North Bay, and then took our course eastward in four to eight fathoms of water. In the early morning of that day, which was a Sunday, there was a dense fog; but about 10 A.M. it completely dispersed, and the day became the warmest and most beautiful we had during our whole voyage along the coast of Siberia. The thermometer showed as high as + 4, 7°C. in the shade.

After we had passed the North Bay, the want of depth compelled us to go so far out to sea that we could barely keep sight of land. There we met with many *torosser* aground. *Toross* is the Russian designation for walls formed during the winter by the constant forcing up of the ice. They sometimes reach the height of 100 feet, and consist of ice-blocks cast one upon another, —the whole not unlike a heap of gigantic sugar-loaves lying topsy-turvy. These *torosser*, should they be of large dimensions, are not acted upon by the summer sun, but remain, and certainly constitute a good beacon for seamen to avoid the ground upon which they rest.

On the 26th of August we continued to follow the coast in an easterly direction in a depth of from six to eight fathoms, pursued by our old enemy, the fog. In the evening, at dusk, we sighted a long, narrow sandbank, which rose only a few feet above the level of the sea. We steered southwards towards land with the intention of sailing round its southern extremity; but after following the edge of the bank for about six hours, and as it then appeared to run quite up to the land, we turned and stood out towards the north. This sandbank, which at high water, or during darkness, is exceedingly dangerous for the navigation, lies about twenty-five miles from the delta at the mouth of the Lena; and its southern extremity is probably connected with Olenek Land. It lies north and south, and is probably cast up by the river Olenek and the western arm of the Lena.

After having gone round the sandbank, we proceeded on our voyage, steering eastwards for the Lena's most northerly mouth. At this point a pilot from Yakutsk was to meet us to take the steamer Lena up the river to that town.

As the river Lena has numerous mouths in its northern delta, it had been prearranged that the pilot, who, during the whole of the navigable season, must be found at the place, should set a sea-mark at that mouth where the greatest depth was obtainable. Our intention was to accompany the Lena to the mouth of the river, and remain there for a few days for scientific research. But on the night of the 27th August, when we were outside our proposed anchorage, we found navigable water and a favourable wind. The opportunity was too good to be allowed to slip out of our hands. In the utmost haste we closed our letters and telegrams to our friends at home and sent them on board the Lena. She was now left to her own devices to prosecute her journey to her place of destination. We spread our canvas, and making good speed, proceeded eastward to work out our way alone through the remaining portion of the North-east Passage. Our lesser companion had proved most useful to us, as whenever the water became shallow she preceded us and took soundings.

On the 28th August we were again among close but nevertheless navigable drift-ice. At mid-day we sighted Wasilieffski Island on our starboard bow, which we ought to have had on our other side far to the north. We had then not taken observations since the 26th.

During that interval of forty-eight hours the current from the rivers Lena and Yana had carried us 70 miles to the north. We went on the south side of Wasilieffski Island, from which there stretched out in a southerly direction a sandbank so low that it was only at a distance of eight miles from the island that we managed to pass it in a depth of eighteen feet. This proves the validity of the general rule that all islands north of Siberia are extremely flat on the southern side, but contrariwise, precipitous and deep on the northern, on which side they can usually be passed at a distance of a few hundred feet.

As Professor Nordenskiöld wished to land on Liakov Island, the most southerly of the New Siberian group, to collect mammoth and other fossil remains, the course was set for that island's western shore. On the 29th we had such exceedingly hard work among close drift-ice that it was only with the utmost difficulty we could go forward at all. Ultimately we succeeded in forcing our way through, and passed to the north of Stol-

bovoi Island, on the eastern side of which we found completely clear water for about ten miles. Here the log was heaved, and it was found that the Vega, using her sails alone, and with a favourable wind, was going at the rate of eleven knots an hour. This was the greatest speed attained during our voyage along the Siberian coast.

The following morning we stood in towards Liakov Island, to which, in consequence of the shallows, we could make no nearer approach than at four to five miles distance; and these shallows, in conjunction with an impending fog, made it impossible to go ashore. We therefore steered southward for Cape Sviatoi, the point of which we doubled, after much trouble with the ice, in the night between 30th and 31st August. From thence we had two days of exceedingly good weather, during which we sailed along by the coast in water all but quite free from ice. We required, however, to keep some little distance out, as the water was shallow. The coast here was very flat, and was almost invisible to us on account of fog.

On the night between the 2d and 3d of September the drift-ice closed up; the temperature, which had hitherto in general kept above zero, now fell below, and we had our first real snowfall. On the 3d of September, during the day, in a snowstorm, we rounded the point lying north-east of the mouth of Kolyma River. The coast here was somewhat high and mountainous. We sailed at some cables'-length distance from the coast, and with alternate snowstorms and clear weather passed between the Bear Islands. On the most easterly of these there stand four pillars, which, like so many beacons, spring erect above the land. These pillars, which are composed of some plutonic mineral, are, according to Baron von Wrangel, forty feet high. After passing the Bear Islands, and proceeding in an easterly direction among very compact drift-ice, during the night we steered north-east, with the hope of reaching that portion of land as yet untrodden by the foot of civilised man known as Wrangel Land, also sometimes called Kellet Land. The Americans and Russians have called this land after Admiral von Wrangel, who, during his three years' stay (1821-23) on the Siberian coast of the Arctic Sea, made two fruitless attempts to reach it (its existence being already known to the Tchuktchis) from Kolyma by means of dog-sledges.

The natives at Cape Yakan and North Cape * had repeatedly in very clear weather, most probably under peculiar atmospheric conditions, seen land in the north-east; this suggested to Admiral von Wrangel, (who was sent out by the Russian Government to survey the Siberian coast,) an endeavour to reach that land. Wrangel was met either by an impassable barrier of ice (high *torosser*) or by ice-fields here and there rent asunder, with large fissures between the latter, called by the Russians *polynjor*.† The result was that he had to return without arriving at or even seeing the land in question. As the natives relate that for some time past they have seen during the winter people unknown to them coming over the ice from the north-east, and returning the same way,

* By North Cape is meant here and hereafter, that promontory lying in lat. N. 68° 50′ and long. E. 180°, which properly should bear the name used by the natives, Irkaipi.

† It is a misapprehension of these *polynjor*, described by Wrangel, which first gave rise to the popular but groundless hypothesis of an open polar sea.

it is inferred that Wrangel Land is inhabited.

The English have called the land after their countryman Kellet, commander of the English man-of-war Herald, with which, in 1849, he endeavoured to penetrate thither. Kellet's attempt with that object, succeeded no better than Wrangel's. He arrived at an island, which received the name of Herald Island, from whence, under the atmospheric conditions formerly alluded to, he believed he saw Wrangel Land.

The American whaling-captain Long (of the barque Nile, 1867) is the last who saw and also took good bearings of the south coast of Wrangel Land, which he passed at a distance of twelve miles.

On the morning of the 4th of September, after having done our best during the night to force a passage through, we found our way towards the north-east completely barred by strong, compact drift-ice, united by newly-frozen ice two inches thick. There was nothing else to be done but to endeavour to make the land, which, during the night and after most fatiguing labour, we succeeded in reaching direct west of Cape Baranoff. Here we found a fairly broad channel, seven to eight fathoms deep, and free from ice. In future we made no further attempts to stand out northwards, where we invariably met with impenetrable ice, but kept the whole time as near the coast as the depth permitted. This is really the surest way of making progress, as on the coast there is the efflux of larger or smaller rivers, which either cause it to be free from ice, or keep the broken ice-fields in constant motion so long as they are not united by fresh ice.

On the 5th of September we kept along the coast in a navigable stream. In the afternoon we passed under steam and full sail, with a favourable wind, Tchaun Bay. This was the last time in 1878 that we had an opportunity to carry sail. After this the ice became so close, and our course was so intricate, that we could not use canvas. The night of the 6th September was the first night that the darkness prevented us from advancing. In future, during the darkest part of the twenty-four hours we had always to moor either to an ice-field, or, still better, to a portion of ground-ice.

On the 6th of September, during the day, we sighted the high land of Cape Shelagskoi, which we reached after some hours' struggle with a belt of drift-ice. Immediately to the east of this point we had our first sight of the natives, who came rowing towards us in two boats made of seal-hide. They could, however, afford us no information in regard to the coast or the condition of the ice, as they could speak no language but their own, Tchuktchis. After this we daily passed one or more native villages, and received visits from this kindly people. At Cape Shelagskoi the difficulties of the expedition seemed only to begin. From thence we encountered solid, compact ice, and could barely go forward two ship's-lengths without collision with the same. On the 7th September we passed Cape Yakan, and on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, worked our way through close, strong drift-ice, which was sometimes so impenetrable that we were compelled to moor to it and await some change in its position. Only such a mode of procedure made it possible for us to get on. Occasionally we might make one or two miles, but usually only a few lengths of the ship. With the steam constantly up, we were prepared to take advantage of the smallest opportunity afforded by the ice of going forward. Fogs,

shallows, and ground ice, were now the order of the day. For whole days in three fathoms of water, sometimes, indeed, with not more than a few inches under our keel, we had to push our way through drift and ground ice. These latter masses, larger and heavier than the Vega, had to be removed. When this could not be accomplished by pressure with the whole strength of our machinery, we had to make an onset and rush against it at full speed. Only a vessel so strong and well-constructed as the Vega, could for any length of time have stood such blows. To run at full speed against ground ice is equivalent to rushing against a fixed object. Either the ship or the ice must give way. Nevertheless our Vega went victorious out of the combat, not a single scratch appearing on her sides of scarlet oak.

She frequently stuck fast between two ground-ices, the only possibility of getting free being to blast with powder, or to hew away, by means of ice-tools, so much of their tops as lightened them sufficiently to allow them to float.

On the 12th of September, in the forenoon, we arrived at the North Cape, where we were detained six days by ice. The North Cape consists of two promontories, some hundred feet high, jutting out from the mainland. They enclose a shallow bay, about half a mile in length, with an inlet between north-east and north-west. In this bay the Vega lay shut up by the drift-ice. On the low sandbank which unites these promontories was situated a Tchuktchi village. We found the chief, Tcheporin, a particularly attractive man. It was very amusing to see his astonishment when, on one occasion, we invited him and his wife, Atanga, to the saloon, where he saw a number of things which to him appeared most wonderful. He was presented, among other articles, with an old gold braiding, which he bound round his wife's head like a diadem, placing the loop in the centre of her brow. Great was his delight at a performance on the barrel-organ. First he commenced to quiver in every limb, and soon he was dancing most vigorously. For hours he would contemplate his brown-yellow face in a mirror.

We here attempted to take a course of tidal observations, which, however, on account of our apparatus, and their collision with the ice, were unsatisfactory. The greatest deviation was only from five to seven inches. At last, at mid-day on the 18th of September, the ice dispersed so far as to permit us, creeping along the sandy coast in three fathoms of water, to continue our course towards our goal, Behring Strait.

The season of the year was now far advanced, and being acquainted with the sudden transition from summer to winter in the Arctic regions, we knew that at any time winter might set in in earnest, and make all further progress impossible. From this time the temperature was invariably below zero.

On the evening of the 18th, during the darkness, while forcing a belt of ground-ice, we touched the bottom; but the following morning, at 4 o'clock, we were again on the way quite uninjured.

On the 19th of September we succeeded in pushing our way forward about fifty miles. On the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, our combat with the ice was continued, and we made very little progress. On the 26th we rounded Cape Wankarem, where we found tolerably clear water, caused by the rapidly flowing river of the same name. The same evening we also doubled Cape Onman, and on the

following day we went right across Koliutchin Bay, passing close to Koliutchin Island. In the evening we moored close west of the north-east point of the bay.

The 28th of September was a cold but clear morning. The sea had, during the night, been covered with a layer of ice one to two inches thick. We rounded the point, but afterwards could only push our way forward about four miles when we had again to moor. I little thought on the morning of that day that this would be the last time during 1878 that our vessel would be on the onward move. We had before encountered stronger ice, and fought against greater difficulties; and now to reach Behring Strait we had only 120 miles to accomplish of the 4000 which constitute the length of the Old World's northern shores.

At first no one would realise that we might be compelled to pass the winter here, but hoped for a change in the weather, and for a storm which would break and disperse the ice. But instead of this, however, the cold increased, and the new ice which connected the drift-floes daily became stronger, and the weather remained quite calm. Here we were to spend the winter—here where the American whalers find yearly quite navigable water several weeks later than the 28th of September. The situation of our wintering station was, according to observations, lat. N. 67° 7′, and long. W. 173° 24′, 4500 feet out from a flat sandy beach, entirely unprotected from all winds excepting the south. Between the Vega and the shore were two sandbanks, the nearest having ten feet of water, the other still less.

At the outset of the expedition my impression was that the greatest difficulties in making the North-east Passage would be experienced in rounding Cape Tchelyuskin and possibly the coasts on both sides of the same—namely, from Taimyr Island to Khatanga Bay. All available accounts, however, agree that the coast between Cape Yakan or North Cape and Behring Strait is quite free of ice during the summer and autumn. When we had successfully rounded Cape Tchelyuskin, and had passed Cape Yakan so early as the 7th of September (therefore in good time), we calculated with certainty upon being able to pass Behring Strait the same year. On the contrary, our greatest difficulties commenced at Cape Yakan, and instead of diminishing in the same degree, the farther we proceeded eastward, they became still greater and greater. We have good cause to infer that the condition of the ice in 1878 was peculiarly unfavourable, and that, under ordinary circumstances, we should have reached Behring Strait without difficulty, and immediately thereafter the Pacific Ocean. We had now to content ourselves with having arrived at the entrance to Behring Strait during the first summer. As proof of the condition of these waters in other years, I quote the following from statistics supplied by the United States Admiralty:—

1st, On the 21st September 1867, the American barque Massachusetts, Captain Williams, reached lat. N. 74° 30′, long. W. 173° (the same longitude as our winter station), from whence no ice could be discovered round the compass. Captain Williams, an old whaler, and a man well acquainted with these waters, adds further, in his report, that he is convinced that no ice exists from the middle of August until the 1st of October south of lat. 70° and west of long. W. 170°, and that there is seldom a year when it is not possible dur-

ing the month of September to sail in navigable water between North Cape and Behring Strait.

2d, Captain Niebaum, also an experienced ice navigator, relates that Behring Strait is open till the first days of November, and that he on two occasions sailed through that Strait as late as the 22d of October.

3d, In the year 1869, the barque Navy anchored at Koliutchin Island on the 8th of October, and sailed from thence to Behring Strait on the 10th of the same month. No ice was then to be seen.

4th, In 1867, the barque Nile, Captain Long, reached lat. N. 70° 41′, long. E. 170° 20′, coming from and returning to Behring Strait.

5th, The same year the barque Monticello went 150′ farther west. Annually many small American coasting traders sail along the shores of Siberia even farther west, and carry on a bartering trade with the natives. We had evidence of this in the fact, that among all the natives we have met, numbering more than a thousand, we have not met one who did not know a few English words.

More than fifty large vessels engaged in sealing and whaling north of Behring Strait swarm thereabout in all directions.

The natives inhabiting the coast of Siberia between Cape Shelagskoi and the southern part of Behring Strait are called Tchuktchis, as already mentioned. Their number is estimated to be about 3000, including a nomadic tribe called the Rein-Tchuktchis, who subsist by keeping reindeer herds. These form a link between their brethren on the coast and the inland tribes of Siberia, to the latter of whom they dispose of their goods, consisting of seal and walrus hides, walrus-teeth, &c., which they receive from the country population in exchange for reindeer-hides.

The coast population live in villages numbering from three to twenty tents, spread along the coast as near the shore as possible, and at a few miles' distance from each other.

The Tchuktchis are divided into two sections, each with its respective chief. The eastern population have for their chief Menka, who resides at Markowa on the Anadyr River. The western, again, are under the chief Amra Urgin, who resides in the vicinity of Kolyma River.

The tent of the coast Tchuktchis consists of a peculiar and cleverly constructed frame of wood, the material for which is obtained from drift-logs, with which the shore is plentifully strewed. This is covered with a number of seal and walrus hides carefully sewn together. Inside the tent, and right before the entrance, is a smaller cubiform tent, made of reindeer-skins, and used as the sleeping chamber. During the cold season it is heated by blubber-lamps. Even during severe cold the atmosphere within this tent is so heated that the natives who occupy it, without distinction of sex or age, lie almost nude. The dimensions of the tent depend upon the number of the family. In each tent generally dwells only one family, in which are included the sisters and brothers of the married couple before they settle for themselves.

The Tchuktchis, the children of nature in the Arctic regions, fostered amongst ice, snow, and cold, familiarised with bloody scenes in the seal, whale, and walrus hunt, without any of the influences of civilisation, are, notwithstanding, a good-natured, friendly, hospitable, and honest people.

Although the Vega during the

long winter was daily visited by at least twenty natives, it was only on two or three occasions that they were found guilty of dishonestly appropriating anything, and these thefts were of the most trifling description.

The Tchuktchis are a people of small stature, although among them may be found perfect giants; as, for instance, a woman whom we saw 6 feet 3 inches tall. Their complexion is sallow, the men's being usually darker than that of the women. Occasionally, however, one may see, especially among the women, a complexion as fair and clear as that of the inhabitants of Northern Europe. The eyes are black, and often set oblique like the Chinese. The hair, which is coal-black, is worn by the men cut quite short; while the women allow it to grow freely, part it in the middle of the brow, and wear it in plaits of twelve to eighteen inches long, which hang down at each ear. They also wear a lock combed down and cut across which covers half of the forehead. The men also use a similar lock, and sometimes a long tuft at the crown of the head. This tuft is worn, so far as I could learn, only by chiefs.

Their clothing is made principally of reindeer-skin, and consists of a *pesk* or blouse reaching to the knees, with an opening at the top just sufficient for the head to pass through. In addition, the men have tight-fitting trousers of reindeer-skin, which are tucked down into boots of the same material, the latter with soles of walrus-hide. The women also wear trousers, but those are wide, ending immediately below the knee, where they are similarly tucked into the boots.

In the outer clothing the hairy side of the skin is always to the exterior; but, on the contrary, the hairy side of those articles worn next the body during the cold season is turned inwards. A close-fitting hood of reindeer-skin, and mittens of the same material, complete their dress. In this costume they defy any kind of weather. Often so clad, night after night, even in the most severe cold, they pursue their seal-fishing miles away from the shore without any other protection from the icy winds.

The weapons of the Tchuktchis consist of a bow and arrows, a spear —which, like the arrows, has a point of iron or of bone — a knife, and a kind of sling, used for catching birds. The iron for the arrow and spear heads is obtained from the Americans and Russians in their bartering transactions. They themselves have no iron at their command, nor any knowledge of its working.

To their hunting implements belong the sealing-net, made of finely-cut strips of seal-hide, netted with a three-inch mesh. With these the young seals, which form their principal food, are caught. The net is extended between two blocks of ice, and the seals get entangled in its meshes, and so become an easy prey to the hunters.

Their dog-sledges, which are constructed of thin pieces of wood, tied together with strips of seal-hide, combine to a high degree strength with elasticity, and are singularly light.

Their mode of conveyance by sea is the *kajak*, or the "large boat." The kajak, quite similar to the Greenland kajak, is covered with seal-hide: it only carries one man, who propels it by means of a common kajak oar or paddle. The "large boat," which also resembles the boat used in Greenland under the name of the "women's-boat," is upwards of thirty feet long. It is rowed by six to ten men, with common

oars, or *pagajas.* This boat is constructed of a thin wooden frame, covered with seal and walrus hides. It has a flat bottom, from which its sides project at right angles. Its carrying capacity is very great. I have seen such boats having thirty people on board.

The hammer of the Tchuktchis consists of a stone tied to a stick; their spade, of a walrus's shoulder-blade fastened to a stick; and in the same manner they contrive other necessary domestic utensils and tools. They are perfect masters in the art of joining by means of thongs of seal-hide.

The principal food of the natives consists of seal-flesh and blubber, in addition to which they use feathered game, bear and reindeer flesh, when such can be obtained. The roots of certain shore-plants, also willow-leaves, ranunculus, and saxifrage, &c., enter pretty largely into their diet. The leaves are collected in the latter end of summer, pressed, and consumed during the winter; and in these they are provided with a powerful anti-scorbutic. During the winter, when getting short of other provisions, the bones of seals and walruses caught during summer are crushed, and prepared in the form of a broth or soup, which is consumed by both men and dogs. Of the latter there are a great number in every village, which are chiefly employed in conveying their owners by sledge from one place to another. Although these dogs are not large, three or four of them can with ease carry a man long distances. When the Tchuktchis undertakes long journeys of 300 to 500 miles, he often has as many as eighteen dogs harnessed to his sledge, with which he is able to accomplish seventy to eighty miles a-day.

During the first half of the winter we were daily visited by twenty to thirty natives, who got any food the crew might have left. Besides this, they received a considerable quantity of bread from the ship's stores. They made themselves useful in several small ways, such as sawing wood, carrying ice, &c., &c. In the beginning of February, when their provisions began to run short, they all removed from Pitlekai (the nearest village to us) to another village farther east, called Naskai, where they raised temporary tents, and carried on seal-fishing in the open water to be found in the vicinity. About this time the natives made a great haul, allowing to each tent twenty-five to fifty young seals. Besides seals, they got in the same vicinity a good catch of a fish resembling cod.

At first we had some difficulty in holding communication with the natives, but we soon picked up a sufficient number of words to make ourselves intelligible. Lieutenant Nordqvist, who paid special attention to the language of the Tchuktchis, ultimately became tolerably familiar with it. I here give some specimens: *anka*, sea; *atleatle*, snow; *eck*, fire; *ergatik*, to-morrow; *etlongat*, to-day; *ee*, yes; *juranga*, tent; *jo*, wind; *kau kau*, food; *koy koy*, cold; *mimil*, water; *murgin*, my; *oinga*, no, nothing; *oumko*, bear; *ounkri*, ptarmigan; *outout*, wood; *rurka*, walrus; *tintin*, ice; *tirkir*, sun; *tschagurgin*, go; *tschepiska*, sleep; *tschopak*, dog; *tschopagat*, drive with dogs; *turgin*, yours.

After the 28th of September, the day on which our further progress was completely arrested, we still cherished a hope of getting free, and accomplishing the remaining little distance to Behring Strait the same autumn; but gradually this hope died out, and we began in earnest to think of the impending

winter. With regard to the ship there was really nothing to do, as all preparations to resist an Arctic winter had already been made.

We fitted up the winter tent, the top rope of which was fixed midway up the masts, and from thence extended to the bulwarks. That the daylight might not be shut out from the saloon, the tent was not erected over the quarter-deck. The deck was covered with six inches of snow, which aided considerably in the exclusion of the cold from that quarter. The engine was kept during the whole winter in such a condition that at three hours' notice it could be set in motion.

The vessel was heated by means of four stoves and the galley. One of the stoves was placed in the saloon, one in the engine-room, one between decks, and one in the second mess. With these heating appliances we had no difficulty in keeping up an equable temperature in all parts of the vessel even during the most severe cold (47° C.) For fuel, part coals and part driftwood were used, the latter brought from the neighbouring shore. For heating purposes we consumed about 12 cwt. of coal weekly.

As I feared that the thick and rapidly-forming ice might press with too great a force on the vessel, I endeavoured at first to keep her free of the ice on the one side by opening, by means of the saw, a three-feet-broad channel. Soon, however, this work had to be abandoned as the cold overpowered us. After opening up the stream the one day, on the next we found it covered with ice six to eight inches thick. Should there happen to be a snowstorm during the night, it was immediately filled up with snow, and then the ice became still thicker.

From the 1st of December until the 1st of April, magnetic observations were made every hour; and in addition, on the 1st and 15th of every month, observations were made every five minutes. Meteorological observations were also taken every hour, from the 1st December till the 1st of April; for the remainder of our stay, only every four hours. These observations were conducted by eleven persons, of which nine were men of science and officers, and two of the crew. The watch lasted for six hours, and the person on duty remained in the observatory all that time. The magnetic observatory consisted of a building twelve feet long and ten feet broad erected on the land one hundred feet from the shore, and formed of sawn ice-blocks of an equal size. That we might, during snowstorms and darkness, have communication with the vessel without risk of losing our way, ice-pillars were raised at a distance of forty feet from each other, between which ropes were stretched.

During the whole time we were shut up, the wind blew almost continually from N.N.W. to N.W. Winds from other quarters were exceptional. The winds between E.N.E., N., and S.W. were cold; while, on the contrary, the winds from S. and S.E. brought a milder temperature. In the first part of the winter, before the ice became too thick, the E. and S.E. winds broke it up and formed large holes or clefts north and east of the vessel. In a heavy northerly storm at the beginning of November, the newly-frozen ice one foot thick, pressing against the older and stronger, which lay aground on the outer sandbank directly astern of us, broke and piled up into *torosser* of some twenty feet high. On the same occasion the ice shot up on to

the flat beach and accumulated in several places so as to form ice-walls of a similar height. On the 1st of January, about seven miles N.N.E. of the vessel, there was a channel running east and west, which was so broad that from its southern edge the northern was not discernible. During the latter part of the winter, when the cold became more intense, we could see no open water from our mast-head, but a continuous ice-field, whose even surface was only broken here and there by some old ice-blocks which had been frozen in by the new ice. Still, on several occasions we saw the so-called "water-sky," from which we inferred that open holes were to be found, although at a great distance. When in the month of May we opened up a channel on the one side of the vessel, the ice nearest us measured seven feet thick.

A table at the foot of this page * shows the thickness of the ice, which was measured on the 1st and 15th of every month; while another indicates the medium, maximum, and minimum temperature for every month.

In Sweden it is usually quite calm as soon as the temperature falls to 20° and under. At our winter station, we often had strong wind with 38°, and storm with 30° and under. When the temperature fell under 40° it was generally calm or a light breeze, under 45° we had a complete calm. To go long stretches against a fresh breeze with 30° cold, or even colder, was anything but agreeable—nose, cheeks, and ears were easily liable to be frost-bitten. This can be obviated, however, without much difficulty by binding a thin silk handkerchief over the nose, and letting the corners hang down over the mouth, by which inspiration is made less disagreeable than otherwise it would be. During the whole winter we had only a few very trifling injuries from the frost, notwithstanding that we were out in all possible weathers.

In the severest and coldest storms the watch in the magnetic observatory had to be changed every six hours. In the course of the winter we had some uncommonly high readings of the barometer—as, for example, on February 17th, at 6 P.M., 790 m.m. at 67° Fahr., or reduced to decimals, = 788,1 m.m., —which is four millimetres higher than the highest reading recorded in the literature we have on board.

From the beginning of the month of December we made hourly tidal observations. Ebb and flood could scarcely be distinguished. The greatest variation during the spring-tide was only six to eight inches. The water-level, however, varied

* THICKNESS OF THE ICE.

	Ft.
November 1, 1878,	0.96
December 1, "	1.90
December 15, "	2 70
January 1, 1879,	3.10
February 1, "	3.65
February 15, "	4.04
March 1, "	4.16
March 15, "	4.24
April 1, "	4.30
April 15, "	4.68
May 1, "	5.20
May 15, "	5.45
June 1, "	5 20
June 15, "	5.10

TABLE OF TEMPERATURE (CENTIGRADE), TAKEN ON BOARD THE VEGA DURING 1878-79 AT L.N. 67° 7′, L.W. 173° 24′.

	Medium.	Maximum.	Minimum.
October 1878,	— 5°.21	+ 0°.8	— 20°.8
November "	— 16° 59	— 6°.3	— 27°.2
December "	— 22°.81	+ 1°.2	— 37°.1
January 1879,	— 25° 05	— 4°.1	— 45°.5
February "	— 25°.08	+ 0° 2	— 43°.8
March "	— 21°.65	— 4°.2	— 39° 8
April "	— 18°.93	— 4°.6	— 38°.0
May "	— 6°.79	+ 1°.8	— 26°.8
June "	— 0°.60	+ 6°.8	— 14°.3

greatly according to the direction and strength of the wind. The extent of these changes was different for different winds; south-east and south winds usually brought high water, two to three feet over the common water-level. These observations were made by means of the following apparatus. A metal wheel of the circumference of a metre was fixed on the top of the boom. Over that wheel was laid a fine brass-wire line, the thickness of a common log-line, the two ends of which were taken down through the rudder-hole, one upon each side of the helm. The one end was carried through a hole made in the ice beside the rudder, and fastened to two bars of iron which were sunk to the bottom; the other was fixed to a cannon-ball at such a height that it was suspended in the centre of the rudder-hole. The cannon-ball served to keep the line constantly on the stretch. A board with foot and inch measurements was placed between the boom and the deck, and on the line an indicator which, according as the vessel rose or fell, pointed out on the scale the rising and falling of the water.

As we wintered in lat. N. 67° 7′, we had not to endure the tedium of constant darkness, which is one of the trials of a winter spent in these regions in higher latitudes. On the darkest day of the year, the sun, with the aid of refraction, showed half its disc above the horizon at mid-day. In the saloon, from 10 A.M. until 2 P.M. we had as much light as permitted us both to read and write. Outside, one could readily find their way about from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M.

Christmas was celebrated in the usual Swedish style—with Christmas-tree, Christmas presents, fish, and sweet-porridge. Christmas Eve was spent between decks, which for the occasion was decorated with suitable flags and signals. A wooden spar with willow-branches (which had been brought from inland) tied to it, did duty as a Christmas-tree. It was hung with paper-flags and 200 presents, which latter were divided by lottery among the whole company.

During the winter we had several opportunities of sending home news of us, of which we naturally took advantage, although uncertain if these communications would ever arrive at their intended destination. So early as October we were visited by the chief Menka, mentioned before, and by him we sent letters and telegrams to Anadyrsk, to be forwarded from thence to Sweden. There is, however, no regular postal communication between Anadyrsk and the larger Siberian towns lying further west. The letters would not arrive at Nijni Kolymsk until March, when a great annual market is held there. From thence they would be conveyed by visitors to the market homeward bound to Yakutsk, with which regular communication exists. In this way we could not expect our letters to arrive in Sweden before June or July. On several occasions we sent letters with natives on the homeward trip to Nijni Kolymsk, to be forwarded in a similar manner.

As far as the weather permitted the crew always followed their various occupations in the open air, and it was only in extremely severe weather that they were allowed to work under deck. During their leisure hours they had access to an exceedingly well supplied library; and for their profit and amusement suitable lectures were given every Saturday evening during the darkest season—which, thanks to our scientific companions, were as interesting as they were instructive. In addition to the common rations, in regard to which the subjoined

table * of dietary gives information, the crew received daily during the spring months two cubic inches of cranberry-preserve twice a-week, five cubic inches mulberry-preserve four times a-week, pickles, besides fresh fish or reindeer-flesh as often as they could be obtained by barter from the natives—usually once a-week.

As something remarkable, and, so far as known to me, unexampled in the instances on record of winters passed in these regions, not a symptom of scurvy appeared on board the Vega during our stay. In my opinion our exemption may be attributed to the following circumstances:—

1st, That we were supplied with sound, good, and, for our habits, suitable food.

2d, That we never had un-

* Bill of Fare for the Vega.

	Breakfast.	Dinner.	Evening Meal.
No. 1.	Butter, 0.06 lb. Coffee, 0.10 ,, Sugar, 0.08 ,,	Salt pork, ... 0.75 lb. Pickled or preserved cabbage, 0.75 ,, Preserved potatoes, . . 0.12 ,, Extract of beef, . . . 0.02 ,, Preserved vegetables, . . 0.05 ,, Rice, ... 0.50 ,, Raisins, ... 0.05 ,, Rum or brandy, . . . 1 gill.	Butter, . 0.06 lb. Tea, . . 0.02 ,, Sugar, . 0.08 ,, Cheese, . 0.12 ,, Barley, .
No. 2.	Same as No. 1.	Preserved meat, . . . 1 ration. Preserved potatoes, . . 0.12 lb. Preserved vegetables, . . 0.05 ,, Preserved onions, . . 1 ration. Extract of beef, . . . 0.02 lb. Brandy or rum, . . . 1 gill.	Same as No. 1, but without cheese.
No. 3.	Same as No. 1.	Salt pork, ... 1 lb. Peas, ... Extract of beef, . . . Barley, ... Brandy or rum, . . .	Same as No. 2.
No. 4.	Butter, 0.06 lb. Chocolate, 0.10 ,,	Salt beef, ... 1 lb. Macaroni, ... 0.15 ,, *or* Brown beans, ... 0.10 ,, Preserved green peas, . . 1 ration. Fruit-soup, ... 1 ,, Brandy or rum, . . .	Same as No. 2.
No. 5.	Same as No. 4.	Preserved collops, *or* preserved beef *à la mode*, . Preserved potatoes, . . 0.12 lb. Preserved onions, . . 1 ration. Fruit-soup, ... Brandy or rum, . . .	Same as No. 2.

Besides, every man was allowed—

Daily,—1¼ lb. dry bread or 1¼ lb flour (two-thirds wheat and one-third rye), 0.03 lb. tobacco, and 1 cubic inch lime-juice.

Per week,—1 lb. flour, 0.30 lb. butter, 0.21 lb. salt, 0.03 lb. pepper, 0.07 lb. mustard, and 2 cubic inches vinegar.

No. 1.—When fresh meat and vegetables could be got, they were substituted for those in No. 2, in accordance with the regulations in the Royal Navy.

No. 2.—The different numbers were distributed in the following manner: No. 1, Sundays; No. 2, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; No. 3, Thursdays; No. 4, Tuesdays; No. 5, Saturdays.

No. 3.—Besides those already mentioned, we had several extra articles of provision—viz., pickles, preserved milk, mulberry-jam, &c.

broken darkness, which exercises a depressing influence on the spirits.

3d, That we did not suffer from damp of any moment on board, consequent on the Vega's thick sides, and an equable heat being preserved: and,

4th, That we all led an industrious life.

Spring seemed to delay her coming. On the 31st of May the sun was circumpolar; but notwithstanding, its rays were yet without sufficient strength to dissolve the masses of snow which were accumulated on the land. Not until the middle of June did the snow begin noticeably to diminish day by day, and in the beginning of July the ground was for the most part bare. Immediately after the melting of the snow the land became green, and the flowers sprang up. It is wonderful how rapidly winter and summer succeed one another in the Arctic regions. No sooner has a tuft become bare, than it is verdant and flower-clad. This sudden change is absolutely necessary in order that, during the short summer of barely two months, everything may quickly mature and furnish seed for another growth.

While the snow was melting, a great number of birds had gathered and hovered about the streams and lagoons which lay at a longer or shorter distance from shore. Our hunters had occupation from morning till night, and our table was always supplied with feathered game of every description, the most appreciated being geese and sandpipers. The melting of both floating and ground ice went on rapidly during this time. In the vicinity of the ship, the thickness of the ice diminished one or two inches daily, depending on whether the wind was north or south. The former brought a colder, and the latter, which often blew a gale, a warmer atmosphere. Open holes and long narrow runnels began to appear to the north and north-east of the vessel. These opened and closed according to the quarter from whence the wind blew, whether south or north, which indicated that the ice outside was in motion. In the beginning and middle of July, a great quantity of water stood on the ice to the inward of the vessel, and communication with the land became daily more and more difficult.

On the 18th of July, during a stiff breeze from the south, I noticed that the line to our tidometer showed astern; and immediately after, I saw the ice to the landward of us separating from the outer ground-ice belt. The engine-fires were lit, and at half-past 4 P.M. the vessel was set in motion. Half an hour later, we were out in a channel which continually increased in breadth the farther we proceeded, and before evening we were in a comparatively navigable sea. After a detention of nine months and twenty days, we had at last got away as quietly and with as little risk or trouble as if we had gone out to sea from a common harbour.

On Sunday the 20th of July, at 11 A.M., we passed East Cape, and had then quite completed the North-east Passage. In celebration of this event, the national flag was hoisted and a salute given. The same evening we anchored at the mouth of St Lawrence Bay.

The North-east Passage has unquestionably been accomplished for the first time by the Swedish steamship Vega. I attribute the circumstance that this has occupied a year, when it ought to have taken only two months, had there been no special difficulties, to the unusually unfavourable condition of the ice during September 1878.

To answer the question, If the North-east Passage can annually be made in one season? I am not able, because the ice conditions are so

different in different years. The part of the sea nearest the coast is certainly free from ice, during the summer and autumn months, opposite to and east from the efflux of a river; but against this must be placed the difficulties to be met with at and around Cape Tchelyuskin and Taimyr Island. That a passage is to be found there also once or several times in the summer is equally certain, but that may occur so late that before one can reach Behring Strait the winter has again set in. At the same time, I will not by any means say that there may not be found there during the whole summer and autumn a channel free from ice; but as there is no river effluent in the vicinity of Cape Tchelyuskin and Taimyr Island, which, with sufficient strength, can force the ice northwards, as is the case with the great rivers Obi, Yenisei, Lena, and Kolyma, it may be inferred that the ice there is principally influenced by the winds—namely, that the north wind forces the ice towards land, the south having a contrary effect, and that, consequently, the doubling of these points cannot be calculated upon with certainty at any time, even during the navigable season. The North-east Passage cannot, therefore, in its entirety be made available for the purposes of commerce; but still, an annual traffic might easily be carried on from the westward to the Obi and Yenisei, and from the eastward to the Lena. Unquestionably the way now lies open to Siberia's three greatest rivers; and that land, so rich in minerals, timber, and grain, whose export and import trade has hitherto been conducted by means of caravans, ought now to obtain a practicable route as a connecting link between the New and Old Worlds. In regard to the communication with Yenisei, since Professor Nordenskiöld, for the first time, reached that river in 1875, it has been annually visited by European vessels, conveying European commodities to Siberia, and returning from thence loaded with Siberian products. The traffic to the Lena will probably be taken up by American traders; and the safety of the voyage there and back should be insured when a chart of the Siberian coast has been obtained, as also by the employment of strong and swift steamers.

At St Lawrence Bay we remained only till mid-day on the 21st of July, when we weighed anchor and steered over to the American side, where we anchored at Port Clarence. We remained there till the 26th, when we again crossed over to the Asiatic side, and anchored in Konyam Bay. From thence we went, on the 28th, to St Lawrence Island, remaining there from the 31st of July till the 2d of August. We then steered for Behring Island, where we anchored at its south-west point on August 14. We found here a small village with a church, and twenty-five wooden houses built and owned by an American firm, Hutchinson, Kohl, Philippens, & Co., who here, and on the neighbouring islands, carry on seal-fishing. The inhabitants of the island, consisting of a few Russian Government officials, some *employés* of the Company and natives of the Aleutian Islands, make in all about 300, who reside in the village. There we received our first news from Europe through American newspapers, whereof the last were printed in San Francisco in April 1879, and brought from thence by one of the Company's steamers. On the 19th of August we left Behring Island and set our course for Yokohama, where we arrived on the evening of the 2d of September.

REATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME.—PART XII.

CHAPTER XLI.—MORNING WALKS.

"Ein freundlich Wort nur sprich, Ein Wort vernimm,
So ist der Zauber, der euch trennt, gebrochen—
. . . . . o der Stolz ist schlimm—
Das Eine Wort blieb ungesprochen."
—GEIBEL.

THE woods near Steinbühl were at their height of beauty in the early morning hours. At mid-day, when the sun blazed down upon the fields and open places, their deep shadow was a pleasant retreat; but it was when the first beams came slanting through the branches, to rouse the birds and make the dew-drops sparkle, that the woods were at their loveliest, their freshest.

It is six o'clock now, and Reata is coming along under the shadow of the spreading trees: slowly, and rather dejectedly, she is walking, with her hat pulled down over her eyes; her dress trails along in the grass, heavy with the damp of early morning—she has not got the energy to hold it up. It seems almost as if her energy were ebbing away with every moment, for her steps get slower and more reluctant; there is less and less spring and elasticity in them after every minute. Listlessly she moves on, not looking right or left at the flowers she was wont to love so well, treading over the little bits of mossy stick that strew the forest path, while the leafy branches above her checker her dress and her hat with light and shade—light and shade mixing and following on each other, and returning at ry step she makes.

Not far into the depths of the d there is a clear space, where trees have been cut down, and tle chapel has once been built, e fifty years ago—a very rustic little chapel, and, to say the truth, a very ugly one; only now it is perhaps less ugly than it was fifty years ago, when the whitewash of its walls was still staringly new, and the paint of its door still painfully green. Walls and door have considerably modified their hues with time. The walls have got darker, the door has got lighter, with age; but even now it can hardly, by the greatest stretch of concession, be called picturesque. The whole construction does not much exceed the size of a sentry-box; and you could not go into it, but you could stand on the door-step and peer in through a grating (which has once been green, like the door, but has long since parted with its gaudy colouring) at a vivid representation of a dreadful and impossible-looking accident—a tree falling upon and crushing a family of wood-cutters, father, mother, and five children all lying on their faces, meekly awaiting their fate, while the gigantic trunk hovers in mid-air, evidently taking its time about completing its work of destruction. Or, when your feelings have been sufficiently lacerated by this affecting sight, you can turn to the more cheerful one of four little pottery figures standing in a row upon the altar—legless, armless, wedge-shaped—proclaimed by their wide-open mouths, and the scarlet flames painted in a neat little pattern below them, to be disembodied spirits going through their time of expiation for the follies and foibles of their

lives. Two of the sufferers are male and two female, the latter only distinguished by the length of their hair—a dark man and a fair man, a dark woman and a fair woman. (This is, I suppose, intended to impress upon the rustic mind that if you have been wicked in this life you will have to suffer for it, whatever the colour of your hair may be. It is a pity, by the by, that the idea has not been further carried out by adding a grey-haired man and a grey-haired woman—or would this be considered disrespectful to old age?) For symmetry they are placed in couples—the dark-haired man near the fair-haired woman, and the fair man near the dark woman.

Reata is in front of the chapel this morning; but she is not peering through the rusty grating. She has done so often before. She knows each one of the seven members of the wood-cutter's family by heart; and in her solitary rambles she has got intimately acquainted with the dark and the blond couple. But to-day she does not look at them. She is not alone. There is a man talking to her—a man with a fresh complexion and a thick head of hair. He talks a great deal and at a great rate, in an oily, cringy voice, in which there is a strong dash of insolence, and now and then rubs his hands softly together. She stands half-a-dozen paces away from him, and answers him sometimes coldly, sometimes angrily. Every moment she looks furtively round her; and now she starts, as something rustles in a bush close by. It is only a rabbit, who has put his foot on a dry stick, and scampers away over the moss, terrified at what he has done.

Everything is quiet around. She need not fear interruption; few people pass this way and at this hour. The morning sun is shining only upon the moss-grown trunks and branches, upon the tall ghostly hemlock and the purple vetches of the wood, upon her and the man she is talking to.

It is half-past six now, and she is still talking to him.

"Why will you not leave me in peace?" she says, angrily. "What good can it do you to persecute me in this manner? Even if you betray me, it will not benefit you in the end."

"No, not in the end. Just so; you are perfectly right. But you see, my dear Fräulein Lackenegg"—he pronounces each syllable of the name with unpleasant distinctness; and Reata colours violently, and turns away her head,—"Lacken-egg, ha! ha! ha!—you see how anxious I am to oblige you. When a man wants to live, he must take advantage of these little opportunities, which come, I may say, unbidden, in his way. A man must live, you see. It is all that beast Le-Vendeur's fault. If he hadn't turned me off I should not be here at all just now—I should not be having the pleasure" (with a flourishing bow) "of this little conversation with you."

"Have the goodness to treat my friends with respect," Reata says, coldly.

"With respect? Just so"—and he rubs his hands again softly. "That meeting at the ball was the greatest piece of luck—quite the greatest piece of luck, I may say—which has come to me for many a day. I would have been a fool, a great fool, a most extraordinary fool, I think I may say, if I had let this little advantage slip away, and had not come down here to see what fortune had in store for me. To have a look at the country, I tell the good people; and they believe me, ha! ha! ha!—not bad!"

"I will not stop a minute longer

here," Reata says, feeling ready to cry with vexation, but looking dignified and distant. "I wish I had never come. I feel myself degraded by having talked to you. It is the last time, remember. Never you dare to try it again!" And as he catches her look of determination, the fresh-complexioned man feels convinced that it is the last time.

"Just as you wish, my dear Fräulein Lackenegg—Lac-ken-egg. I have no wish to annoy you—no wish at all, I may say. Why should we not each oblige the other? You can oblige me, you know; and I am happy to say that it is in my power to oblige you still more—yes, still more, I may say. I would not do it for any one else—no, certainly not; for as a lawyer I would feel myself bound to make use of the information *ex officio*. It is only as an old friend, ha! ha! ha! that I can reconcile it with my conscience to pass over the matter *sub silentio*—old friendship, just so, ha! ha! ha!"

This is at half-past six o'clock. At thirty-five minutes past six, Reata, making a step nearer to the man, pushes an envelope into his hand, and commands him to go, which he does with alacrity, after another flourishing bow. At thirty-six minutes past six, Reata, turning and walking away quickly, stops and staggers for a second, as her eyes suddenly light upon the form of another man standing near a tree. It is Arnold. She knows it is Arnold before even she has seen him distinctly. When the branches still half hide him, her terror-stricken heart tells her it is him; and now he is standing in front of her, and she sees him.

It is not an unusual hour for Arnold to be up at, but it is an unusual place. His morning rounds lie in the farm and the fields, not in the wood; but this is not one of his usual morning rounds. He has come to the wood for the sake of the green branches and the fresh air; to swallow as much forest air as he can after a hot sleepless night—the first feverish night that has ever come to him in his life; for it is either want of health, or want of spirits, or harassing cares, that rob people of their sleep, and make them pace up and down their bedroom floor for hours. Arnold's health has always been excellent, and his spirits equal, and care has not had the power to harass him till now. But now with its heavy fingers it has seized upon him, and all last night it has driven him up and down, and round and round, his room, from the door to the window, from the window back to the door again, until at the very earliest streak of light he left his room and the house, and went to walk in the woods—over grass and moss instead of over deal boards and carpets. He has been here some time now: he was in a farther part of the wood when Reata came along slowly and dejectedly, with her draggled skirts trailing in the grass; and two minutes ago, on emerging from the trees, he has seen her putting a letter into a man's hand, and as the man slunk away into the shadows, he has recognised him to be Mr Fadenhecht.

For one second Reata has staggered, and for about the space of thirty seconds her presence of mind forsakes her. It is so unexpected, and yet it is the very thing she has been dreading and fearing—that this man of all others should have surprised her, at this moment of all others. Arnold has not spoken to her since yesterday forenoon when they parted coldly. He is not cold now; there is a raging heat in his

face, and in his eyes such a fire of anger that she quails and trembles before it, and would fain escape from it, but she dares not.

"What are you doing here?" he asks roughly, and the very roughness of the tone gives back to her a little of her presence of mind; she could bear anything rather than that terrible silence. The very excess of her fright shows her that she must do something, that she must maintain her dignity in some measure. If she were less frightened she would probably have appeared more so. She puts out all her strength of self-command and tries to appear indifferent, unmoved —tries to hide her fright and her confusion from the eyes of the man whose appearance has so frightened and confused her.

"What right have you to question me?" she says, and it seems to herself that her voice is trembling pitiably. She is standing beside a tree—a tree with wide-spreading branches that sweep down earthwards, and a firm, broad, knotty trunk. She puts her shoulder against it, and with this support feels twice as strong, has even courage enough to look at him.

"What have you come here for?" he repeats, more loudly.

"To take a walk, I suppose, as you are doing." She is determined to carry off her position as well as it will let itself be carried off, and she is succeeding pretty well. Her voice is calm now—its calmness surprises her. "I presume you have not got the monopoly of the forest."

"To take a walk!" he repeats, with a sneer, that sends all the blood in her face back towards her heart. "To take a walk with Mr Fadenhecht as companion."

She does not look at him; she has glanced for one second, but quickly has looked away, for the passion in his face alarms her. She has sometimes seen him look angry before, and provoked, and impatient, but never has she seen him look like this; his skin seems to have darkened, and his eyebrows to have grown into one thick heavy line across his forehead. To her terrified eyes he looks ready in his rage to strike her dead on the spot.

"I suppose Mr Fadenhecht has got the right to walk in the wood too if he pleases; it is a common thoroughfare:" and, for want of something to occupy her feverish hands, she begins pulling off large flakes of moss from the tree-stem beside her.

"But you have not got the right," thunders out Arnold, coming a step nearer, so near that only two paces divide them now, "to compromise yourself by having meetings with a low-bred snob, who has been sneaking after you from D——bad."

"And what right have you got to question me?"

"By heavens!" he says, without heeding her question, "if ever I stumble across that man here again I will——"

"Shoot him," suggests Reata, with an attempt at a laugh.

"Horsewhip him," says Arnold, savagely, kicking over and stamping down a clump of little bright yellow toad-stools, gummy and sticky-looking; they crunch into a pulp under his foot.

"You are welcome to do that," mutters Reata under her breath, but Arnold does not hear it.

If she had been more collected, and less frightened, she would have seen that the passion in Arnold's tone and manner must spring from some keen interest in herself; but as it is, she is too bewildered to understand it. She knows she has been doing something foolish, if not wrong; and in his voice and mien she reads only anger towards a culprit. It is fear that is scaring

her into defiance. Within the last few minutes her face has changed strangely: she looks older and harder; her lips are firmly set, the lines about them are square; and every trace of softness is gone from her eyes. With one hand she goes on tearing off little green velvet patches from the trunk. He watches her for a few seconds, with his chest heaving; and the indifference which her position and gesture seems to imply drives him wilder still. He sees her white fingers pulling at the moss as if it were in play, but he does not see how they tremble, and how quick and short her breath is coming.

"You know you came here to meet that hound—don't deny it!"

"I will not take the trouble to deny it," she says, haughtily, "if by that epithet you mean Mr Fadenhecht."

"You came here for the express purpose of seeing him?" he asks again, half hoping for a denial, or at least a modification, but she vouchsafes him none.

"I came here for the express purpose of seeing him."

"And you have got letters from him? You got a letter from him yesterday?"

"I got a letter from him yesterday," she says again, in a low impassionless voice.

"And you dare say that so coolly!" She only shrugs her shoulders. Cool! He thinks she is cool; while to her it seems that the hot pain in her soul is no less than burning fire.

The sunlight, which has been lying on the moss below, carpeting the woodland floor with streaks and daubs of yellow light, is beginning to creep up the tree-trunks slowly. A little breath of wind comes in between the tree-branches and bends the hemlocks gently down. The thrushes and the blackbirds are singing so clearly, and so peacefully, while these two human beings stand only two paces apart saying hard things and rousing each other's anger, when, by a few words, so much could be made right. But she does not say the words—there are so many things struggling for mastery within her: there is terror, hard defiance; there is false, morbid pride, and a bitter sense of humiliation; and there is love—love fighting there too—wild love for the man before whom she quails. His hard words and contempt make it burn but fiercer—so fierce, that in the midst of her bewilderment she fears to betray it.

"Will you give no explanation?" Arnold calls out, in a voice far harsher than his usual tone.

"Certainly no explanation to such an uncourteous question. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and I am not answerable to you for my actions."

As she says it, she looks at him again, as calmly as she can. Her voice is perfect in its ring of indifference; never before has she been a good actress, but she becomes so now for a moment. Her colour alone she cannot command, as it comes and goes; but the flicker of light and shade through the leaves prevents that being seen distinctly.

Her tone and her look take sudden effect on Arnold—they bring him to his senses. He takes her coldness for more than it is worth,—it chills his heat instantaneously.

"You are quite right," he says, in a different tone, more like his usual voice but for an icy contempt which cuts her more than his passion did. "You are perfectly free to do what you like; it is no concern of mine, and no interest either." His features have settled into an iron rigidity; he stands straight, with folded arms, the angry flush still darkening his face. She has

succeeded perfectly in her little piece of acting; she can congratulate herself on it, but she does not.

Now that he has regained his self-command, she is beginning to lose hers. If she did not keep her lips so firmly closed, her teeth would be chattering, so violently does she tremble. Her shoulder feels stiff and sore from the strength with which she is leaning it against the rough bark. Her face looks worn and haggard. For the last two days, ever since the ball at D——bad, she has grown pale, and blue streaks have come under her eyes, for want of sleep and rest of mind; and now the emotions of the last ten minutes have deepened the blue shades and taken more colour from her cheeks.

The hemlocks are standing up again straight, on their green hollow stalks; the little breath of wind has not returned to bend them down again. It was but one solitary puff, for the day is going to be fine. All the patches of sky that show through the trees are bright blue, without a speck of cloud. The summer morning is unfolding into beauty; but to Reata it seems that nothing can ever more be beautiful. Hope and happiness are dying in her heart, and all through her own fault and folly.

"Then I have only to apologise for having disturbed you in your morning rambles," Arnold says, with an accent that is dry and mocking.

"Just so," Reata murmurs, unconsciously quoting Mr Fadenhecht.

"And I will take care to steer clear of the place of your meetings in future."

She throws up her head proudly, stung by the taunt in his words.

"Go where you like; I have done nothing to be ashamed of. I am going home now, and I suppose you will let me pass."

"Certainly; I have no wish to detain you," he says, in the same icy tone that has been wounding her so fearfully; and as he stands back, she passes him quickly, with a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head, and disappears on the path homewards.

"Been out for a walk, my dear?" the Baron says as they meet in the avenue. It is the Baron's system always to take a little stroll down to the gate before breakfast.

"Yes, to the wood. I am not late, am I?"

"Late, my dear child! it is quite early still; not much past seven. You cannot have been out long."

"No, I cannot have been out long," she repeats after him; and it seems to her that she has been out an eternity—that she has lived through half a lifetime since she left the house.

"You have not seen Arnold anywhere about, have you? I must speak to him about what arrangements are to be made in case the new handle for the pump should arrive while we are away. I showed you the drawing of it, my dear, did I not?"

She is looking tolerably composed now; the walk home has given back a little colour to her face.

"Yes," she answers, swallowing down something that feels like a hard lump in her throat.

"You remember about it, do you not? I made the design from memory—this sort of thing, a curve with knobs;" and the Baron begins illustrating the pump-handle upon the gravel-walk with his stick.

"Yes, I do; I mean that I met him, Baron—Arnold."

"Oh, you have seen Arnold, then! Where was he? Will he be back soon?"

"I don't know," she answers, doubtfully.

"Well, at any rate he must be back for breakfast, even if he is not sooner."

But Arnold was not back for breakfast. The Baron and Reata sat opposite each other alone, with the urn between them. Reata had often before thought the great clumsy urn rather a bore at breakfast, because it took up so much space and impeded conversation, but to-day she was deeply grateful to it; it was a screen behind which she could hide every expression of her face from the old Baron opposite. She would have liked it better still if it could have been twice as large and as broad—big enough to hide herself behind it entirely.

At dinner there was no urn, and at dinner there was Arnold sitting at the same table with her. He had come in during the course of the forenoon; for a man must eat, be his emotions as turbulent as they like. Arnold had had no breakfast, and he had inhaled a great deal of forest air; consequently he ate his dinner on this day, which had begun so disturbingly, with the appetite of a hungry man. Perhaps he swallowed his food a little more quickly and a little more fiercely than usual; and he made no attempt at conversation. He sat still during the unoccupied pauses of the meal in silence, not trying to dissimulate his dissatisfaction—staring silently at the ceiling, or throwing bread pellets into his mouth; his features unrelaxed; his eyebrows looking almost as threatening, to Reata, as they had done in the wood that morning.

The Baron had seen Arnold in gloomy moods before, and did not take much notice: after one or two attempts at conversation he desisted, and contented himself with talking to Reata. And Reata seemed very ready for conversation—more ready than usual. She talked about the pump-handle, about the packing that must be begun that day, about the delight with which she was looking forward to seeing the Exhibition, about anything that came into her head. The Baron had never known her to be so talkative, nor to have such a brilliant colour in her cheeks, and was enchanted; Arnold had never known her to be so talkative either, and was enraged.

She laughed out loud, once or twice, at some very harmless remarks of the Baron, and meeting Arnold's eyes upon her, laughed louder, and then helped herself for a second time to pudding, and ate every morsel on her plate, although it tasted to her like dry sticks, and she thought that each mouthful was going to choke her.

"What wonderful spirits that dear girl has!" the Baron said to his son after dinner, when she had left the room.

"Wonderful," Arnold replied; and soon after he followed his father to the writing-room, and there was a little conversation between them about the plans for the next fortnight.

Reata spent her afternoon in the garden, walking about listlessly among the rose-beds, but not gathering any of the overblown roses that were beginning to shower their petals over the sun-baked earth. When she came back the sun had sunk very low; she found the sitting-room deserted, and all fiery with the red and yellow rays, and Gabrielle in the next room eating strawberries.

"Only fancy how provoking!" she began as Reata entered; "Arnold is not coming to Vienna with us, after all. He has suddenly taken into his head to accept that invitation of Prince D——. He says he does not care about the Exhibition in this heat, and that he will go by

himself in September. Isn't it provoking?"

"Is it? I suppose he can please himself."

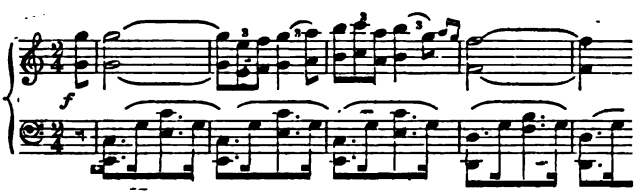
"Of course he can please himself," pouted Gabrielle. "He has pleased himself already; he went off half an hour ago."

"He is gone?" Reata's lips and face had become white, but the glowing sunset tints reflected all around and upon her served to conceal her emotion.

"Yes, but not to the Prince at once; he is to go to the Schwerendorfs first. Papa has given him a message to take about their joining us in Vienna, and papa says that he hopes that it may all come right again between Hermine and Arnold, now that Count Stayn is gone. Oh, I forgot; he said that I was not to tell you anything about it, but I don't see why I shouldn't. I have nobody else to tell things to."

"You certainly should not tell me things when your father has forbidden you," Reata said, so sharply that Gabrielle looked up from her strawberries surprised. "Not that it matters much in this case, for your brother's movements can in no way interest me;" and saying this superbly, with high head and undaunted eyes, she walked through the open door, back into the sitting-room, which still blazed full of the red and yellow sunset light.

CHAPTER XLII.—"LA PALOMA."



T. YRADIER.

There is a Mexican air, wild, fitful, haunting, beginning with notes of sadness, like a wind rising and falling, sobbing and sighing, amid barren rocks, or sweeping with gusts of mournful music over the prairie grass — a melancholy complaint, which quickens and loudens and swells till it culminates in a frenzy of passion. Grief and despair are speaking out of the hurried, pressing, crying notes, discordant almost in their clamour, yet soul-stirring in their wild grace.

It has been brought to Europe under the name of "La Paloma," and become a favourite of society, played upon pianofortes and zithers, and by grand orchestras, but at this time it was not so widely known.

After Reata had passed out through the open door of the sitting-room, Gabrielle went on eating her strawberries, feeling rather snubbed; but after a minute she put down her spoon and sat up in her chair, listening to the strange music that came floating to her ears. Reata had often played strange airs before, all with a dash of wildness in their strain, but she had never before played "La Paloma," the strangest and wildest of them all.

Gabrielle listened and wondered, holding her breath; there was something sacred, something that made her be still, in the weird power of the music. Gabrielle had never heard any one play that

way before; she had certainly never heard Reata play with this heart-breaking pathos—her fingers wrung such a depth of mournful sound out of the old weak-toned piano: and what is there in the music that tells of something more than the mere ring of the notes?—that calls out like an echo of a mortal sadness?

After the last chord had died away, Gabrielle drew a long breath and leant back.

"What is that you have been playing?" she called out.

There was no answer. The light of sunset had faded now, and the sitting-room was shrouded in the first gloom of evening.

"What have you been playing, Reata? Do play it again, it is so beautiful," repeated Gabrielle, in innocent ignorance that she was asking for an *encore* of the sharpest pain that has come yet to this young soul.

There is no answer again, but she hears Reata's dress rustle.

"What is the matter with you? why don't you answer me?" she cries impatiently; "why are you so cross?"

Silence again; the evening gloom is coming in with rapid strides.

A sudden childish panic comes over Gabrielle; she is afraid of being left alone, and the silence that meets her questions fills her with vague terror. Getting up from her chair she walks towards the sitting-room. There is nobody there, the seat by the piano is empty. She grows more frightened, and angry also. Why has Reata gone away and left her all alone?

"Reata, where are you?" she calls out in her weak voice, which sickness has made thin and peevish; and then she catches sight of something white among the trees, down near the gate. Could it be Reata? What can she be doing? Gabrielle is not used to be out at this hour; the air strikes upon her with an unpleasant chill, and she shivers as she slowly goes down the steps, and walks along the avenue with uncertain feet that stumble every now and then over the smooth gravel.

"How unkind of her!" she says, with pettish complaint; and in the next minute she sees that that patch of white among the trees is Reata—Reata standing near the gate, with her arms leaning over it, her head a little bent, and looking out straight before her to where the evening sky still shows some streaks of light.

Something in the attitude, the immobility, of that slight figure awes Gabrielle, and she slackens her pace; her woman's instinct perhaps tells her that here there is a sorrow which must be softly approached. Slowly she comes along under the trees, where the horse-chestnut leaves have grown into big coarse-ribbed green fans, and are drooping a little with their own weight and the heat of the day that is past.

"What is the matter, Reata?" and Gabrielle laid her hand softly on the other's shoulder. Reata started at the light touch, half turned round, and looked at the girl beside her with wide eyes that did not seem quite sure of what they saw; then, flinging her head down on to her arms, she broke into passionate sobs. That touch upon her shoulder and the soft tone of the voice were like the breaking of a spell; the tears which had been gathering during the wild Mexican melody, and had been trembling ready to fall, fell now in hot drops, that rained thickly from between her fingers.

"Oh, Reata, what is the matter? What do you want?" called out

Gabrielle, beginning to cry for sympathy, out of sheer surprise and fright, terrified at the burst of grief which is shaking the stronger woman as if she were a weak child. "What is the matter?" she asked, crying; but her tears are like water near wine compared to those long-drawn, gasping sobs, which are almost pain, and yet bring a great, inexpressible relief to Reata—a load lifted, a barrier broken.

It seems almost as if she has become light-headed; for, to Gabrielle's increasing terror, she begins talking to herself in broken sentences, muttering something that sounds like the ravings of a person in fever, and in Spanish, which Gabrielle does not understand. A child from the village, passing by on the road, seeing two light figures through the gloom, and catching the sound of that passionate weeping, takes to his heels, scared into the belief that he had been seeing and hearing ghosts.

"Why are you so unhappy?" Gabrielle pleaded, trying to pull away the hand which Reata had pressed tight over her eyes, while with the other she clung convulsively to the top bar of the gate.

Passion, whether it be grief or ecstasy, cannot last long at its climax, and Reata's passion of grief had spent itself after very few minutes.

"Never mind me," she said, uncovering her eyes and making an attempt at smiling reassuringly, although she was still trembling, and leant exhausted against the gate. "I don't know what I have been saying; it was all that music, it reminded me so of Mexico."

"But are you quite sure you are not unhappy, Reata, or ill?—you look ill," persisted Gabrielle, taking hold of one of Reata's cold hands, and beginning to rub it softly between her fingers. It was Gabrielle now who was acting as protector and comforter; the cases were quite reversed.

"No, no; I am not ill—it is nothing," and Reata looked away with a deep-drawn, quivering sigh, as if to shake off the last trace of that paroxysm into which she had been betrayed unawares.

"Then it was only the music?" Gabrielle said again, in a soft whisper; and Reata answered, still looking away—

"Yes, only the music."

CHAPTER XLIII.—DEAD HEARTS.

"My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love:
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life."
—TENNYSON.

"How can people talk such rubbish about breaking their hearts, and being miserable for life! How easy it is, after all, to get over a disappointment in love!"

Reata was kneeling beside her open box, packing her clothes and other small articles of her possession, for the departure to Vienna was fixed for next day. The floor around her was strewn with miscellaneous articles, and she held her open diary in her hand. She was not reading it—she was not near collected enough to read—but she had taken it up to put into her trunk along with two or three other books, which formed the whole of her collection, and the leather-bound volume had fallen open at that page.

How the words in her own handwriting, written not six weeks ago, seemed to rise up and mock her in their miserable untruthfulness! Easy to get over Love! Could it be she who had written that? She leaned her head upon her hand, and half smiled at herself, at her own words; and then with a quick movement, an impulse to be rid of that phrase which stared her in the face from off the paper, she wrenched out the page and tore it up into tiny scraps. It had only been six weeks ago, but it might have been six years when she thought of all that had been since, of all that had been and had gone — of the brief glimmer of happiness that had seemed to shine for her, and had faded away. How old she feels!—as if she had gone through the cares and sorrows of a life: and in thinking of that time in April, when she used to walk for hours by herself and write pages in her diary, and look forward to going into a convent, all because she thought her heart was broken, it seems to her an insult—a bitter, taunting insult — to compare the two sorrows one with the other. The first was a child's sorrow, this one is a woman's. She does not want to go into a convent now—she does not feel good enough for that; and she knows now that digging graves or ringing bells will not avail to drown a sorrow like this one.

"I don't suppose I shall die," she says to herself, as she sits on the ground, with her head bent and her forehead resting on her hand. "Sorrow does not often kill people, but only—but only——" she could not finish her own thought: only her life will be a different thing henceforward; the spring of joyousness will be gone; there will be a void which nothing can ever fill. Easy to get over Love! Love! had that been love at all that she had felt before? Was it not some weaker feeling not worthy of the name? Had she known even what the word meant till now? Perhaps it was because her love for Otto was not real that she had been so severe, so suspicious in doubting him. In those days she had said, not once but fifty times, that she would rather do without his love if it fell short in any way of her ideal — rather be unloved than have a love which was not perfect. She has not forgotten all these foolish thoughts of hers; she remembers them quite distinctly as she kneels beside her half-packed trunk: but oh how differently she thinks now! Could that have been love which sought to barter and bargain for its price? True love does not ask as much as it gives—is happier in yielding rather than conquering. She could never have risked losing Arnold's love by attempting to fathom its exact depth, as she had done Otto's; she would have been content to take of it whatever he chose to give her, the merest crumb, and that still would be to her more than all the world could offer.

One melancholy consolation remains to her, and she repeats it over and over again to herself with dogged bitterness: "I am not shallow; I can love as well as other women."

But she is not proud of it; only she wonders how she could ever have doubted that she had a heart as deep and true as Hermine's, and as easily wounded and broken.

"It is better I should not see him again," she says to herself firmly, but with quivering lips. "I will be gone by the time he is back. I wish I had never left Mexico. Some trees don't bear be-

ing transplanted—palm-trees will not; this country is too cold for me."

Steinbühl was left deserted again, and for an indefinite time. It was impossible to foresee to what extent the stay in Vienna would need to be prolonged. Certainly this was a very abnormal year in the annals of the Bodenbach family. For so long the stream had flowed on even and unchanged — the house had scarcely ever stood empty within the last dozen years, except for three or four days at a time, when the family had gone to visit their friends the Schwerendorfs. The old weather-cock on the top of the house might have shaken his head and blinked his eyes in surprise at the new state of things, if he had not been made of rusty tin, and had had any eyes remaining to blink with. Since the cock could remember—and he was a bird who had served the family for long — the Bodenbachs had been wont to spend the summer as well as the winter months at home, and not go rushing off to strange places, as was happening this year.

A few days after the place was left empty, a closed fly brought a visitor to the house: a lady thickly veiled inquired anxiously from out of the carriage-window whether the family were at home, and became visibly distressed when informed by the maid-servant that they had all left for Vienna only a few days before.

"All? are you quite sure all? Is there nobody remaining?"

No; she was assured there was nobody there, but she was told there was an address left for letters being forwarded — perhaps that would do?

It would have to do, the lady supposed; but she had no pocket-book with her to mark it down. *Fleischmarkt?* yes, she thought she would remember it. And then the closed fly turned tail again and drove back down the avenue.

Meanwhile the Bodenbachs had got established in Vienna, and got tolerably used to the fatigues and pleasures of sight-seeing and daily visits to the Exhibition. Gabrielle would certainly not be able to leave Vienna for several weeks; so there was nothing for it but to get reconciled to the inconveniences of passing a summer month in a large town, and make the best of the time in study and admiration of the great features of the Exhibition.

There were daily meetings with the young Bodenbach couple, who lived in their villa outside the town. Everything was done in company: they were the same party almost that they had been at D——bad, for the Schwerendorfs also had anticipated the time of their visit to the capital, in order to be there together with their friends: only Arnold was amissing, and there came no message or word of his having changed his resolution, nothing but one scrawled post-card to say that he was fishing with the Prince, and was not thinking of returning for the present.

Reata heard the post-card read aloud at breakfast, and her last lingering hope, which she had clung to without knowing, died in her heart. She did not try to shirk all the sight-seeing which had become the programme of their daily life, but she went through it all listlessly, without caring for what she saw. It was all strange and new and bewildering. At another time it might have roused her curiosity and interest; now all her faculties were absorbed by one thought, one feeling, to the exclusion of all others—her interest for everything

round her was worn out, or seemed for the moment worn out.

There were two moments in the day when she was roused from her apathy, the hours when the letters were usually brought. She watched for the moment, and came up expectantly to the old Baron when the letters were put in his hands.

"Nothing for you to-day, my dear," he would say regularly, with his benevolent smile, and, as regularly, Reata's face would fall again into the pale quietude which had now become its habitual expression.

"You are expecting news from your friends, Fräulein Lackenegg?" Halka asked on one of these occasions, noticing the blank expression of Reata's face.

"Yes," she answered, with a heavy sigh.

"Your Mexican friends seem bad correspondents."

"It is not from Mexico I want to hear," and then Reata turned away, and Halka asked no more questions.

Halka and her husband were established in their villa in the outskirts of the town, and there they were to pass the summer. After that, it was more than probable that they would look about for a suitable purchase, and settle down in Vienna as headquarters for the future. It had always been Otto's golden dream to live in Vienna; he had no country tastes—he was only happy in the midst of society, and with theatres and *cafés*, and everything that serves to make life pass pleasantly, close within reach. He is tasting at last those luxuries which he has yearned for so long; but as yet they taste bitter in his mouth, for they are bought at a dear price. He is out of the army now, his own master, free to come and go as he lists. He is well enough off to keep six horses now in his stables if he pleases; and in less than three years, when his thirtieth birthday has been reached, and his share of uncle Max's fortune, which by his marriage will now securely be his, is handed over to him, he will be richer far than he is now. He can have a dozen horses in his stables then if he likes, and need suffer no stint in any of the fashionable enjoyments of life in a large town, which is to him the ideal of existence.

Just now, however, Otto has only got one horse in his stables, and that one is Maraquita. From Maraquita he will not part, though he has been offered high prices repeatedly. His obstinate refusals ended by exciting Halka's curiosity. The horse had come from Mexico, she knew; and putting two and two together, she arrived at the right conclusion,—namely, that Otto would not part from Maraquita because there were sentimental recollections attached to her—recollections which of course were connected with Reata.

"I cannot see what there is so very particular about that horse; I do not care for the colour myself," Halka remarked one day when Maraquita was being led out on to the grass plot in front of the villa, to be shown off to the old Baron. The Baron had just been going into ecstasies of blind admiration; but it was not that which had irritated Halka into the disparaging remark, it was the sight of Reata standing beside the roan and stroking its glossy neck with an expression of far-off remembrance in her eyes. Maraquita reminded her of so much, of so many things that were past and far away coming back to her mind now, almost with regret; the long, low house, with the veranda and the hammocks, the horse-paddock, the plain, and her forest, her own dear

forest, where she had been happy and free—they rose up in her mind, and a feeling of home-sickness and depression brought the tears to her eyes. They did not fall, but Halka saw them glistening there, and grew more firmly resolved that Otto must certainly be persuaded to part with Maraquita.

One afternoon the party visited the vaults of the *Augustiner Kirche*, where the hearts of the emperors of Austria are preserved in silver vessels. They had been previously to the *Kapuziner Kirche* to admire the bronze sarcophagi in which the imperial bodies are enclosed, and were come here to complete their day with a visit to the imperial hearts. None of them cared very much for this round of sight-seeing except the old Baron. The others would have been content with confining themselves to visiting the Exhibition; but the old Baron had an idea fixed in his mind, that to be in the capital and not go through a regular course of churches and picture-galleries would be unnatural, and that to pass a month in the imperial city without visiting the monuments, bodies, and hearts of departed sovereigns, would be incorrect, not to say disrespectful, to their memories. He had not seen them himself since he had been ten years old: it was clearly his duty to renew acquaintance; and besides, there had been another heart added since—the heart of the great *Franz*, who had died in 1835, which must be well worth seeing—another silver vessel on the shelf.

"What a grand idea!" Madame Schwerendorf remarked, in an awe-struck whisper; "to think that there is an imperial heart in each of these silver vases!"

They were standing together in the vault—the Baron, Otto and his wife, Reata and Madame de Schwerendorf. Hermine had remained at the hotel to guard over Gabrielle. A monk in a black habit and white cord, and holding, unluckily for romance, not a torch, but a tallow-candle, lighted them, and stood meek and passive, ready to answer questions.

"I think it is a horrible idea to cut them up in that way," said Reata.

"My dear, what are you saying? *quelle idée!* How can you talk lightly of this good old custom, which has been adhered to for so many generations?"

"It may be old, but I find it horrible," replied Reata, listlessly. She was oppressed by the close air of the vault and the flaring of the tallow-candle, and longing to be back again in the open air, even if it was only the air of the street.

"Hush, my dear!" said the Baron, in a distressed whisper. Halka, as a Pole, affected of course not to be able to get up any interest in the matter, but stood just within the entrance, holding up her skirts from possible damp, and regarding the shelves from a safe distance. She found the shape of some of the silver vessels rather pretty, on the whole, and it made no difference to her whether they contained imperial or plebeian hearts.

"It does not seem to me like resting quiet in one's grave," said Reata, shuddering. "I wonder that none of them had the spirit to make a stand against it. How can they sleep quiet when their hearts are in a different place from themselves?"

"It cannot matter much to a dead heart where it is put," said somebody in a gloomy voice beside her; and as she turned her head, she saw that it was Otto, close to her elbow, half leaning against the wall. He was speaking so low that

the others did not hear him. "It is in life that it is unbearable to be obliged to bury one's heart away from one's self."

It was almost the first time that Otto had spoken thus directly and voluntarily to her; the fact alone would not have startled Reata, but there was a suggestion of wildness in his words which aroused vague alarms in her mind.

"A very uncomfortable arrangement, I should fancy," she said coldly, speaking loud, and answering his thought as much as his words. "In whatever sense you take it, I can find nothing either sublime or affecting in the idea;" and with this conclusive remark Reata turned to follow the others, who, still lighted by the black-robed monk and his tallow-candle, were beginning their retreat; but Otto laid his hand on her arm—

"Do you want to drive me mad?" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Why do you try to mock my words? Is it not enough that I should be tortured every day by your sight?"

She looked at him in sudden alarm: he was asking her not to drive him mad; and certainly, as she saw him now, in the semi-dusk, there seemed to be wildness in his face—his eyes were rolling, and the voice in which he spoke shook audibly. He had pent up his passion for long, and it was beginning to break out now. During the last week he had been thrown much with her, and the hours that he had passed in her society had been torture to him: he was speaking no more than the truth, though his words sounded so wild. Reata leant one hand against the wall, and a great feeling of discouragement came over her as she looked upon the disturbance of his face. Was this misery to be added to all her others? was the torment of self-reproach to enlarge her burden of suffering? The hours which she had passed in Otto's society had made no difference to her—hardly even had she noticed his presence or his absence; and in the selfishness of her own sorrow she had forgotten to think of how so much proximity would affect him.

"I cannot see why my sight should torment you more than yours does me," she said coldly, thinking that the cruelty of truth would be the most merciful to him.

"You can speak coldly if you like," he answered, in the same hurried voice; "but you are not happy,—I can see that—anybody can see that. Why are you so pale, Reata? why have you lost all your laughter and your smiles? There must be some reason."

He looked at her with eager questioning eyes; and she returned his gaze from a summit of haughty surprise. Was she looking ill? Had she lost her laughter and her smiles? Or rather, had she ever laughed and smiled? Yes, not more than a fortnight ago, she had been happy and light-hearted at the ball; but she had forgotten now how it felt. And did this wretched man think that it was for his memory that she was pining? He must be undeceived, even at the risk of betraying the truth.

"Make your mind easy," she said, distinctly and calmly, her white face reddening as she spoke. "If I am pale, and do not laugh as often as I used to, you are in no way concerned in the change. You cannot affect me one way or the other. You are nothing to me—just the same as any other indifferent acquaintance; and she looked at him full as she said it, her face paling back into whiteness.

The look and the tone carried conviction to the man's heart; but

they seemed also to make him desperate.

"But do you think that I can ever be indifferent?" he burst out, in uncontrollable excitement. "Do you think that I can ever forget or look upon you with calmness? Do you not know that every tone of your voice thrills me, and every glance from your eyes pierces me through? Do you remember that flower you gave me in Mexico? You called it the laughing daisy; and now it seems to laugh and mock at me each time I look at it. See, here it is!" he went on, his manner getting more and more frenzied, and tearing open his coat. "You gave it to me in order to drive me mad. You know you did."

"Baron Bodenbach, I know nothing except that you have got a wife," she answered, trembling at his vehemence, "and that you have got no right to speak to me in that manner."

"The air is so damp here, we had better be going," called back Halka's voice from the front, in tones of serene calmness.

"Am I likely to be allowed to forget that I have got a wife?" muttered Otto, with a flash almost of hatred in his eyes; and then the party were all together again, to Reata's immense relief.

"You will all come and dine with us to-morrow," Halka said, in her most gracious manner, before they parted that afternoon. "The drive will be a change for Gabrielle; and then nobody need remain at the hotel as sick-nurse."

CHAPTER XLIV.—A QUIET FAMILY DINNER.

"Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life."
—Sir W. Scott.

Next day being a spotless summer day, with no danger of a chill for the invalid, there was a family dinner at the young Bodenbachs' villa. It was an amusement for Gabrielle, and a refreshment for everybody, after the daily visits to the Exhibition. Reata would have preferred to remain at home. She did not care to go. She knew that Halka did not care to see her, and that Otto cared to see her only too much; but her opposition was overruled by the combined entreaties of the Baron, Madame de Schwerendorf, and Hermine, backed by symptoms of tears on the part of Gabrielle. And so she yielded with a sort of indifferent acquiescence, because she had not the energy to resist.

She had often lately been obliged to accept civilities from Otto and his wife, and she could not refuse now.

Halka received her guests alone, dressed in exact accordance with the weather and the occasion—something of indescribable colour and indescribable make, perfectly suited to a quiet dinner *en famille*. To Reata's immense relief, Otto was not visible anywhere.

"Otto has merely gone round to the stables, I think," Halka said, as she wheeled a comfortable chair into a convenient position for Gabrielle. "He will be in directly."

"Shall I go round and look him up?" said the Baron, moving towards the door.

"No, I think you had better not take the trouble," Halka replied, with suave decision.

The fact was, that Halka knew

that Otto's temper to-day was not in a state to be tampered with. Last night, after the visit to the vaults, there had been, not exactly a scene between them, but a few words, which had shown sufficiently the disturbance of his mind, and which, if met with anything but Halka's calmness, might have led to more.

"What on earth induced you to ask them all to dinner?" he had inquired, savagely. "I am sure we have been seeing enough of them lately; and I want a little peace and quiet."

"But we had always meant to ask them this week, Otto," Halka had answered, mildly; "and one day is as good as another, surely."

Otto's declaration of having had quite enough of them lately was more suspicious than gratifying, as might otherwise have been supposed.

Not ten minutes before the guests had driven to the door, Otto, after having sat for a quarter of an hour opposite to his wife in gloomy silence, had taken up his hat and gloves abruptly, and prepared to leave the room.

"Where are you going to, Otto? They will be here directly."

"To the stables," was the short answer.

"But you will be back in good time for dinner, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," he answered, sulkily, and banged the door behind him.

Yes, decidedly, it was better that the Baron should not go in search of his son. Halka would not have liked to risk the consequences.

After Gabrielle had looked through all the photograph-albums, and admired all the elegant knick-knacks in the room, as was her habit to do at each visit to the villa, the dinner-hour was very near; but Otto had not returned from the stables yet. Halka conversed placidly with Madame de Schwerendorf; Hermine turned over the pages of a magnificently illustrated edition of German poets, and read through all her favourite verses, every now and then sighing a little to herself; the old Baron, with his reading-spectacles on his nose, was very deeply engrossed in trying to master the system of a stereoscope containing views of Vienna and the neighbourhood. He had just succeeded in placing the *Stefan's Thurm* upside down, but was frustrated in his endeavours to get a proper light directed upon it by the lid insisting on clapping shut just at the critical moment, and enveloping the noble edifice in sudden darkness.

Reata leant back in her chair, with her hands unoccupied and clasped together in her lap, looking out through the drawing-room window over the lawn, with a wistful far-off look in her eyes.

"The servants seem to be taking liberties with the dinner-hour," remarked Halka, interrupting her conversation with Madame de Schwerendorf, and glancing at her writing-table clock; and she rang the bell, and inquired the cause of the delay.

"I thought the dinner was to be kept waiting for the Herr Baron," the footman explained. This was not Piotr, but a far more presentable specimen of the serving race, able to stand on both his legs at a time, and capable of answering a question without preludes or preambles. Piotr belonged to the household too; for the period of his military service having expired some time previously, he had begged his master, with tears in his eyes, not to discard him. So he was kept as a sort of nondescript hanger-on, neither particularly useful nor ornamental, but faithful as a dog.

"But Baron Otto is only gone to

the stables," said Halka to the footman. "You can tell him that dinner is ready."

"The Baron is not in the stables, madam."

"Then he must be in his room," Halka said, with a very slight suggestion of impatience in her tone.

"I beg your pardon, madam, the Baron went out riding half an hour ago."

"Went out riding!" repeated Halka, betrayed for a moment into surprise, while the Baron laid down the *Stefan's Thurm*, and looked at everybody inquiringly; and Madame Schwerendorf murmured, half aloud, "*Quelle idée!*"

"On the roan," completed the footman, volunteering a piece of unasked information, with a not disagreeable sense of having produced a visible impression, which even a well-trained domestic cannot always suppress.

"Of course on the roan," replied his mistress, biting her lip, and speaking with a shade of testiness which was quite unusual in her. "That is self-evident enough, considering that there is only one horse in the stables." Then, recovering quickly her usual equanimity, "Dinner is to be served instantly," she said to the servant, with a gesture of dismissal; and when he had left the room, she turned to her guests and explained everything in a few graceful words.

"Poor Otto has got one of his bad headaches—he has been suffering from it all day. All that sightseeing does not agree with him, I am afraid. He said something about having a gallop to shake it off; but I had hoped that it would pass off before. So you will have to be satisfied with me to do the honours alone," she finished, with charming simplicity, and addressing herself, by words and look, more particularly to her father-in-law.

Dinner was nearly over, and dessert had just been placed on the table, when the dining-room door opened, and there came in Otto, walking straight and quickly, but not very steadily. Without a word or a look to anybody, he went to his place and sat down. And then the six people who were sitting at table saw that his face was deadly pale, and that his eyes were wide open, and fixed in an expressionless stare.

There was a moment of horror and of freezing terror. If it had not been broad daylight the sudden apparition would have seemed almost unearthly; and yet it was distinctly Otto who had walked in and was sitting there, but Otto stunned and with distorted looks. They all got up from their places with an instinctive movement—all, that is, except Gabrielle, who was already sobbing hysterically, with her face buried in her handkerchief. The Baron was shaking all over, and looking about vaguely for help; Madame de Schwerendorf had got hold of a full *carafe* of water, and murmuring in horror-struck tones, "*Pour l'amour de Dieu!*" made a step towards Otto's place, with the intention of emptying the contents on his head. But she was stopped by Halka, who was standing near her husband, collected, though she had grown pale, and had spoken to him twice without getting any answer.

"Will you excuse me if I ask you all to leave the room," she said, quietly. "I think he has had a fall, and so many faces will only confuse him."

"And give him some cod-liver oil, my dear, as soon as he can speak. It is the only thing I believe in," whispered Madame de Schweren-

dorf, as she complied with the request.

A glass of wine and Halka's soothing measures of restoration brought Otto to full consciousness in the course of a very few minutes. He had never been quite insensible, but stunned by a severe shock. He had had a fall; but he could not remember where, or what had become of the horse. He thought he had walked home, but his head was not very clear yet.

The state of the case, which no one ever knew distinctly, but which Halka did not fail to guess at pretty accurately, was simply that Otto, in a state of reckless despair at Reata's contemptuous coldness yesterday, and unable to bear the thought of meeting her again to-day, had ridden away, intending to keep from the house till the guests should be gone. He rode at a fierce pace, not caring where or whither, goading and spurring the willing Maraquita till her sides showed streaks of blood and foam, taking every leap that came in his way at a neck-breaking-speed, seeking to drown his fierce emotions in the violent movement and the delight of danger, and with a wild, wicked hope glimmering in his mind. "Perhaps I shall break my neck. That will simplify matters; and perhaps then she will be sorry," he said, grimly.

He did not break his neck, though. Death will not always come at our beck and call; but the beautiful Maraquita was sacrificed.

The last leap which he rode at was a wire-fence, with a tremendous ditch on either side, a thing which no man in his senses would go at unless he were riding for his life, —no horse in its senses either. Maraquita, who had until then shirked nothing in that wild ride, swerved aside from this, and refused. Otto, never a cool head on horseback, and to-day riding like a madman, turned her back upon it furiously, enraged by her resistance and terrified snorts, mercilessly spurring and lashing the poor beast till she went at it at last.

With red dilated nostrils and rolling eyes, straightened neck, and every nerve and muscle strained, Maraquita went at her last leap. She did not refuse or shirk this time; for her blood was up as well as her rider's. She rose to it—stretched —fell short. The leap was almost out of any horse's power, and Maraquita was far spent to-day. There was a scramble and a crash, seen only by some working men in the distance. The rider fell clear, and got off with the shock, which half stunned him for the moment; but the horse remained hanging in the ditch, her hind-legs off the ground, entangled in the wire railing.

By the time Otto had walked home, dazed, forgetting all about the horse, and finding his way mechanically, there was a small crowd assembled round Maraquita. People are always ready to help on these occasions, but also they are very apt to lose their heads. For some time the poor animal was left hanging in its torturing position, every attempt to release her being baffled by her furious kicks, which kept people at a distance, till at last a working man, possessed of a little more intelligence than his brethren, hit upon the bright idea of sawing through the wire, and thus effecting by stratagem what could not be done by force.

Maraquita was brought home, a miserable wreck, not recognisable from an hour ago—cut up, mangled, disfigured. Her legs were not broken, but there were dreadful injuries to her back and shoulders.

"She might live another year,

but she will never carry a saddle again," the veterinary surgeon, who had been sent for, told Otto. "I will patch her up, if you wish it; if not, she must be shot."

"Shoot her, then!" said Otto, turning his face away from the man. He had seen horses shot before without feeling much emotion; but that this should have come to Maraquita affected him more than he would have cared to betray—and yet it was more endurable than that she should live as a wreck.

Before sunset that evening, when all the windows of the villa were opened to let in the evening air and let out the day's heat, they led out Maraquita and shot her, as far from the house as could be managed, so as not to alarm young Baroness Bodenbach.

No longer the beautiful Maraquita, the pride and the boast of her master—the envy of his comrades; her shapely form disfigured by unsightly gashes; her once proud head hanging nerveless and stricken; her coat all discoloured with the clotted marks of blood and foam,—a ghastly spectacle to look upon. All the fire and spirit gone from her eyes, terrified and wistful, they looked round with sad reproach on the men who were going to do for her the only kindness which remained to be done.

Poor Maraquita! Had she been brought away from her native plains only to be thus sacrificed to a man's blind passion?

Halka shuddered and held her ears shut when she heard the pistol-shot, but then drew a long sigh of relief. It was better this way, she thought, that this last sentimental link should be destroyed. She had wanted Otto to part with the horse; and though she had not wanted this horrible termination, she felt a secret gratification at the fulfilment of her wish.

But Maraquita was not unmourned; for that night Reata cried herself to sleep on her pillow: it seemed to her that now her last friend in Europe was gone!

CONVIVIALITY.

The spread of temperance in all ranks of society is a highly desirable thing, and we can only hope that the promise of its progress may be fulfilled. It is difficult to realise the full meaning of the latest revenue returns, since we know not how much of the falling-off in the excise may be due rather to involuntary economy than to genuine reformation. And we are assured that with the growth of the national savings our balance-sheet must right itself brilliantly in the end, though Cabinets may be shaken in the meantime over redistribution of financial burdens, and their Chancellors of the Exchequer may lose flesh and popularity. Yet looking at the habits and predilections of the working classes, and of the temptations that beset them, whether in prosperity or trouble, we doubt if the millennium be so near as it appears to some of the sanguine enthusiasts who preach total abstention. We heartily wish them all the success they desire; for the drag they put on the tendencies of their fellow-creatures must always be a useful influence in the right direction. And in opening the coffee-tavern in opposition to the beer-shop and gin-palace, they cut at the root of one of the evils that seems inseparable from an advanced civilisation, an over-tasked and over-crowded society, and a feverish state of almost unwholesome activity. Man will drink if he have the wherewithal—that may be accepted as an axiom; and he is inclined to drink far more than is good for him. But in primitive conditions of society, if his drinks are potent, they are generally pure, and his constitution may be safely warranted to withstand the consequences of his excesses. We have the illustration of that in the story of the Red Indian. When the noble savage came across a keg of spirits in the course of his trading or of a raid on the settlements, he swallowed the contents, and they did him no harm—unless, indeed, they betrayed him to the vengeance of his enemies. The swift march through the forests or the wild gallop across the prairies worked off the deleterious effects. But when he degenerated into a loafer about the townships of the whites, the desultory sips of the poisonous fire-water slowly but surely sapped his strength. So it has been with the lower orders among ourselves. The English field-labourer may besot himself of an evening with adulterated beer, and the only visible effect is the making him duller and more boorish than it is his nature to be. He is saved by hard daily exercise and the health-giving breath of the fresh-mown hay or the newly-turned furrows. It is a very different thing with the idle rough or the overwrought artisan who has his home in the slums or rookeries of a city. He is like the sickly hot-house plant, overforced in an unwholesome atmosphere. He toils or lounges in foul air, and snatches uneasy sleep in air that is fouler. He inherits the weaknesses and sickly stamina of progenitors who may have been in course of vitiation for several generations. He craves continual stimulants to fillip the appetite, to counteract a sense of sinking, or to keep up the spirits that are weighed down by his cares. Reaction follows fast on the flicker of excitement; his thirst is provoked in the act of quenching it; he waters the seeds of constitutional

disease by soaking them in diluted poison: and it is a marvellous proof of human vitality that he should survive to do a fair day's work and continue to propagate his species. There is a boundless field there for social reformers, and we repeat that we wish them all manner of success in a mission where earnestness must almost inevitably become hyperfervid. And we say so much by way of preface, that we may not be misunderstood if we seem to touch a serious topic too lightly—although, indeed, conviviality among the educated classes has been so steadily on the decline that even thorough-paced abstainers like Sir Wilfred Lawson may look back with tolerable serenity on the past, from the state of reformation that should be full of encouragement for them.

There were "giants on the earth" when the earth was young; and men, after running to brain rather than muscle through some thousands of years of an increasingly artificial existence, cannot take the liberties with themselves that they once could. To the temperate simplicity of the golden age—when shepherds, making their frugal repasts on fruits, piped on their reeds to the inspiration of their milk-cans—succeeded the days of the prehistoric heroes. Some of these, like Nimrod the mighty hunter, may have been the benefactors of the human race, as they were the energetic pioneers of civilisation; but from all that we can surmise of their habits and pursuits, they must have been men of blood and wine as much as of blood and iron. They knew nothing of nerves, and had constitutions of hammered steel. Hercules, in the full swing of his labours, might have carried fabulous quantities of the strongest drink without upsetting his equilibrium or deranging his digestion, although, according to the Greek poet, he had been known to be overtaken. We can conceive the capacity of the measure that contained "the modest quenchers" with which the demigod refreshed himself as he rested on his shovel in the intervals of the cleansing of the Augean stable; or the flow from the brimming wine-cups that went round the party on the greensward when he and Theseus, with her Amazonian majesty Queen Hippolyta, had sat down to their *al fresco* banquet surrounded by the spoils of the boars they had been baying in the "wood of Crete with hounds of Sparta." It was a sultry climate in the summer-time, that of Hellas and the islands of its archipelago; and the chase, like the battle, was thirsty work. Then and long afterwards, when we come down to the poet of poets chanting his epics of comparatively modern warfare, Bacchus in his tiger-skins, and crowned with his vine-leaves, came in close attendance on the god of war. The pack of the Grecian chief, under the leading of Agamemnon, followed up the scent of Paris with a dogged determination that in no way characterises their degenerate descendants. But surely they could never have held out through that weary siege had it not been for the symposia that cheered their afternoons, and were protracted through the long nights to the small hours of the mornings. What shiploads of heady Chian and Lesbian must have been landed on the low-lying shores of the Troad through those ten long years! We can imagine the king of men sending his heralds through the camp with his invitations for a carouse to pronounce on the latest consignment from the sunny slopes of Argos, or Achilles carousing with Patroclus as he reclined in the sullens in his tent, —though we fancy that those Ho-

meric *viveurs* prided themselves less on their palates than on their powers of absorption. Even if the Greek wines of the period were free from that detestable infusion of resin which taints them to the unfortunate modern traveller, yet they must have smacked, like those of Spain, of the pitched skins they were stored in; and neither Greek nor Roman, nor the chivalry of the middle ages, could possibly do justice to the merits of the grape-juice they quaffed from metal in place of crystal.

Still less fastidious were the mighty drinkers who worshipped the ale-bibbing deities of Scandinavia. Nursed among the ice-floes of their fiords, braced by the biting winds that swept down from the mountain snow-fields across their fjelds, theirs was a case of the survival of the fittest. Even after they had professedly embraced Christianity, they still clung to the creed of their pagan ancestors, and they acted up to the spirit of their sensual religion in imitating the drinking-feats of Thor. It was a characteristic myth, and a suggestive one, that in which the muscular god of the hammer is represented as accepting the defiance of the giants, and succumbing gloriously in the famous drinking-match. The horn he vainly strove to drain had its perforated bottom in the boundless ocean. The god did his best, and did well; but we repeat that the story is suggestive of the rude taste of these early topers. How far removed they were from the famous tasters in Sancho Panza's family, who detected the flavour of iron and leather in the hogshead of wine into which the key with the leather thong had been dropped many years before! Till the trick was explained amid the sneers of his entertainers, the Scandinavian Bacchus seems never to have found out that they had been palming salt water on him in place of ale; though we may believe that among his votaries were men of more intelligence, and that a practical joke of the kind might have been dangerous, when each man had his battle-axe ready to his hand. Yet what they cared for chiefly was the strength of the liquor; and though the trade of the brewer might be held in honour next to that of the smith, the art was still in its infancy that has since been brought near to perfection. To say nothing of the impossibility of laying down "stock beer" to mellow, when the constant consumption was so enormous, and the habits of society so unsettled, no man need know or care whether his beer were of a delicate amber tinge when he committed the barbarous solecism of quaffing it from horn.

Learned commentators on the Northern antiquities help us to conjure up the scene of one of those nightly drinking-bouts. It is a bitter evening in winter; the war-galleys have been laid up in ordinary for the season, and the time hangs heavy on the hands of the vikings. The better part of the morning has been passed in sleeping off the effects of the previous debauch; and after breaking their fast with unimpaired appetites, the listless warriors have roused themselves for exercise, and have been stretching their muscles over manly sports. All the same, the short day has dragged, and they have welcomed the early fall of the shadows. The feast has been spread in rude profusion; the huge salted joints have been picked to the bone and tossed to the hounds; the bare tables on the trestles have been cleared away; and the boisterous company, breathing hard after the meal, has settled itself down for an earnest carouse. Though the hall is

lighted with numerous torches, it is no easy matter to distinguish objects; for the smoke from the fire blazing in the middle is curling up to the rafters of the lofty roof, in vain attempts to escape by the smoke-holes. But all around, the revellers are grouped on the rough benches; while at the end, on a dais above their followers, sit the chiefs in the places of honour. Tables may be dispensed with. The great horns, with the cup-bearers, or rather horn-bearers, in attendance to replenish them, pass swiftly from hand to hand. There are toasts and "sentiments," and long-winded speeches as well, on solemn occasions of ceremony. The scalds sitting apart, their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," chant the memorable deeds of gods and heroes, and especially the feats of the present company, in interminable stanzas more or less melodious; and the fierce revellers chime in with the chorus, till roof and rafters ring again. Naturally the fun grows fast and furious. Thanks to the form of the drinking-vessels, there is no setting them down between pulls. It was the anticipation of the fashion of the hard drinkers of a later age who guarded against heel-taps on the sly by knocking the bottoms off their glasses. It was the pride of those "jolly good fellows" of the North to take off the contents of the horn at a breath. The muddy ale and the headier mead must have muddled weaker or more delicate brains. As it was, there was little intelligence to be confused, and not much wit to be expelled, though if the sagas are to be trusted, those case-hardened topers are to be credited occasionally with some bit of dry humour. But the warm blood grew hotter still as the liquor went coursing through the fevered veins, and quarrels began that led on to blood-feuds afterwards, if comrades prevented their being settled on the spot. More than once, in such a banqueting-hall, some epic in action had its sanguinary *dénouement*,—as when the Burgundians, prompted by the vengeance of Kriemhild, beset the heroes of the Niebelungenlied on the banks of the Danube; and after Rudiger, in the sublimity of his chivalry, had handed his shield to Hagen, there began "the slaughter grim and great."

More often the boisterous revel had a more commonplace ending. The fires of conviviality burned down like the torches in their sockets, and the guests either fell back snoring on their benches, or slipped beneath them to finish the night there, or staggered off to their couches in hut or barrack; though fortunately, perhaps, for even such seasoned topers, it was not every night they could indulge so freely. Their cruises might have been unlucky; the supply of malt might have fallen short; and the leader in winter quarters, towards the end of the season, might be compelled to stint his men's drink at considerable sacrifice of popularity. But all those Northern races drank deeply and methodically when they had the chance. Up to a certain point the constitutions of men nursed in the fogs of the German forests, or in the fens and marshes of the Low Countries, were all the better for it, —just as the average Dutchman of unimpeachable respectability swallows now a quantity of *schiedam* that would throw a Spaniard or an Italian into fits of *delirium tremens* in a fortnight. It was a marvel to such stalwart barbarians when they heard of whole nations of warriors in the South who never tasted anything stronger than water or sherbet. When the Danes and the Saxons descended on the English coasts, we cannot say that they in-

troduced the habit of drinking, for the aboriginal Britons had always taken kindly to it. But those emotional Cymri were by no means heaven-born revellers. The potent "bee-wine" over-heated their inflammable brains, and their feasts were often fatal to good-fellowship. The Saxon, on the contrary, could soak down ale and wine like a sand-bed, and swallowed habitually far more than was good for him without showing outward signs of excess. The pages of the old chroniclers and ballad-makers, as of the modern historians and romance-writers who have most brilliantly depicted the manners of the period, abound in pictures of the Saxon drinking habits. Chiefs, sage in council and mighty in battle, adjourned from the council-board to the banqueting-hall, where they prolonged their grave discussions, or distracted themselves with the songs of their bards. We have a wonderfully suggestive sketch in Lord Lytton's 'Harold,' where Saxons and Normans sat mingled at the tables in the palace of Westminster, and Taillefer broke in upon the psalm-chants of the musicians of the monk-king with his fiery battle-song of Rou and his warriors; and of the revelry in which the soldiers of Harold passed the night before the battle of Hastings, while the *condottieri* who had gathered to the standard of William were kneeling devoutly to the priests in their lines, and receiving the absolution they needed so sorely. Harold was feasting in a northern castle when the message and challenge came from his Norwegian namesake, and he and his thanes were celebrating their victory over their wine-cups when their bodes brought the news of the landing at Pevensey.

'Ivanhoe' and 'The Betrothed' are full of pictures of the conviviality of a later century. When they had saved sufficient from the wrecks of their former substance, thanes and franklins drank as freely as ever to keep up their spirits under oppression. We are introduced to the rude profusion of their suppers in their fortified country-seats, when Eveline Berenger pays her ill-omened visit to the venerable Lady of Baldringham; and when Cedric the Saxon welcomes the Templar and the Norman Prior with a hospitality that curbs for the time his fierce hatred of the conquerors. The Saxon outlaws who lived at free quarters on the country were, of course, far better off than the peasants and half-naked serfs who crowded to the fleshpots in the castleyard of Coningsburgh, where hogsheads of ale were broached for all comers. Who can forget the "devil's matins" of the Black Knight with the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst at the forest shrine? or the drinking-bout with Locksley and his merry archers that celebrated the storming of the castle of Front de Bœuf? And men lived as jovially, though perhaps more peacefully, in the secluded convent as in the manor-house. We see the Fathers of the Saxon abbey of St Botolph's—it was near to Burton-on-Trent, a prophetically suggestive locality—who had given the wounded Ivanhoe the hospitality of their house, sitting down to their comfortable breakfast of ale and stock-fish. The habits of the worthy fraternity of St Botolph's were those that had been in faithful observance from the times of the Heptarchy, when the clerks sought refuge from bloodshed and temptations in the round of spiritual and sensual observances; and, neglecting the library to look after the cellar, led the lives of the oxen in their own fat meadows.

The noble Athelstane himself is the type of the high-born Saxon

bon vivant as he had been deteriorating through generations of enforced inactivity. But, in fact, even when the Saxons had been a conquering and ruling people, their conviviality at its best had been grovelling and almost bestial. Their fighting and marauding energy might keep down their flesh and clear away the clouds that must otherwise have settled on their brains; but, after all, they were essentially dull-witted, and gluttons rather than gourmands. The Normans, on the contrary, were *gourmets* even more than gourmands; and Scott, in that same novel of 'Ivanhoe,' has sharply defined the contrast between the races in those inimitable incidental touches in which his genius excelled. At John's banquet at York the heir of the Saxon kings swallowed *beccaficos* and nightingales for larks and pigeons, drinking as if he had been among his own dependants at Coningsburgh, indifferent to the sneers of his uncourteous hosts; while the prince and his courtiers, though as loose in their principles as they were dissolute in their lives, still preserved something of the refinement and self-restraint of the more intellectual and chivalrous Normans. For the Normans, like their French neighbours, on whom they looked down, indulged in the pleasures of the table according to our modern ideas. They ate delicately; they studied variety; and though they loved wine as much as song and women, in all the excitement of the feast they thought of possible headaches on the morrow. Already they had raised the art of the kitchen into a science: when the "ministers of their mouths" showed genius or talent, they were treated with high respect and observance; and the invention of a new dainty or a sauce was rewarded with praises and chains of gold, occasionally even with the gift of some goodly manor.

But above all, generous wine was the Norman drink, as ale had been the favourite beverage of the Saxon. Sound ale has its virtues, no doubt, —it was meat, and drink as well, to the hard-working labourer or soldier; it put a lining into the ragged skeepskin of the serf, and soothed the savage humours of the outlaw. But nobody, not even the author of 'Lavengro'—and no man of literature and talent has been more consistently enthusiastic in its praises—can pretend that it is likely to foster *esprit*, or to waken the lighter fancies into activity. Wine, on the contrary, stimulated the graceful *verve* on which the choicer spirits among the Norman chivalry began to pride themselves. It was sipped and *savouré*, in place of being swallowed in long draughts. In the halls of the Normans, as the evening went on, the heads of the guests seemed to grow brighter and clearer. The conversation was enlivened with tale and song: they listened as critical judges, not only to the words, but to the music of their minstrels; and they appreciated the construction as well as the matter of the professional romancers of the joyous science. Naturally, in these days one dislikes music at a dinner-party, though bands, unhappily, are still the fashion at ceremonial city entertainments and military messes; while the long-winded novelist who volunteered a *viva voce* synopsis of his forthcoming work, would be justly regarded as an intolerable nuisance. But we must remember that society under the Plantagenet dynasty, though far more intelligent than the Saxon magnates they had displaced, had not even the education of a charity-school boy, and comparatively few subjects of conversation. Though nobles and

knights had fought in the Crusades, or served in the Scottish or French wars, they soon came to the end of their conversational tether. Yet there must have been a marked advance in the interchange of ideas when men who had travelled far could discuss the wonders they had seen, the myths which had been magnified to them by oriental fancy, and the scenes in which they had figured. The voyages along the coasts of the Mediterranean, with the chances of being wind-bound in some friendly harbour or shipwrecked on the territories of robber princes, were almost as varied and eventful as the cruise of Ulysses. The Western warriors had marched across the deserts, and rested under the palms of their oases; and had perhaps sunned themselves in the smiles of Saracen beauties who had fallen to them as the captives of their spear and shield. Possibly they had been taken prisoners themselves, and had witnessed the domestic splendours of some Moslem Emir during the months through which they had been held for ransom. If travel, as Bacon has it, be a part of a liberal education, undoubtedly those wandering knight-errants had been educated to considerable purpose.

Then in later reigns we are brought into yet more brilliant society in the pages of Monstrelet, Joinville, and Froissart. Wars were waged remorsely enough; battles were fought out to the bitter end; flying columns of freebooting horse mercilessly ravaged the country, burning each unprotected dwelling to which they could set a light, and carrying off everything that, in Border parlance, was neither too hot nor too heavy. The peasants and *petit peuple* suffered terribly—whether they were ridden down in the field by horsemen sheathed in mail, or saw their substance wasted, and their women insulted or outraged. But when the heat of conflict was over for the time, the upper orders showed each other a chivalrous consideration, though the courtesy was far more apparent than real. When a noble mortgaged his manors to take the field, he meant his campaigning to pay him in the long-run; and while he treated some illustrious prisoner with extravagant observance, he would only release him for a heavy ransom. So it was with King John of France when he had the ill luck to fall into the hands of the Black Prince. He was only to be set free upon rigorous conditions; but in the meantime he was *fêted* in the Tower of London with the honour due to the sovereign of France and the suzerain of the English Count of Anjou. The victor, with the bond of the vanquished in his doublet-pocket, served the wine-cup to his guest upon bended knee; but already the tone of good society had made such progress towards our polite hypocrisy, that neither one nor the other showed signs of that embarrassing *arrière-pensée*. Social hypocrisy in circumstances of the kind brings its substantial reward. If the French king had been served a solitary supper in his private chamber, though the viands had been the same and the wines as unexceptionable, no doubt his mortification would have marred his appetite, and the thought of his overclouded prospects would have made melancholy work with his digestion. He would have vented his spleen on his attendants, gone to bed in a *humeur massacrante*, and woke up in a fit of the dismals, to be victimised in diplomatic negotiations. But observe the influence of genial conviviality, even when it begins, like so many social gatherings, in a masquerade that covers malice, hatred,

and all uncharitableness. In the flow of the generous wines of Saxony — brought, perhaps, from those sunny sandbanks of the Gironde that now grow the Haut Brion and Chateau Lafitte,—the fallen monarch forgot his troubles for the time, and was softened by the high-flown courtesy that ignored them. In bare civility he could not help melting to the *empressé* manners of his distinguished host, and responding to the smiles of the Court beauties. What was an effort at first, soon ceased to be one. His flow of courtesy became more easy and unrestrained; he praised with the warmth of cordial sincerity the wines from the provinces that should have been his own; he forgot his sorrows in listening to the songs; and when princes and pages attended him to his pillow, we can imagine that he laid his head down, in the complacency of self-conquest, and woke in the morning from refreshing slumbers predisposed to a pleasant understanding with his jailers.

With the wars of the Roses and the troubles of the times intoxication gained ground in the upper circles, and the art of cookery had rapidly gone backwards. Dane and Briton, Saxon, Norman, and Fleming, had been steadily intermingling their blood, as the wine-cask had been half flooded from the ale-barrel, and the *menu* of the heavy ceremonial dinner was characterised again by plenty more than delicacy. Broad domains had been devastated and ample revenues forfeited. Great nobles like the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset had been brought, as Lord Lytton says in his 'Last of the Barons,' "to hunger for the beggar's crust." The head of the Cliffords, expelled from his ancestral towers of Bardon, had been brought up with the shepherd lads of Cumberland. When these beggared men "came to their own again," and had set their feet on the necks of their enemies, so long as they could fill their bellies they were scarcely likely to be fastidious. And in the meantime the English nobility had lost its Continental possessions. It became more difficult and far more costly to import the choicer vintages of Gascony, or even those "petits vins d'Anjou" which still enjoyed a fair local reputation in the French troubles of the League and the Fronde. The housekeeping-books of great mansions in the days of the Tudors show that the charge of the cellarer had been unpleasantly simplified. Ale on draught was to be had *ad libitum;* and indeed a perennially flowing tap was almost indispensable when one thinks of the stores of salted provisions that were laid in for the winter supply. But the wine was doled out in stinted measure, and kept chiefly for the high table of the lord, or for the private refection of his lady and her dames-in-waiting.

Bluff Henry VIII. lived well, and being in happy relations at intervals with the chivalrous Francis, no doubt took the opportunity of replenishing his cellars. As for his magnificent eminence who wrote the famous *Ego et Rex Meus*, eclipsing even the splendours of such prelates as Anthony Bek, the Prince-Bishop of Durham, he kept open house with a sumptuous profusion which has never been rivalled before or since. Wolsey had his table served to perfection. His personal kitchen was as superbly mounted as his sacerdotal establishment, and at least as methodically organised. He had his master cook, with two assistants and their six labourers. There were a yeoman and groom of the larder, a yeoman and two grooms of the scullery, two yeomen and

two grooms of the ewery, two yeomen and two grooms of the buttery, three yeomen and three pages of the cellar, two yeomen of the wafery, besides artists from Italy and Spain to superintend the pastry, confectionery, &c. English-hearted as he was, he was a thorough cosmopolitan in the understanding he maintained with the enemies of to-day who might possibly be the friends of the morrow, and who might help him to the tiara which was the dream of his ambition. We may be sure that in spite of wars and rumours of wars he had his regular consignments of wines free from foreign ports. The overbearing cardinal was no ascetic. He used the good gifts of the Creator, if he did not encourage their abuse. It was not merely that his personal table was spread with the luxuries of the time and all the delicacies of the season; there were three tables in the grand hall at Hampton Court where 800 to 1000 guests were feasted daily. But he delighted in assembling around him all the wit, learning, and talent of the time. The guests at the lower boards had their repasts for their attendance or in the way of charity; though, as the Cardinal had accumulated so much of the revenue of England in his own hands, it might seem fitting that he should offer board in return to a handsome contingent of hungry Englishmen. But the gentlemen in his immediate company were expected to "pay their footing" by a display of their social gifts; and as the prize was the favour and patronage of the dispenser of all good things, we may imagine that the *convives* did their best to sparkle. The very greatness of the presence may have imposed a certain restraint, and the lesser lights may have burned dim in the blaze of the central radiancy; but undoubtedly the hospitable reign of Wolsey was the Medicean age of our medieval conviviality.

Good living, according to the lights of the landed gentry and wealthy citizens, had become a habit with the "Merry England" of the Tudors. At the proclamation of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, as on the ill-omened accession of her cousin Mary, the fountains in Chepe were set aflowing with wine, and the tables in the Guildhall, as in the Tower, groaned under the burdens of their abundance. The respectable city of London, by the way, must have witnessed grotesque scenes of conviviality that might have engaged the pencil of the painter of the "Dance of Death," when the strongest of the mob were struggling for front places over the gutters, and for the privilege of turning themselves into Circe's swine. But those premature rejoicings were but a flash in the pan; and the genial glow of the spacious kitchen-ranges in mansions in the town, and manors in the country, paled before the gleam of the fires in Smithfield. Nobles and people seem to have cheered up alike in the brighter days of the virgin queen. Scott's brilliant description of the revels at Kenilworth is a picture of the princely housekeeping of the times, when courtiers like Leicester sowed that they might reap, and mortgaged estates that they might meet their bills, sure of receiving new manors in recompense. Still more curiously characteristic is the household-book of Leicester's near kinsfolk the Sidneys of Penshurst. In it we find the accounts of the everyday expenditure carefully kept, down to the minutest items, with lists giving the names of the distinguished guests who were visiting under the hospitable roof-tree. We have the bills for sack, claret, &c., the quantity of strong ale brewed at home—

and Penshurst stands in the hop-gardens of the Weald of Kent,—and the contributions of rent in kind—cattle and sheep, pigs and poultry—that were poured into the great house by the tenantry. The tourist may still admire the venerable banqueting-hall, dating from the reign of the third Edward, with the broad dais at the upper end, faced by the gallery for the musicians. It must have been more picturesque than comfortable, according to our new-fangled notions, for there are the iron dogs that supported the blazing logs still standing, as they used to stand, in the middle of the brick floor; and by the primitive arrangement that was adopted by the vikings, the smoke found its way out through an aperture in the ceiling. There, too, are the identical old oaken tables; and many a brilliant company must have assembled round the board that remains in its place on the raised platform. There was wine in abundance, as we may see by the cellar-book; but there was the feast of reason and the flow of soul as well. No one of the country-seats of England is more brightly associated with the social and literary memories of the times, and poets and princes were numbered among the guests of a family which boasted hereditary genius for its birthright.

The civil wars, with all their dismal train of sorrows, troubles, and merciless proscriptions, were the special time of a *triste* conviviality. Men whose heads were at stake, and who were playing their fortunes in a game that was going against them, drank deep because they were reckless and desperate. "Mind where the Stewarts came frae," said Richie Moniplies to Jenkin, "and never think they'll want spears or claymores either." Richie might have added that his native kings came from a country of cheap claret. The close relations between Scotland and France had cultivated the taste of the Caledonians for the wines of their wealthier allies. The liquors that gladdened the heart of man under the sunny and sultry skies of Gascony might not seem altogether suited to the frosts and fogs of the North. But if the claret "sat cold on the stomach," it could always be corrected with usquebaugh; and then, and long afterwards, even such poverty-stricken change-houses as that of Lucky Macleary at Tully Veolan could supply the "tappit hens" of Bordeaux mantling in fresh perfume from the cask. The nobles who came south in the train of their Scottish sovereign, and the adventurers who followed them to seek their fortunes, brought the taste for Bordeaux wines with them, or at all events popularised it. Fostered by the heavy impositions of the excise, the fair trade with France began to flourish; and many a black-sailed cutter or lugger ran her cargoes of claret or cognac by the light of the moon, into some sequestered cove under the shadows of the chalk cliffs. Poor cavaliers who turned up their noses at ale when they had the pieces to procure anything better, could get gloriously drunk comparatively cheaply. Never was there a more roistering time than when the habit of carousing became the badge of loyalty, and a protest against the damnable doctrines of the Puritans. But it was the very debauch of false good-fellowship—the spectre of a ghastly conviviality. The rakehelly *vaurien*, in threadbare doublet and wine-stained rosettes, had as little conception of intellectual enjoyment as the swine that rooted on the dung-hill before the door of the village inn. His notion of brisk conversation was profane and foul talk, and

he delighted in trolling out bacchanalian choruses scarcely superior to the melodies of our own music-halls. Inborn courage these men had, no doubt; but their nerves could hardly fail to be shaken by incessant intoxication on indifferently-filled stomachs. The more creditable members of their party regarded them with contempt and disgust. Yet, with rare exceptions, those high-bred cavaliers who bear themselves so nobly in the canvases of Vandyke, lived in what we should call now habitual excess. Even the Roger Wildrakes of the party, who degraded themselves like the helots of the Spartans, could not shame them into the virtues of temperance.

The king set an admirable example in that respect, as did Clarendon and Falkland, and some of his graver courtiers; but even among men in the highest and most responsible places, these distinguished statesmen and soldiers were exceptions rather than the rule. No wonder there was a Puritan reaction, and that the Ranters and Dissenting divines who launched their invectives against the backslidings of the times found willing hearers among the masses of the people. Under the stern influence of a repressive *régime*, the many suffered for offences of which they were comparatively guiltless. The villagers, who, for the best of reasons, had never had much chance of exceeding, saw their holiday festivities ruthlessly proscribed. The May-poles on the village-greens were cut down, and the inn-keepers subjected to rigid supervision. A good deal of sly drinking there was, no doubt, even among those who went to chapel in the most dismal raiment, and snuffled quotations of the Scripture in the most sanctimonious whine. But the times were so full of trouble and anxiety—so many people were out of heart, or in mourning for loss of their friends or their property—that the reformation was tolerably general, and accepted with some equanimity.

Reaction is sure to lead on to reaction, and the Restoration gave an extraordinary impulse to conviviality. There was drunkenness enough at the Court of the second Charles, and yet there was a certain fascination about the dissoluteness of the courtiers. The king not only drew subsidies of *louis d'or* from Versailles, and welcomed high-born diplomatic demireps like Louise de Querouailles, and finished men of the world like the graceless De Grammont, but he imported French taste as well, and the influences of the French manners and *esprit*. Villiers and Wilmot and Sedley, and many others, were far more than mere men of fashion. They might have been able politicians under more favourable circumstances. They might have made their mark in English literature, had they been forced to seek the patronage they were willing enough to give. Though the king aimed at being absolute, and though the Constitution was almost oriental in its despotism, yet the Court society claimed the privileges of a commonwealth. There was much of that equality at the little Whitehall suppers which is indispensable to really brilliant society; and in the excitement of the lively interchange of repartee, no man balked his wit for fear of giving offence. Sometimes a spoiled courtier went rather far, and paid the penalty in a sentence of temporary banishment. But the wrath of the placable king was quickly appeased; there were no *lettres de cachet*, as in France—exile to a country-seat was more agreeable than seclusion in the Bastile, and gentle dulness was the only crime which Charles could never have been persuaded to forgive.

Passing over the reigns of his fanatical brother and his phlegmatic nephew-in-law, we should say that the foreign policy of Queen Anne's Ministers opened a new era in drinking which by no means tended to conviviality. We made the famous Methuen treaty with Portugal, and England was flooded with heady port. The 'Complaynt of Scotland' on that subject is expressed in the pithy though hackneyed couplet—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton and his claret good.
'Let him drink port!' the English statesman cried.
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

All that can be said is, that the English statesman, and the English man of letters as well, suffered in common with the Caledonian. Port became the popular wine in country-seats as in London coffee-houses. As to the former, it was of the less consequence that it mattered little whether fox-hunting county gentlemen of the type of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone and Squire Western's father muddled themselves with the wines of Oporto or no. They re-remained equal to the discharge of their parochial duties as justices of the peace and churchwardens; and that was the utmost their country expected of them. But who shall estimate the effects of the wines of the Douro on the chiefs of the State, and of the literary coteries? Brilliant as Bolingbroke, and Pope, and Swift and his companions were, and wonderful as are the literary monuments they have left behind them, they would undoubtedly have been more brilliant still had they been content to stick to the inspirations of claret. As it is, we stand amazed at the work of various kinds accomplished by them and their successors, considering the drag they deliberately imposed on themselves. Bolingbroke was a genius of intense vitality, and Sir Robert Walpole had the robust frame of a fox-hunting Norfolk squire; and no doubt their stomachs had been seasoned to the strong liquors they habitually imbibed. But after all, they were cast in the same mould as ourselves: we know how a man feels the next morning nowadays when he has swallowed but half a bottle of port overnight; and we may be sure that, with all their capacity for work, their brains must have been constantly clouded by vapours. Perpetual depression after excess must have necessitated constant fillips. Bolingbroke, who was himself a man of profound learning and wit, invited men of wit and learning to his symposia when he was not supping in female society, and might always make an effort to rise to the occasion more or less successfully. But with Walpole, as with many of the Ministers of the Georges, the meal-times were mere sensual enjoyment. He surrounded himself with colleagues of his own stamp, or with the members attached to his party. He made a point of turning the conversation on subjects "that everybody could talk upon;" and we may easily imagine the nature of these subjects, had he not expressed it with his characteristic bluntness. Even the younger Pitt primed for his great speeches with a bottle of port; and Pitt was a hereditary martyr to the gout, and had an extremely sensitive stomach. When the great oratorical flight was flown, and the dregs of the stimulant were working in him next day, fancy the frame of mind in which he must have betaken himself to State business, or the frame of body in which he sat down to an early dinner.

A hundred years ago or so, we do not suppose that the art of adulteration had been carried to any great

length—and the wine, if harsh or new, must have been generally sound—but our great-great-grandfathers can have been by no means over particular They were particular neither as to their accommodation nor their liquor. Johnson, who in a different age had succeeded to something like Dryden's literary authority, still considered a tavern chair the throne of human felicity. The famous original 'Club,' with the many minor associations of the kind he originated, all met in taverns in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. London has still its Bohemian *réunions*, where artists and actors, dramatists and journalists, assemble daily to dine and sup in clouds of tobacco-smoke—occasionally, we believe, sitting in shirt-sleeves, should the weather make it agreeable. It has its aristocratic "Cosmopolitans," where you may drop in after late fashionable entertainments, and discuss the topics of the day over spirits and Apollonaris water. It has its costly new dining-hotels, modelled after the Parisian restaurants, where you have the refinements of French cookery served more or less satisfactorily, with wines that profess to be of approved vintages. These last establishments, so long as they are sensational novelties, are occasionally patronised by men of fashion, though as a rule they are frequented by extravagant birds of passage, and newly-enriched Jews and Greeks who live on the limits of society. But it is hard to conceive the Beauclerks and Bennet Langtons of our time, to say nothing of the Burkes and Reynoldses and Lords Stowell, meeting once a-week in some pot-house in the Strand to sup in serious earnest, and sit sipping into the small hours. Half our distinguished men of a certain age seem to have put themselves on a severe regimen as to stimulants, and would almost as soon swallow opium as port after ten o'clock in the evening. As for our gilded youth, or our middle-aged *jeunesse dorée* with the gilding slightly tarnished, they may have their evening haunts that are decidedly more disreputable; but whatever may become of their morals, they take a certain care of their constitutions. Dinners in good houses—though, heaven knows, the wines and the *entrées* there often leave much to desire—have spoilt the *habitués* of society for roughing it. Unless they are tempted by an exceptionally *recherché cuisine*, they seldom eat anything knowingly that will bring them regrets and remorse next morning. They have their clubs, with the cooks they can trust and the cellars in which they believe; at all events, they tread on soft carpets, and dine at brightly-served tables under embossed ceilings, and lounge in easy-chairs, and can adjourn up gentle staircases to luxurious smoking-rooms, where they promote digestion with coffee and *liqueurs* that would do no discredit to the Café Anglais or Tortoni. Even if any of these gentlemen had irrepressible social instincts and marked literary tastes, with extraordinary gifts of conversation, we can conceive how their *verve* would be dashed by an adjournment to an old-fashioned tavern. We fancy we see them altogether *désorienté*, as they draw in their uncompromising stiff-backed chairs over the sanded floor and threadbare carpet, to the board with the dingy cloth, dimly lighted by smoky candles. A Burke might burst out with his burning eloquence, scattering the shafts of his polished sarcasm around him; a Johnson might say his best and wittiest things, meeting argument with logic, and epigram with repartee; a Garrick or a Goldsmith

might trifle gracefully with the art of the day or the topics of the season: but the mere mortification of the flesh would prevent the company rising to the occasion. How could you be in a genially appreciative mood, to say nothing of reflecting the sparkle of your *convives*, when your shoulders were aching from an unaccustomed posture, and your palate being clogged by port of remarkable strength and sweetness?

While the English wits were supping in the coffee-rooms of taverns; while the tables of the aristocracy were spread more substantially than delicately, and while the nice distinctions of rank were still sharply marked among us—the great preferring the society of their equals, and filling odd corners at their parties with parasites and hangers-on,—the French continued to assert their convivial ascendancy. If they were working hard for their Revolution, and drinking, dancing, and making love over the mines that they and their forefathers had been charging, they showed no signs of uneasiness. Never had the *entrain* of aristocratic gaiety been more charming. They remind one of Boccaccio's revellers making merry in the plague of Florence to the bells of the death-carts. The country had been impoverished by wasteful wars, and the peasants ground to the dust by oppressions and exactions. The citizens of the towns were being taxed and sweated for the profit of the vulgar farmer-generals, whose ostentation made them universally ridiculed. Great domains were gradually falling back in cultivation, or being mortgaged piecemeal to the usurers. *Intendants* were enriching themselves at the expense of the employers, whose extravagances had to be satisfied, in the meantime, by hook or by crook. The key-note to the critical situation was struck by the monarch dining in state on the terrace of Versailles, in presence of the hungry mob of onlookers. As yet, the traditional reverence of the old *régime* weighed upon the revolutionary ideas that began to be propagated among the people. The mob was content to look on at the procession of dishes in a mood that was regretful rather than envious. But it was impossible that some impetuous or reflective spirits should not be shocked by the spectacle of gorgeous luxury so gratuitously paraded in mockery of their miseries. Yet that time-honoured pageant was part of the machinery of the State, and they hardly realised how it was paid for. But the same thing was going on more or less in many a country chateau that was visited occasionally by its courtier-master. For the Court nobles were a class apart—though unhappily a class that was only too numerous—who had forgotten their duties while abusing their privileges, and whose only connection with their dependants lay in squeezing them to the uttermost farthing. The peasant had to leave his patch of farm when the work was most pressing, to clear the stones off the road, against the seigneur's arrival—to fill up the ruts, and put his shoulder to the wheel of the carriages. He stood in dull amazement at the train of liveried servants, and at the *fourgons* laden with wines and strange delicacies from the capital. He saw the great fires in the kitchens kindled of a sudden, and windows blazing with light in place of closed shutters. When he came to make some payment in kind from his poverty-stricken *basse-cour*, the air was fragrant with odours of roasting and boiling, that brought the water into his mouth. The very dogs which the seigneur maintained, to imitate, in his degree, the

hunting *fêtes* of Versailles, and the semi-barbarous splendours of the torchlight *curées*, were pampered as the peasant had never been feasted on his holidays. Ignorant and brutalised as he was, he could yet tell exactly how all that splendour was maintained. He had just delivered a sheep or a string of fowls at the kitchen; he had sent in a sack of his seed-corn to help out his rent; he had been giving many a precious day's work to his lord in *corvées* that were ruthlessly exacted. It was he and his neighbours, Jean and Pierre, who paid for all that splendid hospitality, and the idea dimly dawned on his mind that there were two sides to the feudal relation, and that his seigneur had been running heavily in debt to him.

Yet that same idea seems never to have occurred to the quickest-witted aristocracy in Europe. In circumstances that should have thrown black shadows over everything, they led the gayest of existences, and made the most of life according to their lights. Selfishness was an instinct, and self-indulgence a principle. Never, perhaps, had the practice of a graceful stony-heartedness been cultivated so successfully, and they even banished the Egyptian death's-head from their feasts. We do not suppose that they enjoyed an absolute immunity from the blue-devils. They must have had feverish nights now and then, and melancholy wakenings in the morning. But their digestions were seldom disturbed by regrets for anything worse than some gastronomical imprudence. Even as to that they were exceptionally careful. Their sensuality had little that was swinish in it, and they were persuaded that retribution must follow on excess. Their *chefs* practised the culinary art as a science, and you might have fancied that they had studied medicine as well. The system of the light French cookery was being gradually refined. For the saddles of mutton and sirloins on our side of the Channel, they had the *suprêmes* and *salmis* and *côtelettes à la* something or other; and instead of making their meal off *pièces de résistance*, they dallied with the *entrées* and sauces that gently stimulated the gastric juices. Suitable wines accompanied the successive courses, from the Chablis or white claret with the oysters, to the velvety Burgundy with the *hure de sanglier*, or the fragrant Bordeaux with the pheasant or the wild-fowl. The vintages of the sweeter champagne flowed with the dessert, and they seldom set in for protracted drinking afterwards. Above all, the mind was agreeably distracted. *Gourmets* as they were before all, the material pleasures of the senses were associated with those of the spirit. He must be a grand seigneur indeed who could afford to lie back in his chair and leave to his company the charge of amusing him. Veteran courtiers like Richelieu, who had the honour of yawning *tête-à-tête* with the king in his hours of *ennui*, prided themselves in descending to the arena like the Emperor Commodus, and meeting all comers in passages of arms. The deference for a great name and station might blunt the weapons that parried or returned his thrusts; but none the less, to support his reputation, was he bound to be witty, sarcastic, and amusing. A happy epigram or a brilliant *bon mot* was worth as much as a gained battle; for one and the other covered the victor with glory for the time, to be forgotten afterwards with the last Court scandal.

They sought amusement, like money, where they could find it. They did their best to entertain

each other, and on the whole they succeeded. But they never neglected an opportunity of recruiting their ranks, and there were aspirants in abundance to their company and their patronage. The cadets of good houses came up from the country towns to enrol themselves either in the Church or the army. Whether they elected for the tonsure or the epaulette, they laid themselves out to seek the *bonnes fortunes* which were the safest stepping-stones to promotion; they frequented *levers* of fashionable beauties, watching for the occasion of distinguishing themselves in the circles that gathered to the toilets; they brought stories by way of tribute, with salt, point, and sly innuendoes, and wrote amorous serenades or *jeux d'esprit.* The comparative reserve of the morning melted in the warmth of the midnight suppers, and they contributed originality and piquancy to conversations that were apt to grow stale. They had their encouragement in the advancement that interest could confer; and the light-living young *abbés* in particular received rich preferment, and came into fashion as Court preachers and confessors. In the confessional, at all events, they had the recommendation of a common feeling with the sins of their penitents. Their cleverness and success assured their positions, till they came to be courted in turn. Society gained by their rise, if religion or the war administration suffered.

There was no lack of bright intelligence among the well-born, though their education might have been neglected with their morals. But that contemptuous aristocracy, with all its egotistical exclusiveness, never hesitated to subordinate its prejudices to its pleasures. It looked down on the learned *noblesse* of the robe; it held the *bourgeois* almost as much its inferiors as the peasants; and yet it was willing to make a pet of the clever *roturier* who had the knack of amusing it with dexterous sycophancy. Shrewd men of the people, tainted with new theories and ambitions, were received to a footing of ambiguous intimacy, and encouraged to speculative discussions on the doctrines that were afterwards to find their exponent in the guillotine. And there was another democratic institution in that agreeable aristocratic society, which played its part in preparing the way for the Revolution. That was the *petite maison.* There was nothing unusual, of course, in the *roué* of high rank condescending to amuse himself with the daughters of the people; but the French nobles made a science of the art of abduction. When beauties of low degree hesitated unduly, or let absurd ideas of virtue or good sense stand between them and the promotion that was offered, more violent means were employed in their interest. The reluctant maiden was lured or ravished into a *maisonette* that was furnished with every luxury, though the gates of its gardens were locked. Amidst gorgeous furniture, an attractive *valetaille,* and a constant succession of rich repasts, with the flattering attentions of some very grand seigneur, who professed himself the slave of her charms with the histrionic talents of a Frenchman, the captive soon seemed to reconcile herself to her cage. Her vanity was flattered, her senses were gratified, and she prided herself on justifying the homage she received. When she was clever as well as beautiful, which was sometimes the case, she became the "life and soul" of those lively suppers, which were the characteristics of the *petite maison.* It was with her that her lord and admirer loved to relax from the more cumbrous ceremonial of the banquets of his ordinary

society. The latter half of the eighteenth century in France was the age of interminable *menus* and a grand ostentation of *cuisine*. We are told, as no very extraordinary event, that when the Prince de Soubise offered a supper to his sovereign, it cost him no less than 24,000 livres. It was a relief to retire to the relative simplicity of an establishment whose appointments, though rich, were all in miniature, and which received its "master" *incognito* as a stranger. Being rarely jealous, he reserved the privilege of introducing a certain number of guests, selecting those from among his intimates or his most entertaining parasites. The *fay ce que voudras* from the Abbey of Theleme, borrowed by Lord le Despenser and his Franciscans for their foundation of Medmenham, might have been engraved on the door of the *salle-à-manger*. Masquelier has left us a picture of the snug round table under the gilded ceiling, which gave every opportunity for easy sociability in the little circle. And we may have some idea of the freedom that presided at the feast, from the arrangements for dispensing with embarrassing attendance. Between the courses the table was lowered through the floor by an elaborate system of pulleys; and the wines and delicacies removed themselves without even the sense of a chaperonage by valets.

Those aristocratic *bon vivants* had anticipated the invectives of reformers and demagogues by justifying all the abuse that could be heaped upon them. When they had been racking their ingenuity for refinements of dissipation, they would have almost resented the idea that it was possible to calumniate them. Except candour, the only virtue they may have been said to have some regard to was temperance,—and that, of course, upon purely egotistical grounds. And that cynical resolution so far served them well by delaying the inevitable decay of the senses. It was their worldly wisdom as much as their physical strength that spared veterans like the Duc de Richelieu to a green old age.

What may be said to have been the golden age of French conviviality came to a close with the troubles and catastrophe of the Revolution; and since then, French society has never really recovered itself. When the heads of the old families came back after the proscription, they found the greater part of their domains confiscated. They had to vegetate for the most part in the corners of the dilapidated chateaux, or in the dull hotels of the Faubourg St Germain. The new men who had made fortunes by war or trade, filled the places of the banished seigneurs but indifferently. The graces of the old *régime* were gone, if many of its vices were perpetuated. It was the brusque marshals of the Empire and the fortunate contractors for the commissariat who set the fashion and gave the tone.

And ever since, French conviviality has been in eclipse, or more or less of an orgie. The high-bred men belonging to the royalist faction, who might have perpetuated their old family traditions, have been sadly pinched for means. The adventurers who enriched themselves under the abuses of the Second Empire with *carte blanche* in contracts and political questions, even when they had the wit and gay *entrain* of a De Morny, could not pick and choose their company. The "faubourg" held them at arm's-length. The *fêtes* of Compiègne, though they were graced occasionally by distinguished foreigners, and caught some men of

letters, like Prosper Merimée and About, were mixed in a way that made them the caricatures of those of the Grand Monarque at Versailles. The society that basked in the sunshine of Court favour became *tapageuse*, and sacrificed to vulgar display: even the great restaurants were chiefly patronised by *nouveaux riches;* by Americans who had struck oil; by Peruvians who had grown rich on guano; by young provincials who had come to the capital to "eat" the modest patrimony they had inherited. The *chefs* could hardly throw their hearts into their labours when the supper in the private *salon* or *cabinet particulier* was pretty sure to degenerate into a riot; and when the *plats* on which they had lavished their care might possibly be thrown out of the windows to hackney-coachmen. Certain houses on the Boulevards, like the Café Anglais, the Maison Dorée, and Bignon's, increased in popularity, and kept up their credit for their own sakes in the face of demoralising influences. Others that were more out of the way, such as Philippe's and the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, being capriciously neglected, closed their doors. A few artists of talent, tempted by high salaries and unlimited perquisites, remained in lucrative though unsatisfactory places, casting their pearls before swine. Many left the country, to be retained in more appreciative establishments in England, Russia, and even Germany. And we need hardly say that the establishment of the republican *régime* has done nothing to arrest the decline of *spirituelle* French conviviality. Right and Left, with their extreme allies, are too busy over their faction-fights. The men who are the most socially disposed are generally the poorest, and *vice versâ*; the wealthy *parvenus*, who make fortunes in trade, have cultivated neither literature nor conversation; in the absence of a lettered and hospitable aristocracy, authors are apt to herd apart in a more or less free-and-easy Bohemianism. Although, of course, the materials for brilliant society must be scattered broadcast through the great French capital, there are few men of distinction who could bring them together, and fewer still who care to stoop to an ambition so frivolous.

The French have been declining from a point to which the British as a nation can hardly be said to have attained. Brilliant society we have had, but it has been the society of groups and coteries rather than of a great and commanding class. Before the French Revolution, when the gay world of France was at its brightest, the high society in England was less witty, less refined, and, we are happy to add, infinitely less demoralised. In the early years of the present century, when, except for foreign wars and increased taxation, we had escaped the troubles that convulsed our neighbours, we were slow to take warning by their sins, and profit by our tranquillity to amend our manners. We continued to drink deep and long, and to make hard drinking and heavy eating the chief ends of our festivities. That men should shine on that unwholesome system of training was impossible. They laid the foundation of their feasts in venison and turtle; they superadded the richness of what was often an inferior French *cuisine* to the too solid abundance of an English table; they tried their utmost to do impartial injustice to both; they mixed their liquors through the meal unscrupulously and unmercifully; and they finished off with a prolonged carouse. "Finished off," we say; but their drinking did not always end then. In country-houses, nc

doubt, the discussion of bottles enough to swamp the company was the entertainment of the evening, It was of Castle Grant, for instance, that Dean Ramsay tells a story of the two sturdy Highlanders charged with the duty of carrying the helpless guests to bed, who shook their heads over changed times in the mansion when one or two of their master's friends left his table in a state to dispense with their services. But the fashionable *viveurs* about town, who went the wild pace with the Regent, or imitated the extravagances of the bachelor Court, filliped themselves through the dissipations of the night with supper and a series of potations. The wear and tear of deep parties at hazard, or high play over the whist-table, told upon them. They had their "devils" and grills sauced and cayenned to suit their palates; and of all poisonous concoctions that man could devise, their favourite tipple was Curaçoa punch. It must have introduced a fresh combination in their games of chance and skill, since the strongest and clearest head must have had several points in his favour. We are spared the trouble of conceiving the gentleman's feelings next morning, since Thackeray has vividly depicted them for us in painting the rising of Jos Sedley after his unlucky party at Vauxhall. Sedley had been indulging in rack-punch, which was possibly a shade or two more deleterious than Curaçoa. There he lay writhing on his bed, "groaning in agonies which the pen refuses to describe." And, as the moralist goes on to remark, in aggravation of the horrors of his picture, "small beer was the only drink with which unhappy gentlemen soothed the fever of their previous night's potation; soda-water was not invented yet." Indeed, the Collector from Boggley Wallah was so thoroughly upset, that he had to take a trip to the Cheltenham waters to restore himself; but the more seasoned men about town, who met night after night to sup and gamble, had to begin each of their days *da capo*, with something of Sedley's sufferings. The first gentleman in the kingdom had fascinating acquaintances among his boon companions. Sometimes the dinner-table was enlivened by jest and anecdote, when he entertained a literary lion like the author of 'Waverley.' But as a rule, the success of the dinner depended mainly or altogether on the wines and the butler; and a favourite piece of practical humour was to induce some confiding guest to merge self-respect and dignity in hopeless intoxication—as when the old Duke of Norfolk accepted the invitation of the Prince and his royal brother to a dinner at Brighton, and the old man was at last lifted into his carriage to be driven round and round the Pavilion court, under the innocent impression that he was on his way to his lodgings.

Talking of the author of 'Waverley' carries us to Scotland by a natural train of ideas. Possibly it may be attributed to our national partiality, but we are inclined to think that the Scottish conviviality was, for the most part, more cheery and intellectual than the English. The word "crack," as applied to the gossip over the social glass, expresses our meaning; and though "crack" has no synonym in English, it may be freely translated crisp, quick, cheery conversation. It was Johnson's "good talk" popularised, and flavoured by Scotch "pawkiness" and humour. If we are right in our assumption, the Scotch superiority might be owing partly to the traces of the old French traditions; partly to the continued popularity of the French clarets; partly to

the soundness of the native spirit, and the strength of the Scottish head and stomach. Whisky diluted *à discretion* with hot water, came like mother's milk to the children of misty Caledonia. Even the famous Glasgow punch, compounded with rum and limes fetched from the "little farms in the West Indies" owned by the Baillies Nichol Jarvie of the Saltmarket, was "another guess kind of liquor" from the decoctions of rack and Curaçao. And there can be no question that Scotchmen of all ranks were literally a hard-headed generation, for men who had made their way in the world by their wits were always soaking their brains most unconscionably. The leading counsel and the luminaries of the Bench might have held their own with their brethren of Ireland. Everybody must have laughed with Mr Pleydell at his high-jinks in 'Guy Mannering,' as he sat throned on the tavern table among mighty measures of claret, and appropriately crowned by his subjects with a wine-slider. But Pleydell, as we are given to understand, only relaxed in that way at the end of the week, while there were grave senators of the College of Justice who could seldom have been what their grandsons would call sober. Lord Hermand, we believe, has left a reputation for learning and for decisions which still carry considerable weight. Yet according to his brother judge, Lord Cockburn, "with Hermand, drinking was a virtue: he had a sincere respect for drinking, indeed a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, and with due contempt of those who could but did not." Quoting the passage in his 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life,' Dean Ramsay tells how his lordship once presided at a circuit where judge and advocates began by getting drunk over a dinner at Ayr, and ended in chronic intoxication at Jedburgh. The strange performance was so far exceptional, that it was remembered afterwards in local history as the "daft circuit;" but we are told that the pleadings and decisions were satisfactory, and certainly there was no official censure. The clergy as a body were in no position to be hard on the habits of their heritors. Dean Ramsay quotes Dr Carlyle's sketch of Dr Cumming, who was a leader of one of the parties in the Church: "Dr Patrick Cumming was at this time, 1751, at the head of the Moderate interest, and had his temper been equal to his talents, might have kept it long, for he had both learning and sagacity, and very agreeable conversation, *with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times.*"

The habits of these learned judges and divines may be somewhat shocking to our modern notions; but they not only discharged their duties, legal or clerical, to the contentment of their contemporaries, but distinguished themselves besides as brilliant table companions. We may be sure that men so methodical in their manner of life seldom seriously reduced their daily allowance; though the minister, whose means must have been narrower than those of the judge, may have fallen back upon toddy when dinner invitations ran short. But then, and long afterwards, well-to-do lairds swallowed portentous quantities of liquor, especially in certain districts famed for conviviality, where the hospitalities were apt to take the form of saturnalia. In the memoirs of Constable the publisher, we have some letters dated from Forfarshire in 1806, and written by Mr Constable's partner, Mr Hunter. Mr

Hunter was himself the heir to a good Forfarshire estate, and hand-in-glove with his hard-living neighbours. Chief among these was Mr Maule, subsequently created Lord Panmure—a man, by the way, with great natural gifts, as with very decided opinions and prejudices. Mr Hunter writes: "I never saw anything equal to Maule's kindness and attention to all of us. . . . We are just going out to Eskmount to have a proper day of eating and drinking, with moor-fowl and soup and venison, &c., and a touch at the rose champagne. And again: "We had a most dreadful day at Brechin Castle that day I wrote you, and one of the most awful ever known, even in that house. What think you of seven of us drinking thirty-one bottles of red champagne, besides Burgundy, three bottles of Madeira, &c., &c.? Nine bottles were drunk by us after Maule was pounded (he had been living a terrible life for three weeks preceding)." It is suggestive to remark the legitimate pride with which Hunter indites the bulletin of the friendly battle of the bottles.

There was much quiet joviality among the Scotch middle classes. The practice of supper-parties promoted moderate and sometimes immoderate drinking. The suppers might be light or heavy—anything from scotch collops to rizzard haddocks—though more often they were heavy than light. But after the collops or the haddocks had been washed down with a fair proportion of strong sweet ale, the bottle was introduced by way of corrective, or the bowl of punch was artistically commingled. The company "closed round over their cracks," and tumbler insensibly led on to tumbler. The voices of those who could sing were laid under contribution, and there was hardly one of the party but could tell some story that was liked all the more for old acquaintance' sake, and naturally gave the cue for another. The farmers got their spirits cheap from the small stills on the moorlands, which flavoured the liquor with a seductive *arrière-pensée* of the peat; or the smuggling luggers that frequented the coast ran kegs of schiedam and cognac, by the connivance of customers ashore. The manses, too, were merry places, notwithstanding the modest stipends of the ministers. We remember in our own younger days many a leading member of the Presbytery, and ornament of the Synod, who, like Bardolph, carried the lantern in the poop of a rubicund nose that was eloquent of damp evenings and good fellowship. The minister was a douce Scotch version of the Irish priest who had been bred at St Omer—welcome to all the merry-makings of his flock, very willing to drop in towards the supper hour, to take his share of the wealthy farmer's nightcap. And what a deal of good eating and decorous jocularity there was at the half-yearly "sacramental occasions," when the clerical neighbours of the incumbent rallied round him to help him through the long services.

In fact, the more solemn the domestic event, the more jovially was it likely to end. As christenings took place in church on the Sabbath, they necessarily passed off almost without observance; the company bidden to a wedding was limited by the accommodation of the dining-parlour; but at a funeral it was considered but decent respect to the deceased to make an extraordinary and supreme effort. Wine was freely ordered by families that indulged in nothing more expensive than whisky at other times, and the guests did honour to the unaccustomed luxury in the spirit of respect in which it was offered.

As for the gentry, they piqued themselves on a display that seemed more in keeping with Irish improvidence than with the proverbial Scotch "canniness." The departed proprietor of barren estates, burdened with "wadsets" and "heritable bonds," would be borne to his long home by a jovial company, who, after crowding round the tables with over-acted decorum, and drinking the memory of the deceased in solemn silence, had gone on to exchange toasts and pledges, till they ended by making the rafters ring again. Scott, as usual, has given a photograph of the manners of an earlier time, when he introduces the Master of Ravenswood as moralising in the hall at Wolf's Crag, when he came back to it with a guest after his father's obsequies. "Overturned pitchers, and black-jacks, and pewter-stoups, and flagons, still encumbered the large oaken table; glasses — those more perishable implements of conviviality, many of which had been voluntarily sacrificed by the guests in their enthusiastic pledges to favourite toasts—strewed the stone floor with their fragments. . . . 'This room,' said Ravenswood, holding up the lamp—'this room, Mr Hayston, was riotous when it should have been sad; it is a just retribution that it should now be sad when it ought to be cheerful.'" More lasting retribution often followed those prodigal excesses, which should have been as revolting to kindly feeling as to common-sense. Families always in straitened circumstances were impoverished further or brought to insolvency; and we are aware of one instance where a noble Scottish house would have been crippled beyond recovery, except for a wealthy marriage, by a funeral procession that extended for several miles.

We have made passing allusion to Irish improvidence, and chapters might be written on Irish conviviality, as it has given the salt to many a volume of social sketches, and been the theme of innumerable rollicking novels. In spite of bad seasons and standing grievances, of encumbered estates and rack-rented farms, over the length and breadth of the land—at least outside the limits of Ulster—there was the sound of perpetual revelry by day and by night. So long as the landlord could keep a roof over his head, and shut his doors in the faces of the beleaguering bailiffs, the chief end of his being was a jovial evening. To that, hunting and shooting and fishing were subordinated; and if cares would keep cropping up in the course of the day, he could drown them each night in fresh bottles of claret. His drinking performances occasionally rose to the sublime; and had he been matched against the picked champion of the Forfarshire lairds, we should have been decidedly inclined to put our money on him.

Sir Jonah Barrington, among many similar stories, narrates how his brothers, with some chosen cronies, withdrew to a keeper's cottage where a frost had stopped the hunting, and having victualled the place, to lay a foundation for their potations, drank steadily and ceaselessly for several days. There was no more respected name in the land than that of Sneyd, the Dublin wine merchant, who imported the favourite claret. So long as wine was supplied without stint the guests cared little as to their accommodation, and the wine bill ran up to fabulous figures in miserably-appointed mansions shockingly out of repair. Going to bed was a form more honoured in the breach than the observance, and as the gentlemen were likely to lie down in their clothes, trusses of hay might

do duty for the feather-beds and blankets.

Nor were the tastes of the clergy, especially of the Catholic persuasion, in any way out of harmony with those of their flocks. At the table of squire or squireen; at the merry-meetings of the comfortable farmers, the priest was the life and soul of the company. The country flowed with spirits, if not with milk and honey; the red-coated myrmidons of his Britannic Majesty waged regular war against the innumerable stills in the bogs and on the mountains; and the "boys" who "brewed the stuff" were particular in paying their tithes in the shape of kegs of poteen to their "clergy." There was invariably a kettle on the hob at his Reverence's, and a tumbler ready to be proffered to the chance visitor. He had his corner in the parlour at the nearest inn, where they knew and attended to the likings of his Reverence. The most solemn duties of his office were coupled with jovial carnal observances. When he held "a station," he laid the *venue* under the roof of one of the wealthiest of his parishioners, occupying the seat of honour at the feast. Weddings, of course, could never have been lucky had not the couple been launched on their wedded life in a flood of punch that swept their friends off their legs; and everybody knows what the Irish wake was, even among the poorest and most miserable of the peasantry. At fairs like Donnybrook, the fun that followed the bargaining began with the promiscuous drinking that warmed the factions to their work; and before night set in, what with the fighting and the fumes of the whisky, the fallen lay thick as flies among the booths. Carleton is perhaps the most reliable authority among Irish novelists for the habits of the lower orders, from which he sprung; and for those of their betters we cannot go wrong in consulting the earlier fictions of Lever. Who does not remember the scenes in Frank Webber's rooms at Old Trinity; the election, when Godfrey O'Malley stood for the county; Harry Lorrequer's night with the friends in the West; his introduction to the mysterious revels of "the Monks of the Screw," whose abbot was no less distinguished a personage than John Philpot Curran himself; his bar dinners; and, above all, the humours of those Hibernian doctors and soldiers who served under the Duke in the Peninsula, and turned battles and bivouacs into a continual picnic?

We wish we had time to accompany Lever to the Continent, in his wanderings before the days of the railways. While *grands seigneurs* and private gentlemen still posted with their carriages and *fourgons*. While the old-fashioned hotel still existed, with the host who personally attended on his customers, and catered intelligently for their wants, charging trouble and outlay in the bill. When the distinguished arrival was actually expected to dine in his own apartment, and served with *entrées* that were meant to do credit to the house; and with wine which was sometimes so good as to tempt him to delay his journey. Then, if he came across acquaintances *en route*, or found friends in his place where he sojourned, he might offer them a charming little entertainment, and consequently an agreeable evening. But, other times other manners. Now everything is changed, and reduced to a dull and depressing uniformity. You are merely number so and so in the grand *caravanserai*, and compelled under pain of discomfort and overcharge to take your place at the crowded *table d'hôte*. Or if you

do turn up in the character of a millionaire, though you may have no cause to complain of the splendour of your rooms, everything is utterly antipathetical to conviviality. The dishes may be served on plate, but they are sent up cold; the serving is superintended by an indifferent waiter in place of an *empressé* landlord; and if you bestow some thought on the wine, ordering "grand" Bordeaux or Burgundy, the sight of the brand-new label gives you ominous suspicions of its authenticity, which are fully confirmed in the tasting. And, of course, out of France, with rare exceptions, the hotel is the only place where you can hope to be convivial; for our foreign friends are little given to hospitality, and take their repasts, besides, at unchristian hours.

The change in the old ideas of conviviality is, of course, in great measure to be attributed to the general advance in refinement, and to the tardy recognition of common-sense principles. No gentleman would be tolerated now in society who had once made his appearance in the drawing-room unsteady upon his legs, or talking in the easy fashion of Fielding or Smollett's heroes, with a stammer and a flushed face. And even sensualists, who think of nothing but self-indulgence, have begun to learn that the enjoyment of life must be based upon a reasonable moderation, and that the stupid excesses of the night must be paid for in the morning or afterwards. But among secondary causes, we ascribe the reformation chiefly to the growth of the club system, and to the late dinner-hours that have come into fashion. Instead of arranging parties in inns and taverns—which, as a matter of course, meant serious drinking—bachelors, and married men *en garçon*, when in London, dine at their clubs. Singly or in pairs, they sit at separate tables, having ordered a comparatively frugal repast. They content themselves with a pint of claret or champagne, and perhaps a glass or two of sherry, and adjourn afterwards for coffee to the smoking-room before going into society. So the clubs, which are doubtless luxurious in a sense, are in reality useful schools of temperance. And when people sit down to dinner between eight and nine, a man has neither time nor inclination to exceed, even when tempted by pleasant company. London has set the fashion to the country, where the force of public feeling has became so irresistible, that a Squire Western would be the scandal of his parish and universally cold-shouldered by his neighbours. So the *laudatores temporis acti*, if any of them survive, must resign themselves to unavailing regrets, and be content to console themselves with their reminiscences.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine

THE AFGHAN WAR:

PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A STAFF OFFICER.

GANDAMAK,
Christmas-day, 1879.

AT two o'clock one morning, less than eight short months ago, a brave Aberdonian, the late Mr Jenkyns, C.I.E., of the Bengal Civil Service, galloped out of this place for Peshawar, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles, with a portentous-looking tin case strapped to his back. Only the day before had Muhammad Yakub Khan placed in Cavagnari's hands the treaty by which he himself was recognised as Amir, and which secured at the same time for England the moderate degree of participation in Afghan politics that in self-defence she had been at last compelled to assert for herself. All that remained to be done, as was believed, in order to give a long repose to Afghanistan, and establish firmly the new era, was for the document in which these weighty stipulations were recorded to be taken post-haste to Simla, for the formal sanction of His Excellency the Viceroy. This duty naturally fell to the lot of Mr Jenkyns, who had served his chief well throughout the negotiations referred to,—and whose ride from Gandamak to Peshawar, on post-horses, with the Treaty mounted like "black care" behind him, was performed, it is worth mentioning, in not more than thirteen hours. Little thought the young civilian as he rode what the box he carried really contained:—not peace and healing for Afghanistan, and a long career of usefulness for himself in helping to confirm the newly-formed friendship between the greater and the smaller powers; but the dragon's teeth of fresh and more bitter war; his own and his chief's ever-to-be-lamented death, sword in hand, a few months afterwards at Kabul; Yakub Khan's downfall and deportation; and God only knows what further passages of history yet to be enacted and recorded. It would be premature to discuss the causes which led, or are still leading, to arrangements, in themselves so reasonable and promising as these just glanced at, breaking up or giving way almost like mere fantasies of the imagination. Never surely have man's most benevolent purposes, or his shrewdest forecasts, been more strangely frustrated or discredited by the actual issues, than in the course of the past year in Afghanistan. It may be that political, equally with physical, science has its impossibilities, such as no one can ever attempt to compass save with futile, if not even destructive, results, any more than a quicksand could be made to support a castle. Notwithstanding all the opportunities enjoyed by us as an Eastern power of upwards of a century's standing of gauging the conditions under which stable conventions can alone be made, or sound relationships established, with principalities like Afghanistan,—misconceptions on small points, as we regard them, may in reality have all this time been militating against our best efforts at successful construction; with the effect perhaps even of augmenting up to the point *impossible* the difficulty always inherent in the task of bringing a weak Asiatic and Islamite chiefship into accord with a great European and Christian power. But

however this may be, and however much the difficulty in question may have been intensified by the blindness or the errors of some for whose actions the Government of Lord Beaconsfield is in no way responsible, it is certain that during the last few years we have at all events been working on sound lines. Though not infallible, we have been striving with all honesty of purpose, and with the best light and means at our command, for the attainment of objects absolutely essential to the maintaining of England's place as one of the leading powers in the modern world. This view of the case should nerve every leal-hearted subject of the Queen to take good care that imperfect information, faction, and false economy at home are not permitted to weaken the hands or affect the counsels of those now directly confronted with the duty of carrying the empire triumphantly through the network of political rather than military difficulty which has still to be dealt with between the Indus and Oxus.

Less than a fortnight ago Gandamak was, as it then thought, deep in its winter's sleep. General Charles Gough's brigade, by which it was held, having tired of its original encampment of "Safed-Sang," had spread itself out and begun to build huts, and make a steeple-chase course, on a more open plain, about three miles off, near the hamlet where the treaty above referred to was signed by the ex-Amir. The surrounding hills were for the most part hoary with snow—their normal condition, indeed, nearly all the year round. But no snow had up to that time fallen in camp: the air was crisp and bracing, as that of a Canadian winter, and the smaller streams partially frozen; while a fairly well-supplied commissariat, and postal and telegraphic communication efficiently maintained all along the line from Peshawar to Kabul, left Mark Tapleys with but small cause for satisfaction. The headquarters of the division (Major-General Bright, C.B., and staff) had retired for the dead months, after the example of the late Kabul Court, to the milder climate and opener plains of Jalalabad, about thirty miles nearer Peshawar, and barely 2000 feet above the sea-level. There too lay in garrison the Major-General's second brigade, under Brigadier-General Arbuthnot; and with regiments like the Carbineers and 51st Foot forming part of it, a pleasant time was to be expected. To tell the truth, keen soldiers had begun to weary of the Indian-station-like, and slightly Capuan, aspect Jalalabad was beginning to assume. Posts were running freely; and Reuter's telegrams and overland letters came in with only too much freshness. Then, too, large tents had been got up from India; and not satisfied with that, a few sybarites had even built houses (for wiser men, as it afterwards proved, to live in), with stabling and other outhouses attached. A Parsi merchant, true to the camp-following instincts of his race, had brought up waggon-loads of stores from Peshawar, and opened a shop, where most things were to be bought at famine prices. Wines long unseen were sparkling once more on mess-tables; and the hot brews drunk round camp-fires began to be made of something very much better than ration rum. Polo matches went on, and bands played of afternoons: and, to crown all, a chaplain had joined, so that really, with wheeled carriages passing easily up from Peshawar, there was no saying when our wives and (marriageable) daughters mightn't be taking a run up from Simla and Mussoorie.

Meanwhile, however, a priest, cast in a very different mould from the amiable and exemplary chaplain of Jalalabad, had been pitching his field-tent, and preaching the fierce doctrine of "*Jihàd*," or Islamitic crescentade between Ghazni and Kabul. This was the aged Mushk-i-Alam (musk, or perfume, of the world), *Sufi*, or mystic, *Mulla*, and *Fakìr*,—the account of whose recent proceedings, as given by newspaper correspondents, must probably not be taken apart from the wholesome grain of salt, else he would at once have to be placed in a niche of Afghan history resembling that of Peter the Hermit, and others in Europe. Considering, however, what an undue power is often exercised in primitive and superstitious communities by those held in repute for the sanctity or austerity of their lives, and the supposed closeness of their relations with the Supreme Object of worship, it need occasion no surprise should the truth turn out to be that this Afghan priest has been enacting the part during the last few weeks of a veritable firebrand among his co-religionists; and the pity is that the British army of occupation at Candahar was not set in motion upon Ghazni as soon as the battle of *Chàr-àsià* (four mills) had placed Kabul itself at the feet of the Kuram column. This, however, was most likely a sheer matter of impossibility at that season of the year, and with transport resources so overtaxed in other directions. Mushk-i-Alam would appear at all events to have shown no indecent haste in thrusting his oar into the troubled waters of Afghan politics, but to have spent some time quietly among his books and disciples at Ghazni, even after Kabul had fallen into our hands. Among the late Shere Ali's officers was a certain Muhammad Jan, who directed the Afghan artillery at Ali-Masjid, and fleeing thence to Kabul, lived to fight another day, commanding in whole or part at Chàràsià in October last, notwithstanding the policy of "masterly inactivity" and secession to the British camp which the ex-Amir had by that time adopted. Muhammad Jan being himself a native of Ghazni, seems to have gone there from the field of Chàràsià; and finding in Mushk-i-Alam an instrument well adapted to his designs, to have induced the old preacher to set off with him towards Kabul. Such a promising coalition must have attracted fresh elements to it every day that it existed; and the result of the movement, or of other similar ones, is what must have made England spend this Christmas-day in an attitude of such strained expectancy.

At Jalalabad itself, the first notable indication that mischief was in the air was the sudden flight from the city during the night of 15th instant of Sirdár Muhammad Hasan Khan, governor of the district. A Bàrakzài, and the attached friend and fellow captive in Hirat of the ex-Amir, the defection of this Sirdar had been looked upon as a mere matter of time ever since the latter's deportation as a state-prisoner to India. His departure was therefore regarded as favourable rather than otherwise to the cause of order, as far at least as Jalalabad itself was concerned,—especially as his influence in the district had never been more than official only; whereas the Sirdar who at once came forward and offered to carry on the Government in his room was the hereditary owner of large estates near Jalalabad.

Meanwhile every day brings more and more serious news into our camps. Although the speedy recovery of our prestige and position

at Kabul is not for a moment to be doubted, yet considerable sacrifices are evidently being demanded of our comrades, and of the army and empire which are so proud of them, in dealing with the outnumbering hordes assembled round Kabul. General Gough having marched from Gandamak for Kabul on the 14th instant, at the head of a gallant and high-spirited force of about two thousand men—Brigadier-General Arbuthnot with part of his brigade having moved up from Jalalabad to replace him—is now holding not only Gandamak itself and the two posts of Fort Battye and Rozabad, which connect it with divisional headquarters, but the advanced positions also of Pezwan and Jagdallak, situated thirteen miles and twenty-four miles respectively on the king's highway between Gandamak and Kabul. General Gough, we know, marched from Jagdallak on the 21st instant. Between him and Kabul there would then stretch, by the route he was to take, about forty-five miles of perhaps as bad a road as ever was made, or left unmade, passing in some places over elevations of nearly eight thousand feet above the sea. Fortunately the rigorous Afghan winter seems a little later this year than usual; although, for aught we know, snow may at this moment be falling on and around the heights where the General will have to bivouac on his way to Kabul. About thirty miles beyond Jagdallak, and fifteen from General Roberts's intrenchment at Sherpur, the reinforcing column will, it is hoped, have picked up, and taken on with it, a body of about eight hundred soldiers, which has for some time been stationed at a post called Lataband as a kind of road-making party and outpost from Kabul, or as a first point of communication with the Khaibar route. But even after this accession, General Gough's force, when it reached Sherpur, as it must by this time have done, cannot have numbered as much as three thousand men, even supposing it to have met with no considerable opposition, and not to have suffered very seriously from the cold, after leaving Jagdallak. Heavy firing was heard yesterday afternoon in this camp from the Kabul direction. But General Gough not having been able to keep open his communications with Jagdallak, it is not known whether he was yesterday helping General Roberts to deal with the masses of the insurgents round Sherpur, or coping single-handed with a force or forces sent out to intercept his own advance. About nine miles this side of Kabul there flows, too, the Logàr river; and conjecture is at fault as to whether the bridge spanning it will be destroyed by the enemy or allowed to stand. In the former case, the ice-bound stream cannot but prove a formidable bath for our soldiers—generally running at this season breast-high, or even higher.

The newspapers keep describing "Colonel" Muhammad Jan, and his spiritual coadjutor Mushk-i-Alam, as the head and front of the present spasmodic movement against us. Native rumour has it that the priest and the soldier between them have made Sirdar Muhammad Musa Khan, our *quondam* ally Yakub Khan's little son, Amir. If so, the incident will have become, for what it may be worth, matter of history before these lines are printed; but in the absence of confirmation, there are reasons for receiving this story with suspicion. Muhammad Jan, it is said, has been displaying in the service of factions ability such as he failed to show in that of his own proper master at Ali-Masjid and elsewhere; while as for the old Mulla, if current stories may be

credited, he has been beating "the drum ecclesiastic" vigorously before and during every engagement, and, carried on a litter in rear of his crescentaders, kept heating their religious fervour pretty much after the fashion of Kettledrummle at Drumclog.

26th December—The snow is upon us at last. Restricting itself no more to the distant ridges, down it has come during the night; and here it lies in sparkling purity, if that is any comfort, three inches deep round our *tents d'abris*. The horses and baggage-mules are all, of course, picketed in the open, with plenty of blankets on their backs, but nothing between them and the drift. The wonder is how well they stand it, and how eagerly they are looking out for their morning ration of corn or chopped straw, grass being past hoping for in midwinter at an elevation above the sea of about 4500 feet. The European gunners of a "mountain-battery"—that is, guns packable on the backs of mules—parked within a few yards of the headquarters camp, have given themselves up with thorough *abandon* to snowballing; and to witness their horse-play, one would conclude that they saw an easier way than some of us seem to do out of the Afghanistan difficulty. The native soldiers and camp-followers, on the contrary, are in a state of body and mind made up one-half of benumbment, the other of dumfoundermement. Servants who have been with their masters at Indian hill-stations must have seen snow before; but these are the exception: and many a Bengali and Madrasi is this morning cursing his fate for showing to him things unseen by his remotest paternal and maternal ancestors. How wonderful, to be sure, the way in which we have not merely made ourselves at home, and more, over the length and breadth of the Indian peninsula, but have forced its patient and soil-bound peoples on with us in our own career, habituating them, as during the Abyssinian expedition, to all the novelties of Central Africa; again to Malta and Cyprus; and now, for the second time in history, to the formidable mountain-passes of Afghanistan! If any one will say of the race that has done this with the people of Hindustan, that it cannot, and will not, soon do just what it may resolve on doing with the military republics and tribal aristocracies of Afghanistan, surely he must be out in his reckoning. In the East, far more than in the West, the one thing needful as a basis for all policies and strategies is, however, *finality*. Let the nation only make up its mind what our present intromissions with Afghan affairs are to end in, and let Afghanistan herself perceive and feel her destiny, then, humanly speaking, there can be no doubt about the new *régime* gradually shaping itself; provided only it is a possible one—not a thing with a head supplied by the Conservative, and a rump by the Radical, party.

Desultory fighting has been going on yesterday and to-day all along our line of communications between this, or rather between Pezwan, and Jagdallak—a famous Ghilzai leader, half bandit, half partisan,—

> "Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,"—

called Asmat Ullah Khan, having been doing his best, along with other leaders of lesser note, and some two or three thousand well-armed followers, to cut off a convoy, if not even surround a post. On the 23d, Major Thackeray, V.C., of the Sappers, having been sent out from Jagdallak to destroy a village

giving cover to bodies of guerillas, was marching back, his object accomplished, when a large body of Ghilzai tribesmen, following him up, maintained a brisk attack on his position with Sniders from three in the afternoon till midnight, making no real impression, but unfortunately managing to plant a bullet in the Major's right arm, thereby placing a valuable officer out of the game for some time to come.

All this is harassing enough—the season of snow being the Afghan's opportunity, because so unfavourable for all who would meddle with him. The effect of the cold on the transport animals sadly interferes with the conduct of our operations. Not a night but a certain number of them, chiefly camels, die miserably at their pickets of sheer cold. The difficulty met with in providing transport for the Abyssinian expedition was noted at the time in the pages of 'Maga,' and an urgent protest entered that steps should forthwith be taken to organise, in India and elsewhere, a transport establishment adapted for the exigencies to which an empire like ours is so liable. The pre-eminent value of the mule in this respect is too generally admitted to call for remark here. Something has been done, especially in the Panjàb, in the course of the last decade to promote his diffusion. But the Indians, unluckily, are imbued with a prejudice against a creature produced, as they are pleased to view the matter, out of the ordinary course of nature; and a decided lead from ourselves is wanted before this absurd idea can be eradicated. Afghanistan has a camel of its own, which stands the climate well, so long at least as it is under the care of the nomads (*Kuchis*), who chiefly breed and use it. Camels of the country can rarely be bought, however, because it pays their owners better to carry our stores for us at so much a trip than to sell their camels outright. Besides, it would be useless buying the animals unless we could buy their keepers too—the same kindly relations appearing to subsist between the Afghan carrier and his shaggy camel as between the Bedaween of Arabia and their famous horses. As for the Indian camel again, nothing could well be more unsuited for service in Afghanistan; and this is much aggravated by the circumstance, that of the men engaged to look after him, not more than a certain number have ever had charge of camels before. High pay tempts the scum of Indian bazars to offer themselves as camel-keepers; and this is one of numerous other causes of the shocking mortality suffered by the camel branch of the transport at every stage of the present operations. When an Indian Viceroy or an English Minister tries to add to his own or his party's popularity by the sacrifice of some source of public income, deprived of which the country must inevitably drift more and more towards a state of unpreparedness for asserting and maintaining its own proper place in the world, he little thinks, perhaps, of the serious risks so incurred. Looked at from London or Calcutta, at all events when the political horizon is clear, transport may seem a mere matter of detail rather than anything of greater moment. But the desperate and often not maturely considered efforts which have to be made to set it agoing once the necessity arises, with the numerous crippling errors then apt to be perpetrated, and the enormous pecuniary outlay always involved, might well suggest a wiser view—the plain truth being that an army without transport is

like a clock without works, or a steam-ship without engines.

28th December. — Through the consideration of Mr A. C. Lyall, C.B., the Indian Foreign Secretary, Calcutta has just flashed straight down to this remote outpost a copy of a telegram received by H.E. the Viceroy from Lieut.-General Sir F. Roberts, dated Kabul, 24th instant, filled with the most reassuring intelligence. On the 23d, it seems Colonel Muhammad Jan and his friends were foolhardy enough to beard the British lion in his stronghold. The day was one of those when, in all the year, Islamite ardour mounts highest—that is, one of the ten days of the month Muharram which are devoted to commemorating and bewailing the death of the "martyred brothers of Kerbela," Hasan and Husain. Mushk-i-Alam must have been at his very best—with the horseshoe of his heart, to use a favourite Persian figure, glowing white on the anvil of religious zeal. It is probable, too, that General Roberts's strategetical concentration of his little force in Sherpur, the wisdom of which disposition must now be so palpable to all, may have deluded the enemy into thinking him weaker than he was, just as it may even have been misunderstood in India itself and other parts of the world. Be that as it may, the readers of 'Maga' must by this time know better than we at Gandamak can pretend to do, the particulars of the attack delivered on the British position just two days before Christmas. A few weeks ago the electric wire, stretched on posts cut from the nearest trees, ran without a break between Kabul and Calcutta. Early in the course of the recent outbreak, however, the line was destroyed, or seriously interrupted, as a matter of course, for some distance out of Kabul; and with the heliograph at our command, no attempt has been made as yet to set it up again beyond Pezwan, —a point, as already noted, about thirteen miles on the Kabul side of Gandamak, and distant, by the Lataband route, some fifty or sixty miles from Kabul. To Pezwan, therefore, future histories must assign the honour of having held the very last point of England's telegraphic communication with her centre all the time the recent passages of arms round Kabul were at their height. General Roberts's bulletins have for some little time past had to be brought there by messengers, to be signalled to Calcutta and all over the world. Jagdallak, also, we now hold in some strength; and heliographic communication being open between it and Pezwan, our military communication with Kabul may be said to be intact up to the former point. Doubtless, too, among the first uses made by General Roberts of his recovered position will have been the sending out of troops to reestablish positions, with telegraphs, mail-stations, commissariat depots, and all appliances complete, between Sherpur and Jagdallak. Accounts differ at Gandamak as to the date of General Gough's reaching Sherpur, but his entry would appear to have been made the day before Christmas,—that is, one day after his chief had been able, unaided, to make himself thoroughly master of the situation. That there should be doubt on this point in a camp only seventy miles or so from Kabul, nearly a week after the whole story has been recited by newspaper boys in the streets of Edinburgh, is, in its way, a notable feature of the age; and almost within sound of the Kabul guns, as General Arbuthnot's headquarters now are, he has had to depend for his news from the front chiefly on

journals published at Lahore and Allahabad.

Afghanistan's season of anxiety cannot be said to have come to a close with ours. Sherpur is safe, and our flag triumphant; but what is the end to be? No one who knows the country would speak of it as if it formed or contained a united nation or people, in the same way that England or France does. Perhaps, indeed, we have fallen too much into the error of supposing that, because an Amir, or prince, is supreme at Kabul, Afghanistan represents a monarchy in the European sense of the word. Rather should it be regarded, in the language of a recent German writer, as politically "a dictatorship for the duration of a life, over a military aristocracy intermixed with insignificant republics." With all this, however, it may be as well to bear in mind that at least two motive powers, or springs of action, may easily serve to weld into one formidable and more or less compact coalition, the most diverse, or even hostile elements. These are —(1) a common religion, especially when that is a rabid and comparatively primitive form of Islamism; and (2) a common fear. With the history of England, and even more notably that of Scotland, before us, we should surely be the last to wonder at any struggles or sacrifices made by the people of another country in the cause of their religion. In no part of the world, it is worth while taking into account, can a Muhammadan state be brought under Christian rule without the very same shock being given to Islamism as Christianity itself would sustain were the converse to occur; the two pictures, indeed, being only faintly analogous, seeing that Islamism, as is well known, is nothing apart from conquest and dominion, and Christianity on the contrary is, in its origin at least, the creed of gentleness and subjection. To Mushk-i-Alam and his brethren, it ought to make no difference whether a Duràni, a Bàrakzai, or a Ghilzai, were now to become Amir, provided only the status of Afghanistan as a Mussulman principality was not destroyed. So much, in sketchiest outline, for the *religious* aspect of the difficulty; while as for the second of the two points indicated above as tending to set all classes against us—namely, a common fear of sweeping retribution at our hands, after this second outbreak, all that can be said in regard to this view of the case can scarcely fail to occur to others before these lines are printed. The perfidious outrage committed on our Embassy last September was a crime of exceptional dimensions, such as certainly demanded, in the interests of the whole civilised world, a full and exemplary measure of punishment. But even during the severest courses of treatment, there are times when healing, not caustic, measures answer best. Even if Afghanistan is now to be made, once and for all, an appanage and absolute dependency of our empire, common humanity prescribes that she should forthwith be brought face to face with her destiny; and that we should show ourselves with an array of force adequate to the accomplishment of so large an enterprise. If, on the contrary, as seems more probable, the national view extends no further now than when the treaty was signed at this very place in May last, then is it not due equally to ourselves, and to the people of Afghanistan, to enter at once on a course of reassuring measures towards all classes,—not excepting even those who, swayed by misapprehensions of our designs, or even by motives of ambition,

have, during these last few critical months, been actively endeavouring to thwart us? Men who have once fairly committed themselves, and for whom no door of hope or escape stands open, will naturally prefer the battle-field or hillside to the gallows. But when one reflects that the development of our real policy towards Afghanistan cannot even have a beginning till a veil is dropped, on our part, over all that is past, it may be looked upon as certain that, if the Afghans will only have patience, they will find, after all, in his Excellency Lord Lytton, and the Government which his lordship so ably represents, a better stand-by than any number of fanatical Mullahs or plotting soldiers of fortune are ever likely to prove to them.

29th December.—The snow is gone except on the sides and crests of the bare brown mountains; and the strong Eastern sun, shining over a noble panorama of wintry landscape, is producing effects which a painter might do worse than come here to copy. In this little camp all is zeal and activity. Hindu servants, thawed at last, are languidly bringing up arrears of work—such as scraping away, with their master's dinner-plates, accumulations of snow in shady corners outside of tents. Shovels would answer better, perhaps, for this purpose, and might easily be borrowed from the quarter-guard of the nearest regiment. But the Indian is famous for never using a tool more than he can help. All that is possible in the way of manual work (he takes good care it never amounts to *labour*) is compassed by him with his ten fingers, assisted at the most by a couple of toes; and when artificial instruments are needed, a dinner-plate in hand is thought preferable (till it breaks) to a spade some twenty paces off, which, moreover, it might not be his fate to get, even if he were to go and try. In all this the man is a philosopher; and he who, after full experience, can speak or think unkindly of our long-suffering Indian "helps," deserves to be "minded" during his declining years by a charwoman, or the "lady" of a lodging and boarding house at Brighton.

As these lines are being written, the booming of guns from the direction of Jagdallak tells us that our troops there are engaged probably with the followers of some partisan leader. Hurrying to an adjoining ridge, and straining the eye towards the north-west, peak after peak is seen to be ablaze for a moment with flashes of heliography, but no sign of the enemy is visible. These big guns of ours may be only indulging in a game at long bowls, possibly frightening the would-be assailants, and keeping them from trying conclusions at close quarters, but doing them little harm. Artillery almost requires to be opposed to artillery for the real prowess of this arm to develop itself, except, of course, when plains can be commanded, or attacks have to be made on forts or villages. Even at Kabul the enemy have but few guns; and the guerilla chiefs, with whom we are coping along this line, trust to knives and small-arms. Considering how much carriage artillery requires for itself and ammunition, and how greatly its value diminishes and the risk of its being lost altogether increases in proportion as it is taken out of level into mountainous ground, where ricochet and direct fire can scarcely ever be employed, the importance of judging accurately whether in certain situations and circumstances the services to be expected from it will prove

worth the labour and cost of transporting it, has always to be borne in mind. The hampering effect of having to care for, and in fact carry off the field, a few pieces of artillery, was strikingly illustrated the other day at Kabul; and, not to multiply similar instances, the difficulties Havelock's column got into, owing to the presence of its own artillery, in the forced entry to Lucknow Residence, 25th September 1857, will occur to all who served in India during the Mutiny.

The desultory attacks to which our convoys between this and the front are still evidently exposed, will surely cease as the news spreads that the movement yet on foot by Mushk-i-Alam and his friends has failed. The camp at Gandamak itself has never been threatened; the branch of the great clan Khugiàni, within whose tribal limits it lies, having formed, apparently, too sound an estimate of our power to turn openly upon us. When General Gough marched from here some fifteen days ago to reinforce Kabul, the concentration of the Gandamak garrison on the ridge (Safed Sang) where it is now encamped, which he at the same time ordered, may have given the tribesmen's confidence in us a momentary shake, especially as they considered the soldiers left to guard it too few for the odds they might have to face. On the whole, however, old Haidar Khan—the local head of the *Sherzad* branch of the clan—has seen too much of us this last twelvemonth to form hasty conclusions; and by sending his son, Ghulàm Jan, with General Gough's force, he compassed the double object of securing for himself timely news of any little check we might meet with between this and Sherpur, and fixing on us, in the event of our star prevailing, a fair claim for reward. Afzal Khan, head of the *Waziri* Khugiànis, and Abd-ul-Ghafùr, chief of the *Kharbùna* subsept of the same great agricultural, pastoral, and warlike clan, have all this time been observing towards us a still more wary and guarded attitude than the *Sherzad* chief first alluded to. Not a doubt of it, our whole position from Khaibar to Kabul has been and is more or less critical,—that is, with its safety depending chiefly on the impression of strength which we are able from time to time to keep abroad over the country. Only this was to have been looked for indeed, considering the circumscribed, and as far as possible unaggressive, lines to which we have so scrupulously adhered ever since crossing the Afghan frontier on the present occasion; and if it be so far true that the seed we have been sowing in the country between October of last year and the present date has not yet borne fruit, still the harvest, when it ripens, will, let us hope, be all the more valuable because of its not having been too much forced on.

31*st December.*—The firing heard the day before yesterday meant, as was pretty well understood at the time, an attack upon Jagdallak by a gathering of tribesmen, chiefly Ghilzais, under the command, it is said, of Sirdar Muhammad Hassan Khan, the friend and comrade of the ex-Amir, whose desertion of his post at Jalalabad has been noticed above. The affair began by a descent being made on our advanced picket. Two guns coming up from Pezwan with another object in view, arrived on the spot in the nick of time; but, sad to tell, they had hardly got into position when one of the officers of the battery—Lieutenant Wright—received a distant shot in the head which closed for ever his soldier's career. Our other

casualties were numerically disproportionate when the loss of this gallant and forward young officer is taken into account,—only one gunner having been killed, and two soldiers slightly wounded.

To-day the news from Kabul, spreading far and wide, has acted as a decided sedative. The two chiefs of the Kharbùna Khugiànis, after holding more or less aloof during the crisis, rode into camp this afternoon, and renewed their offers of service. To-morrow, in all probability, the heads of the Waziri branch will follow suit. Such a wonderful thing is success. Bulletins from Kabul up to the 28th have been received. All was quiet again, Mushk-i-Alam and Muhammad Jan having fled to Ghazni—a city, it is evident, which must soon be made our own, if Kabul is to be occupied much longer by the British forces. The same remark, indeed, is perhaps equally applicable to Heràt. Half measures are rarely expedient, and still more seldom are they safe. The Ghilzai chiefs who have been infesting the road between this and Lataband are believed to have drawn off to their several houses or fastnesses; and officers from Kabul are busy having telegraph wires set up again, and postal stations re-established between Sherpur and Pezwan. In a few days all will be as before, and the year just expiring as these lines are being traced, will at all events hand over Afghanistan affairs to its successors in a form admitting of whatever settlement the nation deliberately considers advisable to be, with God's help and blessing, imparted to them.

5th January.—If Mushk-i-Alam and his friends fancied that, by means of mere fireworks, whether spiritual or physical, the British lion of Kabul and Sherpur could be frightened out of any path which he had deliberately set down his foot in, then they hopelessly deceived themselves. Within a few days after the storm had subsided, the work of inquiry into the degree of guilt belonging to the several personages conspicuous during the September outrage seems to have been resumed; and to-day the well-known Dàùd Shah, long one of Sher Ali's favourite generals, and called by us his commander-in-chief, has arrived in Brigadier-General Arbuthnot's camp, Safed Sang, as closely guarded a prisoner as if his destination was the Andamans. To-morrow will see him a stage further on his way towards India. The ineffectual efforts made by this man—more, as is possible, for appearance' sake than in earnest—to interpose on our countrymen's behalf during the attack on the Embassy, must be fresh in the memory of all. Since our occupation of Kabul, the ex-commander-in-chief, so far as one confessedly not behind the political scenes can judge, must have been able to persuade General Roberts's advisers that he was our friend at heart, and had been more sinned against than sinning. At all events, his arrest seems to have been resolved on only the other day; and so sudden was his downward move, that nothing was generally known of it here until the order came to pitch a tent for his temporary reception. Dàùd Shah himself is an old man of good presence, but with a weak and uncertain expression of countenance. In order to reconcile the mind fully to the, in itself, strong-handed proceeding on our part of locating an army in the capital of Afghanistan, and packing off some of the principal men, as would appear, one after the other, to a strange land, it is essential to keep the view

fixed, as it ought indeed for some considerable period to be kept fixed, on the deep guilt incurred by Kabul—that is, more or less by every resident of mark and influence within its walls—when the lives of our representative, his companions, and escort were so ruthlessly sacrificed in the Bala Hisàr. Without embassies and consulates, the relations of international life cannot be maintained, commerce protected, or peace preserved. And it is too obvious to require remark, that when a Mission, formally welcomed by a recognised Power, in terms of a solemn treaty only just concluded, is butchered to a man, almost under the eyes of the sovereign who had received it, without a hand being extended during a long autumn's day to save or defend, a crime is perpetrated which, apart altogether from its bearings on the State primarily affected by it, would, if left unsifted and unpunished, tend to sap the foundations of confidence and friendly intercourse among civilised nations all the world over. By this it is not meant that all political prisoners who have been sent from Afghanistan to India during the last six weeks have certainly been found guilty of complicity in the outrage of last September. That is a point on which information could obviously not have been afforded, with the local and official inquiry still, perhaps, more or less incomplete; and the English equally with the Indian public may even have to exercise their patience for a little longer before the riddle is fully read. The question, happily, is not a party but a national one—the manly and patriotic tone adopted, on the first report of the outrage reaching England, by one or two of those best deserving to be accepted as spokesmen of the Liberal party, having formed one of the few reassuring features that presented themselves while the dismal news was in its first freshness.

There has been no more snow at Gandamak—a mercy for the native camp-followers. Most, if not all of them, have shelter after a sort; but the chorus of coughing that breaks out all over camp towards cock-crow every morning is almost alarming, till one gets used to it. Among European officers even, pneumonia is showing itself, one having succumbed to-day to an attack of the kind contracted during his recent bivouacking and exposure on the snowy heights of Jagdallak. When the casualties after a battle or skirmish are summed up, the country is apt to think the extent of its loss has been gauged. Not so, however. Even the worst cases on the list of wounded often make perfect recoveries; but of others whom bullet and steel have spared, how many find they have laid in their campaigns the seeds of weakness, such as, if it just stops short of abridging, sometimes renders burdensome the remainder of their days? reflections which a comrade's death a few minutes ago in an adjoining tent—the second time the same thing has happened since the frontier was crossed—may perhaps be considered as serving to introduce. In camp, however, even more notably than in most places, life's stream soon rushes over death's traces; for soldiers, happily, are light-hearted, and when not in hospital have fine digestions. Snowballing has gone out for want of snow, but football has come in instead; and all round the tent where General Dàùd Shah—*en route* perhaps to his St Helena—is about to pass a not too luxurious night, British soldiers are making the echoes ring with just such

shouts as the playing-grounds of Harrow and Loretto know so well. Duty is still heavy, though less so than it was a short time ago; and the heliographic flashes from the direction of Pezwan and Jagdallak —the beacon-fires of these improved modern times — instead of calling urgently for more mountain-guns, now signal chiefly for rum or tobacco, or at most report the cutting of the telegraph wire, or the firing of a random shot at a convoy. General Roberts, unwilling to drive any man into a corner, has been taking steps to reassure the minds of chiefs and people between this and Kabul, so that no one shall be urged merely by his fears to fight against us. This policy—as wise as it is humane—is, however, more or less frustrated by the impression which is being sedulously kept up throughout the country by Mushk-i-Alam and others, that, though foiled for the time, they are not disheartened, and that March at the latest will see another and crowning struggle made to destroy us. The continued presence of little Mùsa Khan with what may perhaps be called the national party, lends colour to the pretensions and boasts in which they are understood, in spite of their recent defeat at Sherpur, still freely to indulge; and it is worthy of note that the deportation to India of Mùsa Khan's father, the ex-Amir, has tended to create among Afghans far more friendly feelings towards the race of Dost Muhammad and Sher Ali Khan than were observable when Yakub Khan was, in appearance at least, the friend and ally of England. Without guns, organisation, discipline, or much cohesion, the recent effort made against us by tribesmen and others round Kabul was remarkable at once from a military, religious, and political point of view. General Gough's unexpected appearance near the scene, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season and the difficulties of the way, showed how widely different was the situation, as far as we at least were concerned, in 1879 from what it had been in 1841. The attack on Sherpur of 23d ultimo must have been precipitated by the knowledge that a day's delay meant the arrival of reinforcements, the strength of which rumour may easily have magnified. Had the Afghans been in greater numbers than happily for us they were, a simultaneous onset by separate hordes on the approaching column, and the central British position towards which it was advancing, would most likely have been tried. As it was, Colonel Muhammad Jan probably did well not to divide his forces. Had his supreme effort on Sherpur succeeded, then the destruction of the small camp (Gough's) which had begun to whiten the horizon would have proved comparatively easy. And although General Gough and his hardy soldiers were of course denied the satisfaction of participating in their countrymen's victory of the day before their arrival at Sherpur itself, yet their hazardous march from Gandamak to Kabul proved in the end, as has just been seen, of the highest importance, and will long be remembered, it may be hoped, in the world's annals, as an instance of sagacious promptness and successful daring in war.

8th January.—At Jalalabad the New Year has come in anything but kindly. The general excitement of the time naturally led, even at that considerable distance from its centre, to increased military activity on our part; and during a reconnaissance towards the further or Lughmàn side of the Kabul river, there occurred a repetition,

fortunately on a minor scale, of the ford disaster in which so many of the 10th Hussars perished, in the same river, though at another ford, some short time before the Treaty of Gandamak was concluded. The curious thing in this as in the former instance was, that although the cavalry consisted both of European and native details, while five men of the former (Carabineers) were carried away by the current and drowned, their native comrades, as well as several mounted camp-followers, all succeeded in crossing in safety. Is it that the extension of railways, both at home and abroad, is depriving our splendid English cavalry of the opportunities they had in former days of becoming expert not only in crossing fords, but even in swimming their horses through dangerous rapids? Or is the old story (*vide* the writings of the late General Sir Charles Napier, *passim*) that the British light(?) horseman is still so overweighted with his own multifarious and complicated accoutrements, that, once submerged, he has small chance of coming up again? His sword, for example, weighs of itself about seven pounds in dead metal. This, strapped round his loins with a belt not always unfastenable in a moment, may well act the part of a sinker. Whatever is or is not to be said in the form of comment or explanation in regard to incidents of this unfortunate description, the importance of the whole subject of crossing rivers by the mounted soldier being maturely considered by the highest military authorities will scarcely be disputed. A few weeks ago, near Kabul, two orderly officers in attendance on General Macpherson were carried away in riding their ponies across the same treacherous river. Being lightly equipped, however, and able to swim, they managed to hold their own, more or less, against the stream, and, assisted by friendly villagers, landed in safety on the bank: one officer (Lieut. St John Forbes of the 92d Highlanders) unhappily only to meet a soldier's death not long afterwards, in a forward attempt, at the head of his company, to seize an Afghan standard, during one of the days of heavy fighting which preceded General Roberts's concentration of his force in Sherpur. In dealing with an imperfectly organised enemy, the opportunity for the display of personal prowess and bravery seems to be greater than when Greek meets Greek in the ranks of more regular war. Hence the number of Victoria Crosses that are being won, both by officers and men, in Afghanistan; and the number, alas! of gallant lives that have been given for the sake of closing rapidly in mortal combat with some crusading champion, whose fall, as in the Homeric days, might easily mean the scattering of a host. With the name of Lieut. Forbes well deserves to be remembered that of another brave Highlander, his colour-sergeant, Drummond, who was cut down by his leader's side, just as the latter was shot dead. One moment more, and Victoria Crosses would in all probability have been won. Better than stars or crosses, though, is DUTY DONE, and life itself surrendered, in adding yet one other wreath to Scotland's lion-standard, and to the colours of one of the great national regiments of which she is so proud.

METTERNICH.

It is impossible to lay down a book like the Memoirs of the great statesman whose name stands at the head of this page, without experiencing the feeling that a change has come over the science of diplomacy. *La haute politique* has lost its delicate edge. Its work may be done as readily and more incisively, but we are less impressed by the skill and dexterity of the operation. The triumphs of historical diplomacy were mostly won by dominating events to the policy of the guiding mind: in our days success has chiefly been secured by assimilating policy to circumstances. We may have more powerful, because more blunt, statesmanship; but the imagination is not impressed by the subtle artifices, the ingenious tactics, of the plenipotentiaries of an older generation. The altered conditions of diplomacy suggest a comparison with the change which has overtaken fencing as an essential qualification for the soldier. Niceties of *Carte* and *Tierce* count for little in a modern battle, nor does skill in drafting Protocols or framing Articles constitute the highest qualification of modern statesmanship. The *dicta* of Mazarin and Richelieu, of Metternich and Talleyrand, have ceased to be referred to as oracles; and even Machiavelli, with whom European diplomacy as a science may be said to commence, is now held to have been only an astute man of his time, with no great claim to lay down the law to a wiser posterity.

This altered estimate of diplomacy arises from the change that has come over the constitutions of the European states since the first French Revolution. The general rise of Parliamentary influence has weakened the hands of the diplomatist in one way, if it has strengthened them in another. When he was responsible only to the king or emperor his master, and probably had that master well under his own hand, his position as a negotiator had everything in its advantage that full freedom of action, perfect secrecy as to his tactics, and independence of the popular opinion of his conduct, could bestow. He knew that he would be left to play his part uninterrupted by troublesome questions or premature interferences on the part of his countrymen. Metternich and Mazarin might almost have said, "*Ego et Rex meus;*" and were even less responsible to the judgment of their own nations than the crowned heads whom they served. But since Parliamentary influence gained the ascendancy in the states of Western Europe, the powers of diplomatists have been greatly restricted, and their responsibilities increased. They know that by the section of their countrymen which is opposed to the existing Ministry their proceedings will be regarded with suspicion, and if possible subjected to censure. They may expect, too, that their policy will be prejudged, and their hands weakened before their fellow-diplomatists by ill-timed revelations and worse chosen criticisms in the opposition press. An ambassador has nowadays not only to study to give effect to the views of the Ministry from which his instructions come, but to guard

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Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773-1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs Alexander Napier. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1880.

as much as possible against laying himself open to attacks from its opponents. The responsibility of a plenipotentiary in our times must always partake, in a greater or less degree, of this mixed character; and to this we attribute the influence which the principle of compromise has now come to exercise in international arrangements. Russia is the only European state whose representatives can afford to regulate their conduct by the traditions of *la haute politique;* and we have seen the immense advantages which this position conferred upon them in recent negotiations—advantages which it took the united influences of the other European Powers to succeed in neutralising.

Could a reputation like Metternich's have been founded under the new conditions of diplomacy? is a question that every reader of his Memoirs will put to himself. The answer must be in the negative. A mind like Metternich's, that could control the destinies of nations, and interpose with effect in the purposes of sovereigns, would have been worse than wasted as a mere negotiatory medium. His genius, which was most manifest in seizing a sudden political current, and directing it into channels leading towards the ends he had in view, would have been foiled had he been hampered with the task of converting a Cabinet to belief in his policy. Nothing less than a conviction that the mind of Austria was centred in himself, as well as the power to promote her truest interests, could have supplied the *motif* to such a course of action as he himself confesses to in these volumes. He was content to represent his emperor; but it is also quite manifest that he held himself qualified to judge what was the proper course for the emperor as well as himself. He had no faith in government by Cabinets; and had he possessed *carte blanche* to construct a model empire, he would probably have dispensed with so slight an encumbrance to the crown as even an Aulic Council. And it must be confessed that many of the principles which underlay his modes of action would have been openly repudiated by the collective morality of any country that had had a voice in criticising them. The only conclusion that we can come to is, that Metternich—chief among the statesmen of his time, in perspicacity, in address, in self-command, and in political success—would have made a very ordinary and impractical ambassador acting under the instructions of a constitutional Cabinet, and would probably soon have had to make way for a less strong-minded successor. The foundation of his greatness lay in the fact that he understood the word "plenipotentiary" in its most literal sense, and acted in accordance with that conception.

In the volumes before us the personal interest aroused by the statesman vies with the valuable historical materials illustrative of the greatest crisis through which the destinies of Europe has ever passed. Metternich himself supplies an outline of his public life down to the Congress of Vienna, and his son has supplemented the Memoir by a copious collection of the public and private letters of the great Chancellor. "I have made history, and have therefore not found time to write it," says Metternich himself; and we accept the excuse more readily because we believe that the prominent statesman ought to content himself with providing materials for the judgments of the impartial historian. It is impossible that those who control the course of history can record the results of their efforts without reviving in

some degree the feelings that actuate their conduct. There is proof of this in Metternich's Memoirs, just and impartial as he had evidently striven to make them. There is a rich vein of colour running through the whole of his narrative, which, though serving admirably to set out his personality, warns us that his remarks require testing by external evidence. Metternich was not the man to prepare a memoir for a popular verdict. His position is rather that of one who kindly furnishes some personal explanations for removing any misconceptions that may have been formed of his career. The reader is overawed by the lofty and intellectual stand-point from which he looks down upon men and things. If he ever found an antagonist whom he thought worthy of encountering, it was the first Napoleon; and yet he dissects the weak points of the emperor's character with the severity of a professional psychologist. The Emperor Alexander, for whom he professes a kindly liking, makes, on the whole, a poor figure after he has come through Metternich's hands. He despises Stein, patronises Hardenberg, grants Talleyrand just sufficient ability to get the better of any one except himself, and speaks very coldly of any of his colleagues save those who chose to lend themselves to the carrying out of his own views. It might be thought that this affectation of superiority would give an unpleasant tone to his Memoirs; but this is not the case. Metternich's egotism is so good-natured, and it is so far justified by facts, that it furnishes evidence of a sincerity which the reader would probably have felt to be lacking had there been greater reserve on the part of the autobiographer.

We have now to draw from these interesting volumes a sketch of the career which they set forth; but in doing so we must not be understood as adopting Metternich's views of his public life where these are not justified by independent evidence. A man so many-sided requires to be looked at in several different lights.

Metternich has little to say of his family, except of his father, under whom he began his career in the public service; but we may state that his house dates traditionally from the eleventh century, when, in the time of Henry the Holy, it was possessed of influence in the territory between the Moselle and the Rhine, and historically from the commencement of the seventeenth, when Lothaire, one of its members, was Archbishop and Elector of Trèves. His father was the first of the house who distinguished himself in the Austrian service, and who, though apparently not possessed of any of the son's marked abilities, still held a respected position in the Imperial Court. Clement Metternich was born at Coblenz in 1773. There is little noteworthy in his early career, except the fact that when at the university of Strasburg he studied fencing under the *maitre d'armes* who a year or two before had had Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte of the French Artillery for a pupil. "I hope my two pupils, the Emperor of the French and the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, will not take it into their heads to come to blows with each other," said this M. Fustet, when Metternich was passing through Strasburg on his first mission to Napoleon in 1806. The French Revolution was just bursting out at the time when Metternich was ready to enter public life; and a deep-seated horror of republican anarchy, and the danger of demagogism, took possession of his mind, and was rather inten-

sified than shaken off throughout the rest of his career. He officiated as grand master of the ceremonies at the coronations of Leopold II. and his son Francis, in the old imperial city of Frankfort; and these pageants did not fail to suggest to his mind "the contrast between the country contaminated by Jacobinism and the country where human grandeur was united with a noble national spirit." A short term of office under his father, who was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Austrian Netherlands, first initiated him into public life, and brought him into immediate proximity to the earliest fruits of the French Revolution. During this period of his life, which he calls his apprenticeship, he visited England, and was present at the trial of Warren Hastings, and saw Admiral Howe sail out from Portsmouth to fight the battle of the memorable first of June. An incident which occurred during this visit showed that the characteristics which Metternich displayed in after-years were even then matured in the boyish statesman. The Prince Regent was at that time in league with the Opposition; and Metternich, who was then in his twenty-first year, could not resist the opportunity to speak to him a word in season. "My youth," he says, "restrained me from expressing the profound disapproval which his conduct produced in me; but I took one day the opportunity of saying a word to him on the subject, of which he reminded me thirty years afterwards, and added, 'You were very right then'!" In this little episode we see fair promise of the self-possession which, in the maturity of his powers, enabled him to beard Napoleon and cross the purposes of the impulsive Alexander of Russia.

A wife was found for Metternich in the princely family of Kaunitz-Rietberg, a grand-daughter of the veteran Chancellor of the Empire. The loss of the Metternich ancestral estates beyond the Rhine, which were swept up by the Republic, necessitated the young couple living upon their Bohemian property, which now became their mainstay, and to the management of which Count Clement devoted himself for a few seasons. At this time he professes to have had an aversion to public life; but it is easy to see, from his jealous criticisms of the Vienna *bureaux*, that he felt himself in the position of the war-horse which snuffs the battle from a distance; and he vainly sought solace from a course of study, which did not keep him from seeing that "the course of the greatest events was not conducted as it ought to have been." He was, however, present at the sham Congress of Rastadt from December 1797 almost to its break-up in the summer of 1799. The object of this congress was to settle the secret articles of the Treaty of Campo Formio, which had given to France, Flanders and the Rhine boundary, the city of Mayence, the territories to be embraced in the Cisalpine Republic, Mantua, and the Ionian Islands, and recouped Austria with the Venetian States, and confirmed her recent conquests in Poland. The secret articles provided for the cession to Austria of Salzburg and the Bavarian town of Wasserburg, and for finding equivalents for the dispossessed Rhenish counts, whose interests young Metternich was chosen to represent. The treaty was creditable to neither the Empire nor the Republic, for it was practically a participation by the former in the latter's plunder; and it was destined to have only a temporary existence, although Austria found an excuse for retaining a great portion of her spoil. Upon the

secret articles on which the Congress had to base its deliberations, there could be no hope of effecting an accommodation. Prussia, who was expressly excluded from deriving any advantage, had no motive to aid the negotiations, and the German princes burned with indignation at the cession of Mayence and the admission of French garrisons on their border. When Stein speaks of the "black and perfected treachery of Campo Formio," we are sure he is giving expression to the general feeling of his countrymen. Metternich has little to say of the politics of this part of his career. His letters to his young wife are filled with the social gossip of the dull town. We have lively pictures of the French deputies:—

"I declare in all my life I never saw such ill-conditioned animals. You can form no idea of what a pack of wretches they are here. All these fellows have coarse muddy shoes, great blue pantaloons, a vest of blue, or of all colours; peasants' handkerchiefs, either silk or cotton, round the neck; the hair long, black, and dirty, and the hideous head crowned with a great red feather."

We may conclude, what is natural enough, that the *ci-devant* nobles were greater ruffians than even the men of the people; for though two of the original deputies were of descent equal to Metternich's own, the only one he could maintain civil relations with was the plebeian Perret, secretary of the Republican legation. Metternich had left Rastadt before the murder of the French deputies by the Austrian hussars, and his Memoirs contain no mention of that disgraceful incident except a note by his son, which speaks of their fate as "frightfully tragic."

With the failure of the war of the Second Coalition, and the conclusion of the peace of Luneville, Metternich's career as a diplomatist properly begins. He evidently regarded the Ministry of Thugut as a barrier to his entrance into the public service, and he assails that statesman with charges which we are obliged to regard as strongly coloured by Metternich's personal feelings. He blames Thugut with having his own interests at heart rather than those of his country, and asserts that his investments in the French funds kept him inactive at the outbreak of the Revolution. "The history of his Ministry," says Metternich, "may be summed up in a series of miscalculations, all of which contributed to support and advance the preponderance of France." It is true that Thugut had to play a losing game, which no one could have won who held his hand; but we fail to find any ground for the unfavourable aspersions which Metternich casts upon him. These are entirely incompatible with that integrity of character which won the early patronage of Maria Theresa, and the continued confidence of Prince Kaunitz. The fact that the retirement of Thugut was made by Napoleon a preliminary condition of the peace of Luneville, is testimony to his patriotism outweighing Metternich's censures.

The young diplomatist's first mission was to the Court of Saxony, as yet uncontaminated by the innovations which the Republic had introduced, and which accordingly was to him as an "oasis in the desert." His duties here were those of an observer, and not such as to call his talents into play. He had for a colleague Mr Elliot, his Britannic Majesty's ambassador, of whose bearing at the Court of Berlin, Metternich tells two racy anecdotes, which, if not new, will still bear repetition here:—

"At the reviews at Potsdam a number of foreign officers gathered every

year round King Frederick II. On those occasions the Prince showed his partiality for the French; hence the Chamberlain, who had to present the foreigners at the Prussian Court, introduced the French officers singly by name, while the English officers were all presented *en bloc*. At a reception of this kind, at which young Elliot was present, when the Chamberlain said to the King, 'I have the honour to present to your Majesty twelve Englishmen,' he was interrupted by Elliot exclaiming in a loud voice, as he turned to leave the room, 'You are mistaken, Herr Marechal; there are only eleven.' Some years afterwards Elliot came as Ambassador-Extraordinary to Berlin. Frederick had not forgotten the scene at Potsdam, and was little pleased by the appointment of Elliot, who had then only the rank of major. He determined to let his ill-humour with the London Court and its representative be seen, and chose a Count Lusi for the post in London. Count Finkenstein was requested to notify his appointment to the English ambassador, which he did in the following words: 'The King has chosen Count Lusi, a major in his army, whose name may be known to you from the reputation he gained in the Seven Years' War. His Majesty flatters himself that your Court will be satisfied with this choice.' Elliot answered without hesitation: 'The King your master evidently could not have chosen any one who would have better represented him.'"

Metternich does not tell us what answers he himself would have returned to these slights, but he evidently did not consider Elliot a favourable representative of *la haute politique*.

Metternich's next mission was one more worthy of his talents. The detachment of Prussia from the position of neutrality occupied by her since the peace, by which she had not scrupled to profit to a degree little creditable to the integrity of her statesmen, had become a matter of prime importance after the peace of Luneville, and had given the Powers of the Second Coalition breathing-time to rally their energies.

The motive power again came from Russia, for Austria was still cowed from the effects of Hohenlinden; and though the internal revolution that was being wrought in the old German Empire was not to her satisfaction, she shrank from engaging with France upon the same terms as before. It was Metternich's task to devise a bond of union between the Courts of Berlin and Vienna,—not an easy mission, from the temperament of King Frederick William III., in whose character indecision was the strongest feature. He had little to hope for from the king's advisers. Queen Louise, whom Metternich had known before his marriage, had not then developed the spirit which the indignities of the French conquest afterwards called forth. Haugwitz, then the Prussian Premier, would not have missed his annual holiday on his estates in Silesia to save his country from being reduced to the limits of the kingdom in the time of the Great Elector; and Hardenberg, who did the work in his absence, had not sufficient influence to initiate a new policy. It was through Russia that Metternich could hope to make an impression upon the vacillating mind of Frederick William; but the Russian ambassador, Herr von Alopäus—the same who, a few years afterwards, was so unjustifiably treated by the King of Sweden—was an old and nervous statesman, and little calculated to be the medium of strong diplomatic measures. Alexander was aware of this, and strengthened the hands of his ambassador by the aid of Prince Dolgorouki, who could better second Metternich's plans. The time was certainly critical. Napoleon had his great camp

assembled at Boulogne, which, however it might disquiet England, did not lead the Continental Powers to anticipate a diversion. Some years afterwards Napoleon frankly confessed to Metternich that the army at Boulogne was always intended by him as an army against Austria; and that he never "would have been such a fool as to make a descent upon England, unless, indeed, a revolution had taken place with that country."* Metternich never doubted that the army of Boulogne was meant to cross the Rhine; and whether the Emperor Alexander was of the same opinion, or whether he thought that the absence of Bonaparte in England would furnish a favourable opportunity for breaking the French power,—and we confess ourselves doubtful as to his real motive,—he felt that the time had come for action, and that Prussia must now be compelled to range herself definitely on the side of the French or of the Coalition.

It was evident that nothing was to be made of Frederick William by argument, and Alexander determined on the bold stroke—encouraged, we have no doubt, by Austria and Count Cobenzl, of whose policy the *coup* unquestionably smacked—of forcing the king to a decision by advancing the Russian army to the frontier of East Prussia, leaving the Berlin Court to infer what its future action might be. But even this failed to produce an effect. At last Metternich received notice that the Russian troops were to cross the frontier simultaneously with the communication of the announcement of their intention to the king. We think Metternich wastes a good deal of dissimulation over this event, which could not have had the full concurrence of the Government at Vienna. There is, however, an incident connected with it which we must tell in his own words. He was present with Von Alopäus at the very moment when the important communication arrived:—

"The arrival of a courier from the Russian headquarters was announced. Herr von Alopäus had the despatches brought to him, and immediately began to open them. We stood close to a desk, at which the aged ambassador was accustomed to stand and write. In spite of his increasing years, Herr von Alopäus was vivacious almost to the point of impetuosity. In placing the rather bulky despatches on the writing-desk, some papers fell on the floor, which we picked up. Besides the folio sheets which dropped, I had remarked distinctly a letter of small size; and in fact, from the other despatches, this was seen to be a letter in the Emperor's own hand to the King of Prussia, of which a copy was enclosed. In this letter his Majesty informed the King that he had ordered his army to cross the Prussian frontier. The contents of these despatches threw Herr von Alopäus into the greatest excitement; it would have had the same effect upon me, if I had not been prepared beforehand. He went off into very just remarks on the danger of the situation, and said at last, 'The die is cast! Nothing more remains to me but to do the bidding of the Emperor, and hand over the letter of his Imperial Majesty to the King.'

"But the letter had vanished. In his sudden fright at not finding it, and thinking of the gravity of the complication which must arise from the non-execution of the orders he had received, Herr von Alopäus tried to ascribe the absence of the autograph itself to an act of forgetfulness in the sender. As for me, I certainly saw a

* We have always been inclined to think that Napoleon really built upon the obscure revolutionary efforts in England, in very much the same way as an autocrat of our own days was led into an inglorious war by the speeches and pamphlets of a noisy member of Parliament, See "Report of Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons, 15th March 1799." London: Stockdale.

sealed letter with my own eyes, and now it was not there! For more than half an hour we sought under all the furniture without finding it. Alopäus, in an impulse of despair, clasped his head with both hands, and at this moment the Emperor's letter fell to the floor: it had got into a fold in the sleeve of his dressing-gown."

While thinking over this singular passage—this *divertissement* in the side scenes during a great historico-tragic drama—one wonders whether each of the ambassadors was mutually confident of the honour which should prevail among diplomatists, and which holds good proverbially among a certain other class of intriguers. Did it flash across the mind of Herr von Alopäus that his astute young colleague, who had all his wits about him, might be able without much trouble to account for the missing letter? Did Metternich feel himself in an awkward situation until the important missive dropped out of the fur-lined sleeve of the Russian Minister's dressing-gown? It was a time when honesty was rare in any quarter, especially in diplomatic circles.

Had not Napoleon's impetuosity played the game of the Alliance, Alexander and Francis would have found that they had miscalculated Frederick William's temperament. At first it seemed that the threat of Russian aggression would have driven the king at once into the arms of France. He had already dismissed the Russian Ministers, with the assurance that he would consider himself at war with the first of the belligerent Powers that violated his territory, when the news arrived that the French had entered the Prussian dominions at Anspach to outflank the Austrian position at Ulm. Alopäus and Dolgorouki were called back to Potsdam, the Prussian frontiers were opened to the armies of Russia, and the Emperor Alexander was invited to the capital to confer with the king. Metternich's explanation of Frederick William's position is that he "had only the choice which of two insults he should resent: he chose without hesitation to pass by that which in form was the least injurious." Alexander came to Berlin, and there Metternich began his intimacy with that remarkable prince, whose character he has enabled Europe for the first time really to understand. The Triple Alliance, which was to bring such immediate misfortunes upon its signatories, but which was yet a great step towards freeing Europe from the Napoleonic despotism, was signed at Potsdam, November 5, 1805. With his usual contempt for all ceremonials, except those proper to the Austrian Court, Metternich takes no notice of the solemnity by which this short-lived alliance was sealed. Alison's graphic description may, however, be quoted:—

"Inspired with a full sense of the dangers of the war, the ardent and chivalrous mind of the Queen conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by a bond more likely to be durable than the mere alliances of Cabinets with each other. This was to bring them together at the tomb of the Great Frederick, where it was hoped the solemnity and recollections of the scene would powerfully contribute to cement their union. The Emperor, who was desirous of visiting the mausoleum of that illustrious hero, accordingly repaired to the church of the garrison of Potsdam, where his remains are deposited, and at midnight the two monarchs proceeded together by torch-light to the hallowed grave. Uncovering when he approached the spot, the Emperor kissed the pall, and taking the hand of the King of Prussia as it lay on the tomb, they swore an eternal friendship to each other, and bound themselves, by the most solemn oaths, to maintain their engagements invio-

late in the great contest for European independence in which they were engaged."

The ink, however, was scarcely dry when the battle of Austerlitz again laid Germany at the feet of the French conqueror. For this the indecision of Prussia was mainly responsible. She had been warned in no uncertain terms by Mr Pitt of the consequences which she would incur unless she made common cause with the other Continental Powers where common interests were concerned; and she was soon to reap in full measure the fruits of her own selfish policy. Her degradation was further completed by the pusillanimity of Count Haugwitz, who, when sent to Napoleon to declare the intention of Prussia to join the Coalition, found the conqueror at Vienna, and substituted congratulations on the French success for the message of hostility with which he had been charged. He even went the length of proposing a new treaty, on the basis of Hanover being incorporated with Prussia until the conclusion of peace between France and England. It is fair to Hardenberg, and the Prussian Ministers in general, to state that they considered their honour compromised by the conduct of their colleague, and that the former again and again proffered his resignation. But though the king dismissed Haugwitz, he ratified the treaty; and Prussia again fell back into her previous inglorious position, which she was soon to exchange for one of still deeper degradation.

We next find Metternich at the Court of the conqueror, filling perhaps the most difficult position that ever an ambassador occupied. The Treaty of Pressburg had stripped Austria of all her ill gotten acquisitions under the articles of Campo Formio, and had divested its crown of the last relics of Holy Roman Empire. The Confederation of the Rhine had arrayed all the petty States of Western Germany in opposition to her interests. She was not in a position to oppose herself to the victorious Empire and the patriotism of her monarch, and statesmen could not brook the reduction of their country to an appanage of France. And now began that waiting game in which Metternich held the chief cards, and which, played with so much skill and patience, was finally crowned with success. Stadion, who was possessed of better staying powers than either Cobenzl or Colloredo, took the direction of foreign affairs, and instead of St Petersburg, his first destination, Metternich was sent to Paris, as he says himself, at the request of Napoleon. The Emperor could scarcely have made a more dangerous selection for his own interests; but there was a peculiar fascination in Metternich's manner, which conciliated confidence and regard towards himself personally, even from those whom he did his utmost to thwart. Metternich dates the real commencement of his public life from this period, when he and Napoleon were thus directly matched against each other; and something like a feeling that the issue was to be fought out personally between himself and his great opponent, pervades his autobiography and correspondence, and gives a keen zest to the narrative. The feelings with which he entered upon the struggle must be told in his own words:

"Within a short space of time destiny had placed me face to face with the man who at this epoch ruled the affairs of the world. I felt it my duty, and I had the courage, never to offer to mere circumstance a sacrifice which I could not defend to my conscience both as a statesman and as a private individual. This voice of con-

science I followed; and I do not think it was a good inspiration of Napoleon's which called me to functions which gave me the opportunity of appreciating his excellences, but also the possibility of discovering the faults which at last led him to ruin, and freed Europe from the oppression under which it languished."

The period of Metternich's Parisian embassy extends over the Jena and Auerstadt campaigns, the Treaty of Fontainebleau between Austria and France, the Treaty of Tilsit, and the convention of Erfurth. Into these events the Autobiography scarcely enters, and we have to turn to the supplementary correspondence to ascertain the views which the Austrian ambassador then entertained. The silence preserved regarding the Prussian campaign is remarkable. We cannot doubt that while Metternich regretted the increased power which the victory at Jena conferred upon Napoleon, he could not at heart be sorry for the degradation which the trimming policy of Prussia had brought upon her. Jena he looks upon as the zenith of Napoleon's greatness. "If instead of the destruction of Prussia," he says, "Napoleon had limited his ambition to weakening that Power, and had then annexed it to the Confederation of the Rhine, the enormous edifice which he had succeeded in erecting would have gained a foundation of strength and solidity which the peace of Tilsit did not gain for it;" but he admits that Napoleon had been actuated by a false idea of the thorough exhaustion of the Prussian power, and that this mistake was the rock on which his fortunes subsequently split. Even Metternich cannot conceal his admiration for the wondrous vitality which Prussia at this time displays, and declares that "all seems contradiction in the annals of Prussia, though these annals scarcely comprise one century." At the same time, though doubtless calculating that Prussia in her despair would be ready to embrace any revenge that the next alliance might proffer her, he would have been sorry to see her head a movement for the liberation of Germany from French influence. It is clear to us that he had already made up his mind about the part which Austria was to play, although how she was to play it was to depend on events which even he could not forecast in their proper order.

Before saying anything about Metternich's work at Paris, we may allude briefly to his sketches of the leaders of French society, with most of whom he was in familiar contract. Prominent among these was of course Talleyrand, of whom Metternich speaks in a tone of genial disparagement. Talleyrand, he says, possessed unusual intellectual ability, and was as trustworthy as agreeable in private life. His whole character, however, "more adapted him to destroy than to create," and this accounts for his radical passion for being in opposition to whatever Government was in power. Napoleon was aware of this peculiarity in his Minister's character, for he told Metternich, "If I want anything done, I do not employ the Prince of Benevento; I turn to him when I want a thing not to be done which I wish to appear to want." Regarding Fouché the Prince is more reserved, although he seems to think that, as a more practical man, he was of greater service to the Emperor than Talleyrand. Cambacérès was the man in whose administrative powers the Emperor at this time placed most confidence; and in spite of his self-importance and his *gourmandise*, he had really the making of a statesman in him. It was at a recep-

tion at Cambacérès's that Napoleon's newly-fledged aristocracy first burst upon the world; and as under some new and high-sounding designation one old familiar friend after another was announced, the guests were convulsed with laughter. The scene was one of the best comic interludes in the solemn tragedy of the First Empire. "Cambacérès," Metternich says, "alone was imperturbable." The following anecdote of the Duke of Parma so illustrates this weakness of pomposity that we cannot pass over it. At the beginning of the Revolution, Cambacérès had sat as an advocate in the Parliament of Aix, the President of which, M. d'Aigrefeuille, was his friend and patron. After the Revolution the latter was ruined, and glad to serve as a dependant in the house of Cambacérès:—

"One day when Cambacérès was invested with the dignity of *Archichancelier* of the kingdom—that fantastic imitation of the ceremonial of the old German Empire—to which the title 'Durchlaucht' (serene highness) was attached, D'Aigrefeuille addressed him for the first time by this title. 'When we are alone,' said Cambacérès to him, 'don't use these empty titles; continue to treat me as a friend, and content yourself with calling me Monseigneur'!"

Of the female society Metternich has little to say. The ladies of the Napoleonic aristocracy could scarcely be expected to impress so devout an admirer of the *ancien régime*, whose tastes had been completely gratified by the Court hoops in the Dresden palace. Napoleon sternly discountenanced all interference of the sex in politics and public affairs, though he never scrupled to avail himself of its services to forward his own measures. In 1810, Metternich interceded with the Emperor for permission to Madame de Staël to live in Paris; but in vain. "If Madame de Staël," Napoleon replied, "would be or could be either a royalist or a republican, I should have nothing to say against her; but she is a machine in motion which will make a disturbance in the *salons*. It is only in France that such a woman is to be feared, and I will not agree to it." Perhaps there are more unkind charges to be laid to the account of the Emperor than this intervention between Corinne and the society of his capital.

Politically, Metternich's position was one of great uncertainty. The peace of Tilsit had left him single-handed at the Emperor's Court. His instructions required him to take up a firmer position than Austria could support if he were pushed to fall back upon his Government for assistance. He could no longer trust to Russia, whose ambassador, Count Peter Tolstoy—an honest man, but no statesman, and an envoy *malgré lui*—had indeed been told to follow Metternich's advice, but he had no positive assurance of the actual aims of his Emperor. Tolstoy, indeed, gave Metternich to understand that in concluding the peace of Tilsit Russia was merely playing a temporising part, and that when the time came she would again be ready to make common concert with Austria. But Metternich knew that the partition of Turkey, which Napoleon was holding out as a bait to the Court of St Petersburg, was too strong a temptation to the mind of Alexander; and that so long as France was able to convert this promise into a reality, he must place a limited confidence in Russian co-operation. He was forced to yield the Treaty of Fontainebleau, where he may be said to have maintained the full burden of the Opposition. As Austria's extensive war preparations became more prominent, Metternich's situation

grew more and more embarrassing. For a time he was able to combat Napoleon's suspicions; but as the latter saw the magnitude of the forces that were drawn into the field from the populations of Austria and Hungary, he refused to be lulled any longer by assurances of peace. Metternich had perspicacity enough to see that Austria was running a serious risk, and that her anticipations of Napoleon being crippled on one side by the Spanish war would be but imperfectly realised. But Stadion and the nobles of the Empire were almost unanimously resolved to fight; and the Emperor and the Archduke Charles were obliged to yield so far as to allow the army to assume an offensive attitude.

The famous interview between Napoleon and Metternich which took place at this juncture has its place in history; but we must give it in the statesman's own words. The audience took place on the 15th of August, the Emperor's *fête*, which, with his usual practice in associating himself with established solemnities, he had obtained permission of the Papal See to celebrate on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, although his real birthday was 5th February 1768:*—

"Just before noon the diplomatic corps was conducted to the audience-chamber. I took my usual place in the circle, having Count Tolstoy on my right, the rest of the diplomatic corps being arranged in a semicircle, in the centre of which was the Emperor. At such ceremonials the princes of his family were ranged behind him, then the Cabinet Ministers, the members of the Court, and the adjutants. After some minutes of unusual silence, Napoleon advanced towards me with great solemnity. He stopped two feet in front of me, and addressed me in a loud voice and pompous tone—'Well, Sir Ambassador, what does the Emperor your master want?—does he intend to call me back to Vienna?' This address did not disconcert me; I answered him calmly, and in no less elevated tones. Our conversation, the longer it lasted, took, on Napoleon's side, more and more the character of a public manifestation, Napoleon raising his voice, as he always did when he had the double end in view of intimidating the person he was addressing, and of making an effect on the rest of his hearers. I did not alter my tone, and met his worthless arguments with the weapons of irony. From time to time Napoleon appealed to Count Tolstoy as a witness; but when he observed that the Count preserved an unbroken silence, he turned, breaking off in the midst of a sentence, and strode to the chapel without completing the round of the circle. This scene lasted more than half an hour. The Empress Josephine and her train waited in the hall through which the Emperor had to pass, and no one could explain the reason of the length of this so-called diplomatic audience."

We hurry over the unfortunate campaign of 1809, during which Metternich remained a *quasi* prisoner in the hands of the French until he could be exchanged for a member of their own Embassy. The difficulties which were thrown in the way of his dedition, as well as the overtures which were made to him to put himself in direct communication with Napoleon, induce us to think that the Emperor wished to make him a medium of communication with Francis should his troops fail to retrieve the defeat of Aspern, before Vienna. But Metternich, with his sense of diplomatic propriety, refused to act while he was practically in bonds, and he was released only in time to witness the battle of Wagram, and to accompany his master's flight to Znaim across the burning Märchfeldt. We can imagine the feelings with which the two took their way from the scene of disaster,—the patriotic heart of

* See Alison's History of Europe (Cabinet edition) i. 201, note.

Francis wrung to its core by the slaughter of his beloved subjects and the overthrow of his country; the more active mind of Metternich already occupied in piecing together the fragments of the ruin.

The battle of Wagram was the signal of the fall of Count Stadion's Ministry. The main responsibility of the campaign had rested with that statesman, whose chief fault was that he did not mingle enough of the wisdom of the serpent with his patriotism. At Metternich's representation, however, he nominally remained at the head of foreign affairs until the conclusion of the peace; but the ex-ambassador, as a Minister *ad interim*, directed the Imperial policy. After a good deal of fencing on both sides, peace was concluded on October 14th with an abruptness that was not altogether pleasing to the Imperial Cabinet. Metternich blames Prince Liechtenstein for allowing himself to be overreached by the French envoys; but to him the peace was a substantial gain, as it afforded him a basis for founding that policy which we see in various forms maturing in his despatches from Paris, and by which alone he felt confident that Austria could again be enabled to take her proper place among European States.

The next important event in which Metternich figures with prominence was the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise to Napoleon. Iphigenia was to be sacrificed for a fair wind, which was all Metternich could reasonably hope that the victim would bring them. The diplomatist frankly confesses that though the Austrian people, wearied with war, looked upon the union as a pledge of peace, "neither the Emperor nor I went so far in our hopes: mine were limited to the obtaining of an interval of quiet for the recruiting our resources for the possibility of a necessary defence of the interests of the Empire." The story of Josephine's divorce and Napoleon's second marriage has never been better set forth in all its romantic sternness than in these Memoirs. From the time when Napoleon's policy changed from an alliance with a princess of the Czar's house to the marriage of a Hapsburg Grand Duchess, it became the duty of the Austrian Embassy to watch the progress of events with particular minuteness. With characteristic coarseness, it was through Fouché that the Emperor first sounded the feelings of Josephine, making him, not his own spokesman, but the representative of the popular wish; and though her high spirit refused to receive such a message through such a medium, she knew from those with whom she had to deal that she must yield in the end. It was to Metternich's wife, who had remained behind in Paris, that Napoleon first broached the subject at a masked ball at Cambacérès's. She could tell him nothing of the probabilities of his suit being successful; and when he asked whether she, in the place of the Archduchess, would accept his hand, Prince Kaunitz's granddaughter frankly told him that she would not. "You are cruel," said the Emperor to her; "write to your husband, and ask him what he thinks of the matter." But this also she refused to do, and a formal proposal was immediately made through Prince Schwartzenberg, the ambassador. The Emperor Francis must have been placed in a sad dilemma. Metternich gives us to understand that he left his master's decision unbiassed in the matter; but independent evidence exists that all his influence was exerted to bring about the match. He was sent to announce the proposal to Marie Louise, in whose hands the

Emperor professedly left the matter; but we cannot doubt that the young Archduchess had been schooled as to the part which she would have to play.

"'I wish only what it is my duty to wish,' answered the Archduchess; 'where the interest of the Empire is concerned, that interest must be consulted, and not my will. Ask my father to consult his duty as a ruler, and to subordinate to that any interests connected with my person.'"

Such an answer was worthy of a daughter of the Hapsburgs; and we may be sure that Metternich, who probably alone could calculate the contingencies to arise from the alliance, hastened to hold her at her word. He accompanied the Archduchess to Paris, partly to see how she would be received, but more to inform himself of the effects which the marriage would produce upon the position and policy of Napoleon. His reception from the Emperor was most cordial, and Napoleon discussed his projects with a frankness which would have been altogether wanting could he have foreseen the future. Above all, the Emperor was anxious that Metternich should carry back with him to Austria a favourable impression of the results of the marriage. He threw the envoy and the Empress much together, and was apparently anxious that Metternich should receive from her own lips an unbiassed account of her satisfaction with her position. Napoleon's domestic nervousness contrasts strongly with his political intrepidity; but it is doubtful whether he would have felt wholly flattered had he been made aware of the Empress's sentiments. "I am sure," she said to Metternich, some time after her marriage, "that they think a great deal about me in Vienna, and that the general opinion is that I live a life of daily suffering. So true is it, that truth is often not probable. I have no fear of Napoleon, but I begin to think that he is afraid of me."

Before he left Paris, Metternich could say that he had received "light" on the situation. He sent a report to the Emperor, which stands on record as a wonderful monument of political perspicacity. This was his forecast—written, it must be remembered, in 1810, when the Russian designs of Napoleon had scarcely any existence outside the Emperor's own mind:—

"During the year 1811, the peace of the continent of Europe will not be destroyed by any fresh attack of Napoleon's. In the course of this year, Napoleon will join his own forces, greatly strengthened with those of his allies, in order to deal a great blow at Russia. Napoleon will begin the campaign in the spring of 1812. Therefore the Imperial Government must employ the next year in improving the financial position in two ways: first, by lessening the quantity of paper money; next, in making important military improvements. The position to be taken by Austria in the year 1812 must be that of an armed neutrality. The fate of Napoleon's undertaking, in any case a very eccentric one, will give us the direction which we will afterwards have to take. In a war between France and Russia, Austria must take a position on the flank, which will insure a decisive importance for her opinions during the war and at the end of it."

Thus was sketched out the policy on which Austria acted during the next five years, and which, finally, was crowned with success in the Congress of Vienna and at the battle of Waterloo. It was a purely selfish one; but we must remember that in the disorganised state of the European kingdoms there was then no possibility of making a general stand against France upon the higher principles of public morality and public law. Metternich

was, above all, practical in his views, and held in contempt anything approaching to sentimental policy, as well as any one who had the character of an *idéologue*. His clear mind selected the shortest roads to his ends; and if he was not very scrupulous as to the directions in which these roads lay, we must keep in mind that his adversaries were equally little actuated by conscience.

During the Russian campaign of 1812, the position of Austria was maintained in strict accordance with the principles which Metternich had laid down. Her attitude was one of armed observation. The expression "benevolent neutrality" had not then been invented; and if it had been, Metternich, we think, was too honest to have employed it. Under his auspices the breathing-space was utilised in the reorganisation of the finances, and in the consolidation of the territories that still remained under Francis's sway. The alliance of Prussia again became an object of primary interest; and Metternich, with all his dislike for the influence of Berlin, and his distrust of the principles which were then influencing the Prussian people, was active in inducing Frederick William and his Ministers to return to the basis of 1805. A great reaction was then springing up in Prussia. A spirit of patriotism, corresponding in intensity with the degradation into which the kingdom had fallen, pervaded the whole population. The *Tugenbund*, which was its great centre, was warmly patronised by the Government. Much praise has been lavished upon Stein for his fostering patronage of these secret societies; and there is no question that it was by their influence that Prussia was again elevated to the rank of a first-rate Power. But the price she was to pay fell to posterity to settle. The institution of secret societies has been the source of great trouble to Prussia in succeeding days; and we do not scruple to assert that the example of the *Tugenbund* has given strength and vitality to its secret Socialism in our own time. Metternich never dissembled his dislike of the *Tugenbund*, although he had no objection to accept its services as a powerful engine in stirring up German feeling against French despotism.

We now come to the last and most exciting period comprised in these Memoirs—the epoch of the alliances by which the power of Napoleon was finally put under foot. The intimate connection of Great Britain with the allied Courts from 1813 to 1815, has familiarised us with the ground now to be gone over. But the powerful side-lights which Metternich now casts upon it greatly deepen the dramatic interest of some of its most striking scenes.

Metternich's policy was now to be put to the test. The utter humiliation of France in the Russian campaign gave an impetus to the spirit of the Prussian population that Frederick William could not dare to withstand. Letters from Berlin describe the warlike enthusiasm of all classes of the people, and how even the women divested themselves of their ornaments to defray the expenses of war; and with the characteristic cautiousness of the Hohenzollerns, their patriotism was repaid in iron *bijoux*. After the Treaty of Kalisch was concluded between Frederick William and Alexander, the time had come when Austria was obliged to bestir herself if she was to avoid the penalty of an isolated policy, such as Prussia had been previously made to pay. Metternich had made up his mind

that Austria was to play the *rôle* of mediator, and to secure the influence which would naturally attach to that position, although we cannot doubt that he saw all along into which scale the Emperor must ultimately cast his sword. Like every mediator, he was an object of free abuse from both sides. The French suspected him, not altogether unjustly, of double-dealing; and the Prussians denounced him as the chief obstacle to united German feeling, and as a secret partisan of France. Stein, between whom and Metternich there was no love lost, writes to Count Münster, the Hanoverian Minister: "Our good Nesselrode has convinced himself too late that Metternich is superficial, immoral, and double-minded; from his conduct he must either be a traitor, or, what is more probable, he has not the force and the influence, grounded on personal reputation, to guide and control his Emperor;" and he applies to Metternich, with a slight variation, the language of Mephistopheles in 'Faust':—

"The fellow that 'finesses'
Is like a creature that some spirit malign
Draws round and round in barren wilder-
nesses,
And all about lie fruitful pastures green."*

But the fact is, that Metternich's conduct at this time was only such as was strictly proper to the position which Austria had assumed. She was in alliance with France, and it was her duty to provide that the league should not be broken first by any fault on her part. She had reason also to dread the consequences to Austria of the increased influence which the Russian successes would give that Power on her own confines, and the advantages which the Prussian Court might seek to secure from its new alliance. But amidst these difficulties Metternich steered the policy of his Empire with consummate skill. He restrained the military faction, which would have prematurely committed the country to war, as it had done before under the Ministry of Count Stadion. He made the belligerents sensible of the weight of Austria, and of the importance which must attach to her voice in the crisis. Probably he would have made peace, if it could have been made at the time; for Metternich always recognised the fact that an honourable peace is the highest end to be attained by any diplomatist. But he had the impracticable character of Napoleon to contend with, of which, however, no one knew so well as himself how to take the proper advantage.

After the battles of Bautzen and Lützen, Metternich waited upon the French Emperor at Dresden, to discharge the last duties of Austria's mediatorship. The interview took place at the Marcolini Garden, near the Elster Meadows. The account of this interview, which really put the seal upon Napoleon's downfall, we shall give in Metternich's own words. We can quote no passage from these volumes that is more characteristic of the two antagonists:—

"The appearance of the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs at Napoleon's headquarters could, under such circumstances, only be regarded by the leaders of the French army as decisive in its results. I was received in Dresden with this feeling. It would be difficult to describe the expression of painful anxiety shown on the faces of the crowd of men in uniform, who were assembled in the waiting-rooms of the Emperor. The Prince of Neufchâtel (Berthier) said to me in a low voice, 'Do not forget that Europe requires peace, and especially France,

* Steley's Life and Times of Stein, iii. 147, 148.

which will have nothing but peace.' Not seeing myself called upon to answer this, I at once entered the Emperor's reception-room.

"Napoleon waited for me, standing in the middle of the room with his sword at his side and his hat under his arm. He came up to me in a studied manner, and inquired after the health of the Emperor. His countenance then soon clouded over, and he spoke, standing in front of me, as follows:—

"'So you, *too*, want war; well, you shall have it. I have annihilated the Prussian army at Lützen; I have beaten the Russians at Bautzen; now you wish your turn to come. Be it so; the rendezvous shall be in Vienna. Men are incorrigible: experience is lost upon you. Three times have I replaced the Emperor Francis on his throne. I have promised always to live in peace with him; I have married his daughter. At the time I said to myself, You are perpetrating a folly; but it was done, and to-day I repent of it!'

"This introduction doubled my feeling of the strength of my position. I felt myself, at this crisis, the representative of all European society. If I may say so, Napoleon seemed to me small!

"'Peace and war,' I answered, 'lie in your Majesty's hands. The Emperor, my master, has duties to fulfil, before which all other considerations fall into the background. The fate of Europe, her future and yours, all lie in your hands. Between Europe and the aims you have hitherto pursued there is absolute contradiction. The world requires peace. In order to secure this peace, you must reduce your power within bounds compatible with the general tranquillity, or you will fall in the contest. To-day you can yet conclude peace; to-morrow it may be too late. The Emperor, my master, in these negotiations is only guided by the voice of conscience; it is for you, Sire, now to take counsel of yours.'

"'Well, now, what do they want me to do?' said Napoleon, sharply; 'do they want me to degrade myself? Never! I shall know how to die; but I shall not yield one handbreadth of soil. Your sovereigns, born to the throne, may be beaten twenty times, and still go back to their palaces; that cannot I—the child of fortune; my reign will not outlast the day when I have ceased to be strong, and therefore to be feared. I have committed one great fault in forgetting what this army has cost me—the most splendid army that ever existed. I may defy man, but not the elements; the cold has ruined me. In one night I lost thirty thousand horses. I have lost everything, except honour and the consciousness of what I owe to a brave people who, after such enormous misfortunes, have given me fresh proofs of their devotion and their conviction that I alone can rule them. I have made up for the losses of the past year; only look at the army, after the battles I have just won! I will hold a review before you!'

"'And it is that very army,' I answered, 'which desires peace!'

"'Not the army,' interrupted Napoleon, hastily. 'No! my generals wish for peace. I have no more generals. The cold of Moscow has demoralised them. I have seen the boldest cry like children. They were physically and morally broken. A fortnight ago I might have concluded peace; to-day I can do so no longer. I have won two fights: I shall not conclude peace.'

"'In all that your Majesty has said to me,' I remarked, 'I see a fresh proof that Europe and your Majesty cannot come to an understanding. Your peace is never more than a truce. Misfortune, like success, hurries you to war. The moment has arrived when you and Europe both throw down the gauntlet; you will take it up—you and Europe; and it will not be Europe that will be defeated.'

. . . . . .

"Napoleon took me into his study, and showed me the lists of our forces as they were daily sent to him. We examined this with great particularity, and almost regiment for regiment. Our discussion on this subject lasted more than an hour.

"On returning into the reception-room, he did not speak again on political subjects, and I might have

thought that he wished to draw my attention away from the object of my mission, if a former experience had not taught me that such digressions were natural to him. He spoke of the whole of his operations in Russia, and expatiated at length and with the pettiest details about his last return to France. It was clear to me from all this that he was constantly endeavouring to show that his defeat of 1812 was entirely owing to the time of year, and that his moral position in France had never been firmer than it was in consequence of this same event. 'It was a hard test,' he said to me, 'but I have stood it perfectly well.'

"After I had listened to him for more than half an hour, I interrupted him with the remark, that in what he had just told me I saw strong proof of the necessity of putting an end to so uncertain a fate. 'Fortune,' I said, 'may play you false a second time, as it did in 1812. In ordinary times armies are formed of only a small part of the population, to-day it is the whole people that you have called to arms. Is not your present army anticipated by a generation? I have seen your soldiers: they are mere children. Your Majesty has the feeling that you are absolutely necessary to the nation: but is not the nation also necessary to you? And if this juvenile army that you levied but yesterday should be swept away, what then?'

"When Napoleon heard these words he was overcome with rage, he turned pale, and his features were distorted. 'You are no soldier,' said he, 'and you do not know what goes on in the mind of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men.' With this exclamation he threw his hat, which he had held in his hand, into the corner of the room. I remained quite quiet, leaning against the edge of a console between the two windows, and said, deeply moved by what I had just heard, 'Why have you chosen to say this to me within these four walls? open the doors, and let your words sound from one end of France to the other. The cause which I represent will not lose thereby.'

"Napoleon recovered himself, and with calmer tones said to me the following words, no less remarkable than the former: 'The French cannot complain of me; to spare them, I have sacrificed the Germans and the Poles. I have lost in the campaign of Moscow three hundred thousand men, and there were not more than thirty thousand Frenchmen among them.'

"'You forget, Sire,' I exclaimed, 'that you are speaking to a German.'

"Napoleon walked up and down the room, and at the second turn he picked up his hat from the floor. Then he began to speak of his marriage. 'So I have perpetrated a very stupid piece of folly in marrying an Archduchess of Austria.'

"'Since your Majesty desires to know my opinion,' I answered, 'I will candidly say that Napoleon the conqueror made a mistake.'

"'The Emperor Francis will then dethrone his daughter?'

"'The Emperor,' I replied, 'knows nothing but his duty, and he will fulfil it. Whatever the fate of his daughter may be, the Emperor Francis is in the first place a monarch, and the interests of his people will always take the first place in his calculations.'

"'Well,' interrupted Napoleon, 'what you say does not astonish me: everything confirms my idea that I have made an inexcusable mistake. When I married an Archduchess I tried to weld the new with the old, Gothic prejudices with the institutions of my century: I deceived myself, and I, this day, feel the whole extent of my error. It may cost me my throne, but I will bury the world beneath its ruins.'

"The conversation had lasted till half-past eight o'clock in the evening. It was already quite dark. No one had ventured to come into the room. Not one pause of silence interrupted this animated discussion, in which I can count no less than six moments in which my words had the weight of a formal declaration of war. I have no intention of reproducing here all that Napoleon said during this long interview. I have only dwelt upon the most striking points in it which bear directly on the object of my

mission. We wandered far away from it twenty times: those who have known Napoleon, and transacted business with him, will not be surprised at that.

"When Napoleon dismissed me, his tone had become calm and quiet. I could no longer distinguish his features. He accompanied me to the door of the reception-room. Holding the handle of the folding-door, he said to me, 'We shall see one another again!'

"'At your pleasure, Sire,' was my answer, 'but I have no hope of attaining the object of my mission.'

"'Well, now,' said Napoleon, touching me on the shoulder, 'do you know what will happen? You will not make war on me?'

"'You are lost, Sire,' I said, quickly; 'I had the presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty.'

"In the anterooms I found the same generals whom I had seen on entering. They crowded round me to read in my face the impression of the nearly nine hours' conversation. I did not stop, and I do not think I satisfied their curiosity.

"Berthier accompanied me to my carriage. He seized a moment when no one was near to ask me whether I had been satisfied with the Emperor. 'Yes,' I answered, 'he has explained everything to me; it is all over with the man.'"

Thus Austria's attempted mediation failed. It had been, to use Metternich's words, "like a bridge from one bank of a stream to the other, which—whether the bank to be attained was peace or war—was at an end, and that not by the fault of the mediating Powers, nor of the Powers at war with Napoleon. Our proper place was therefore on the side of the Allies." And so Metternich compassed his end, having thrown the whole moral blame of the rupture of the Austrian alliance upon France, and having taught the united Powers the full value which was to be placed upon Austria's co-operation. And so the Emperor Francis threw himself heart and soul into the Grand Alliance. Metternich, however, had still a difficult part to sustain. He knew public feeling in France better than any of the statesmen with whom he was associated, and he felt that to secure a satisfactory settlement he must fight as hard in the Cabinet as their generals would have to do in the field. His sketches of his colleagues, which seem as true to the life as one statesman can be expected to paint another, do not diminish our sense of the difficulties which he had to confront. Foremost among these was the Emperor Alexander, who, though animated by generous and chivalric motives, was yet impracticable to a degree which history has hitherto failed to account for. Whether Metternich's explanation of the Emperor's character is the correct one or not, we can scarcely venture to decide; but his portraiture of Alexander, at least, presents a novel hypothesis which is worth consideration:—

"The Emperor Alexander's life was worn out between devotion to certain systems and disappointment in their results; the feelings prompted by both moods were spontaneous and vigorous, and, strange as it may sound, their course showed a certain periodicity, of which I shall afterwards give pertinent examples.

. . . . . .

"The Emperor seized an idea, and followed it out quickly. It grew in his mind for about two years, till it came to be regarded by him as a system. In the course of the third year he remained faithful to the system he had adopted and learned to love, listened with real fervour to its promoters, and was inaccessible to any calculation as to its worth or dangerous consequences. In the fourth year the sight of those consequences began to calm down his fervour; the fifth year showed an unseemly mixture of the old and nearly extinct system with the new idea. This new

idea was often diametrically opposite to the one he had just left."

Unfortunately, the Emperor's mental "periodicity" had at this time brought him round to a belief in democracy, to which he would not have scrupled to give effect outside his own dominions. His views for the future of France were all at this time based upon ultra-Liberal principles, which wiser men knew would simply amount to a substitution of anarchy for despotism. After the entry of the Allies into Paris, the Emperor asked Lord Grey to formulate for him the scheme of an Opposition for Russia. The champion of Parliamentary Reform and a reduced franchise would seem to have changed his mind as well as his soil by his trip across the Channel; for he said to Metternich, whom he consulted about the difficulty in which the request had placed him, "Does the Emperor intend to introduce a Parliament into his country? If he really means to do so—and I should take good care not to advise it—he need not concern himself about an Opposition; it would certainly not be wanting."

The history of the advance on Paris, the restoration of the Bourbons, the exile of Napoleon to Elba, and the events of the Hundred days, are all so well known to us, that Metternich's Memoirs add little to the knowledge which is already at our command. We may say the same of the negotiations at Vienna, with the internal history of which we are familiar, from the despatches of Lord Castlereagh. It is gratifying to hear, from so shrewd an estimator of men as Metternich, so favourable an opinion of Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic abilities, who, through party spirit, has never been sufficiently appreciated by his own countrymen. We need not touch upon the rupture which, Metternich flatters himself, almost led to a duel with the Emperor Alexander, nor on the minute details which his papers give us of the inner business of the congress. Metternich's memoranda show that he had, on the whole, his own way, and that he then laid a foundation for the power of Austria which remained mainly unshaken until she perilled her strength at Sadowa.

We shall not attempt to sum up the character of Metternich: we must apply the same tests to him as he himself used in the case of Napoleon, and forbear to judge him by ordinary standards. But the man who conciliated private friends wherever he went, who won the confidence of the greatest monarchs in Europe—both his allies and his enemies—and who brought his country to dry land through stormy waters, deserves to be placed in a high niche among our famous statesmen. There is no good citizen of any country who will lay down these volumes, over which we have been lingering, without a feeling that he would pray for such a statesman as Metternich—goods and bads—to stand by his country in the hour of its extremest danger.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE remarkable dulness of the first evening of the session was in strange contrast to the fierce excitement of the Liverpool election, which apparently exhausted the whole energies of party spirit. The leaders, however, in either House, made their customary speeches; and, with the exception of a short harangue of no great weight from the Duke of Argyll, there was absolutely nothing to remind one of the extravagant accusations and invectives which are deemed the indispensable nutriment of provincial audiences. Evidently Parliament has heard enough of Andrassy Notes and Berlin Memoranda; the gross betrayal of the cause of liberty in the recent treaty, the breaking up of the European concert, the warlike menaces to Russia, coupled with base subserviency to her demands, are imputations which no sane politician would dream of submitting for the consideration of Parliament, whatever uses they may be put to out of doors. It is, however, worth while once more to point to the contrast between the very measured utterances upon these topics which Liberal leaders employ when face to face with their opponents, and the astounding charges of folly and wickedness with which we are deafened during the recess. Take, for instance, the Treaty of Berlin. Throughout all the difficulties of its execution there was continual prediction of failure, denunciation of its policy, undisguised exultation over every occurrence which appeared to threaten its success. The wiseacres at Liberal meetings even now break out into a broad grin whenever it is mentioned. The superior wisdom of such assemblies penetrates at once the fatuity of the whole scheme, and derides its transparent folly. While these good people are educated to this view of the existing settlement of European affairs, and their minds attuned to a proper contempt for the Ministry,—who, it is repeatedly declared, is mainly if not solely responsible for it,—we have Lord Granville coming forward in the House of Lords and claiming the whole credit of the settlement as due to Prince Bismarck.

"Now, my objections," continued Lord Granville, "to the Berlin Treaty are not great. There are great faults in it, but it was a tolerable arrangement under the circumstances."

That is the deliberate statement of the Liberal Foreign Minister. The concessions, no doubt, are narrow; but coming from the leader of a devoted band of followers, whose whole force and energy have been expended throughout a long recess in vilifying this treaty and its provisions, and the manner in which it was concluded, all over the country, they imply a censure upon the Liberal party, and an acquiescence in the work and policy of the Government. So also spoke Lord Hartington:—

"I believe that however much it may suit our vanity to imagine that the Treaty of Berlin was entirely our work, other Powers, more closely interested and more directly concerned, had more to do with that settlement than has been supposed."

In other words, Lord Hartington's followers have for the last six months and more been vilifying the work of united Europe, striving to arouse English and Scotch animosity against that settlement of its affairs which Europe devised for

herself as the only alternative to war, and the best practicable basis for a durable peace.

Contrast the language of the two official leaders with the wild diatribes of Mr Gladstone all over the county of Mid-Lothian. The whole burden of these was, that the Treaty of Berlin was the handiwork of the British Ministry alone, and was a supreme effort of wickedness and folly,—confounding the policy of Russia whenever that policy was directed to win humane and beneficent ends (as was generally the case), unwittingly aiding and abetting her whenever she was bent on self-aggrandisement and spoliation. Mr Gladstone's campaign was passed over in silence and contempt; and a more complete disavowal of all complicity in that wayward and passionate outburst, in the reckless encouragement to open violence, which was fresh in the memory of all, could not have been made than was practically contained in the speeches of Lords Granville and Hartington. What other effect can all this have on the minds of the electors except to disgust them with the unmeaning violence of an Opposition which in Parliament dares not open its mouth? The result of the Liverpool election was a still more crushing rejection of the policy represented by the more fanatical adherents of the Liberal party. Both sides accepted the contest as one of national importance. It was emphatically a test election. Lord Hartington and Lord Derby, Mr Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, all strove to influence the result. A Cabinet Minister, who was also a representative of the constituency, conducted the struggle on behalf of the Government, and is entitled to the utmost credit for his skill and success. A decisive majority of 2221 under such circumstances is a complete refutation of the idle taunt that the Government are afraid to dissolve, and that the judgment of the constituencies is adverse to the policy which they have pursued. Those who look upon the policy of the last few years as essential, in regard to its spirit and general aims, to the honour and safety of the country, may well be satisfied with this convincing proof that that policy is as steadily supported by the nation as it has been by both Houses of Parliament. The decision arrived at is of European importance; for at such a conjuncture as this, to have had the direction of English influence abroad involved in obscurity would have been a source of disturbance. The present attitude of the Powers, pointing in spite of increasing armaments to peaceful relations, is largely determined by the knowledge that this country does not abdicate its place in European councils, but that its will and wishes must be taken into consideration. It is admitted that England might have prevented the Franco-German war in 1870, that it did prevent its renewal in 1875, and that its power thrown into the scale in favour of peace is at present the best guarantee of its continuance. The times are not ripe for our again withdrawing within the folds of our insular security, and abandoning Europe to the demon of strife without an effort to avert its horrors. So far as Lancashire may be said to lead English opinion, she has, by the voice of her principal constituency, decided in favour of upholding English power and influence, and of devoting them, as hitherto, to the worthy end of promoting European peace and maintaining the empire of Great Britain.

A still more striking demonstration of sympathy and support was accorded to the Government at Southwark. The Conservative can-

didate was there returned by a clear majority over both his opponents put together. It is impossible to mistake the meaning of this demonstration. All classes and sections of society are disgusted at the intolerable virulence with which the Government have been opposed and maligned in regard to their conduct of foreign affairs. All restraint, whether of patriotism or of fairness between political opponents, has been flung aside, and the result is, that these unmeasured invectives are recoiling with the force of a boomerang on the heads of their authors. Determined, *per fas aut nefas*, to drive Lord Beaconsfield from office, the only result of such wild manœuvres is to rally round the subject of their aversion an amount of support which will consolidate his power for the rest of his life. What is happening now in the political world will be a lesson for all time, that in this free country a parliamentary Opposition, in order to be successful, must be prudent, measured, and subordinated to the public interests. An "earnest" outpouring of intense indignation, in season and out of season; incessant efforts day and night to thwart the policy of a Minister, culminating in reckless imputations upon his character and motives, and profuse expressions of sympathy and respect for the conduct of our enemies, do not commend themselves to the approval of the country. It is evident that the Liberal party has rapidly lowered itself in the estimation of the electors, and all the conditions of its existence will render its recovery a slow and difficult process.

If it were not so completely a lost hope that the Liberal party might reconsider its recent course, and endeavour to resume its legitimate place in the national councils, we might ask them to draw two practical lessons from their recent defeat. One is as to the absurdity of continuing to knock their heads against a brick wall—against the firm will of the people of England in reference to a matter now past and gone, the duty of resisting Russia in designs which are now probably for some time in abeyance. The other is as to the impolicy of tampering with the Home Rule movement, and endeavouring to resuscitate and reconstruct their party on the dismemberment of the United Kingdom for a basis. It is highly probable, with regard to the latter point, that wiser counsels may yet prevail, and that the Liberal party will not be hopelessly committed to the adoption of Mr Parnell's revolutionary schemes. Whether or not the tardy acquiescence in such counsels will be in time to conciliate the confidence of the country, so justly indignant and alarmed at the most recent development of Liberal strategy, may at least be doubted. It is useless to urge that pledging yourself to vote for an inquiry is not openly encouraging the Home Rule movement. As well vote for an inquiry into the expediency of repudiating the national debt, and then say you are not tampering with the public credit! Those who pledge themselves in that way are performing for Home Rule the very same office which Mr John Stuart Mill is said to have performed for the woman's suffrage movement—viz., they are raising it to the dignity of a debatable question.

But as regards the former point it is too late. The Opposition cannot escape the consequences of Mr Gladstone's campaign in the north, nor of the combined recklessness and timidity of their prolonged resistance to the foreign policy of their country. The issue whether the conduct of foreign affairs during

a crisis of no ordinary duration and magnitude was not in the main prudent and successful, and the corresponding issue whether nearly all the most prominent leaders of the Liberal party have not set at defiance every restraint of loyalty and patriotism in their ill-judged opposition, cannot be put out of sight. It is too late to withdraw from an untenable position. The Ministerial party would never allow such withdrawal if it were attempted. Moreover, all Mr Gladstone's "earnestness," every passion of his public life, is enlisted in favour of dragging those issues before the public. His reputation, and his place in public life, will be forfeited if he does not struggle with regard to them to the bitter end. How bitter that end will be is beginning to dawn upon that self-willed and unfortunate faction, which has had no guiding principle, no rudder to steer by in all these complications, except the sincere and unreasoning belief that every step taken by a Conservative Government is necessarily foolish and wicked. The downward career of this faction began with the foolish outcry against the Royal Titles Bill. It has proceeded with constantly accelerated velocity, till its policy, or absence of policy, on the Eastern Question has rent it in halves, and its attitude on the Home Rule question has forfeited the support of its stanchest adherents.

The current session accordingly opens during the lowest ebb of Liberal fortunes. At the close of the last general election our opponents were thoroughly beaten, but they had in their favour the *prestige* of long success, and the prospect of profiting by such failures and disappointments as the chapter of accidents brings to every Ministry. And above all, they presented a united and organised front, with a statesman at their head of long experience and undying fame. Six years have passed. The Ministry is far stronger than it was; the Opposition has crumbled into ruin. The causes which undermine a Government and hasten its fall—viz., the alienation of supporters, the increasing hostilities and disappointments which gather round it, the sense of lassitude and desire for change—seem to produce no effect upon the present Government. The blindest partisan can hardly suppose that that is exclusively due to superior management and wisdom. The times have been extraordinarily difficult. The supporters of the Government policy have on the one hand reproached them with timidity, on the other with rashness. And it is an admitted fact, that at the most critical period of all, while Russia was closing round the gates of Constantinople, divisions in the Cabinet had reached their limit, and the Foreign Minister himself shortly afterwards resigned. Such a conjuncture of circumstances and conduct would have inevitably weakened any Administration which was met by a competent Opposition. Lord Beaconsfield's courage and tenacity of purpose in the end secured the maintenance and the eventual triumph of a steady policy. But if the Liberal party, led by a Palmerston or even a Russell, had contended with him for the confidence of the country, the Ministry would scarcely have passed unscathed through one or two of the episodes connected with the Russo-Turkish war. If the Opposition had confined itself to its legitimate functions, it would, relatively to a Ministry which had to cope with enormous difficulties and stand the consequences of inevitable mistakes, have gained in strength. But those legitimate functions were abandoned, and in lieu of them Mr Glad-

stone, supported by a faithful few, undertook to dictate to the Ministers beforehand the policy they should pursue,—dictated it utterly wrong, and ever afterwards strove by interminable harangues to conceal the magnitude of his blunder. From the first speech on the Bulgarian atrocities, down to his letter to the electors of Liverpool, there is no trace of the measured criticisms of a responsible chief of Opposition, but a wayward violence of denunciation scarcely to be distinguished from hostility to the sovereign, Parliament, and the whole country, if it were not so plainly due to personal jealousies and animosities. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Ministry, they shrink into insignificance compared with the astounding blunders of the Opposition. The latter have so persistently repelled the confidence of the public, and startled it by their violence, and disgusted it with their unfairness, that they have immeasurably strengthened the position of the Ministry. They begin the last session of this Parliament without a policy either at home or abroad, without a cry—unless the whole of the Duke of Argyll's two volumes could be shouted at the hustings—but with a feeling of shame for the discordant clamour of transparent personal and departmental jealousies. They owe their misfortunes almost entirely to Mr Gladstone. He refused to lead them as soon as they were in a minority, and has since shattered them to pieces. As a party leader his fame will be unique. He could never lead a party in the proper sense of the term, nor could he patiently construct one. But in 1868 he showed that he could summon one into existence, animated with a powerful but short-lived enthusiasm for himself, over which he dominated with the rigour of a tyrant. Of late years he has shown that his destructive energies are even more powerful than his creative faculties. Perhaps, when his influence has passed away, the dream of the 'Edinburgh Review' will be accomplished, and a resuscitated Whig party will gladly munch under its supervision the remainder biscuit of plain Whig principles.

It can hardly be expected, under these circumstances, that this session will be a fruitful one in home legislation. In fact, the Queen's Speech only proposes that there should be a reconsideration of the Criminal Code, and of the improvement of the law of bankruptcy, and that certain bills for enlarging the powers of owners of settled land, for consolidating and amending the lunacy laws, and for simplifying the practice of conveyancing, should be laid before Parliament. The policy and conduct of the Government, rather than parliamentary legislation, continue to absorb the attention of the country. Three vast subjects fill the political horizon—the state of Europe, the troubles in Central Asia, and the condition of Ireland.

The last of the three is at the present moment of the most urgent and immediate importance. The Queen's Speech announces that "the serious deficiency in the usual crops in some parts of Ireland has rendered necessary special precautions on the part of my Government, to guard against the calamities with which those districts were threatened." These precautions consisted of preparations for distributing food and fuel in case of necessity, and in stimulating "the employment of labour by advances, on terms more liberal than those prescribed by the existing law." An indemnity for such advances is required, and it is proposed to provide the necessary funds

on the security of the property administered by the Church Temporalities Commissioners. The extent to which such advances may be made is £500,000, which will be borrowed at 3¾ per cent, and lent at 1 per cent, for improvement and relief works, interest being totally foregone for the first two years.

The sufficiency of such relief, the mode adopted, and the general policy of the Administration, of course afford ample materials for the brilliant oratory of the Irish members. An amendment was made to the Address condemning the Government for want of energy, demanding immediate relief of the people, and an immediate settlement of the land laws. The debate was continued for several evenings, notwithstanding that no evidence was offered of the Government having been remiss in their preparations, of the ordinary means of relief having yet been strained, or of any severity of deprivation having yet been reached. The case for the Government is perfectly clear. Their attention was first aroused to the subject on the 5th September last. They have since given to the question unremitting care. The principle on which they proceed, as explained by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the first night of the Session, is as follows:—

"We have to beware lest, by taking too much upon ourselves, we should render the people and the landlords careless of what they can do for themselves. It should be clearly kept in view that what the Government can do must merely be supplemental to local exertion. And in order to make their aid supplemental, they must take care that the aid they offer does not become the principal source to which the people look for relief."

The principle is obviously sound. It is one, however, that does not commend itself to our "brilliant brethren." A policy of guarded jealousy for the public purse, which endeavours to make its preparations adequate, and no more, will not arouse the enthusiasm of popularity which a more impulsive generosity would insure. It will, however, be admitted that the Government is doing all it can to arrive at a sound judgment upon the facts of the case, and does not shrink from the responsibility of acting upon it. Here, again, the Opposition have their chances of profiting by Ministerial mistakes. Should the result convict the Government either of exaggeration, resulting in unnecessary expenditure, or of so far underrating the emergency as that their precautionary measures fall far short of the required aid, the consequences in either case will be to diminish the confidence of the country. But the unfortunate Liberal party is in no position to reap the usual advantages from the difficulties of their opponents. Whatever may happen, it is not in Ireland, and in reference to Irish measures, that they will regain their lost position. For years past, from the time of Mr Gladstone's address to the electors of Greenwich in January 1874, down to the last election at Liverpool, they have tampered with the Home Rule movement; and several prominent members have, in order to secure their seats, given pledges which virtually raise the question of repealing the Union—that is, of dismembering the United Kingdom—to the dignity of a debatable question, deserving inquiry and investigation at the hands of Parliament. The intimacy between Liberals and Home Rulers in several important constituencies has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. It is rapidly producing a revulsion of feeling throughout the country; while Lord Beaconsfield's emphatic declaration—"those who

favour such a policy are false to their sovereign and their country, and will live, I feel confident, soon to regret the responsibility which by their conduct they are incurring." —is a declaration which will remain in the memory of the electors, and afford a new rallying-point for their sympathies and support.

Then, with regard to the state of affairs in Central Asia, the Queen's Speech is necessarily vague and uncertain:—

"The abdication of the Ameer, and the unsettled condition of the country, render the recall of my troops impossible for the present; but the principle on which my Government has hitherto acted remains unchanged; and while determined to make the frontier of my Indian empire strong, I desire to be in friendly relations alike with those who may rule in Afghanistan, and with the people of that country."

Lord Beaconsfield denied that the whole population of Afghanistan was against us,—"those who have looked into the question know that only a very limited portion of the population is against us." As regards our own position, we have secured an adequate and powerful north-west frontier for our Indian empire; but our policy is and has been opposed to annexation. There exist, says Lord Beaconsfield, in that country all the elements of peace and prosperity. A work of considerable labour lies before the Government in its endeavours to bring Afghanistan into a condition of tranquillity and prosperity. The people, who are really represented by the great chiefs and the great tribes, place themselves in friendly and confidential communication with her Majesty's Government; "and from their declarations, and a wise calculation of motives, we have a right to infer that they are sincere in their desire to bring about a settlement of the country." Whether the policy and hopes of the Government will be crowned with success remains to be seen. The other alternative will be a larger extent of annexation than we wish for; but at the same time, if the burden and difficulties of such an alternative cannot be evaded, they must be cheerfully accepted as the inevitable accompaniment of those military and political measures which Russian advance and intrigue had forced upon us. We trust that Lord Beaconsfield's sanguine view will be realised, and that after the desired settlement has been made, and annexation avoided, "we shall have in Afghanistan a neighbour on whom we can depend, on the whole, for its tranquillity and its desire for commercial intercourse, and that the result will be accomplished totally irrespective of the great object of strengthening our frontier, while it will be highly favourable to the Afghan people themselves."

In carrying out this policy, the Ministry is exempt from the consequences of rivalry; for on this subject, as on most others, the Liberal party has chosen to run counter to the firm will and decided purpose of the English people. Whatever is done, or is being done, we have Mr Gladstone's declaration beforehand, that it will be one of "a series of surprises, a series of theatrical expedients, calculated to alarm, calculated to stir pride and passion, and calculated to divide the world." Yet a moment's reflection is sufficient to assure everybody that the difficulties on our Indian north-west frontier are considerable; while it is obvious that the man who has the onerous duty of coping with them is a statesman who is supported by his sovereign, the Parliament, and the country. Enough has transpired to show that we are on the eve of some weighty conventions with Persia

and the Afghan chiefs, possibly also with Russia. Lord Beaconsfield observed, on the first night of the Session, "The noble Lord must not suppose that we are sitting down with our hands in our pockets. . . . We are taking those steps which we think are wise, and which, in our opinion, are the best calculated to bring about the results which we desire." And a few days afterwards, he explained that "considerable communications have been made from the Court of Persia to her Majesty, referring to the north-eastern frontier."

The whole business, no doubt, is a legacy of trouble, growing out of the Russo-Turkish war. The English Government is not responsible for that war. They were unable to interfere with effect to prevent it; for at the critical moment, when the decision was made, Mr Gladstone's agitation was at its height. The upshot of that war, and of England's interference, was, that by the Treaty of Berlin the Russian position relative to Constantinople and the Turkish empire in Europe is far weaker than it was under the Treaty of Paris. But as regards our position in Asia, by her conquest of Kars and other strongholds, and her previous advances towards the frontier of Afghanistan, and her admitted intrigues with Shere Ali, she had placed us under the necessity not merely of securing our frontier, but of vindicating our authority. We are not in India merely to be safe. Our mission there is to govern and command, or we have no business there at all. From the Caspian to the Indus, Russian energy and conquest were contrasted with our masterly inactivity. Even Shere Ali flung away our friendship, demanded terms, and defied us. It is said by the Opposition that he was as gentle as a lamb, and that we "broke his heart." The whole of their denunciations rest upon the hypothesis that Shere Ali was perfectly friendly, and that there was no necessity for us to stir. How often that has been refuted we need not stop to inquire. But meanwhile no alternative course of action has ever been suggested by the critics of the Ministry. The course adopted, though brilliantly successful down to the Treaty of Gandamak, eventually landed us in considerable troubles, owing to the murder of Cavagnari and the abdication of Yakoob Khan. Even in presence of those difficulties, the Liberal party confines itself to reiterating reproaches, and to condemnation of acts now two years old, which have been over and over again deliberately ratified by Parliament and approved by the public. So far as Mr Chamberlain may speak for any portion of that party, it is in favour of our retiring baffled and humiliated from the positions which we have won. The result is, that we are absolutely, in regard to Afghan difficulties, in the hands of Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues, to do therein as seems best in their eyes. For ourselves, we think it the best thing that can happen. But the fact that it is so, shows how completely those desperate attacks on him have overshot the mark and increased his power. A strong silent man, calmly pursuing a great purpose, in confident disregard of all opposition, irresistibly fascinates the public. Success in this final effort is all that is wanting to complete the spell, and probably an indignant sense of party injustice will combine to render his position at the general election more powerful and triumphant than that of any Minister in our time.

The present attitude, therefore, of public opinion in regard to Central Asia, is one of expectancy. It sees that Russia is, for the time

being, broken, exhausted, and dispirited; that the Afghan power is broken; that now is the time to consolidate our position, and at the same time avoid annexation as much as possible. The problem is one upon which few are competent to lead public opinion. Opposition leaders deride all difficulties, and contribute, as their share of public discussion, jokes, epigrams, abuse, predictions of evil, and a general wringing of hands over our folly and wickedness, as compared with the humane Muscovite in the West, and the straightforward truthful Mohammedan in the East. Not content with placing themselves outside the pale of discussion as regards foreign policy, the Liberals have also acted so frequently in alliance with Home Rulers, and have committed themselves to such open approval of the obstructionists, that in case these latter persist in their ill-advised manœuvres for rendering the conduct of public business impossible, they will inevitably involve their Liberal associates in complicity, if not in their political guilt, at least in the retribution which will assuredly follow. It is certainly in the power of the Irish obstructionists to arouse an almost vindictive feeling of public reprobation; and if they do, the Liberals will have hard work to avoid becoming the victims of it themselves. The consciousness that it is so is evidently oppressing their leaders. The full torrent of invective which raged in the recess has, during the Session, been exchanged for a gentle ripple of self-exculpation and harmless *tu quoque*'s upon the subject of Home Rulers.

Then with regard to the state of Europe, which, in its armed preparations is so disquieting, and in its manifest tendencies is so reassuring and pacific. The Emperor William, it seems, in his speech to the German Parliament, reiterated his desire for peace. The words "peace" and "peaceful" occur half-a-dozen times. There seems to be at least one subject upon which all the Powers are bent, and round which they rally, and that is, the maintenance of the Treaty of Berlin. But the Duke of Argyll, and the whole body of the Gladstone Liberals, divorcing themselves from the Liberals of the Continent, "believe that the progress of events since that treaty has been such, that we are at present in the greatest possible danger of war—a difficult and discreditable, and possibly a disastrous war—arising out of the provisions of that treaty." That is how the Duke of Argyll expressed himself on the first night of the Session. The deliberate statements of European Governments all bear out the declaration in the Queen's Speech, that "the course of events since the prorogation of Parliament has tended to furnish additional security to the maintenance of European peace on the principles laid down by the Treaty of Berlin." It adds: "Much, however, will remain to be done to repair the disorder with which the late war has affected many parts of the Turkish empire." Lord Beaconsfield has supplemented those expressions with the information that the delimitation of Montenegro and the settlement of the Greco-Turkish frontier are being satisfactorily accomplished; and that all the other signatory Powers, as well as ourselves, have been at immense pains "to carry into effect arrangements conducive to the general peace."

One thing seems to be quite certain, and the convention for the suppression of the slave trade is a proof of it, that at least a beginning is being made by Turkey, under our influence, to reform its administra-

tion. We cannot say we are very sanguine as to the results; and at the best, progress will be very slow. It is far easier to denounce national evils than to remedy them. Savas Pasha has put forward a scheme of judicial reforms, the success of which may in the end turn out to be indispensable to the continuance of the Turkish empire. The abuses and maladministration of Asia Minor are being explored with a view to improving the condition of those unfortunate regions. It is almost admitted that we shall have an Armenian question on our hands in lieu of a Bulgarian one, unless some steady and persistent effort is made to restore Asia Minor to its former prosperity, the first step to which is security and decent government. As Mr Cowen remarked in his celebrated speech at Newcastle: "In Asia Minor there are 700,000 square miles of some of the finest land in the world, washed by three seas, watered by large rivers, and possessing spacious ports and harbours. The plains are capable of producing grain, fruit, and cotton in abundance, while the hills and the valleys abound in copper, lead, iron, and silver." That Anglo-Turkish Convention, which Lord Granville considered was only entered into in order to cover our defeat at Berlin—though, as a matter of fact, it was concluded before our plenipotentiaries left England—may yet be a source of great national and European advantage. And if, as all our military authorities seem to argue, we could not safely have permitted the further advance of Russia on her borders, our guarantee merely expresses the obligation imposed by our interests and by the first duties of self-preservation.

There do not appear to be either in European or Asiatic Turkey any of those imminent perils to the peace of the world to which the Duke of Argyle alludes. There is, as we all know, great social disturbance in Germany and in Russia, combined with immense military preparations. But the Treaty of Berlin is evidently at present a bond of union; and the unwelcome suggestions of a Franco-Russian alliance in hostility to it are plainly unfounded, or, at the worst, premature. Prince Gortschakoff succeeded in playing off the Emperor Napoleon against the Paris Treaty. It is not in his time that French aid will be successfully sought in order to undermine the Treaty of Berlin. Meanwhile, Germany, Austria, and England are all more or less guarantors of the *status quo*. France is on friendly terms chiefly with England, and is in no mood to begin disturbances for which she is not prepared, and for which she can have no motive but that of vengeance. The casting-vote is clearly with England; and as long as it is known and felt that her vote and voice will be powerfully asserted in favour of peace, we believe, in spite of the armaments and social excitement abroad, that peace will be preserved.

It seems to be well understood that France intends to remain quiescent. The alliance between Germany and Austria is an alliance purely defensive, and one which means peace. Its influence in Europe, like the influence of England, is a restraining influence. In Austria the strong divisions of feeling aroused by the Eastern policy of the Austrian Government have disappeared, and the country has acquiesced as generally in the results of the Government policy as England has in the results of Lord Beaconsfield's management. Baron Haymerle recently declared there were only two dark points in the horizon—one in France, and the other in the still unsettled East. But, as

regards France, he proceeded to point out that there was a strong desire for peace, and the prosperity which peace brings. France had been assured that the Germanic alliance in no way affected her. It was a guarantee to all interested in peace; and if other States acceded to it, mutual disarmament might yet be effected to the extent of materially reducing the present military establishments. He also strongly upheld the Treaty of Berlin, not as a radical settlement of the Eastern Question, but as providing common ground on which the Powers might act without endangering European peace. If this common ground were adhered to, the situation in the East need not give rise to difficulties or conflicts with Russia. Austria sought no exclusive influence in the Balkan Peninsula; she was resolved that no third Power should hold it. She claimed the right of common action for the European Powers, —common action in which Austria, as next neighbour, and most nearly interested, should have its legitimate position. This is precisely the policy and wish of Great Britain—another proof of the success of the Treaty of Berlin. So also the Emperor William declared that "the relations of the German Empire with all foreign Powers were peaceful and friendly. The confidence expressed by his Majesty last year in the maintenance of peace, through the provisions of the Berlin Congress, had proved to have been justified. The stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin had already met with fulfilment in almost every respect."

Thus throughout Europe and Asia public affairs seem to be settling themselves in a satisfactory manner, and nothing remains to complete the ordinary list of controversial topics except to refer to South Africa. Both in that quarter of the globe, and also in Afghanistan, it is sought to discredit the Ministry by imputing cruelty and criminal conduct to British troops, alike to officers and men. No doubt, if such imputations are made upon any sufficient authority, it is but right that Parliament should notice them, and call on the Ministry to investigate them. But it would be wise for Opposition leaders to abstain from seeking, or from appearing to seek, any party advantage from these charges. They are sure to be satisfactorily refuted; and the country is in no mood to tolerate the extension of party vituperation, to the annoyance of those who have so gallantly and successfully vindicated the honour of the country in enterprises which have won the admiration of Europe. The failure of these imputations will inevitably recoil upon their authors. We are not saying that at present there has been any undue eagerness displayed to convict our victorious troops of the cruel and criminal conduct laid to their charge. But the whole political atmosphere has been rent with shrill accusations for months past, all of which subside and are hushed into silence when Parliament meets. Every epithet and imputation, from insanity down to mere folly and wickedness, are freely used at the expense of the Ministers of the Crown, till a sentiment of indignant reprobation is fast rising in the country. It will be dangerous to include our gallant troops in the same heedless recrimination and censure. Vituperation has been pushed to its utmost limits, and has failed. The lessons of the last elections are, that more caution and circumspection must be observed for the future.

In reference to South Africa, the Queen's Speech observed that her Majesty's anticipations as to the

early establishment of peace have been fulfilled. "The capture and deposition of the Zulu king, and the breaking up of the military organisation on which his dynasty was based, has relieved my possessions in that part of the world from a danger which has seriously impeded their advancement and consolidation." It then referred to the outbreak in Basutoland having been quelled, and to the Transvaal having been freed from the depredations of a powerful chief. And then follows the important announcement, that we are probably on the eve of accomplishing that South African Confederation under which the communities we have established in that part of the globe may enjoy self-government, and provide for their self-defence. Sir Bartle Frere's telegram was read to the House of Lords by Lord Beaconsfield, and shows that there is every prospect of such a scheme being shortly carried out.

In the wide range of our foreign and colonial affairs, we are justified in taking a sanguine view with regard to the future. We believe that even in Afghanistan we have seen the worst of our troubles, and that the power and security of the empire will eventually be found to stand on a firmer basis than they did before the East was convulsed by the recent violence of Russia. Without a war, and with very slight expenditure, two results at least have accrued,—our interests in the east of Europe are relatively to Russia more secure than they were under the Paris Treaty; our *prestige* in Central Asia relatively to Russia is vastly increased. Her recent defeats, and her desertion of Shere Ali, have greatly diminished the confidence felt in Russia; while the determined efforts of England have again fixed the attention of the East upon her as the leading Power,—the country to which the future belongs. The Muscovite successes in Armenia, and at the Court of Shere Ali, necessitated vigorous action upon our part, unless we resolved to abandon our position, and with it our security and *prestige*. That action has been taken, it is proving successful, and the all but unanimous voice of the country concedes to Lord Beaconsfield the credit of sagacity and courage, and an unlimited control over the eventual dispositions of territory, the ultimate engagements, guarantees, and undertakings which may be necessary in order to secure a final settlement of affairs.

Before concluding we may briefly refer to the debate raised by the Duke of Argyll in the House of Lords. It seems scarcely creditable that, after their great speaking recess, a trumpery motion for papers is the only parliamentary proceeding to which the great heroes of the platform dare to resort. The Duke travelled over the old familiar detail, but feared to challenge the opinion of the House. He undertook to prove that "there was no danger from Russia except that which you provoked; that there was no hostility from the Ameer, except the hostility into which you drove him by your insolence and injustice; and lastly, that as regards the alleged errors of your predecessors in office, these errors are founded upon a broad and palpable, though, I doubt not, an unintentional misstatement." And then the Duke plunged *in medias res*. Umballa meetings and Peshawar conferences, telegrams, despatches, and verbal assurances—in short, the whole materials of the Afghan chapters of his defunct 'Eastern Question'—are all arrayed before us, and have no sort of rational interest for anybody. To suppose that public opinion will be influ-

enced by the Duke's declamations upon those topics, is to impute to it inability to understand the real question at issue. Criticism is at an end for all practical purposes when the Prime Minister has it in his power to say, as Lord Beaconsfield did—"We resolved that the time had come when this country should acquire the complete command and possession of the gates of our Indian empire. Having come to that resolution, we took the most effective steps to accomplish our purpose. That purpose was accomplished and achieved with complete success. We obtained the gates of our Indian empire; they are in our possession, and I trust the hour will never arrive when they will not be in the possession of this country." To go on hour after hour reading despatches and criticising telegrams and analysing conferences, is lost labour. There must be a complete absence of all sense of proportion, of relevancy, and of the relative importance of the topics handled, before a man can commit a blunder of such magnitude. The questions on which the country would listen to intelligent discussion are as to the importance of possessing the gates of India, and the wisdom and opportuneness of the resolution to seize them. If the policy pursued was unjustifiable and unnecessary, let the Duke of Argyll come forward and ask Parliament to condemn it, and decree that England shall retrace her steps. But if he shrinks from taking that course, he may as well also shrink from carping at details, or even at the spirit in which the whole business has been managed.

The recent elections, and the general tone of public opinion, show that the country has not swerved in the least from its policy or its determination. Great disasters have occurred; it is no slight thing for an envoy and his whole retinue to be brutally and barbarously murdered, or to have on our hands districts in a state of anarchy and confusion. But great ends have at the same time been successfully and brilliantly accomplished. These have insured the safety of India; they have vindicated our power and *prestige;* and if the disasters had all been foreseen, they would not have affected the resolution of the Ministry and the nation. It is poor patriotism which seeks to magnify the disasters which have occurred, or the difficulties which confront us. It must be borne in mind that those difficulties and disasters are confined to a particular district, and result from a crowd of turbulent and unpaid soldiery. Lord Cranbrook's able vindication of our Afghan policy, and Lord Beaconsfield's tone with regard to it, are utterances in which the country will have confidence. "You must not," was the spirited advice of the Premier, "be distracted from the pursuance of a great national policy by accidents of this kind. Be firm, be resolute, and be determined. Let men know that you are resolved to be obeyed, and all difficulties and complications disappear at once."

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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BRUMMAGEM MORALITY.

It is to the credit of human nature that moral platitudes, however falsely applied, may always be calculated upon with certainty to evoke a cordial response from the uneducated masses. Playwrights are so thoroughly conversant with this fact from long experience, that they have reduced to a fine art the trick of drawing applause from the gallery, by appealing to the higher instincts of the least elevated and intelligent part of their audience. Whether the ready response with which well-rounded periods conveying trite moral maxims are usually greeted, is due to a genuine love of virtue, or merely to a desire that it should be supposed to exist, it is difficult to determine—for it is impossible to distinguish between the cheers of hypocrisy and those of sincerity,—but, at all events, we may accept it as a tribute to virtue. Indeed, that the discrimination of the common people is not very refined in this respect is best illustrated in the lower theatres, where these flights of moral fancy most abound in melodramas of a tendency by no means elevating, and are often used to pervert and confuse the conscience as to the difference between right and wrong, instead of enlightening it upon that point.

As we have recently witnessed a display, on a large scale, of morality of this penny-theatre type, especially adapted to that class of voters, apparently, who are most anxious that they should not be thought deficient in virtuous aspiration; and as, no doubt, there will be a great many more britannia-metal utterances of pure and noble sentiments, as grossly misapplied at the forthcoming elections as they have already been in Birmingham,—which bears off the palm from the rest of the world in the manufacture of shams of all sorts,—in Mid-Lothian and elsewhere, it is desirable to investigate, more closely than seems yet to have been done, the intrinsic value of the article of which the Radical party are supposed to possess the exclusive monopoly. They have been flooding the country with so much of their moral coinage of

late, that it is time to ring it, and see what sort of sound it gives forth. If we find that, in their eagerness to discredit the policy of the party in office, they have not contented themselves with denouncing it as wicked and unprincipled, but have proposed a political programme based upon their conception of pure virtue, and have advocated a line of international conduct, governed—not by considerations of national expediency, which they affect to despise, but—by a standard of morality which they have set up for themselves, it is essential to a due appreciation of the lofty position they have assumed, that we examine into the character of that standard, and test it by the principles which are involved. For if it should prove to be an elaborate inversion of the rules of justice and pure morality, tricked out with Scripture texts and noble sentiments, so as to impose upon the masses, it is evidently a forgery of the basest description. As forming one of the comity of nations, it is manifestly of the first importance to the character and reputation of Great Britain and its Government that a certain regard should be had for the treaties into which it has entered, and for the international obligations by which it is bound; but it will not be difficult to show that, in the opinion of the Liberal party, these treaties and obligations bear no relation to the Christian ethics by which they assume to be guided; and that the sentiments of humanity ·nd religion by which they profess be animated should, according heir code, override or modify at ısure the relations which subsist ween Governments as the result ·e most sacred mutual engage- Thus, when the atrocities in Bulgaria, the fact that ɔntered into a solemn treaty with certain European powers to maintain the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire, and not to interfere in its internal affairs, was no longer considered a binding instrument. It was said that the Sultan had also solemnly pledged himself to introduce reforms, and had not responded to our expectations; while the horrors which resulted from his maladministration constituted a justification for the infraction on our part of the engagements towards him, as well as towards the rest of Europe, into which we had entered. Strictly speaking, it is evident that unless our obligations towards Turkey were made conditional upon the Government of the country being reformed, we were not released by the *laches* of the Sultan; and even then, it is a nice point, as will be proved some day in Asia Minor, what amount of *laches* constitutes a release. There can be no doubt that European Turkey had improved immensely since the treaty had been entered into, and that many reforms in its administration had been introduced. As, however, there was no condition attached, we had, legally speaking, no right whatever, in consequence of the atrocities, to consider our obligations to Turkey null and void. Morally, it was claimed by those whose sensibilities were touched by the tales of horror reported, that we had; but this claim rested entirely upon the extent and nature of the atrocities. In other words, it depended upon the amount of sensitiveness in the nation, and of political capital which could be made out of it.

It is a curious circumstance that neither Austria nor France—where the people are especially sensitive, though both countries occupied precisely the same political position in relation to the Turkish Govern-

ment as ourselves — shared in the humanitarian agitation which convulsed England, and that neither Power apparently thought the atrocities sufficient to abrogate a treaty obligation. Indeed, France gave unequivocal signs that had she been in a position to take the leading part in European politics which she had played a few years previously, she would not have consented to allow Russia to violate the Treaty of 1856. Neither France nor Austria, however, was in a condition to act without England, and in defiance of our treaty obligations. Turkey, with its unhappy Moslem population in Europe, was left to its fate. Had the Liberal party been satisfied with this concession on the part of the Government to their humanitarian agitation, their conduct, though not in accordance with the strict principles of justice and morality, and though productive of the most dire disasters to humanity, might, considering the peculiarly sensational circumstances by which they were excited, have been excused. It was not wonderful that people should refuse to adhere to their treaty obligations to protect an empire in which 3000 persons had been massacred, even though by doing so they would have averted a calamitous war. They went much further than that, however, and the policy they now advocated can by no possibility be justified by any international law or moral principle. They not only urged the Power whose constant violation of the Treaty of 1856 had thwarted all reform in Turkey, and whose intrigues had produced the massacres, to interfere by force if necessary, but they proposed that England should ally itself with that Power, for the purpose of liberating the Christian provinces of Turkey. They have thus established as an international principle that any one Power, if it should be strong enough, or if not, any two or more Powers in concert, though they may be bound by treaty to maintain the integrity and independence of a third Power, and though they may be bound by treaty not to interfere in the internal affairs of that Power, may, if they think fit, at any moment make war upon it, upon the pretext that it is guilty of internal maladministration. No treaties or international obligations are to stand in the way of this moral duty, and they themselves are to judge when it is to be enforced; and it is further established by their new standard of international morality, that this duty does not exist excepting where the people misgoverned are at one in their theological views, and are known by a common generic spiritual appellation. Thus, had the whole population of European Turkey been Moslem, no matter how badly they may have been governed, their condition would have excited no sympathy. This is proved by the fact that the party which invoked allied Anglo-Russian interference in European Turkey strongly repudiates any attempt to enforce reforms in Asiatic Turkey, where the majority of the population is Moslem, and where there is more anarchy and misrule than there was in European Turkey. It is further proved by the fact, that though the Moslems in European Turkey were as much, if not more, oppressed than the Christians, no humane sentiments of any sort were excited in their favour. On the contrary, their wholesale expulsion from lands which they had tilled for hundreds of years, and their partial extermination, were viewed with a certain satisfaction by the moralists and humanitarians. When the Polish atrocities in 1863 occurred, and deeds of blood and horror of the most fearful description

were perpetrated by Russia, there was no humane agitation, because these were Christians torturing and murdering Christians; when the Circassian and Central Asian atrocities took place, in both which cases the Russian generals issued orders for the slaughter of all ages and sexes, the humane and moral party were silent for the same reason; and, on the same principle, the Abyssinians in Africa, because they are called Christians, will come under a special moral law not applicable to any other race upon the dark continent.

This, however, is by no means the limit of this new spiritual-political code. It has also been laid down by its leading exponent that the nations interfering have the right, when religious considerations of the nature specified warrant it, not merely to ignore all treaty obligations with a friendly sovereign, but to kick that sovereign himself, together with the whole governing class, "bag and baggage," out of the capital of his dominions, to seek shelter in some other portion of them, and to dispose of that capital in any way they may think fit, leaving millions of his subjects of the same race and religion as himself to the tender mercies of the liberated races of the other and hostile religion,—the faith of these millions being one which deprives them of all claim upon humanitarian considerations, excepting, as will hereafter appear, under special circumstances connected with the political prospects of the Liberal party. It is also to be remarked that all international conventions concluded in the interests of humanity become inapplicable when this religious question is involved. Thus it was stipulated between European Powers at the Geneva Convention that, in case of war or internal insurrections, volunteers of neutral countries were to be prohibited from enlisting in the ranks of the combatants. It was nowhere hinted that this prohibition was confined to wars between Christian nations, and under that Convention Russia was legally bound not to supply such volunteers to the Servian army. But the infraction of this law in the most wholesale and glaring manner was considered perfectly legitimate by the "moral" party, whose respect for international law, it is apparent, is governed, like that of the ordinary criminal who breaks the civil law, by the dominating and generally selfish impulse of the moment. And inasmuch as dominating and selfish impulses are not the result of calm judicial reflection, but of unreasoning passion, it follows that they are utterly illogical. A remarkable illustration of this occurs in the attitude assumed by the impulsive moralists now seeking to return to office in regard to Affghanistan. Thus, while Russia, as has been shown, may murder Moslems, and even Christians, without remonstrance, and the massacre of Christians by Moslems in European Turkey justifies the retaliatory massacre by Christians of Moslems, the expulsion of their rulers and governing class, and the withholding of all humanitarian consideration,—a war undertaken by their own country against Moslems, though unaccompanied by any massacres or horrors, evokes, upon moral and humanitarian grounds, the loudest expression of sympathy in behalf of the Moslems. Here, though the attacking force is Christian, of their own shade of theological opinion, and the Moslem a ruler whose system of internal government was no better than the Sultan's, yet the same rule does not apply. Shere Ali, a more cor-

rupt and oppressive Mohammedan sovereign than Abdul Hamid, instead of deserving on that account to be kicked, bag and baggage, out of his capital, is "the victim of an incapable and guilty administration;" and the war against him,—which was forced upon England by his entering into combinations with another Power directed against her sovereignty, and by his refusal to comply with legitimate international demands involving the safety of British India,—is "wicked and immoral." But the war against the Moslem in Europe was "just and righteous," though it was a wanton and gratuitous aggression, made in defiance of international law and solemn treaty, attended by the most terrible barbarities and outrages, speciously undertaken in the interests of religion and humanity, by a Government red-handed with the blood of its own atrocities, and, as has since been proved, really waged for purposes of territorial aggrandisement.

Again, it is worthy of notice that almost precisely similar wars, undertaken by Russia against Khiva and the Central Asian Khanates, have never roused the moral indignation of the party who feel so keenly the disgrace of the injustice which has been perpetrated upon Affghanistan; and yet, if we look at the pretexts upon which the wars were waged, resulting in the annexation by Russia of those independent kingdoms, we find them to have been of the most trivial and often really immoral description, while they were accompanied by the wholesale slaughter of persons of all ages and sexes. But the "moral" party sees in them only "the civilising mission of Russia." From which we are entitled to assume that, if Russia had been strategically in a position to engage in a humane and civilising war for the conquest of Affghanistan and the spread of the Christian religion, and the general commanding, following the example of General Kauffmann, had again ordered the massacre of men, women, and children, the Moslem of that country would have been no more deserving of sympathy than the Moslem of Turkey, of Khiva, of Bokhara, or of Merv has been; and we are reduced to the disagreeable inference that he has only now established a claim upon the humane and moral sensibilities of the Liberal party, because, in the character of a Tory victim, he will be useful at the General Election, and, indeed, has been already manufactured into a most useful moral coin of base metal by Brummagem.

Cetewayo and the Transvaal Boer have both turned up at the most opportune moment to be added to this spurious currency. The chaste and gentle Zulu king, who thinks nothing of slaughtering his wives, torturing prisoners captured in war, and otherwise gratifying the savage instincts of his nature; and the innocent and ill-used Boer, who indulges in the pleasing pastime of the impalement of Kaffirs—enlist all the sympathies of humanitarians, whose tender feelings cannot bear the shock of hearing that General Roberts has executed Affghans convicted of having cruelly mutilated our wounded soldiery.

In order properly to appreciate the horrible injustice which, according to these moralists, is being perpetrated upon the Boers by the annexation of the Transvaal, and the disastrous consequences to humanity which must result therefrom, we cannot do better than extract from the leading organ of penny-theatre morality and sentimentalism the account which is furnished

by its own correspondent,* of the manner in which the Boers treat the subject-race. Quoting as his authority a German missionary, Mr Merensky, who has lived many years in the country, as a man of especially "calm judgment and cool thought," he says—

"There is a depth and intensity of feeling, I had almost said a fury of indignant passions, as of a right-thinking man in presence of utterly intolerable wrong, whenever he alludes to the dealings of the Boers with the natives. The stories of things which he knows, some of which I have heard from him, are simply too awful to record. Imagine, as a small specimen, the mere delight in cruelty which such a story as this implies. A Kaffir, not as a punishment, but merely to afford sport to his tormentors, ordered to sit upon a particular part of the ordinary Dutch waggon, which has upon it an upright iron spoke, so placed that as soon as the waggon begins to move off, every bump that it gives drives the spoke up into the man's body. Meantime the Boer behind leans out of the waggon with his loaded rifle close to the man's head, and warns him that if he attempts to escape from the seat upon which he has been placed, he will have his brains blown out at once. Now remember that the whole point of such a story as this is, not that isolated instances of this kind have occurred — which, of course, is all that this evidence of Mr Merensky amounts to — but that, in any case of this kind, no redress and no investigation were possible, because of the established determination of the Boers, cruel or humane alike, that no case between Boer and native should ever be tried in the courts of justice. 'In any case,' says Mr Merensky—and it is on this point that I am most anxious to call him to witness, as the most unprejudiced of witnesses—'if it were a question of votes of the actual inhabitants of the Transvaal, there is not a native, from the Vaal river to the Ngami lake, and from the eastern to the western sea, that would not vote for the British Government against the Boers; and if it be a question of physical force, every one of these natives will serve you in any form you wish against them. One thing, they will unanimously pray that under no circumstances whatever will you let them again fall under the lawless tyranny from which you have just delivered them. . . . There is no one but you to whom the natives can turn for protection, and it would be indeed a crime if you abandoned them to their fate.'"

Now, if there is a point upon which the humanitarians in search of office are more especially sensitive than another, it is impalement. They even went into hysterics about the hazy and distant appearance of it reported by a literary Radical ritualistic divine, whose statements have since been proved to be notoriously inaccurate, not to use a stronger term; but then this imaginary crime was supposed to have been committed by a Moslem, and therefore justified his expulsion from Europe. Before the Boer appeared on the scene as a victim, there was no crime more heinous in the eyes of these moralists than that of abandoning a subject-race to impalers, who have come to the determination that under no circumstances is that race to enjoy any rights under the law. Yet there are 300,000 natives, aboriginal possessors of the country, who are most cruelly outraged and tyrannised over by 45,000 foreign invaders, who have "camped," not for five hundred, nor even fifty years, upon their soil; but so far from an agitation being set on foot to liberate them from the gross oppression under which they are suffering, or a policy being advo-

* See 'Daily News,' 4th February.

cated which should protect them from it, the most virulent abuse is heaped upon the Government for not handing over to their tormentors the unhappy victims of their cruelty.

Again, if there is a race in whose behalf the tender feelings of political humanitarians are especially sensitive, it is the Zulu Kaffir; but then the individual supposed to be guilty of cruelty towards them must not be the Boer, but the British soldier, fighting for the protection of the lives and property of British colonists,—"the reckless instrument of a nefarious Government engaged in a policy of unprincipled adventure and spoliation." In order to prove that the policy of the Government is immoral in all parts of the world, and under all circumstances, the moral sentiments and humanitarian sympathies of their political opponents have to undergo the most singular and violent transformations. Thus when English troops are fighting against Cetewayo, he is a hero and a patriot robbed of his country,—"a victim to Tory Imperialism and lust of territory." But when Cetewayo's first cousin is being impaled on an ox-waggon by a Boer who has previously appropriated his country, it suddenly becomes the Boer who is the hero and the patriot and the victim. The Kaffir is deserving of no sympathy when he is being tortured by the Boer, because it is politically inconvenient to award him any; but he enlists the tenderest sympathy of political humanitarians, if any story of the cruelty of the British soldier towards him can be trumped up. The Boer may fight against the Zulu, and may forcibly occupy and retain possession of as much of his land as he likes,—it is politically inconvenient to find anything immoral in it; but for England to fight against the Zulu, not for territory, but to avert the dangers to our colonies produced by the fighting of the Boers, it becomes immoral at once towards the Zulu. On the other hand, for England to coerce the Boer into good behaviour towards the Zulu, and reduce the country he has robbed from him to order, becomes immoral towards the Boer. From which it will appear that, owing to the political exigencies of their position, the morality of the "virtuous" party sometimes gets rather mixed, and would be extremely difficult to explain to the objects either of their sympathies or antipathies. It seems rather hard upon oppressed and impaled people, that the amount of sympathy they inspire in the breasts of political humanitarians in England should depend entirely upon the political use which can be made of the oppressors and impalers in an electioneering campaign. And it is manifestly unjust, both to oppressors and oppressed.

The Turk may fairly ask why it is highly moral that he should be kicked, bag and baggage, out of the country in which he has "camped" for centuries, for ill-treating the subject-race, and highly *im*moral to dispossess the Boer—whose treatment of the subject-race is equally bad, if not worse—of the country in which he camped only a few years ago. And the Kaffir may not unnaturally inquire why he should be deprived of the sympathy during his impalement which was so freely lavished upon the Bulgarian when supposed to be suffering the same torture. It is probable that if the Turk and the Zulu could be made to understand the motives which have inspired the morality of Brummagem and the

Radical part of Mid-Lothian, even their moral instinct would repudiate a standard according to which morality and immorality, humanity and inhumanity, are convertible terms, meaning at one time sympathy with the oppressor, and at another with the oppressed, and are conditioned entirely upon the amount of political capital that can be made against the Government, by espousing first the cause of the one, then of the other. In like manner, the morality or immorality of liberating subject-races, of transferring territory from one Power to another, or restoring it to its original possessors, depends entirely upon what the party who are immoral, because they are in power, are going to do in the matter, and is in no way determined by any moral considerations apart from their bearing upon the prospects of the Opposition at the approaching general election. Thus we have a member of the late Government advocating the evacuation of Cyprus, and its transference to Greece, as a moral duty; and a weekly organ * of the party to which he belongs denouncing the possible transference of Herat to Persia as "immoral, because we are handing over to an uncivilised and decaying Power a region over which we have no right of sovereignty." But what is giving Cyprus to Greece but handing over to a Power inferior in civilisation to the one which now occupies it, "a region over which we have no right of sovereignty"? With this great difference, that we are not occupying Herat under treaty engagement with Affghanistan, and are not therefore in a position to hand it over to Persia, but are simply withdrawing a restriction arbitrarily imposed by us as the result of a war with that Power on its own liberty of action in regard to reconquering a province less civilised than itself, which until lately belonged to it. But the Brummagem moralists propose deliberately to break the Treaty under which we hold Cyprus from a friendly sovereign, and, having coolly robbed the Sultan of that important island, to hand it over to a Power to which it did not belong at the time of its conquest by the Turks, and which therefore has not even the claim, such as it is, of immediately antecedent possession. In a burst of righteous indignation, the writer in the 'Spectator' draws a parallel totally inapplicable to the case of Herat, but which corresponds pretty accurately to the immorality of the policy advocated by the Liberal party in the case of Turkey. "We might just as well inform the Dutch Government," he continues, "that while we guaranteed the remainder of Belgium, they were at liberty to take possession of Antwerp, and all the Belgian territory necessary to its support." The fact that we are at war with Affghanistan, and have never guaranteed the independence of that country, and that we are at peace with Belgium, and that we have guaranteed its independence, including Antwerp, is too fine a moral distinction for Pharisees of the Brummagem school to perceive,—the more especially as their policy during the late Russo-Turkish war was to inform the Russian Government that, though we had guaranteed the independence of Turkey, they were at liberty to deprive that empire of as much territory as they pleased;—a permission of which they would have far more liberally availed them-

* 'Spectator,' 14th February.

selves than they have done, had it not been for the "immoral" interference of the wicked Government now in office. Again, under this reversible moral code, while we are called upon by Brummagem to act as the protectors of the territory of a country to which we are bound by no treaty, and with which we are actually at war, against Persia, —the Government are charged with immorality because they do not force upon Turkey, whose independence we have been bound by treaty to maintain, a cession of territory to Greece, on the strength of a clause in the Treaty of Berlin, recommending her to settle a new frontier with Greece in the interests of peace, and in order to avert complications dangerous to herself. On the grounds of antecedent possession, Greece has not nearly so good a right to take Janina as Persia has to take Herat. Yet it is in the highest degree moral to coerce Turkey into ceding an important province to Greece, while it is in an equal degree immoral to permit the annexation of a district of Affghanistan to Persia. What is still more remarkable, these Christian sentimentalists who could condone any injustice upon Turks in Europe, because they were Mohammedans, have now become especially tender in regard to the Moslem sensibilities of the inhabitants of Herat, who are "Sunnis"—and, therefore, of the same sect as the Turks; and we are told that, to allow the Persians, who are Shiahs, to annex these Sunnis, is "like handing over Protestants who wish to be independent to Ultramontane rulers, who hate their independence, as at once an insolence and a heresy." But when it comes to allowing Christians in European Turkey, who consider the independence of Moslems at once an insolence and worse than a heresy, and who have bitterly persecuted them in consequence, to annex the territory of Sunni Mohammedans, we have no word of sympathy for their sufferings. On the contrary, there is no clause in the Treaty of Berlin of which these sympathisers with the Sunni Moslem so much approve, as the one which hands over to the Christians of Montenegro the Sunnis of the districts of northern Albania, many of whom have already parted with their noses, in defence of their country, to their future masters, who have carried them off as Christian trophies. From all which it will appear that there is one distinct code of morality for Europe, adapted not to the moral, or religious, or humanitarian aspect of the political question at issue, but to the exigencies of party warfare at home; and another precisely opposite standard for Asia, where, though the moral principles at stake are the same, the political campaign requires an entire change of moral front; and yet another for South Africa, where the whole moral code has to be reversed, and everything that was moral in one continent becomes immoral in the other.

It need scarcely be said that these inconsistencies in the code of the Brummagem moralists are so glaring and transparent, that they have provoked the ridicule of foreigners, who are not to be blinded by party passion, and are able, therefore, to estimate at their true value the hypocritical utterances with which it has been attempted to gull the British voter, who, however, sees through them, and despises political measures destined to bring discredit upon the whole system of constitutional government. They are amazed and confounded at that absence of common

patriotism which delights in picturing to the world the British soldier, wherever he is serving his country, as a monster of cruelty and inhumanity. We have only to refer to the telegraphic despatches published in the newspapers of every civilised country, announcing that, in answer to statements made and questions put in Parliament, a letter has been read from General Roberts stating that it is not true that either he or the army he commands has been guilty of the murders and brutalities imputed to them in Affghanistan; and that another letter was read from Sir Garnet Wolseley, denying that the British troops in South Africa had committed the outrages with which they are charged. Such accusations, made by British politicians against British troops, and telegraphed all over the world, may be useful as base electioneering currency, but they have the effect, not of inflicting the disgrace on either the soldiers or the generals or the Government of England which is desired, but of bringing into serious contempt her political institutions and the party which is degrading them. For there is no other country in Europe in which the politicians have sunk so low as to publish to the world unfounded accusations calculated to cover their own army and its generals with contumely, in the hope of discrediting the Government they are serving, and so polling a few more votes. In the various wars in which the British army has been engaged during the last quarter of a century, under Liberal administrations, no such atrocities were imputed to our troops,—not because the army has degenerated into barbarism within the last six years, but because it had never entered into the head of a politician until the hypocritical era of Brummagem morality commenced to strike a Government over the backs of its soldiers, who are the servants of the country, and therefore of all Governments, and who should not be turned into weapons of party warfare, lest the day should come when soldiers may be driven into becoming politicians by the demagogues who seek to attain their selfish ends through traducing them. That those who are loudest in the expression of humane and virtuous indignation against the supposed acts of our own troops, are precisely those who defended and sheltered and excused the Russian soldiers whose aptitude for outrage and massacre was proved by the Rhodope Commission, is not to be wondered at. The political programme of Mid-Lothian requires that while the English soldier is a ruffian, the soldiers of England's enemies are lambs. Hence the Affghans may mutilate them without the slightest danger of thereby alienating Mid-Lothian and Brummagem sympathy; and the Russians may perpetrate what atrocities they like on the Turcoman steppes, under the eyes of the correspondent of the leading organ of the Brummagem moralist. They need be under no fear that they will be severely commented upon in that paper. The 'Golos,' the 'Novoe Vremya,' and the 'Moscow Gazette,' narrate in a most circumstantial and minute manner how the women and children poured out of Dengil Teppe weeping and imploring mercy; how Prince Galitzen, at the orders of General Lomakin, drove them back again; how twelve guns and nearly as many rocket-tubes for several hours pounded with terrible effect the huddled masses of women and children; how the defenders begged Lomakin to end the fight; and how he refused to do so until he had

stormed the place."* Narrating which event, the 'Daily News' correspondent remarks: "We were told that the Tekke losses were heavy,—among them, I suppose, many women and children, for the Russian commander refused passage to the latter when they wished to leave;—thinking, like Nelson at Copenhagen, that by bombarding the more thickly inhabited portion of the town, he would force the commander, in the name of humanity, the sooner to surrender the place. It was of course with no bloodthirsty desire of killing women and children that this was done. It was with the view of ending the conflict as soon as possible." If it were possible to suppose Sir Fred. Roberts or Sir Garnet Wolseley capable of the barbarous act of Lomakin, "their bloodthirsty desire of killing women and children" would have produced a St James's Hall indignation meeting at least, and even the example of Nelson and the name of humanity so dexterously introduced by this humanitarian apologist for atrocities would not have saved our generals from universal execration; or if General Lomakin had been Lomakin Pasha, as the paper from which the above is quoted justly observes, what a howl of virtuous denunciation of the unspeakable Turk we should have been treated to. But the Russian army advancing upon British India can be guilty of no bloodthirsty desire, and its acts, no less than its final aim, must be palliated and excused by its moral allies in England,—at all events, so long as the policy of the Conservative Administration, whom they desire to oust from office, is based upon the assumption that Russian designs are dangerous to the highest interests of the British empire. Unfortunately, the Brummagem moralists, carried away by the frenzy excited partly by their political ambitions and partly by their personal animosities, have underestimated the moral perception of the more enlightened and conscientious section of the Liberal party; and now, when it is too late, show symptoms of endeavouring to withdraw from circulation some of the base currency with which they have been so extensively trading, and of deprecating the opposition and disgust which their unpatriotic and factious conduct has excited among a large section of their own partisans.

"All that has since passed," says their organ,† "confirms us in our view, not merely of the expediency but of the absolute necessity of mutual toleration, if the Liberal party is not to be wholly disorganised. Personal independence, even though it must often involve a mistaken judgment, is a quality to be respected and encouraged. Liberal members who do not wholly share the views of the leaders of the Opposition on questions of foreign policy represent a minority, but a not inconsiderable minority, in the Liberal party. The alienation of this minority means a plurality of candidates for single seats, and the repetition in 1880 of the disaster of 1874. It is necessary that candidates of high personal qualifications shall be chosen, and that the tactics of reconciliation and accommodation, and not of proscription and exclusion, should be followed."

Here, then, we have an exact measure of the standard of Brummagem morality, and a precise value of the base currency which has been put into political circulation by its exponents. So long as the Liberal party could be held together on the common ground of

* 'Examiner,' 14th February.

† 'Daily News,' 17th February.

the denunciation of the acts of the Government as wicked and immoral, every one who declined to join in the hypocritical outcry was wicked and immoral too. Now, however, that the imposture is becoming too transparent for honest men to be a party to any longer, their independence is "a quality to be respected and encouraged." The foreign policy of the Government has been stigmatised as nefarious, dishonest, guilty, incapable, barbarous, and immoral, till the vocabulary of abuse which the language contains has been exhausted in its denunciation; but, notwithstanding this, Liberal members who approve it are now to be cajoled into remaining in the ranks of Brummagem by "the tactics of reconciliation and accommodation,"—and, indeed, the independence which has caused them to revolt from the cant of their leaders is to be respected and encouraged; for it is to be remembered that the minority, who think the policy moral, patriotic, and honest, which the majority think immoral and dishonest, and fatal to the welfare and reputation of England, "represent a not inconsiderable minority in the Liberal party;" and when it comes to a question of party against the interests of morality or the interests of England, morality and the country must go to the wall. For if morality, patriotism, and humanity are not, to some extent, sacrificed, the minority will be alienated; and this "means a plurality of candidates for single seats, and the repetition, in 1880, of the disaster of 1874." Perish the cause of humanity—perish the sacred principle of the freedom of oppressed nationalities—perish the reputation of Great Britain — rather than incur the risk of a plurality of candidates for single seats! If our only chance of carrying the country at the next General Election is by reconciling and accommodating the wicked, immoral, and dishonest minority, let us conciliate and accommodate them. Let us no longer proscribe and exclude them as "rats," which we only called them when we thought the minority was inconsiderable: now that it is considerable, let us respect and encourage their independence. All this, to use an Americanism, is "too thin," and comes too late not to be seen through. There is no use trying to pass any more flash notes of this description: their fraudulent character was first discovered at Liverpool, when the "eternal laws of truth and justice," which have hitherto been invoked in favour of an alliance with Russia, demanded an alliance with the Home Rulers of Ireland, and it became perfectly manifest to the honest section of the party, for the first time, that the appeal to morality, humanity, patriotism, and all the rest of the virtuous buncombe spouted in Mid-Lothian, Birmingham, and elsewhere, were mere party cries, to be exchanged now for "tactics of conciliation and accommodation," involving a change of front, which, if we may be allowed the temporary use of a few Brummagem epithets, is of an essentially "wicked, immoral, and dishonest" kind. Cant is at all times a degrading vice, but it is never so repulsive as when it is employed not merely to ape virtue, but to attain selfish or unworthy ends. To invoke religion, morality, and patriotism, not in the interests either of religion or morality or country, but of party and of self, and because it is the most effective way of damaging one's political opponents and of returning to office, is a prostitution of those sacred principles for the basest purposes,

and is calculated to cover with disgrace not only those who have resorted to such means, but the political constitution of the country; for, unfortunately, the whole civilised world was deafened by these trumpet-blasts of virtuous indignation, which now turn out to have been nothing but the roar of desire for office, and the roar of rage against those who hold it. And nothing is calculated to bring more serious discredit upon free institutions than the spectacle of a great political party ready to compromise not merely their own character for morality and honesty—for they must have known that sooner or later the imposture would be laid bare—but the reputation of their country, and the honour of the national army, in order to obtain a political triumph. That they should have been hoist with their own moral petard was a Nemesis certain to take place so soon as the public had time to wipe out of their eyes the dust with which they have been so industriously blinded during the last year or two. Meantime the fate of that not "inconsiderable minority," who, while clinging to the enlightened and patriotic traditions of the old Whig party, now find themselves not merely deprived of their legitimate leaders, but to a certain extent compromised by the shallow hypocrisy of their utterances, is much to be deplored. That no amount of "conciliation or accommodation" can fuse Brooks's with Brummagem has now become apparent, for the latter have removed the question from the political ground, where compromise is always possible, to the moral ground, where, although Brummagem is anxious for it, for honest men it is impossible. The issue is no longer one of political expediency: they have themselves shifted it to the arena of Christian ethics; and although they may be ready, now that the insincerity of their belief in those ethics has been made manifest, and religion can no longer be used for party purposes, to waive it out of consideration for the minority, the latter cannot be so compliant. It has become a question of principle with them, and their consciences will probably not be found elastic enough to be adapted to the fluctuations of a morality which is only used as an experiment. For when once the people who are sound at the core begin to discover that their religious sentiment has been appealed to as a means of exciting a hostility against Ministers who are personally obnoxious to those who have roused it, they will resent being made the instruments of party vengeance or ambition by a process of sanctimonious deception, and will inevitably revolt in feeling against the political Pharisees by whom they have been the dupes. An evidence that this reaction has commenced is to be found in the recent election in Southwark; and time and the new tactics of conciliation will only weaken the immoral hold which the "moral" party temporarily acquired upon the national conscience. The great founder of the religion which Brummagem is so constantly in the habit of invoking, was most unsparing in his denunciation of those who, arrogating to themselves a superior sort of righteousness, only succeeded in darkening the consciences they presumed to instruct in the laws of morality. If these blind guides have led their followers into the ditch, it is only what we were taught would inevitably happen. If they are judged themselves by the standard by which they have judged others,

and been found wanting, they were warned that it would be so. Had they been sincere believers in "the eternal laws of truth and justice," and had they loved the ethics of the Christianity they professed, for their own sake, and not for the political capital that could be made out of them, they would have urged their claims in a Christian tone and temper, and not have resorted to an uncontrolled invective and vituperation of their opponents, utterly opposed to the whole spirit of the Bible they were so glib at quoting. It was because the indignation which pretended to be righteous was, in truth, the rage of disappointed ambition, and the vehement "earnestness for rights" concealed a passionate craving for vengeance, that the temper displayed has been throughout so unchristian. The bitterness which has characterised this controversy to an extent unknown in the recent political history of the nation, is to be attributed to the fact that, under a fevered and distorted personal impulse, it has assumed a religious character; and that the imposture which usually attends fanaticism has entered so largely into it.

It has been reserved for the high-priests of Brummagem morality to endeavour to drag the Church, upon religious grounds, into the arena of foreign politics. Thus we find a clergyman "basing his opposition to the Ministerial policy upon foreign affairs, and urging his brother clergymen to take the same course." A copy of this letter is sent to the great authority on the morals of the nation, but who happens at the same time to be the bitter and lifelong personal enemy of its Prime Minister, and who replies as follows:—

"To the Secretary of the Hackney Liberal Club.

"SIR,—I thank you for sending me the letter of Mr Oakley, which in its scope and spirit appears to do honour to his order and to himself. Among the very first and highest of all the tests to be applied to a National Church is its tendency to promote in its ministers and members the formation of sound moral judgment, or what we think to be so, upon the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and liberty. It will be greatly to the honour and advantage of the Church if a larger number than heretofore of our bishops and clergy shall be found ready to place themselves by the side of Mr Oakley and of our nonconforming brethren.—I have the honour to be your most faithful and obedient

"W. E. GLADSTONE." *

The comparatively small number of "our bishops and clergy" who have declined to place themselves heretofore by the side of Mr Oakley and their nonconforming brethren arises, probably, from the fact that they are better educated, and are sufficiently intelligent to perceive that it is no vindication of "a sound moral judgment" to apply one standard of "law, justice, mercy, and liberty," to Europe, another and precisely opposite one to Asia, and a third to Africa; and that the claims of law, justice, mercy, and liberty, are all utterly disregarded and ignored by the political opponents of the Government whenever it becomes necessary for the tactics of the party to be illegal, unjust, unmerciful, and indifferent to liberty. That it will be much to the honour and advantage of the Brummagem party if the bishops and clergy can be induced to adopt their elastic principles of morality, there can be no question; and we do not wonder, in

* 'Times,' 29th Feb.

view of the approaching elections, that an attempt should be made to delude them into the belief that such is their religious duty. But the bishops and clergy are quite enlightened enough to see that the honour and advantage would not be reciprocal; and they are probably governed rather by their consciences than by a desire to derive honour and advantage for themselves, even if these could be gained by giving their political support to a discredited party.

That many sincere persons have been duped by Brummagem into believing that they are really ranged on the moral side on questions of foreign politics, is no doubt the case; but this arises from the superficial manner in which the less educated part of the community form their opinions upon subjects which require much local knowledge, careful examination, and access to sources of information which are denied them. Being ignorant of the facts, they can always be carried away by canting rhetoric of the penny-theatre type, by demagogues who may be unscrupulous enough to pervert them. That many other sincere persons who have taken part in these politico-religious displays should have become blinded by their passions to the nature of the imposture in which they have been involved, and are honestly self-deceived in believing that they are more moral and virtuous than those who differ from them politically, is only another proof of the control which the emotional faculties often exercise over the intellectual, and of the extent to which men, otherwise intelligent, may lose their mental balance under the influence of strong feeling. Unfortunately there are others whom we cannot persuade ourselves to be thus temporarily deluded, and whose responsibility to the nation they have been endeavouring to mislead for their own selfish purposes is proportionately greater. At all events, it is satisfactory to feel that the mass of the people refuse any longer to be duped, and have become alive to the fact that a political party which is endeavouring now to "conciliate and accommodate" its conflicting elements by a compromise of "the eternal laws of truth and justice," is not one to which the interests of the country can be safely intrusted.

REATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER XLV.—A GHOST.

> ". . . . What is't? a spirit?
> Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
> It carries a brave form, but 'tis a spirit."
> —*The Tempest*, Act. i. sc. 2.

It was evening: the lamps were lighted in the young Bodenbachs' villa, and the curtains drawn. Otto was comfortably stretched on a luxurious sofa smoking, the first cigar which he had been allowed since his accident, now three days ago. He had not been out since. What with the physical shock and the mental excitement, it was a wonder that he escaped brain-fever. He did escape it though; but he was shaken, visibly shaken, for a time. All the same, he did enjoy his cigar, and listened with a sort of languid interest to the political news which Halka, in her well-regulated voice, was reading to him from the daily papers. It certainly struck him, as he lay there on his luxurious cushions, with all the evidences of comfort round him in the well-lighted room, imbibing just as much of the doings of the world as he cared to hear, without having to put out any strain either bodily or mental, that riches were not without their charm, and that, although he had lost the only woman he could ever love, Halka made the loss less bitter than it might have been. Not because she could ever fill up the void in his heart, but because she possessed that great secret to his nature—the knack of keeping away whatever might jar disagreeably upon him.

"I shall certainly leave the house to-morrow," remarked Otto, in a pause of the reading. "I am tired of playing the invalid in this way. What do you say to the opera to-morrow, Halka?"

Halka laid down the paper, and looked at her husband calmly. Her face expressed nothing, but inwardly she was not quite sure whether to feel gratified or the reverse by this sudden throwing off of the invalid *rôle;* for if, on the one hand, it did not speak much for his enjoyment of her society, did it not on the other prove that the shock had not been as severe as she had once feared? and might not this wish to return to society be the beginning of a new and a healthier state of mind?

"Well, not yet—to-morrow, Otto, I think; you had better begin with a quiet drive first. Nothing is so trying after a shock as the glare of a theatre, and the crush and crowd in coming out."

"Rubbish! I don't want to be treated like a child of six years recovering from the measles. I don't suppose I shall be knocked down in the crowd."

"Besides," remarked Halka, dexterously shifting her tactics, and glancing again at the paper, "there is no opera to-morrow; only that tiresome *ballet fantasca*, which you have seen twice. You don't want to see it a third time, do you?"

"I suppose not," he assented, rather ungraciously. "Then let us have a quiet drive, as you call it, to-morrow, in heaven's name, and let us go to the theatre on Wednesday instead. You can send a note to Langenfeld (he is here

still, I suppose; he said he was going to be in Vienna all this week), and ask him to join us in the box. I have not seen a human creature for three days."

"He called here yesterday," replied Halka, ignoring the allusion to solitude, which, if she had noticed, she must have taken as a slight; "but I thought you were not inclined for visitors."

She had thought really that he was too weak for visitors; but it was better to let him think that his inclination, not his health, had been consulted.

"I am always inclined for change," said Otto, a little fretfully.

"Well, and since we are on the subject of making plans, what day this week do you think would be best for visiting the Egyptian *Pavillon?* My uncle says that he can procure us tickets for either Thursday or Saturday this week. Shall it be Saturday?"

Any one who has visited the Exhibition of '73 will remember that the Egyptian *Pavillon* was one of the buildings not open to the general public, and that some little difficulty was attached to the matter of obtaining tickets of entrance to the upper apartments. The Bodenbachs and their friends, during the ten days that they had now been in Vienna, had gone through the greatest part of the Exhibition. None of them were making a study of any particular branch of art or industry, so ten days had sufficed to carry them through most of their task. One or two objects of interest still remained to be inspected, and amongst these the Egyptian *Pavillon.* The tickets of admission, which were sought after eagerly by many people, were more easily obtainable by them through the medium of an uncle of Halka's—an influential personage, whose political duties gave him little leisure to cultivate the society of his niece's relations, but who was glad to show them any small civility in his power.

"Shall it be Saturday?" Halka had said, in talking of the projected visit to the *Pavillon;* and Otto, being in rather a contradictory mood, answered at once, "No, I think Thursday will be better, decidedly. By Saturday Langenfeld will be gone, and I am sure he would like to see it."

"I don't know if Langenfeld cares much about the matter," objected Halka, who knew very well that if Langenfeld came with them, it would only be for the sake of walking near Reata. "According to him, the whole Exhibition is a failure, you know."

"Well, but there is not much to understand in an Egyptian palace; ottomans and oriental fountains are better suited to his intellect than the construction of projected cannons. Besides, he is always glad of the excuse of a pleasant party."

"So be it, then," said Halka, rising, with a smile of graceful acquiescence. "I shall go and write the notes to my uncle and to Lieutenant Langenfeld;" and having drawn the shade a little further over the lamp, so as to soften the light, Halka went over to the drawing-room to acquit herself of her correspondence.

The light in the room was pleasantly moderated; Otto's sofa was comfortable, and his cushions well arranged, and after his cigar had come to an end, he began to feel drowsy. He did not fall asleep exactly, but he dozed off, feeling just pleasantly conscious of the ticking of the clock, as the only sound in the room. Not even the scratching of Halka's pen reached him, for she had closed the door, so as to leave him more undisturbed.

It was not more than five minutes

after he had flung away the last remnant of his cigar, although in his state of semi-conscious drowsiness the lapse of time seemed longer, when the door from the passage was opened suddenly and violently, and Piotr rushed in, with wildly flying hair and more than usual unsteadiness of legs.

The apparition was enough to rouse any drowsy man thoroughly, and Otto was wide awake in a moment, staring at his servant with mingled surprise and disgust.

Piotr took hold of the back of a chair, gasped twice, shut his eyes, wrung his hands, struck his forehead, and then, after one more gasp, said in a trembling voice—

"I am a miserable sinner!"

"You are an enormous fool, I know," answered his master, angrily. Otto was more provoked than alarmed at this interruption; he had gone through dozens of scenes approximating to this with Piotr.

"I will confess my sins on my knees," groaned Piotr, lugubriously, showing symptoms of going through the ceremony on the spot.

"Not on my carpet, though!" Otto exclaimed, with more liveliness of tone.

"I will fast every day for a month."

"You are welcome to do that if it gives you any satisfaction. But what is all this confounded kick-up about? and why are you standing there gasping like a demented fish?"

"I have been visited for my sins——"

"Out with it!" said his master, growing more impatient.

"I have seen a GHOST!" Piotr whispered, with another groan, and turning pale again at the sound of his own words.

"Oh! nothing more than that? I suppose it was dressed in a white sheet, and had flames coming out of its mouth, or something equally pleasant?"

"No, no, Herr Oberlieutenant; it had a black shawl and a big poke-bonnet."

"Can't a person have a black shawl and a poke-bonnet without being a ghost?"

"I don't know, please, Herr Oberlieutenant, but this one was a ghost."

"You are drunk, Piotr. I think you had better go to bed."

"Please, Herr Oberlieutenant, I am not drunk," said Piotr, with an increased quaver in his voice. "I have seen a ghost."

"Pshaw! Your grandmother, I suppose; wasn't it?"

"Herr Oberlieutenant," said Piotr, drawing a step nearer, and then standing uncertainly poised on one of his lower extremities, "it was the old lady in Mexico, your aunt, who is dead — Miss Bodenbach."

"Rubbish!" said Otto again; but Piotr's words, given in a solemn whisper, had impressed him to some degree. The man at least was sincere in what he said.

"It was your aunt, as true as I am a miserable sinner."

Otto pushed up the lamp-shade and looked at his servant's face. Piotr did not look as if he were drunk, and he did look most decidedly scared. He was standing beside the table now, breathing very hard, and with big drops of perspiration on his forehead—not a very fascinating sight, but certainly honest in the belief of his own words.

"You have seen some old lady who wore a bonnet like her, most probably, Piotr—that is all."

"As sure as I am a miserable——"

"Where was it you saw this wonderful apparition? Not in the house?"

"No, please, Herr Oberlieutenant—in the tramway-car."

"In the tramway-car!" laughed Otto; "I have never heard of a ghost in a tramway-car yet."

"It was quite empty," went on Piotr, still speaking in the same awestruck, frightened tone; "she was alone in it, sitting at one end, and it crossed the one where I was."

Here he went off into a detailed and lengthy description of the adventure. How he, being on his way back from the town, where he had been buying cigars for his master, and having taken his place in the tramway-car, had seen another tramway-car coming towards them, which at first he thought to be quite empty. It was after dark already, and the street-lamps were lighted; and then as the other tramway-car came nearer and crossed them, passing quite close to the side, he saw one person in it sitting quite alone, and seeming, according to Piotr's description, to be rising up out of the darkness, he could not exactly explain how. Then, just at the moment of passing, she had turned her face in his direction, and by the light of the lamps he had recognised the features, and not only the features but also the bonnet and shawl, of the dead aunt—Miss Bodenbach. Piotr further treated his master to a very minute account of the way in which he (Piotr) had behaved under the trying circumstances, and the exact sensations he had undergone,—how he had at the first moment thought that every drop of his blood was going to freeze in his veins, that his eyes were going to start out of his head, and how he had jumped up and screamed out in his terror, and trod upon his neighbours' toes; how the said neighbours had lost their tempers and begun to swear at him, and had appealed to the guard—and how the guard had explained to him in a few terse phrases that if he did not know how to behave like other people, he should be thrown out; and then how, with an effort which he described as superhuman, he had managed to bottle up his sensations till he could get down, and had then got over the rest of his way home at racing-speed.

"Careering along like a maniac. I know what you must have looked like," remarked Otto. "I wonder the police didn't stop you."

Piotr had done with his story now, but he had still a piece of advice to give.

"If you please, Herr Oberlieutenant, I think that if you were to order a dozen candles to be burned in the church, for the repose of Miss Bodenbach's soul, it might help her to rest quiet in her grave."

"Keep what you think to yourself," answered Otto, crossly; "and remember, Piotr," he went on, with a sudden assumption of severity, "you are never to breathe a word to any one about this ridiculous adventure. The first time I find out that you have been talking about it, you can consider yourself dismissed. And now get away."

But Piotr's mind was far from being at rest. He moved to go, looked round the room, put a few of the chairs straight, although they had been straight before, stood on one leg, and then made a last effort to obtain peace for Miss Bodenbach's soul.

"Half-a-dozen candles at least, please, Herr Oberlieutenant——"

Otto, who had closed his eyes again, opened them, and his mouth too, with the intention of putting Piotr's dismissal from the room into more vigorous form; but be-

fore he had framed the words, Halka's entrance from the drawing-room stopped him.

"Here are the notes, Otto; and —what is the matter with Piotr?" she asked, catching sight of that domestic's disturbed countenance.

"Nothing; only he has been a rather greater fool than usual," Otto explained, lucidly. "Get away with you, Piotr!" with a warning look at him, which checked the suggestion of any more candles that might be rising again to Piotr's lips.

On the day which had been the last of poor Maraquita's life, an old lady had arrived in Vienna. No doubt there were dozens of old ladies arriving in Vienna on the same day and by the same train, according to the average of daily life; but one old lady at a time is enough to deal with.

There was nothing very striking about this particular old lady. She wore a shawl and a bonnet, neither of the newest or most fashionable shape. She did not seem used to travelling; and finally, after a fair amount of cheating on the part of porters and cabmen, she got herself and her luggage conveyed to one of the first hotels, where she engaged a room on the first floor, for which she was charged a small ransom.

This had been two days ago; and since then this same old lady had been spending most of the daylight hours in trotting up and down the most frequented streets of the capital, or driving about in cabs or other public modes of conveyance; looking carefully at every person she met, or trying to do so; sometimes quickening her pace in walking, as she catches sight of some slight young lady with dark hair in the crowd of passers. But, unfortunately, slight young ladies with dark hair are pretty numerous in any town, and the old lady returned to her hotel discouraged and unsuccessful. On the third evening, as she came home quite as unsuccessful and more discouraged than ever, a bright idea struck her,—she would consult the head-waiter. The head-waiter, following with alacrity upon her summons, came to be consulted.

"Looking for somebody, madam, and you are not sure of the address?" he said, briskly, in reply to her statement of the case. "That is rather a troublesome matter, particularly just now, with all the hotels and lodging-houses so full with visitors to the Exhibition. And I must take this opportunity, madam, of mentioning to you that, on account of the great demand for room, the prices of the first-floor apartments have been raised from ten to fifteen florins a-day. It is only a trifle, of course," with an obsequious bow, "but it is my duty to mention it."

"Oh yes, that is all right," answered the lady, waving off the subject of expense with indifference. "Everything will be all right, if I can only find the lady I am looking for."

The head-waiter looked thoughtful.

"The matter would be simple enough, madam, if you had a clue to the hotel—you would require only to look through the list of strangers, and you would be certain to find the name; but what puzzles me is, that I know of no hotel in the *Getreidemarkt* that is now deserving the name, or that would be likely to publish the names of visitors. You are positive, madam, that it was an hotel?"

"Oh dear, no, not at all; I was only told *Getreidemarkt*. I daresay they are not living in an hotel;

most likely they are in private lodgings. Yes, now that I come to think of it, I am certain they are in private lodgings."

"All the same, madam, I should recommend you to take a look at the *Fremden Liste*. At least it is a chance."

"No, no, thank you, I would rather not; it would only be losing time," exclaimed the old lady, who did not exactly know what a *Fremden Liste* was, but had an undefined notion that publicity of some sort was thereby entailed. "That will do no good. I am sure they are in private rooms. Can't you tell me some other way?"

"On the whole, madam, I think," said the head-waiter, after a reflective pause, "that it will be simplest for you to make inquiries at the police. You have only to mention the name of the person, and then——"

"The police! Oh, I would never think of doing that," she interrupted, with an increase of alarm in tone and expression. "I should not like to go to the police; and besides, I cannot mention the lady's name. You see there are circumstances——" she broke off in embarrassment.

"Yes, madam, I understand," said the head-waiter, looking the picture of discretion and gravity, but in his inmost soul wondering how the dickens the old fool expected to find a young lady whose address she did not know, and whose name she did not want to give. If she had not been living in one of the first-floor rooms, with the windows to the front too, he might have finished her off more quickly; but fifteen-florin lodgers command respect.

The great man stood looking down at his shiny boots with an air of very deep contemplation, and racked his intellect for some way of getting out of the matter without trouble and with dignity.

"I have been walking about the streets," the lady went on, plaintively, "hoping to meet her, but perhaps she does not go out walking."

The head-waiter looked up from the contemplation of his boots. "Have you been to the Exhibition, madam? Everybody who is in Vienna is sure to be at the Exhibition, and you might chance to meet the lady there."

"Oh, I can't go there. I went once, but I lost my way."

"Or to any of the public places of amusement——?"

"Public places of amusement!" echoed the lady, looking frightened. "What do you mean?"

"The circus, madam, for instance. It is full every day. That would be a very likely place."

"The circus!" with an accent of horror. "Don't only men go to circuses?"

"Ladies also," explained the man, repressing a smile. "Every member of the aristocracy and of the Court has visited the circus; but if you object to that, there are the theatres. I don't think you could do better than go to them all, one after another."

Theatres were not much better than circuses, in the old lady's opinion; but, after a little parley, she was persuaded to try the experiment.

Langenfeld had readily availed himself of the place offered him in Otto's *loge* for the opera on Wednesday. Not that he understood much more about music than about cannons, but any opportunity which brought him into the midst of his fellow-creatures was welcome, and out of his modest pay the luxury of a *loge* would have been unattainable.

Otto had had his quiet drive the day before, and was now no longer considered an invalid, but capable of taking his place again in the ranks of society. All the same, he did find the glare of lights rather trying, and was glad to leave the front place beside his wife to Langenfeld, and to sit back in the shadow, content with enjoying the music.

Langenfeld was as talkative as usual, enjoying his last days of freedom, and bent upon making the most of them.

It seemed from Langenfeld's description that the greatest part of his remaining liberty was to be passed in the circus. He would go there every day—if possible, twice a-day.

"To the Exhibition I am not going again," he wound up—"I have had an over-dose of that—except, of course, to-morrow to see the Egyptian *Pavillon*, as I am to have the honour of being of your party. I have not seen the other ladies for three days. Fräulein Reata is quite well, I hope?"

"Quite well, I believe," answered Halka, with an accent that might have chilled any one less buoyant than Langenfeld; and she took up her tortoise-shell opera-glass, and appeared occupied with studying the back of the *prima donna's* head.

"Is there no chance of Arnold being in Vienna this week?" the Lieutenant inquired next. "I should be sorry not to see him before I go back to be buried alive. He told me for certain, before leaving D——bad, that he would be here this month."

"Oh yes, but I believe that he has quite changed his mind since then," observed Halka, lowering her glass. "He prefers seeing the Exhibition by himself, and he is quite right, I think. Arnold never is fond of ladies' society."

"He did not look as if he disliked it much at the D——bad ball," remarked Langenfeld, rather grimly.

"Didn't he?" said Halka, languidly.

"Arnold certainly will not be here this week," put in Otto. "My father heard from him this morning. He was just starting for Trieste with the Prince, on some yachting expedition which the Prince had long been wanting to make, and which his mother always objected to. It will take them a fortnight at least."

"Striking out a new line," Langenfeld remarked. "This sort of rushing about, and going on yachting expeditions, is not much in Arnold's way."

"It is harmless enough, at any rate," answered Otto, a little impatiently. "Let me get to the front for a minute, Langenfeld; I will just have a look round to see who is here."

The second act had come to a close. Otto took up the opera-glass, and leant over, to get a view of the house.

"Not very many faces I know," he said, passing the boxes opposite slowly in review; and then he lowered the glass, and directed it to the pit and *parterre*-boxes.

"I don't think you have screwed it in quite enough," said Halka to her husband. "Is not that focus too strong for you?" But before Halka had finished her question, Otto drew back into the box, with a sudden movement that looked like a start, sending the play-bill which had lain on the edge fluttering down to the pit, and dropping the glass he was holding on to the floor of the box, where the frail tortoise-shell lay shattered into several pieces.

"What is the matter?" the two others asked, in a breath.

"Nothing," he answered, passing his hand over his forehead, and bending down quickly to pick up the smashed tortoise-shell; "only the lights are rather trying. I think you were right, Halka; my head is not quite strong enough yet for this sort of thing."

"We had better go home at once, Otto," said Halka, looking at him with a mixture of anxiety and suspicion.

"No, no; certainly not," he exclaimed, with unwonted energy. "I shall just go out by myself, and take a turn in the *Foyer* to get a little cooler air. And I think," he added, more hurriedly, and with an assumption of carelessness, "I shall just stand the next act in the pit. One gets cramped sitting here for two hours. I'll be back before the end."

"But won't the lights be bad for your head?" his wife asked, fixing her grey eyes upon him with penetrating inquiry.

"Nonsense! not a bit of it," he replied, with an unsuccessful laugh, as he laid down the broken opera-glass on the velvet-covered ledge. "I am sorry this is broken; it slipped out of my fingers somehow or other. It is beyond mending, I think; we shall choose another to-morrow;"—and without waiting for Halka's answer, Otto turned and left the box abruptly.

Otto may or may not have spoken the truth when he declared himself in want of cooler air; and he may or may not have intended to take a turn in the *Foyer*,—certainly he did not do so. He went straight from the door of his box down to the theatre pit, oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that his wife was in full view of his movements.

Otto did not find peace in the pit either. He moved about, shifted his position, spoke to several people, and, strangely enough, not to acquaintances, but to total strangers. Several respectable tradesmen, who were enjoying their evening recreation, were a little taken aback at being thus unexpectedly addressed by an unknown gentleman.

"Was there an old lady sitting here?" repeated a sleepy man thus interrogated; "were there fifty old ladies sitting here, why don't you ask? As if you had time to pay attention to your neighbours when you have got this magnificent scenery to look at!" and having pronounced his opinion, the sleepy man leaned against the back of his seat, and went to sleep again.

"Was there an old lady sitting here?" repeated a magnificently "got up" young man, with magnificently curled hair, whom Otto next interrogated—a young man whose usual occupation it was to race about all day with a napkin under his arm, and five dishes at a time in his hands. "I never look at old ladies, only at young ones," with a "killing" glance directed towards a pretty *bourgeoise* at his side; and the young man stared at the questioner haughtily, as if the question in itself were a personal insult.

"There are two old ladies just left the pit," volunteered a neighbour. "If you are looking for one of them, you had better go after them sharp; you may chance to get hold of them somewhere outside, though the chances are small, I should say."

Otto left the pit again precipitately. As he came out into the passage, there were several people in front of him—an old lady in a shawl, amongst others. Otto got up to her in two strides, and looked into her face with searching inquiry. The old lady returned his look in blank surprise: it was the face of a stranger.

He made a hasty and feverish

examination of the passages and staircase. There were a great many people there — people arriving or leaving, or come out of their boxes to saunter along the cool passages, or eat ices in the *Foyer;* but the face he was looking for, he did not see.

He leant against the wall at last, in a dark corner, and passed his hand again across his forehead. Was it a delusion only of his excited brain, that face which he had thought to see before him suddenly through the opera-glass? It had only been for a moment, but the features were before him distinctly. Of the surroundings or the spot, he had not been able to grasp anything; whether it had been in a box or in the pit, he had not distinguished—perhaps because the focus of the glass was not fixed to suit his sight, perhaps because his eyes were dazzled by the unaccustomed light. He had seen nothing but the face, and that only for a second; but recognition had flashed upon him instantly. How was he to explain it? His head still felt weak from the effects of the shock, and weaker at this moment than during the last days.

"A likeness," he muttered to himself,—"an extraordinary likeness—that is all;" but in the next moment again he shuddered nervously. What was all that nonsense Piotr had talked about the ghost? He had laughed at it all sneeringly; but now, thinking of those features which had come before his eyes so suddenly, and had then disappeared traceless, even though it had been in the lighted theatre, Otto felt inclined to believe in ghosts.

He did not go back to the pit again, but he did not go back to his box either; and when at the conclusion of the act Halka, escorted by Langenfeld, met him in the passage, he was looking no less disturbed than at the moment when he had dropped the opera-glass in his fright, and he gave impatient and evasive answers to all questions.

The tortoise-shell opera-glass really proved to be broken beyond repair. It had been a wedding-present which Halka prized for its fine workmanship and its colour, which harmonised most successfully with most of her theatre toilets. She was provoked at its destruction, although she did not say anything: she was more provoked, as well as puzzled, at Otto's strange behaviour last night; but neither about this did she say a word.

"Are you sure you feel strong enough for the Egyptian *Pavillon* this afternoon?" she asked her husband at breakfast.

"Of course I do. What is there so particularly exhausting about an Egyptian *Pavillon?*"

The fact was, that Otto felt restless and ill at ease; and his restlessness took the form of wishing for change—any sort of change—to drive away the vision of that face, which still haunted him in recollection.

"Very well; in that case I will have to let your father know. I promised to give them the definite answer this forenoon. I will send a note;" and Halka rose from her chair with that intention.

"Had you not better drive into town yourself? You have nothing to do, I suppose; and what is the use of having that carriage on job if one does not get some good out of it? You can go also to Rospini's after that about your opera-glass. We shall be in the theatre to-night again, and you will require one, you know."

"Very well." And so Halka drove into town and called on her relations at the hotel; and then, on her way back, she stopped at the optician's shop to choose a suitable substitute for the opera-glass which

Otto had broken by that accident last night.

It was a fashionable shop, but not a fashionable hour; and as Halka alighted and entered, lowering her parasol and throwing up her veil, she saw that the shop was nearly empty. There were, in fact, only two young men there examining telescopes, and one lady choosing spectacles.

There was an array of opera-glasses of all forms, sizes, descriptions, and prices, placed before Halka on the counter—big, small, miniature, gigantic, clumsy and elegant, massive and fanciful. They were screwed to different focuses, and held up in the most favourable light, and their particular merits expatiated upon. Halka was invited to try them all in turn, and after ten minutes' indecision selected a stout, little, leather-covered glass, with far more power of resistance than the perishable tortoise-shell. Certainly, she reflected, if Otto was going to be addicted to sudden starts, it would be better to consider the solidity of her opera-glass rather than its elegance.

"Will you take it with you at once, madam?" inquired the optician, as he slipped the glass back into its case.

"Yes, I will take it in the carriage with me," answered Halka; and then, as she took out her purse she caught the sound of that same question, or a question to the same purport, being addressed to the lady who had been choosing spectacles at the other side of the shop.

"Are you going to take the glasses home with you?"

Halka looked over in that direction while she sat calmly waiting for her change. The lady had been buying blue spectacles apparently—probably to protect her eyes from the dust in that hot season. There was nothing in the least interesting about it, but there was nothing else to look at, and Halka languidly followed the wrapping up of the blue spectacles while she sat tapping the cover of her purse with her finger-tips.

"No, I would rather not take them; I should be afraid of breaking them," the lady was answering, in a rather deprecating tone of voice. "Could you," in a still more deprecating tone of voice, "send them home for me?"

"Certainly, madam, with the greatest facility, if you are kind enough to give the address."

The lady was kind enough to do so; and as she said her name, a sudden change passed over Halka's face. She started—not very visibly, no more than a slight movement and a quicker turn of the head—half rose from her seat, put the change of bank-notes which was handed her, hastily into her purse, and then, still with that shade of surprise or interest on her face—a shade of something very foreign to her usual calmness—she took up her parasol and left the shop, following immediately behind the lady who had been buying blue spectacles.

The lady paused at the door and gazed up and down the street rather vacantly.

"I beg your pardon," said Halka, very quietly, bowing slightly to the stranger. "I hope you will not think me impertinent in addressing you, but I was struck by your name; it is one I am well acquainted with."

"My name! But you must be mistaken. I have only just arrived," answered the stranger, feeling alarmed and surprised.

Halka smiled a little mysteriously. "I do not think that I am mistaken; I know the name very well. You have got relations here, I think?"

"Yes, I have got relations in

Europe," the other answered, more puzzled; "but I have not seen them for more than thirty years."

"In Europe?" repeated Halka, with a slight interrogation in her voice. "Then you have come from——"

"From Mexico," completed the other.

They were still just outside the optician's shop. Halka's carriage, with the door held open by the servant, stood in readiness.

"Mexico! That is just what I thought. I ought to introduce myself to you. I am Baroness Halka Bodenbach, Otto Bodenbach's wife. You will understand now?" and Halka smiled again, half playfully this time, "why the name is so familiar to me."

As she said it, she watched the stranger's face narrowly; but it was unnecessary, for the lady made not the faintest attempt to conceal her surprise and agitation.

"Otto Bodenbach's wife!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "Then, perhaps, you can tell me where they all are? I was told an address in the *Getreidemarkt*, but I was not able to write it down at the time, and I can't remember it exactly now."

"They are living in the *Fleischmarkt*," answered Halka. "I suppose that is the way you made the confusion."

"*Fleischmarkt!* Ah yes, that must have been it; I didn't know there were so many *Markts* here. And I have spent five days in trying to find the right place. I am looking for a lady—a young lady," she explained further, and then hesitated.

Halka finished the phrase, "For Reata Lackenegg; was it not?"

The other stared at her and grew more confused.

"Yes, yes; it was for her. Can you tell me about my child, my own dear child? we have been parted for so long. Is she quite well? But oh, what have I done?" she continued, in distress. "I did not mean to say anything."

"Certainly I can tell you about her," Halka hastened to say, in her most affable tone; "I assure you your secrets are quite safe with me. I know her very well," with a smile which the stranger took to mean that this lady was Reata's best friend. "If I may offer you a place in my carriage, we could talk more leisurely there."

A minute later they were seated. There had been a little difficulty in stepping in, caused by the stranger's cumbrous shawl, which first got twisted round the door-handle, and then round the lady's feet. It must have been a strong motive of interest, certainly, which could have induced Halka, in her elegant dress, to have beside her in the carriage any lady so thoroughly unfashionably, not to say ridiculously, attired as was this strange lady, with whom, contrary to her usual distance with strangers, she had taken some trouble to scrape acquaintance.

"Where shall I have you driven to?" she inquired, as the footman stood waiting for the order. "Shall I take you to the Bodenbachs at once? I know they are at home now."

"Oh no, not there!" the stranger ejaculated, with a look of terror. "She begged me not to come without warning her; she must see me alone. It might bring her into dreadful trouble."

"To your hotel then?" suggested Halka, upon whose face the look of interest had deepened with the stranger's last words.

The order to drive to the *Grand Hôtel* was given, and the horses went clattering over the pavement.

The drive from the *Graben* to the *Grand Hôtel* is not a long one; but

Halka found it long enough to arrange all that she wanted. As they drew up before the entrance, she took a slip of cardboard out of her pocket-book and handed it to the stranger.

"You are quite sure that you understand about the place? It is very easy to find, and up-stairs will be best. Five o'clock. If you only keep to the hour exactly, I shall manage all the rest for you."

"And you think I shall see her alone?" asked the other, anxiously, preparing to leave the carriage by disentangling her shawl, which had again slipped down to some lower regions.

"Yes, I shall arrange it all for you;" and a strange smile crossed Halka's face, as she bowed sweetly to the stranger, and then gave the order to drive home.

The horses were turned homewards, and Halka leant back in her carriage, with closed lips, and a look of triumph on her face.

"Alone!" she thought mockingly, and laughed to herself. "She wants to see her dear child alone—innocent old fool! As if I would waste so much good-luck. It is as if Providence had put the revenge into my hands. We shall have some disclosures this afternoon, Fräulein Reata!"

CHAPTER XLVI.—A GLASS OF WATER.

"For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."
—*The Nut-Browne Mayd.*

The hotel in the *Fleischmarkt* in which the Bodenbachs and their friends lived was a quiet, comfortable hotel, lying a little aside from the noise and clatter of the streets, and therefore well suited for the residence of an invalid. In the present season, however, with the abnormal rush of visitors to Vienna filling every available square inch of room, the hotel was rather less comfortable and far less quiet than usual. You might wear out the nerves of your fingers and the edge of your patience by fruitless pressing of the ivory button (which you are told to touch once for the housemaid, twice for the waiter, three times for the boots, and so on in endless variety) during a quarter of an hour, before any one of the desperate waiters or frantic housemaids could find time and breath to attend to your orders.

A scene of this description was being enacted in the Bodenbachs' apartments on the first floor on this 3d of July.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the two cabs which are to take them to the Exhibition, where they are to be joined by Otto and his wife, for the long-talked-of visit to the Egyptian *Pavillon*, have come a quarter of an hour earlier than they were wanted. Consequently everybody is thrown out of their calculations, and there is some flurry and confusion about getting off.

Reata has got her walking things on already; and while Madame de Schwerendorf and Hermine are hurrying to get ready, she is wearing out the nerves of her fingers in the manner aforenamed on the ivory button, which she has pressed, not twice or thrice, but certainly a dozen times, without effect. Perhaps it is nobody's business in particular to answer twelve rings; certainly nobody comes. Reata grows impatient, and Gabrielle desperate. She is on the verge of

tears, because in the glass of water which has been brought her there is a very lively little animal of the tadpole tribe disporting itself merrily. Good water is usually more difficult to obtain in large towns than good wine; and you are thus very often, when you have only asked for water, put in possession of interesting little collections, worthy to be placed in a miniature aquarium.

The little animal in question was very interesting and very lively, and a study of its habits might have been entertaining, as well as improving; but Gabrielle failed to see the matter in this light. She was thirsty, and she wanted water; and the brisker the miniature tadpole's movements grew, the more depressed and irritated she became.

"I wish somebody would come!" she said fretfully. "I am so thirsty; and I can't drink that water after that beast has been in it."

Another minute passed—nobody appeared. Reata's impatience and Gabrielle's despair increased, as well as the liveliness of the small cause of disturbance.

"I shall go and look for somebody," Reata exclaimed; "it is no use ringing—they won't attend."

"You must be quick, my dear, then, *pour l'amour de Dieu!*" called Madame Schwerendorf from the next room. "The *fiacres* have been waiting ten minutes already. There is another coming in at this moment. Surely the Baron has not ordered three for us!"

"I shall be back directly," said Reata; and she left the room without having a very clear idea of where she was to go.

Their rooms lay towards the middle of a long passage; and Reata walked down this without encountering anybody. Beyond there came the staircase, which descended in two broad flights of steps. Here she caught sight of a waiter running down frantically, after the precipitate manner of waiters. This was what she wanted, and she quickened her pace in pursuit, and got to the top of the staircase just in time to see the descending waiter come in violent collision with an ascending porter, who was coming up slowly, laden with a portmanteau and a bag—a portmanteau and a bag which she seemed to know. Their familiarity gave her a strange pang; and in the next moment the familiarity and the pang were explained, for she found herself face to face with Arnold. He emerged suddenly from behind the porter—she hardly knew how—and stood now only two steps lower than her.

There was a moment of confusion, of consternation, on her part, of rapidly-uttered reprimand on the part of the waiter, intermingled with an under-current of swearing on the part of the porter, and then the first pursued his headlong course downwards, the other trudged on upwards, and Reata found herself alone with Arnold—comparatively alone, that is to say, for the staircase of an hotel, whether great or small, never is solitude.

Strangely enough, it was she who spoke first. Surprise was the feeling uppermost in her mind, and it was surprise which made her speak. She had been figuring to herself Arnold travelling towards Trieste. The thought that at every moment he was going further away, had been haunting her mind the whole forenoon; and now he was standing close before her.

"Have you come back?" she said, looking at him, as if not quite sure of her eyes, and putting her meaningless question slowly.

"Yes, I have come back, because I found it was no use staying away. I have come back to ask you to be my wife."

He looked at her steadily as he spoke, and then paused for an answer; but that did not come so soon.

Reata's first impulse was to laugh out loud; her second was to burst into tears. She did not follow either, luckily, considering that she was standing on a public staircase—although she hardly remembered that circumstance at the moment. She only remained staring at him in stupefied surprise.

With her face now turned full towards him, there was a change which even after Arnold's short absence was startling to him—a shade of suffering, a line of care. Had this fortnight been enough to work such a difference?

"What is the matter with you? Have you been ill or unhappy?" he asked, abruptly.

She looked down. She could not say to him, as she had said to Otto, that he was in no way concerned in this. If she had grown pale and silent, it had been for his sake.

"I have not been ill," she said, quietly; but her eyes said that she had been unhappy.

She had answered his second question, but not his first; the bewilderment of her mind was still too great. This man whom she loved so passionately, whom she had mourned for as gone from her, as dead to her—whose absence had made the days seem long and weary—whose sudden coming had filled her with such strange tumult, —had it been for this that he had returned, to ask her to be his wife?

"Why have you not answered me?" Arnold said, a little more quickly, returning to his first question. "Will you be my wife?"

Not a shade of tenderness in his tone, but a deep anxious light in his eyes. A housemaid who is passing the flight of steps at the other side casts a pitying glance at the young lady, who she thinks is getting scolded by that tall, heavy-browed man.

"I thought you hated and despised me?" Reata said, with tears trembling in her voice, although there are none in her eyes; and turning away from him, she leans a little over the iron balustrade, looking down to the landing-place below, where there are people moving about,—a whole family preparing to leave the hotel; luggage getting counted, waiters tipped—the usual bustle of a departure. Reata is not given to giddiness, and the height looking down is not very great, but she is almost giddy now.

It is not happiness which she feels yet; it is all too sudden. The shock of surprise is as great as the joy, the change too unexpected, the awakening too rough.

"I thought so too," Arnold answered, with suppressed impatience in his voice. "I have been trying to hate and despise you for the last fortnight, but it is no use. You said, that morning, that you had done nothing to be ashamed of. I want you to say it again. I have come back here for that. Can you look me in the face and say it?"

She has not quite collected her disordered thoughts, so she does not answer at once.

"I wish you would speak," he says, with more impatience, but lowering his voice, not to be heard by the waiters who are passing by with trays and glasses.

There have been at least half-a-dozen opportunities for procuring that glass of water which was Reata's original errand on the staircase; but poor Gabrielle's chances of getting it are small indeed now. The spot is certainly an inconvenient one for what Arnold has to say; but if it were ten times more inconvenient, Arnold would say it. He

has come here with the fixed intention of speaking, the first moment he sees her; and now that he sees her he makes towards his end, without taking any account of surroundings.

"I would rather know at once," he repeats.

"Yes, I can say it," she answers, raising herself from the balustrade and looking at him full. There is confusion in her face, but no guilt. She is speaking with tremulous eagerness. "I have done nothing wrong, nothing to be ashamed of. I have only been foolish."

"And you never cared for that—that brute Fadenhecht?" he asks, sending his penetrating gaze deep into her eyes.

"Never." She could almost have laughed now. Her courage is beginning to return, and with it a new feeling of light-heartedness she has never known before.

"Nor for the Prince?"

"No, never."

There is another point still, on which his mind is not at rest.

"But surely," he said now, with almost some hesitation, "surely at one time—my brother——" He did not succeed in getting further than this.

"Yes, at one time," she answered, quickly, covering her eyes with her hand for a second. "I thought I cared for him. It was for his sake that I came to Europe. But I found out my mistake afterwards."

"And will you be my wife, then?" Arnold interrupted, returning to the original question. "If you are going to say no, I wish you would say so quickly, and I shall go back to Trieste at once," he added, digging deep lines into the polished wooden top of the balustrade with his sharp-pointed stick.

Madame de Schwerendorf's voice was heard in plaintive exclamation through the open door of her room half-way down the passage. "I don't know where Reata is staying; she has been away five minutes at least. *Pour l'amour de Dieu*, we shall be late!" and there was a noise of bonnet-strings being tied in furious haste.

"Don't go back to Trieste," Reata managed to falter. "But—but do you know what you are doing?" and she bent down again over the iron balustrade lower than before, to hide from the passers-by and from the man beside her the confusion of her face. "Have you thought of the consequences?"

He had thought of nothing but the consequences during the last fortnight. He has fought and struggled with himself, and this is the result of all his struggles.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Could you bear to lose your fortune on my account?" she said, with her face averted.

"That is my own business"—with a wave of his hand, as if waving off the fortune in question, and drawing himself up in the way she knew so well and had laughed at so often.

"But should you not consider it a great misfortune marrying a person beneath you in rank?"

She was keeping her face studiously averted from him as she spoke.

"Of course I do," he answered, without a moment's hesitation; "but it would be a greater misfortune to have to live without you."

There was a simplicity about the man's words which said more than the lengthiest speech; and she, knowing what struggles it must have cost him to trample those deep-rooted prejudices under foot, was able to estimate the value of his love. This was love worth living for.

It had come to this, then! Her

foolish dream was fulfilled!—that dream of being loved for her own sake—for her own sake alone,—and fulfilled now at this moment, when she had thought that happiness was dead to her for ever.

"We would be poor, of course," he went on, quickly. "I should have to enter the army again; but I don't mind that——"

"And you care for me enough to do all that?" she said, wonderingly. "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, Reata, if only you care enough for me. You have not told me that yet;" and now he was leaning beside her over the balustrade, and had ceased his work of destruction on the polished wooden top.

There were no waiters or housemaids in sight just now, and no sound but the distant rattle of plates in some lower region. A recollection came into Reata's mind of that one other proposal she had had in her life, now a year ago. There had been a touch of wildness and romance in the surroundings that time which was awanting now. The Mexican plain, the eagles soaring high above, the brooding and bursting of the storm,—those had shed poetry on Otto's declaration: while here there was nothing—not a single element of romance in the surroundings; an hotel staircase instead of the stretching plain; greasy waiters to replace the soaring eagles; and to figure the brooding of the storm, nothing better than the sound of Madame Schwerendorf's voice coming from the open door, and half-heard exclamations of "*Quelle idée!*" and "*Pour l'amour de Dieu!*"

Every element of poetry was amissing here—all except that Love which is the truest and the rarest poetry on earth.

It was true what Arnold said; she had not yet given him her answer—she had not told him whether she cared for him.

She told him so now; not in words—she had no words at her command which would not have sounded weak and watery to her own ears—she simply stretched out her hand, and with a sudden impulse laid it in his; and with another sudden impulse (there being no waiters or housemaids visible) Arnold raised it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

Every trace of that hardness which anxiety had stamped upon his face was gone; his eyebrows even seemed to have lost their heaviness and their severity—and who could have thought that those deep grey eyes had the power of so much softness in them? It is the first time in life that he has loved, and the whole energy of his nature is wrapt up in it. No wonder if, at that moment, as he holds her hand in his, the man, stiff-necked aristocrat as he has always been, feels that there are better things in the world than a coat of arms and the glory of a noble name.

Not more than one minute did he hold her fingers thus tightly clasped between his own—so tightly that it was almost pain to her,—and then, all at once, she snatched her hand away, and almost shrank a step further from him. It was not the hard squeezing of his fingers which had prompted this unexpected movement, nor yet the fact that just at that moment there were some new arrivals coming up the staircase, for of this she noticed nothing—there was another reason.

"No, no," she said, in answer to his look of surprise; "I cannot allow you to pledge yourself yet, until I have told you everything. Don't look at me so hard"—and the colour mounted to her forehead as she went on speaking hurriedly,—"I told you that I have done

nothing to be ashamed of, and that is true; but I have been foolish and deceitful, and perhaps you will never forgive me."

"Tell me all," he said, looking at her confidently.

"But you said you never could forgive deceit."

"We shall be too late, to a dead certainty!" Madame de Schwerendorf was heard exclaiming, in a voice of heartrending despair. "I don't know what has become of that girl. Gone to fetch a glass of water, indeed! *quelle idée!*"

"Tell me quick, Reata," said Arnold; and the new arrivals having passed on to a higher flight of stairs, he wanted to take her hand again.

"No, you must not," she said, drawing it away. "I must be going now. They are all waiting. I can't tell you now—there is no time; and I have not got the courage either. Let me tell you by writing; and then you shall decide whether you can forgive me or not. Until then you are free, remember; I will not bind you."

"But I *will* be bound!" he said, fiercely, but under his breath; for now there was the sound of footsteps coming down the passage—Madame Schwerendorf in search of Reata. "I will not give up my rights: you belong to me."

"Yes, I belong to you; but you are not bound to me."

"Reata, child, are you there? and—Arnold! *Quelle idée!*" as Madame Schwerendorf came round the corner and stood still in surprise.

Questions, answers, exclamations, and explanations—some lame excuse which Arnold was driven to invent on the spur of the moment—satisfied the first brunt of inquiry; and in the hurry and the desire not to keep the two cabs waiting longer, it went down as tolerably plausible. Nobody had time just then to analyse the incongruities of the matter.

"You have not brought me any water after all," said Gabrielle, grumblingly, as Reata came rushing into the room like a whirlwind to snatch up her gloves. "Did you find nobody on the staircase?"

"Oh yes, I found somebody; but I forgot all about it," Reata answered, gaily; and she gave the astonished Gabrielle a hasty kiss on her forehead and disappeared again.

THE PEASANT PROPRIETORS OF NORWAY.

We hear so much of peasant proprietorship just now as the only remedy for agricultural depression in the future, that every country which can furnish an illustration of the working of the system, should be an interesting ground for study. Norway, in this respect, has been somewhat neglected, and it has been generally assumed that an examination of the condition of the peasant proprietors of Norway would only furnish additional arguments in favour of small ownership. Although we are far from admitting the pictures which are drawn of the satisfactory condition of the peasant proprietors of France, Flanders, and other countries, to be correct ones, we shall content ourselves for the present with endeavouring to show that in Norway at all events, where the dreams of our land agitators have been realised, and a landed gentry has entirely disappeared, the people have little reason to congratulate themselves upon the change.

The peasant proprietary of Norway is of comparatively recent growth. In old times the land was held by tenants, under a rude and therefore democratic but powerful landed aristocracy, whose extinction through internecine wars in the fifteenth century was, according to the Norwegian historians Sars and Munch, the cause of Norway's falling from its leading position in the Scandinavian world, and ceasing to exist as an independent nation. After its absorption into Denmark, the Crown, the monasteries, and absentee Danish lords took the place of the former great proprietors; and so late as the earlier part of the present century, a third of the land of the country was held by occupying tenants. In the year 1821 the newly-fledged Norwegian Parliament having decided to carry out the provisions of a rescript of their late Danish king, which had hitherto remained a dead letter, the extensive Church property, as the various tenancies became vacant, was put up for sale. The Crown lands—such of them as were not held as part of their salaries by public functionaries—were subsequently, in like manner, thrown into the market; and the institution of the Bank of Norway at this time giving facilities to small farmers to borrow upon mortgage the capital required for the purchase of their farms, the tenants or their successors in the majority of instances became fee-simple owners of their land. The holders of large estates, too, finding, under the progress of democratic ideas, that proprietorship gave them no political or social influence, but, on the contrary, made them rather objects of jealousy, began also to sell; and as there was no capital in the country for the purchase of large estates, these also were broken up and sold to the tenants in small lots. The number of petty freeholders thus created has been further added to every year by the operation of an Allotment Act, passed by the Storthing in 1857, for the apportionment to the individual families of the various village communities which were still to be found in many parts of the country, of the land which they held in common, and which has resulted in the breaking off of the different families to build and settle upon their own allotted ground. The process of distribution has been facilitated generally by the simplicity of the procedure for the conveyance of land, by a sys-

tem of registration of title, and by the inherent desire of every Norwegian to become the owner of a piece of land, and to be "man for himself,"—a characteristic which the limited number of sales in Ireland under the provisions of the Irish Land Act has shown to be not universal. It has gone on quietly, too, from economic causes—owing to there being a demand for small and none for large estates—in spite of laws of inheritance, which have in the main the same conservative and anti-dispersive tendency as our own.

If the distribution of landed property was affected only by laws of inheritance, the *odelsret* and *aasæderet* in Norway would have had the same prohibitive effect upon distribution as is attributed to our own laws of primogeniture, settlement, and entail. The *odelsret*, or right of the next heir to redeem a property which has been alienated by the representative of the family for the time being in possession, could formerly be exercised within twenty years after the sale, and for the sum which the purchaser had paid, no matter how much the property might have been improved in the interval; the limit is now three years, and the repurchase must be according to a valuation made at the time. Undisputed possession for twenty years by the same person, his wife, or next of kin, creates an *odelsret;* and it is lost when, as above, the property has been three years out of the family. As an *odelsret* cannot be alienated without the consent of the next heir, the purchaser must always buy at the risk of redemption—even when, as is occasionally done, the sale is kept secret until the prescribed period has elapsed, no sale being recognised by law as concluded until it has been duly registered, and the period of grace dating from the registration of the new title. It is obvious that this right of redemption, by the depreciatory effect which it has, of course, on the selling value of land, has a tendency to keep it in the hands of the class in possession; and it was originally instituted, not at all with the view of creating or perpetuating a class of small proprietors, but by the large landholders in early times, who practically made the laws, with the intention of preserving the territorial influence of their families. To the same source may be ascribed the *aasæderet*, or right of the eldest son to the land, which differs from our law of primogeniture in so far as that the younger children, in cases of intestacy, are not left out in the cold. While it gives to the eldest son the right to succeed to the whole of the land, it provides that he shall pay to each of his brothers and sisters an equal share of its value—the value, or price of his succession, as it is termed, being fixed by the father in his will, or, in the case of his dying intestate, by functionaries appointed for the purpose in each commune. As it is usual, in the interest of the eldest son, to make a low assessment, partition or sale, except where the family is very large, or there is much debt upon the land, is not by any means a necessary result of its being thus charged for the younger children; and therefore, when Mr Laing attributed the distribution of the land in Norway to the law of compulsory partition which he advocated for England, he was entirely in error.

Here, then, we have a country where there has come naturally into existence a state of things which some of our land reformers would like to see introduced by compulsory legislation into this country. Let us see how far the actual working of the system, where no artificial checks upon population exist,

justifies the sanguine expectations we are asked to form.

The usual arguments adduced in favour of a widely distributed ownership of land are,—that under such a system pauperism is unknown; that the land is rendered more productive; and that small proprietors are a valuable element in a community.

First, as to the question of pauperism.

It is admitted by the advocates of distribution, that if division of the land be carried too far, it will tend to produce the very evil which they propose to remedy; and they assume that when it has been distributed to the extent which they think desirable, division will go no further. Upon this point the statistics furnished by Dr Brock for the Brussels Congress in 1876 will be conclusive.

There were in Norway, in the year 1819, when a considerable percentage were occupying tenancies, 93,721 agricultural holdings. In 1870, when 90 per cent had become freeholds, the number was 149,013. With the increase of freeholds, the holdings rated at two *dalers* or under had increased from 50,513 to 111,542, while above that rating they had decreased from 43,108 to 37,471. Those at the lower rating are subdivided into three classes, and in all of these there is an increase (in the lowest, it being as much as from 4990 to 26,028); those in the higher division into four, in all of which there is a decrease, diminishing, however, up to the highest, in which the numbers in 1870 are very nearly the same as they were in 1819. The obvious deduction from these figures is, that the interest in keeping land undivided diminishes the lower you descend in the scale of ownership; in other words, that division produces subdivision, and subdivision admittedly produces pauperism. It might be said that the great increase in the number of small holdings in recent years was due to the additional land which is brought under cultivation every year; and no doubt a great many fresh ones have been so created. But the decline in the number of larger ones at the same time, together with the further statistical fact, that whereas in 1840 there were in the country 85,297 proprietors at an average rating of 2.30 *dalers*, in 1870 there were 135,159 at a reduced average of 1.61 *daler*-rating, speaks for itself, even to those who have no personal knowledge of the practice of the country.

Of that practice it is not easy, perhaps, to speak in general terms, in a manner which shall not be open to criticism. Time and difficulties of communication have fossilised such different customs and standards in different localities, and there is such diversity of life and social conditions generally in different parts of the country, that it is as absurd to generalise, as Mr Laing does, from the characteristics of one locality—even where those characteristics are not misrepresented—as it would be to take the Lothians as representative of the agricultural life of Scotland, or to judge of Ireland from the large farms and rich pastures of Kildare or Meath.

In the north of Norway the population is in a great measure a wandering one; and such part of it as is comparatively settled, depends for subsistence less upon the produce of the land than upon the hereditary trade of boat-building—which is carried on far up into the valleys—and upon the Lofoten fisheries, to which all the able-bodied men from long distances inland repair for three months of every year. In the east there are large forest-properties, whose

owners are the rich men of the country; in the midland districts large and well-cultivated farms, carrying from fifty to a hundred head of cattle; and in the south and west you might fancy yourself among the cabins of Argyleshire or Connemara. Leaving out of consideration, however, the wandering and the amphibious population, together with the few comparatively rich and the many absolutely poor, there remains a large class of medium owners, who may be taken as answering pretty accurately to the general conception of peasant proprietors, or men who live by the personal labour of themselves and their families, almost entirely from the produce of their own bit of freehold land, and who have pretty much the same habits and ideas in whatever part of the country they may be found. Among these, in spite of conservative laws of inheritance, of emigration, of the tendency to amalgamation of farms by marriages, and of the general feeling that paternal acres should be transmitted in the family — further subdivision is so continuously proceeding, that it would seem as if nothing but a succession of bad seasons, which would enable the more substantial men to buy up cheaply the adjoining holdings, presently saves the country from becoming altogether pauperised. Such typical peasant proprietor does not care to have more land than he can live off, according to his not very high standard of comfort and civilisation; and if, therefore, his wife has brought him additional land, or he is a man of small energy, or his family has not been numerous, he will almost invariably make an arrangement with the eldest son to divide the land, and so settle upon it two possibly larger families for a succession of bad seasons to ruin. If there are only two children, it is regarded as the natural thing that they should, on the death of the father, divide the farm. Or if there are many children, the eldest son, on succeeding, may find that there is so much debt, whether in the shape of mortgage or jointure, upon the land, that it will not bear the additional loan required to pay off his brothers and sisters, and it is accordingly divided. A portion, moreover, of the limited area of such freeholds will usually be found let to a tenant, who is under a sort of feudal obligation in miniature to give the proprietor a certain number of days' work in the year; and there being no landlord or agent to prevent it, there will, as a rule, be found a squatter or two in addition. Facilities are thus provided—houses being already there—for a further subdivision of the land. For if the *Gaardmand*, as he is called, is in want of money at any time for emigrating or marrying members of his family, or for the tax-collector, the tenant will probably have the much-wished-for opportunity of becoming the proprietor of the corner which he rents. A similar concurrence of fortunate circumstances often brings about a like transformation in the social status of the squatter. And as every Norwegian, at all events directly he becomes possessed of even a corner of uncleared ground, thinks himself entitled to marry and become the father of thirteen children—whose successive arrivals he contemplates, not with the pious resignation of the Irish peasant, who regards it as "the Lord's will," but in the spirit of his country's saying, "the more children, the greater blessing" —he will of course at once proceed to beget a family of little squatters, to disfigure with their dirty little persons the neighbouring highroad, and to become, in the event of his

death or illness, a burden upon the commune. So far from pauperism having been extinguished or diminished by a wide distribution of ownership, it is the fact that the poor-rates of the country are increasing year by year *pari passu* with the reckless increase of population which excessive subdivision tends to produce. Since 1815 the population in the land districts has risen from, in round numbers, three-quarters of a million, to, in 1875, a million and a half. If there are no beggars to be seen, and no poor-houses, it is because begging is a punishable offence, and because the poor are not collected under one roof, but are distributed with lodging-money among the already overcrowded houses of their several districts, where they appear to be only a part of the general poverty, just removed from pauperism, which, in spite of the development of the country of recent years, must, as long as the present land system lasts, continue to prevail.

We come next to the food-producing argument.

We are told that the material interests of the people demand that the tenure of land shall be such as will produce the best agriculture; that if tenants are transformed into proprietors, the productive powers of the land will be trebled; and that the experience of all the Continent goes to show that only small proprietors take the interest in their farms which enables them to make the most of them. The absurdity of the position that the mere transformation of a tenant into a proprietor is to equip him at once with all the latest scientific knowledge, and the capital necessary for its application, which will enable him to treble the productive powers of his land, hardly needs pointing out; but it may be useful to mention in passing, the fact, well known to Irish agents, that the occupier in that country who is virtually a proprietor, having his farm on a lease for ever at a merely nominal rent, generally has his land in the worst condition.

The argument based upon the material interests of the people had hardly come into vogue when Mr Laing took the peasant proprietors of Norway as an illustration of the advantages of the law for a compulsory partition of land; and ideally satisfactory as he represented their condition to be in other respects, he was obliged to admit that they were not good farmers. That, however, he thought immaterial, as the producer of grain who was working for himself only, who was owner of his land, and had not a third of its produce to pay as rent, could afford to be a worse farmer by one-third than a tenant. The bad farming to which he bore unwilling witness—and his experience was of a district of rather exceptionally substantial men—is still, unfortunately, a characteristic of the country, and was matter of general lamentation at an agricultural congress held not long ago at Christiania. The Norwegian peasant proprietor, notwithstanding the advance and general diffusion of agricultural knowledge of late years, still commits contentedly almost every agricultural sin. Of any sort of systematic husbandry he has but the most elementary notion. His system of rotation is to meadow the same land for three or four years, without giving it any assistance in the shape of top-dressing; to break it up then for a succession of grain crops, the last of which only will be manured, and then leave it fallow to grow grass without seed. Root-crops, except potatoes, are never grown, and the land is manured on an average once only in seven or eight years. The

Norwegian peasant proprietor, too, like the small Irish tenant, always keeps twice as much stock as he can feed properly during the winter, and supplements his fodder with birch and alder leaves, bark of the mountain-ash, reindeer-moss, and, along the coast, with fish-refuse. Although an improvement is taking place in this respect, it is still considered in some parts of the country, that if the cattle have not to be carried out of the byres in the spring —if they have strength to walk— they have been well wintered. The idea is to keep them alive only during the winter months for the butter and cheese to be made from them in the summer; and it is astonishing how well both cows and sheep look at the *sæters* in July, in spite of this winter *sultefodring*, or starving process. There are, of course, open ditches everywhere, instead of tiled drains, and undrained land on every farm. Machinery and artificial manures are but little used; and it is only very gradually that improved agricultural implements are taking the place of the former primitive home-made utensils. So backward, in fact, is agriculture generally in the country, so poor a return does it produce from the soil, and so much is the want apparent of enlightened supervision and example to counteract the mental and physical sluggishness of the people and their want of capital and knowledge, that the State has been obliged to step in, and take upon itself the functions of a resident landlord. In addition, therefore, to an agricultural college, it has instituted or subsidises local seminaries and local agricultural shows; sends practised agriculturists through the country to disseminate, at all events, theoretical knowledge; and, in conjunction with a national society, introduces better, but often unsuitable, breeds of stock. It has also imported people from Switzerland to show how, in a similarly mountainous country, a cheese of some value as an article of export may be produced. The State also—as there is attached to most farms in Norway a more or less extensive stretch of wood, and as a total ignorance of forestry is among the Norwegian peasant proprietor's deficiencies—buys up, wherever it can, tracts of forest, to set an example of less wasteful treatment; it makes, or contributes to the making of, all roads, and, in fact, does everything, and is expected to do everything, which is done by our landed proprietors for the enlightenment or development of their several neighbourhoods or counties. It is not easy to see how a system of land tenure which necessitates such intervention on the part of the State can be preferable, in the interests of agriculture, to one under which the land is protected by intelligent compact from misuse; which guarantees the continuance of a class who shall have the leisure to acquire, and the capital to apply, the latest scientific knowledge for its improvement, and under which men of capital may be found ruining themselves very often by high farming, for the benefit of the consuming public.

Lastly, small proprietors are, it is argued, such a valuable class, that they should not be allowed to disappear, or where they have disappeared through the inexorable operation of economic laws, they should be resuscitated with all possible expedition. Now, wherein consists their value? Is it political, or social, since their claim to be the best food-producers must be withdrawn? But in Norway we find that they constitute the party in opposition to all the educated intelligence of the country, and that no large

or liberal measure which does not affect themselves personally, and in the immediate present, can count upon their support. The patriotism of the peasant proprietors of Norway is a mere parochial conceit of nationality and jealousy of Sweden; and since, for want of a leading class in the country, they are like an army without officers, there is no reason to suppose that if the occasion should arise for a display of patriotism, they would show any more than their forefathers did, who for centuries submitted passively to the yoke of Denmark. On the contrary, from the reluctance with which even the small yearly outlay for the military and naval service of the country is voted, there is every reason to infer that they share the views of a member of the same valuable class in Sweden, who put his countrymen to the blush a year or two ago in the Rigsdag, by advancing, as an argument against the expenditure of further money upon defensive armaments, that, as it was not the custom now for private property to be confiscated by an invader, such expenditure was superfluous. It does not appear, moreover, that the peasant proprietors of Norway are more prolific of children to serve the State in the army or in any other capacity than their neighbours, who are merely occupying tenants, or that they produce a better article. Experience has rather shown elsewhere that peasant proprietors do not form the best material for a disciplined army. Dr Brock, however, insists upon the advantage which it is to the community that tenants should be transformed into owners, owing to the fortifying effect which the consciousness of ownership has upon the whole *morale*, not only of the man himself, but of his children. But from the same authority we learn, further on, that in the class of peasant proprietors in Norway, out of every hundred married couples, the respectable—or disreputable?—proportion of thirty-four have had children either before, or within the natural period after, their marriage; and their children do not show any disposition to improve upon the example of their fathers in this respect. In drunkenness, although there is a Permissive Bill in force in nearly every commune, the proprietary class, from having more means, rather take the lead; and of the turbulence of their social gatherings, in which the knife still plays a prominent part occasionally, graphic descriptions may be found in the novel literature of the country. Neither is the Norwegian peasant proprietor an example of the virtues of thrift, industry, and frugality, which ownership is said to produce. He is almost always in debt, the interest on mortgages taking the place of rent on nearly every freehold, with the difference only that in bad times there is no abatement. His industry (a virtue which doubling the rent has been found the most effectual means of producing in Ireland) is confined to getting a support for himself and his family out of his poor land, to which he might add every year very much more than he does by reclamation; and as to frugality, that, it is well known, never was a Northern virtue. Lastly, it will hardly be claimed for the small proprietor of Norway that he is valuable as a specimen of a high civilisation. As he lives the life of an agricultural labourer all the year round—with the difference only that he enjoys the beautiful feeling that he is working for himself—sleeping and eating rather more during the winter, when the conditions of his climate preclude him from outdoor work, cultivation of any kind can-

not, of course, be expected from him, and as certainly is not found. Of polish or refinement he has not learnt the alphabet. Sweetness and light, and even air, are almost unknown in his dwelling; and his general standard of cleanliness is about on a par with that of his fellow small proprietor of the Basque provinces of Spain. The enlightenment upon which his admirers dwell consists in his being able to read, and perhaps he has not forgotten how to write, both these accomplishments being necessary to confirmation, which is a compulsory rite in the country; and the discovery of paraffine having caused a greater diffusion of newspapers, he may now, during the long winter evenings, give an hour or two to the perusal of the Radical print which is issued for the special glorification of his class, from which he acquires that very little knowledge which is such a very dangerous thing, and upon the strength of which he considers himself entitled to meddle in politics to a much greater extent than is conducive to the advantage or good government of the country. The people of the towns, who constitute the party of intelligence, speak of him with the utmost contempt; and the members of the functionary class, who, by reason of their education, have, in default of a landed gentry, played the *rôle* of a superior class in the country, will sometimes be candid enough to admit in private that they quite agree with you, but dare not say it openly, that the life their peasantry lead is little better than an animal's. His only possible value, then—if it be a value—must lie in his personal independence of character. But this independence is equally characteristic of those among his own countrymen who are merely occupiers, and certainly not less so of the ordinary English or Scotch lease-holder, or even of the Lincolnshire tenant-at-will. This independence, too, he is liable to manifest in a merely rude self-assertion; and though to a Radical eye this may be exceedingly gratifying, the unbiassed observer will hardly find it more beautiful or more useful, whether to the community or to the individual, than the sentiment of loyalty to a superior which has been fostered, to the great advantage of the country, by the system of land tenure in the United Kingdom.

But granting that he is short-sighted, a bad farmer, ignorant, rude, of no political, moral, or social worth, your peasant proprietor is at least happy, his friends will say. Well, if to smell abominably, to have a horror of cold water, to live in a foul atmosphere, and to look upon eating, drinking, and sleeping, with other animal pleasures, as the only enjoyments of life, is to be happy, happy he certainly is—but happy as a pig is happy. And the pig, indeed, has the advantage; for his meals are regularly provided for him without the constant labour which is the condition of the small proprietor's existence, and his sleep is never disturbed by care. The mere sense of independence—as if that, any more than any other, feeling could be always present—is supposed to be all-sufficient for the peasant proprietor, no matter how loaded he may be with debt, how large a family he may have to provide for from his few acres, how much his nature may protest against the narrowness of his life,—a protest which Björnsen in his 'Arne' has well depicted, in the struggles of a lad who had succeeded early to such a fate, against his natural longing to go out into the world and breathe a freer air, and live instead of existing merely in the

confinement in which the custom of his country seemed to constrain him to acquiesce. Surely, if to be born to the occupation of owning an estate entitles a man to commiseration among ourselves, our compassion is due *a fortiori* to the man who is born to the occupation of a plot. The contemplation, indeed, of the dotted groups of tumble-down wooden buildings, without gardens, without any sign of neatness or order about them, which form the foreground of almost every Norwegian landscape, and which suggest only a very limited amount of comfort at the expense of unremitting labour, and a monotonous routine of petty interests, out of which their occupants never move, should produce upon any well-ordered mind a feeling not of gratification, but of profound depression.

We know, of course, the reverse side of the picture—the one which is usually presented,—that of the happy proprietor sitting in idyllic repose after the day's work is done, under the one tree that he has not been obliged to cut down for firewood, and watching, in a glow of conscious independence, his children paddling in the same mud before the door in which their father and grandfather have paddled before them. And for the satisfaction of those who think that such a state of bliss should be within the reach of all, but more especially in the interests of those who are anxious to have a piece of land that they can call their own, but who do not mean to breed a family upon it, or rely upon it solely for their support, by all means let the obstacles which our cumbrous system of land-conveyance places in the way of the realisation of their pet idea be removed. We have no fear that, by the removal of such artificial props to the English land system, we shall lose the characteristic beauty and order of the English landscape, which are the product of it, or the large and beneficent life of the English country-house, the influence of which even writers like Mr Mill and Mr Goldwin Smith are fain to recognise. Make the transfer of land as simple and expeditious as it is in Norway or Australia, modify the law of settlement as you please, and as long as the land is left really "free," England will still be a country of large estates, and of large and well-ordered farms, as long as she continues to be a rich country, and a country of capitalists, and as long as large estates bring social consideration, and the taste for country life remains. The foundations of the English land system, happily, lie deep in the character of the people, and in the history and traditions of the country. It will therefore, we hope, for many a long day yet, withstand the attacks of reformers, who would have the land broken up and subdivided, as in Norway, in such a manner that, while there are no rich, there shall be a very great number of very miserable poor—in such a manner that dirt and comparative poverty, instead of being localised in a few unsavoury spots, shall be generally distributed over the whole country, —and that while, with loyalty, and authority, and national dignity, all taste and beauty, as far as man is concerned, have disappeared from the scene, an impression only of pervading commonness shall remain from a study of the people and their life.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.—PART V.

XV.—CAMBARANGA AGAIN—A WET ADVENTURE—A HOSPITABLE REFUGE.

On his return to Cambaranga, John found that Mr M'Duff had come back from his northern tour, and did not appear over-well pleased that he had taken a holiday in his absence. M'Duff was one of those men who think they never can get enough work out of their subordinates. A hard worker himself, urged on by the stimulus which the immediate prospect of making money usually confers, he required that none of his people should do less than himself. John was kept at work from morning to night; and very often midnight saw him returning from business at one of the far outlying sheep-stations. For these exertions he received no pecuniary return, it being the opinion of Mr M'Duff, as well as of many other proprietors of "Dothe-boys Halls" in the colony, that the acquisition of a knowledge of Bush-life, or "colonial experience," as it is termed, amply compensated for the arduous labours performed.

A dull uninteresting ride brings him to the sheep-station. It is just time to count the flock: they are correct. John looks about him. It is a cheerless evening; the rainy season has begun—and the sky is heavily overcast. It will be a black, dark, and possibly very wet night. He hates the idea of riding home, but he knows that M'Duff makes a point of his returning in order to have him at work early.

This is the black swamp, only seventeen miles distant from home. Still eight miles to go. It is spitting rain as he canters along. The shadows grow deeper. Hark! there is a chorus of laughing jackasses; it must be sundown. It will be a frightfully dark night; now it sets in for heavy, settled rain. There will be no moon to illuminate, however opaquely, the heavy dense clouds. It becomes quite dark. Still he jogs along, looking for the welcome light, longing for the music of the dogs. He feels his horse is crossing deep, sharp gullies, —surely he cannot be on the road. Now he passes a stream of water, and the animal's hoofs crunch the stones and gravel. There is no stream to cross on the road. He gets off and alights in *grass*. He knows now that his horse has left the track. The grass is wet; but he is wet himself, and he leads his horse, feeling for the hard, smooth road with his feet. Is this it? He takes out his match-box and strikes a light. The sudden glare in the dark causes his nag to throw up his head with a jerk, and all the matches fly out on the ground—not one left. His horse has travelled this road hundreds of times—perhaps he was only taking a short cut. He mounts again, loosens the reins, and makes up his mind to trust entirely to the animal.

On they go slowly. The creature, finding the reins loose, walks away readily, tearing up large mouthfuls of grass. He must evidently have some place in view, he goes so cheerily in one direction. Perhaps he is making back to Cambaranga! How cold it is! Where on earth can he be going to now? He is climbing up steep ascents—so steep that John has to hold on by the mane; now he is descending a slippery, steep bank, and he slides yards. The trees and bushes have been

very thick for some time past, and long wet branches drag themselves across John's face and neck.

He is so wet by this time that he makes no effort to keep himself dry. The ground is streaming with water, and there is a continual sound of swush, swush, in his ears. What a night! Even the native dogs and the curlews have shelter. What would his mother think, were she alive, and did she know of his condition? He is crossing flat country now. The heavy rains have saturated the poor soil,—it is quite rotten, and the horse bogs deeply at every step. Oh, he is down, and struggling violently! John frees himself from the saddle. His feet sink in the soft mud up to the ankle. He extricates the animal, and leads him, bogging heavily, for some time. The mud splashes over his back and head. The country seems to be quite flat; occasionally the ground is hard, and he rides a little; then comes more bogging. He is fairly worn out; and on arriving at the next hard patch he makes up his mind to camp, in spite of the rain. Here is one. He gets off, and ties his steed to a tree. He has no hobbles, but a stirrup-leather answers as well. The ground is two inches under water, but he is so knocked up he cares not. He spreads the saddle-cloth and lies down, with his saddle for a pillow. How his teeth chatter! All around there is heard one continued croak, croak, croak, from the throats of countless frogs. Fatigue nevertheless compels sleep, and when he awakes it is breaking day. Saddling-up his shivering horse, he prepares to start, not to Cambaranga now, which he should have reached last night, but towards the overseer's station, whither Mr M'Duff had asked him to follow him that morning. Which way shall he go? The country is a dead level; he cannot tell north from south, east from west. The sky is one vast leaden cloud. He recollects hearing of a vast box-forest between the Betyammo run and this part of the Cambaranga station.

The horse he is riding was bred on it. Now it dawns on him why the brute left the road: he wanted to make back to his own old beat. What course shall he steer? He endeavours to follow back his tracks of last night, but the water is so deep in places as to prevent his seeing them. He keeps on in the direction he started in, and gets along at a pretty fair pace, considering the soft ground. In about two hours he falls in with fresh tracks. He is relieved. Some one passed this way not long ago. The tracks of the bogging horse, though filled with muddy water, are distinct enough. On he goes with spirits quite refreshed. Holloa! there are tracks of two horses now, both about the same age. He passes a bent tree and thinks he has seen it before. Now he comes to a fallen log, which he remembers. Heavens! he is following his own tracks in a circle. He begins to get frightened: he has heard of men perishing in the box-forest before. He carefully selects a tree ahead of him and makes for it, noting the place he started from. On arriving at the tree he selects another in front, keeping the last tree in a line with the first, and by repeating the plan he succeeds in travelling pretty straight. He has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he will get out of the forest eventually. The sun glimmers faintly, a pale round spot in the clouds. It is pretty high; it must already be the afternoon.

"Chop, chop, chop, chop," in the distance, faintly. John pulls up and listens eagerly, but there is no sound. He must have been mistaken. There again! He stops im-

mediately, and pricks up his ears. Yes, he hears it distinctly. Blacks. Now he will find out where he is. Guided by the sound, he rides up and discovers a black fellow of the Cambaranga tribe, who rejoices in the, at present, very appropriate name of "Stick-in-the-mud."

"Gooray, Ginty, Ginty. Which way you have come up, Missa Wess?"

"Me loose em road," returned the latter.

"Tut, tut, tut," responded the black, with a piteous look, shaking his head.

"Cambaranga close up?" inquires West.

"Bail good way."

The same answer is returned as to the distance from the overseer's place. Betyammo is described as "little bit, good way," and Stick-in-the-mud promises to show him on to a track leading there. John, who is faint with hunger, asks his sable friend to procure him some native honey, of which the Bush is full.

"Too much big fellow water, bail ply (fly) come up, bail pind (find) him," answers the aboriginal, adding, however, the question, "You patter (eat) potchum?"

"Yohi" (yes), said John, rather doubtfully, for he is not sure how his stomach will agree with the strange meat.

"All righ; me look out." He now went from tree to tree, examining carefully the bark, and at last, after inspecting a large gum-tree, he remarks, curtly, "Potchum sit down." This he seemed to detect by the fact that there were fresher scratches on its trunk, of the kind made by the animals when ascending than descending. The tree was a very large one. Its bark was smooth like glass. Cutting a notch in the bark, and embracing as much of the huge trunk as possible with his arms, the black fellow mounted the height of the step, then standing with his toe in the notch, with his tomahawk he proceeded to cut another, about the height of his waist, which he also ascended, keeping his body flat to the tree. Step by step he gradually rose, looking like a fly walking up a window-pane, until he reached the first fork, nearly forty feet above the ground. A sudden twist enabled him to surmount this difficulty, after which he walked among the branches with the activity of a monkey. Selecting one with a hole in it, he dropped two or three small stones which he had carried up with him down the hollow, listening intently as they rumbled down the pipe. They all stopped at a particular place. Descending to the spot, Stick-in-the-mud cut into the hollow, and inserting his hand, drew forth a large opossum, its eyes blinking in the daylight.

A few knocks against the tree deprived it of life, and throwing it down, its captor descended, grinning from ear to ear his appreciation of the white fellow's compliments as to his dexterity. Blacks never move without a fire-stick; and soon the opossum, divested of its fur, was roasting on a fire, emitting a most inviting odour under the circumstances. It makes Stick-in-the-mud, who has only lately despatched an immense meal, hungry again; and John has some difficulty in persuading him not to seize the half-roasted creature and bite out a piece.

The black fellow looks astonished; the prohibition is quite against the customs of his race; however, he gives in, contenting himself by throwing the entrails on the fire for a moment, and soon, to his guest's horror, he commenced despatching yards of the scarcely-warmed intestines, at the conclusion of which operation his face presented a sickening spectacle.

Were it not that he is almost fainting with hunger, the Englishman could not touch the black rat-looking animal, roasted in its skin, its tail curled round and round, and its paws drawn up by the heat.

Stick-in-the-mud fancies the delay is caused by ignorance as to the proper method of carving, and once more stretches forth his wet and highly odoriferous fingers towards the "plat." Shuddering, John snatches it away, and dividing it, presents him with half. On tasting his own he finds it by no means to be despised, and even longs for a little more.

Stick-in-the-mud watches him. With the acuteness of his people he had noticed the fastidiousness which characterised the first few mouthfuls, and he roared with laughter as he saw it disappearing. "Cawbawn potchum boodgeree, bail gammon. Black fellow, cawbawn patter, my word." *

They now started for Betyammo. With wonderful instinct the black fellow found his unerring way through the Bush. The country was still the same flat forest. No water-course intersected it which could act as a guide; no mountain rose for a landmark. Mile after mile the same interminable box-forest was traversed. Overhead the clouds hung blackly, but with unhesitating confidence the child of the woods walked ahead in the direction which he felt within him to be the right one. Now and then he stopped to ascertain whether or not a bandicoot was in its nest; and once in passing he gave two or three cuts with his tomahawk to a tree, out of which he dragged an immense maggot, which he swallowed with great relish, after politely offering it to John, and laughing heartily at his face of disgust. Now they fall in with a small track, and Stick-in-the-mud halts, saying—

"This one wheelbarrow yan 'long o' Beetyammo,† intimating at the same time that he himself is a "postman black fellow," travelling on a special mission from one tribe to another, and that his business will not permit him to go any further. Our friend rewarded his guide by giving him a handkerchief which he wore round his neck, and promised a liberal supply of tobacco on his coming to Cambaranga; and setting spurs to his horse, pushed along smartly, striking at last the main road near Betyammo.

Here he overtook Mr Gray, who was returning from a visit to a sheep-station.

Guessing the young fellow's plight, the kind-hearted old gentleman hurried him home, made him drink a couple of glasses of hot grog, and brought him in dry clothes. John West had grown very much since leaving home. He was now nearly six feet high, and a strong, active, muscular fellow. Mr Gray, on the contrary, was short and very stout; and his guest could not help laughing as he surveyed himself in his host's short inexpressibles, the legs of which failed to cover his ankles, and were a world too wide around the waist. A coat to match completed his equipment; and he joined the ladies, who welcomed him with much pleasure, wicked Bessie slyly complimenting him on his appearance.

Once more the rain deluges the country, and John congratulates himself upon having met Stick-in-the-mud. As the party are about sitting down to dinner, horses are heard trotting up, and soon a

* Literally: "Possum very good, no gammon. Black fellow plenty eat, my word."
† This road goes to Betyammo.

drenched individual, enveloped in a huge oilskin poncho, is standing at the door, shaking hands with Mr Gray. It is our friend Stone. His horses are turned out, his swags brought inside, and in a short time the good-looking, honest, careless fellow joins the party. He is an old acquaintance. He has just come up from Sydney, and he has news for every one.

He describes the cattle at the great Agricultural Show to Mr Gray, and relates with much enthusiasm how the black and yellow colours of "Old Tait" were once more borne to victory by the little Barb; and, for the ladies' benefit, he gives an account of a ball at Government House, and other gay festivities in which he took part.

He describes the appearance and breeding of the latest imported horses and cattle, and the shape of the greatest novelties in fashionable dress. In fact, he is a fund of information and amusement. He is acquainted with the probable price of store wethers in Victoria this coming season; and the gossip of Sydney and Brisbane is at his finger-ends. Moreover, he interests Mr Gray very much by giving him some information about new country. When in Sydney he met some fellows who had been out exploring lately, and they gave him an account of lands away to the northward which must ultimately be of great value; and he himself has an idea of joining a party which is about to be formed in order to examine and secure some of them.

And in the room at night, which they share between them, he told John of a small windfall which came to him lately in the shape of a few hundred pounds.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," he remarked. "I'll go out with this expedition, take up some country, and either sell it and go out again, or try and get some one to join me in stocking it. I wish you would come too, West," he continued. "You have got some cash. You can easily double it this way, without loss; and you will pick up colonial experience in shifting for yourself far sooner than in working for others."

"I wish I could," said John; "but my money is in my guardian's hands, and I have no command of it."

"That's a pity," returned Stone. "Well, it can't be helped; but just let me give you a bit of advice. Get hold of your money as soon as you can yourself, and stick to it. Remember it is very hard for a gentleman to get along in the Bush without capital. As for the labourer, he is a thousand times better off. He lands here, and he is sure of better wages than he could expect at home. His food is found. His expenses are reduced to a minimum. Every step he makes is one in advance. There are openings here for him which do not exist at home. In a couple of years he buys a horse-team; next year he has two. A small farm or a public-house follows as a natural consequence, and he is almost immediately a moneyed man, *provided he does not drink*, which is the rock he splits on too often. I consider that when an intelligent, sober, and hard-working young man lands in this colony, it is as if he had a legacy of £500 put into his pocket at home; but the gentleman's son, without capital and without a profession, is in a far different position. He works often for less wages, in a highly responsible position, slaving hard to amass sufficient to make a start. He is in charge of valuable herds, and a vast property. He cannot begin in a petty way. His mind revolts from making a commencement as a carrier, or a travelling hawker, or a publican, and associating with the people that kind

of work would cause him to live amongst. Should he commence business as a storekeeper even, he is dependent upon favour for custom; he must conciliate the lowest classes often, and always on a digging township. The masses cannot bear to find any man with more refined thoughts or manners than themselves. They will not tolerate independence. It is not enough to give value for money. To succeed, he must slap 'Jack' on the back, and be poked in the ribs in return. He must drink a nobbler with 'Tom,' and be ready to 'shout' for all hands at least once a-day. Nor must he be annoyed if he finds 'Bill' lying on his bed, with his dirty boots, scrutinising his most cherished photographs, and commenting on them in his delightfully brusque, frank style. It is not," continued Stone, "that a man wants to keep himself aloof from a snobbish feeling of superiority,—no sensible fellow would; but at the same time, one likes to be independent, and live among one's equals if possible. That is the reason why you find so many fellows go away down to town and spend their money. It seems so utterly hopeless, that what they can manage to save out of their small screws will ever grow into a sum large enough for them to make a beginning with, in the way they have been used to, that the natural desire for a visit to town after the seclusion of the Bush, with its constant hardships, merely affords them an opportunity of spending what they have earned. They know few towns-people. They have no pleasant houses to visit at. They take up their quarters at a hotel frequented by squatters—men in whose society they have lived in the Bush, and whose habits and ways are like their own, but whose purses are longer. They go from one place of amusement to another, longing for the rest of a pleasant home, sighing for the society of well-bred women in vain. Their own homes are like mine, in most cases, away across the water in Old England, and so they get into a fashion of spending their money and their holidays in this manner as a matter of course. There are, however, many who like nothing better; and some young Australians, with happy homes to go to, choose rather to spend their time in a rowdy, fast way, than among their own circle, but three-parts of the Bush-fellows would be glad of the chance they throw away. It is jolly enough while one is young, but it can't last for ever, you know, West; so when I dropped into this little thing I put the drag on, rolled up my valise, and took my passage for Brisbane. I was sorry to leave, too. A number of northern men were in Sydney at the time, and came to see me and two or three others, who were cleaned out, off. As we steamed away from the quay, by Jove! I envied them all standing in a body there, shouting and chaffing remarks about 'Old Queensland,' and sending messages to chums up in the Bush; and when I thought how they would return to a good dinner at 'The Royal,' or 'Petty's,' or 'The Metropolitan,' and then stroll on to the theatre, and so on, while I had to cut away back to hard work, I almost felt inclined to stay; and indeed, an hour afterwards, as we passed through the heads, and the old Clarence snorted away northwards through the dirty black night, and over a chopping cross-sea, if I could have returned I believe I would. I don't think," said Stone, ruefully, "anything can be worse than coming out of Sydney Heads on a squally, dismal evening, a little upset after a spell in town. That feeling, however, soon goes

off, and as Fortune seems inclined to do the right thing this time, I'll give her every opportunity before she has time to change her fickle mind."

So saying he turned over, and was asleep almost immediately, leaving John to ruminate on what he had said with regard to his money, about which he somehow could not help feeling uncomfortable.

XVI.—THE LAMBING—SWINDLING A NEW CHUM.

Next morning John returned to Cambaranga, leaving Stone, who had accepted Mr Gray's invitation to pass some days there, to spell his horses. In a fortnight's time, however, he passed on his road north, accompanied by a Betyammo blackboy, driving a number of Betyammo horses.

During the night he spent at Cambaranga he acquainted John with the fact that he had, since last seeing him, entered into a partnership with Mr Gray, who had agreed to stock any good country which he might eventually secure, and meanwhile share his expenses, and the profits on all country he might take up and sell.

It must not be thought that during this time John West had forgotten Ruth, his guardian's stepdaughter, or his affection for her. He had not long been at Cambaranga when he sought out her mother's grave, and found it a mere mound of earth—forgotten, uncared for. The cows browsed over it, and the rats burrowed into the soft soil. No stone or cross marked the spot where that gentle heart slept peacefully, but a great currajong waved its beautiful leaves lovingly as a shelter from the fierce noonday sun and the chill night dews, its perennial greenness emblematically showing forth the eternal life into which the soul of the sleeper had entered.

He asked permission of Mr M'Duff to enclose it and put it in order, and received from him a rather coarse reply, that he might, if he chose, make a stockyard round it. His finances were by no means in a flourishing condition, but he gladly expended the greater portion of them in causing a neat fence to be erected around this spot, so dear to the little friendless heart.

One of the men, a mason by trade, had managed to cut a neat headstone from a flat block of sandstone found in the creek, and John very often made a pilgrimage to the place, which recalled the one love-romance of his life.

It surprised him a good deal that, although he had written two or three letters to Ruth, she had never taken any notice of them, and he puzzled his brains often to find out the reason. He had always taken a brotherly care of her, and he knew she liked him. What could be the cause? Mr Cosgrove wrote once or twice, but his letters were harsh and cold—mere exhortations to work. And of work he had enough. Sometimes John had to go out and assist in cutting down trees, and making bough-yards; at others, his assistance was needed in sinking post-holes and putting up fences; or he had to drive bullocks and bring in firewood.

It was perhaps fortunate for John that he learnt these rough experiences while still young, and in a great measure they kept him from dwelling on his lonely lot. His happiest moments at this time were those passed in slumber, when his mind reviewed the most cherished

recollections of his more youthful days, and revealed to him again the loved features of his sainted mother, his grave father, and Ruth, with her wavy brown curls, and sweet sad face.

At last lambing-time came round, and he received instructions from Mr M'Duff to join a party of three men who were being sent out to take charge of one of the flocks. Their destination was a distant creek. The spot selected for a lambing-ground is always chosen with the object of having plenty of green feed for the ewes, so as to produce abundance of milk; but even to John's inexperienced eye this one did not at all look promising. Part of the grass had never been burnt, and the remainder had been set on fire so recently, that it looked like a mere black waste. Surely a better place could have been found than this. If rain fell immediately, the grass would spring; and although at this time of the year the cold would keep it back considerably, still one might manage to get along; but there was no prospect of a change from the bright, cold, sunny weather. A black look-out, indeed, for a good lambing.

If the men grumbled at the wretched pasture, they broke into open mutiny when they saw the condition of the flock they had to attend to, and the want of comforts for themselves and necessary articles for their work. The hurdles which are required to make folds for holding sheep, and small pens to imprison such refractory ewes as will not own and "mother" their young, were few in number and of bad quality. The bark *gunyah* the men lived in was made of poor and rotten bark; and as for the ewes, they were enough in themselves to insure the failure of a lambing, even on plentiful feed.

"Toothless, ragged, old grannies," muttered the hurdle-man.*

It is customary to divide a reward of sixpence per head for all lambs reared over 80 per cent of the total number of ewes sent to the lambing, among the men whose exertions have contributed to the result. This sum is in addition to their wages. Besides this, at a lambing where the sheep are fat and the grass abundant, very little trouble is required to make things go smoothly; whereas a bad lambing makes every one working at it discontented, listless, and dissatisfied with himself, his mates, the sheep, the grass, and above all, the boss, or super, whose the responsibility or loss is.

It certainly did not look like M'Duff's good management sending this large flock (over 1500) to such a wretched spot. John had often heard him speak of the necessity of parting with old sheep. What could he mean by sending them here? A younger flock could stand it better. He was aware that good grass was scarce just then, but it surely was more necessary for these poor creatures to have something to lamb on than stronger ones. The overseer who attended to the wants of the men seemed glad to get away from the desolate spot as soon as he could, and M'Duff never came near it. There was clearly no hope of a percentage, or even of a tolerable lambing, and the men, disheartened and disgusted, took no interest in their work.

Day by day matters grew worse. Lambs were dropped in numbers; but so old, and weak, and hungry were the mothers, that they rather ran seeking food for themselves

* The man who has charge of the young lambs for the first three days after they are dropped.

off, and as Fortune seems inclined to do the right thing this time, I'll give her every opportunity before she has time to change her fickle mind."

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It was perhaps fortunate for John that he learnt these rough experiences while still young, and in a great measure they kept him from dwelling on his lonely lot. His happiest moments at this time were those passed in slumber, when his mind reviewed the most cherished

recollections of his more youthful days, and revealed to him again the loved features of his sainted mother, his grave father, and Ruth, with her wavy brown curls, and sweet sad face.

At last lambing-time came round, and he received instructions from Mr M'Duff to join a party of three men who were being sent out to take charge of one of the flocks. Their destination was a distant creek. The spot selected for a lambing-ground is always chosen with the object of having plenty of green feed for the ewes, so as to produce abundance of milk; but even to John's inexperienced eye this one did not at all look promising. Part of the grass had never been burnt, and the remainder had been set on fire so recently, that it looked like a mere black waste. Surely a better place could have been found than this. If rain fell immediately, the grass would spring; and although at this time of the year the cold would keep it back considerably, still one might manage to get along; but there was no prospect of a change from the bright, cold, sunny weather. A black look-out, indeed, for a good lambing.

If the men grumbled at the wretched pasture, they broke into open mutiny when they saw the condition of the flock they had to attend to, and the want of comforts for themselves and necessary articles for their work. The hurdles which are required to make folds for holding sheep, and small pens to imprison such refractory ewes as will not own and "mother" their young, were few in number and of bad quality. The bark *gunyah* the men lived in was made of poor and rotten bark; and as for the ewes, they were enough in themselves to insure the failure of a lambing, even on plentiful feed.

"Toothless, ragged, old grannies," muttered the hurdle-man.*

It is customary to divide a reward of sixpence per head for all lambs reared over 80 per cent of the total number of ewes sent to the lambing, among the men whose exertions have contributed to the result. This sum is in addition to their wages. Besides this, at a lambing where the sheep are fat and the grass abundant, very little trouble is required to make things go smoothly; whereas a bad lambing makes every one working at it discontented, listless, and dissatisfied with himself, his mates, the sheep, the grass, and above all, the boss, or super, whose the responsibility or loss is.

It certainly did not look like M'Duff's good management sending this large flock (over 1500) to such a wretched spot. John had often heard him speak of the necessity of parting with old sheep. What could he mean by sending them here? A younger flock could stand it better. He was aware that good grass was scarce just then, but it surely was more necessary for these poor creatures to have something to lamb on than stronger ones. The overseer who attended to the wants of the men seemed glad to get away from the desolate spot as soon as he could, and M'Duff never came near it. There was clearly no hope of a percentage, or even of a tolerable lambing, and the men, disheartened and disgusted, took no interest in their work.

Day by day matters grew worse. Lambs were dropped in numbers; but so old, and weak, and hungry were the mothers, that they rather ran seeking food for themselves

* The man who has charge of the young lambs for the first three days after they are dropped.

than "took" to their helpless offspring. Piles of lambs lay around the hurdle-yards each morning dead—with their eyes picked out, often long before death, by the cruel crows, of which, and carrion-hawks, hundreds could be seen sitting on the neighbouring trees. All day long numbers of motherless, deserted, helpless creatures, with tucked-up bodies and humped backs, baa'ed with faint weak voices their desire for a little food. Dead sheep lay everywhere. Not one ewe in a score cared for and nursed its lamb. Those were lucky who recovered the prostration of lambing. They had no love for their young, and no milk to give them if they had. Still lambs kept increasing by hundreds. The men did not know what to do with them. It was a mercy to kill them. There were lambs everywhere, and almost all without mothers. Lambs in the yard—lambs down at the water-holes—in the Bush—in the hut,—everywhere.

It distressed John to see such a loss of property, apart from the misery of the poor, weak, starved mites that cried their little throats so dry, and their mouths so sore, as to be unable to swallow the nourishment which he sometimes procured for them from ewes who had a little milk.

It was impossible to do anything for the whole body, yet he could not sit with his hands folded; and many were the different plans which, under the guidance of the experienced old shepherd, he adopted. He made little pens of hurdles, into which any ewe that showed signs of having milk, and that would not fondle her lamb, was put with it—both being marked with raddle in a similar way, in order that they might be detected easily in the crowd, when allowed to feed, and imprisoned again—until at length the mother got, by very force of habit, to love her young. Others, whose lambs had died, were penned up and respectively accommodated with a motherless one, on whose back was fastened the skin of its foster-mother's deceased little one. In many cases this met with success. Numerous plans were tried, some mothers being coaxed, others cajoled, and others intimidated. Some were kept on purpose to feed the poor little hungry orphans, who had been deserted by their own parents after suckling them for a few days, and who tried their puny utmost to prolong existence.

It was throughout a most painful business. Often during the night John would be awakened by a thin treble baa from some little lost waif, which had fallen asleep during the day, and which, unsought for by its mother, had lain in the Bush, unnoticed, by itself. This appeal he never could withstand; and, seeking the homeless solitary one, he would endeavour to assuage its young grief by giving it a drink from one of his penned-up milkers.

At length it was over, and the last ewe had lambed. All the mobs of different aged lambs which had been hitherto kept apart were boxed up together, the sheep were made over to their shepherd, and the men rolled up their swags, and tramped into the head-station to get paid.

The latter part of the lambing had not been so trying as the first half. Rain had fallen, and grass was comparatively plentiful; but the poor condition and age of the mothers had operated fatally against its success. There were about a hundred lambs saved, but over six hundred of the mothers had left their bones to bleach on the fatal spot. It was indeed a bad business, and John was thankful it was over; but he did not care to face the old superintendent with the fatal tally of survivors.

On describing what had occurred, however, Mr M'Duff did not seem to take it very much to heart, merely remarking that John was exceedingly unlucky with his first lambing.

Rather surprised to find his boss in such a gentle mood, the latter added a remark, to the effect that had the sheep been on better pasture the result would have been more favourable.

"It is not likely," returned his superior, "that your sheep are to have the pick of the lambing-places. They are hard enough to find of any sort this year."

"My sheep!" ejaculated the young man, wonderingly.

"Yes, of course, your sheep. You were looking after your own ewes lambing, and you are fortunate in being allowed to keep them on the station at a time when we require all the grass there is for ourselves."

"How did they become mine?" inquired the surprised new chum, bewildered about his new property.

"Become yours! Well, I—I—I——" stammered M'Duff, who, notwithstanding his greed and selfishness, had the grace to feel ashamed of the cheat which, under the direction of his unscrupulous senior, he had unhesitatingly played on the trusting lad. "The fact is, your guardian invested your money in them nearly a year ago, just after last shearing. I've got the receipt somewhere; I'll find it and give it you."

"You do not mean to say that Mr Cosgrove has sold me that flock of ewes which are dying so fast, and paid himself with my money?"

"That is the flock he chose for you, and he cannot help the seasons. He received you on his station; invested your money for you. You have been taught colonial experience" (John laughed bitterly); "and you have had the use of the run for your sheep."

John had not sufficient knowledge of business to understand the nature of the transaction thoroughly, but he knew enough to feel alarmed.

"Will you show me the account against me in the station books?" he said, desperately, as if doubting the evidence of his ears.

He had worked so faithfully—his whole soul had been in doing his duty—that he could not believe so true an adherent and so enthusiastic a servant could have been treated so treacherously.

They proceeded to the little office, and John read against his name, in M'Duff's scrawling characters, a blotted, jumbled-up statement, which gave him to understand that almost immediately after last shearing this flock had become his. The original number (1700) was charged to him at the unusually high figure of 15s. per head. Two hundred had died during the cold, wet season.

John knew too well the enormous number of deaths during lambing, and he found himself now with 900 old ewes and a few lambs, at the mercy of his untrustworthy so-called guardian, or his managing partner, for grass to feed them with. Another glance at the books showed him that, after payment of passage-money, shepherds' and lambers' wages, there stood but a slender balance in his favour.

He said nothing: his soul was too sorely hurt to say much. Truly he had fallen among thieves; and those who ought to have protected him had made prey of him. Verily M'Duff had known how to get rid of his old ewes with a vengeance.

Mechanically rolling up his receipt for "money received from Mr John West, price of 1700 ewes, aged," he left the office, his breast swelling, more with grief at the

base duplicity of the transaction than for the loss of his small fortune, which, as the money never had been in his possession, did not come home so acutely to him as it might have done. That he, who had worked so honestly, whose thoughts and energies day and night were how he might best please him under whose roof Ruth lived, should have been made the victim of so vile a swindle, so cowardly a deception! Now he understood Stone's hints about getting his money into his own hands. Now he knew the meaning of the sneers which were coupled with the names of many squatters as the proprietors of "Dotheboys Halls."

At last he believed the stories of Australian wool princes, living in England, graciously undertaking the charge of young men of capital who desired learning the art of making a fortune by sheep-farming, in order to be able to charge them an exorbitant premium for the pleasure of acting as a grocer's apprentice in their stores, combined with that of a butcher's boy at their slaughtering-yards, and finally winding up by selling them their surplus stock at prices above just rates. He had heard that the pin-money of some ladies travelling in Europe with their spouses, the lords of cattle on a thousand hills and of flocks innumerable, was derived from this source.

As he lay awake all night on his hard bunk, he passed through a "colonial experience" which opened his eyes wider to the ways of the world than they had ever been before. He had cherished the hope of rendering himself so useful to his employers as to make it worth their while to retain him in their service, under a salary which, saved with care for years, might, joined to his own little inheritance, make him an independent man,—and now that dream was over. The next feeling was one of bitter anger and hatred to all concerned. He recollected his dislike to Mr Cosgrove, on first seeing him. He remembered the continual drudgery of his life under M'Duff. How differently he had been treated by kind old Mr Gray and his friend Fitzgerald! He would not stay another hour under the roof of the men he hated. He felt inclined to throttle the first of them who came in his way. And he consigned to the depths of eternal punishment Cosgrove, and M'Duff, and the hopeful Ralf, and Ru—— No, not Ruth,—he could not include her. His fierce emotion softened as he thought of her: she was virtually alone like himself; she had none of the cheat's blood in her veins: and then his father's image rose up before him; and the thought of how he had striven to secure the boy's future welfare, and that he should have died, trusting to the assurances of a wolf in sheep's clothing, nearly choked him. A fierce burst of tears relieved his pent heart; and he calmed down, wondering at the violent sobs which shook his frame and the bed he rested on.

He was resolved now—that very morning, as soon as light should come—he would go over and ask Fitzgerald's advice; but whether he advised it or not, he would stay no longer on the Cambaranga run. Sooner would he travel his sheep from one station to another than be under any obligation to his robbers.

Accordingly, avoiding M'Duff, who, to tell the truth, was not very desirous of meeting him, the lad saddled a colt, which he had bought some time before, and rode to Ungahrun, getting there about lunch-time.

Fitzgerald was not in when he arrived; and he had time to cool down a little before his host came home, which he did about sundown.

"Holloa! West, my boy! awfully glad to see you! I've been looking for a visit this good while; but I suppose lamb—— But I say, old fellow," he broke in, concernedly, as he noticed John's twitching features, "what's the matter? eh? anything wrong?"

John stammered out some unintelligible, broken, excited words about M'Duff, old ewes, and Cosgrove. Fitzgerald perceived that something was radically wrong to disturb the lad's generally quiet spirit, as this did; but he could not as yet understand what it was all about. So bringing out some brandy, he made John swallow a large glassful, and then, sitting down beside him, he gradually mastered the details of the affair.

"Just like that fellow Cosgrove. Couldn't have expected anything better from him. As for old M'Duff, he is a tool—a willing tool—and will be used by him until he has grown useless, when he will have to pass under the harrow himself. I feared something of this sort before; but having heard that Cosgrove was your guardian, I was inclined to think that he would be manly enough to act fairly by you."

The honest young squatter sympathised deeply with John, more especially as he knew himself how much interest the latter had taken in his employer's service. They talked over the affair that night, and it ended by Fitzgerald's inviting John to bring his sheep over to Ungahrun until they finally made up their minds what to do in the matter.

Gladly did our friend accept the kind offer; and a week afterwards he arrived at Ungahrun with his four-footed property, like a patriarch on a small scale.

Old Mr Gray, whose judgment on matters relating to sheep was very sound, rode over, at Fitzgerald's request, and on examining the little mob, gave his opinion that they were "culls"—that is, sheep drafted out of other flocks for some fault, or on account of age. They were not a very bad lot, which he put down to the fact that the worst of them had died; and lastly, he thought they might, in the present state of the market, bring five shillings per head, and considered that it would be advisable for John to part with them after shearing, offering him, at the same time, the use of his wool-shed for the purpose.

This view of matters having been also adopted by Fitzgerald, our hero succeeded in getting his old crawlers stripped of their coats, about a couple of months afterwards, by Mr Gray's shearers, in the Betyammo shed, and eventually had the pleasure of parting with them to a buyer who, having sold his station at a high price per head for the sheep on it, was on the look-out for stock at a low figure to increase the purchase-money.

A letter which West wrote to Mr Cosgrove, prompted by Mr Gray, merely drew forth a reply to the effect that all business matters were in the hands of Mr M'Duff, who had been commissioned by him to invest John's capital. This both Mr Gray and Fitzgerald translated into watching the means by which he might, at the most favourable opportunity, appropriate it to the station use. Young West was now offered a home by both of his kind friends; but he decided upon choosing to stay at Ungahrun, having taken a great liking to its open-hearted young master.

THE AFGHAN WAR:

PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A STAFF OFFICER, FROM JANUARY 20, TO FEBRUARY 15.—PART II.

KÀBUL, *January* 20, 1880.

NEARLY forty years ago, the features of the country between Gandamak and Kàbul were brought more or less home to English firesides in connection with our army's disastrous retreat from the Afghan capital in January 1842. Out of upwards of four thousand soldiers, and more than twice as many camp-followers, only one survivor, Dr Brydon, reached Jalàlàbàd,—all besides having perished in the snow, or been mowed down by Afghan shot or steel, except the prisoners and hostages taken by the Ghilzài chief, Akbar Khàn, soon after the march began, and no doubt a certain number of native stragglers. In January 1880, the same line has again witnessed events of great interest and importance—though the almost unopposed progress of Brigadier-General Gough's column from Gandamak to Sherpur well illustrates how easy it is, in certain circumstances, to advance compared with the difficulty and danger of retreat. Stay-at-home soldiers and professional leader-writers are dwelling much on the fact of the sixty miles of way now referred to—namely, from Gandamak to the Afghan capital—not having been secured by means of military posts planted all along it. But really in a country of this description it is always so easy for a brigade, carrying its own supplies, to advance where and when occasion requires—while, on the other hand, the objections against maintaining isolated and weak positions in mountain-passes are so considerable, that it may even be questioned whether the risks and disadvantages of the latter course are not greater than the posts themselves are worth. Not only is the very presence of such posts an offence to warlike mountain clans and races, but in a country where not so much as firewood is procurable, without cutting down the fruit-trees of the people, or carrying it on the backs of transport animals from more or less distant bases, it is easy to realise how impossible it is to maintain very long even a small detachment, without numerous roots of bitterness springing up between the natives and ourselves, were it only on points of food and fuel supply. A road held by posts, moreover, is, as it were, the invader's advertised line of movement, in the neighbourhood of which preparations for resistance or aggression have every chance of being matured. On the other hand, with no definite route previously staked out, the probability is in favour of even the smallest force, were it but a squadron of cavalry, meeting not only with no opposition, but even with a friendly reception from the inhabitants, on its suddenly entering a line of country. It is not known whether considerations like the above—applicable, perhaps, to partisan rather than scientific warfare—had anything to do with the virtually unheld state of the road from Gandamak to Kàbul a month ago. More probably the road was in some measure left to chance, merely because of there being really no spare troops with which to cover it; regard being paid at once to the necessities of the Kàbul position itself, and to those of the long and critical line of country stretching between Gandamak and Peshàwar,

viâ Jalàlàbàd, Daka, and the Khaibar. However this may have been, England may well look back with thankfulness to the safety and comparative ease with which General Gough's force, in December 1879, threaded its way through some of the very defiles which proved the grave of so many of our race close on forty years before.

The Afghan winter has been a little later than usual this year in setting in. On the 15th of January, Safìd Sang and the lower mountain-ranges round Gandamak lay basking in purple sunshine. The Murki Khel river, which, flowing through a deep open gorge or ravine, skirts the north-western flank of the British position, had nothing of winter about it, except the deadly brownness of its banks, and the half-fossil aspect of the leafless mulberry and pomegranate trees, clumps of which send their roots towards its waters. Until lately, a serviceable if rather ungainly bridge spanned the Murki Khel, just beyond Safìd Sang. At present, however, this is partly in ruins; but the river is very shallow, so much of its stream being drawn away, in fact, at this season for irrigation purposes, that enough is seldom available for the working of a small corn-mill standing close to its channel. The road towards the capital passes, first of all, for a mile or more, through the country of the Kharbùn Khugiànis, one or two of whose villages can just be made out on either side—notably the hamlet near which the ex-Amìr signed the treaty of 26th May last. A few hundred yards further on, a second stream is crossed; and then the right of way, or of plunder, passes into the hands of the third great sept of Khugiànis—namely, the Sherzàds. To their own surprise, no doubt, Kharbùns and Sherzàds are all just now at work, shoulder to shoulder, at straightening and broadening, or in some places wholly remaking, the king's highway. Gangs of brawny labourers are to be seen at every turn; the presiding genius being an astute native subordinate of the Indian department of Public Works, who will probably return to his home richer than any of the British officers, his superiors, ever will do. Whether the road thus being opened up between these barren hills is destined in the end to facilitate the advance of the Russian army so much talked about, or, on the contrary, to enable us the more easily to keep out all intruders, is a matter lying beyond the pale even of conjecture. But in regard to our present and immediate objects, not only is the improved road, *per se*, worth at least an average division—major-general, three brigadier-generals, commandant of artillery, and numerous staff, all reckoned—but the most passing glance at the warlike figures engaged in the work, serves to fill all save the keenest soldiers with satisfaction at their being thus peacefully employed, instead of being left to play the part of so many Roderick Dhus against us, with knife and rifle, on their mountain-sides. Wonderful, surely, is the power of money!

By degrees the outlines of the country grow more and more rugged and formidable; the distant mountains closing in, as it were, and the heights immediately surmounting the road looking, in many places, as if good light troops could make them uncommonly inconvenient spots for an army encumbered with trains of ammunition, gun-waggons, and supplies to pass. With the Surkhàb, or Red River, the territory of the Khugiànis is left behind, and that of the Ghilzàis entered, the stream forming, where it crosses the road under a fine old bridge,

no unfitting boundary of the country of this, perhaps the most turbulent and enterprising, as it was at one period of history the most famous, of all the tribes of Afghanistan. Confined for some distance above the bridge, in a straight channel of apparently sheer lime and ironstone, it comes pitching down like a rocket, its waters bounding and rebounding in every direction, now against the unbending banks, and now against masses of stone raising themselves out of its bed. The bridge passed, the country opens a little, and the character of the stream changes, accordingly, into that of a still brawling and picturesque, but comparatively spread-out, current. To see the powerful sun of Asia pouring down its beams on rivers in themselves resembling the Tweed or the Spey, makes the traveller sometimes wonder for the moment where he is. Not far from the Surkhàb, in a hollow among the mountains called Pezwàn or Pezwàn dand (a "Marquis of Annandale's Beef-tub" on a smaller scale), is the first military post and halting-place between Gandamak and Kàbul, ten or twelve miles from the former—as much as it is prudent to include in ordinary circumstances in one day's march in such a country as this. Officers, however, moving independently, and others, often cover two, or even three, of the regular stages at a stretch, especially when fortunate enough to possess four or five of the pack-horses, or *yàbùs*, of the country, which, having been bred for centuries with this one object in view, are more like little elephants than horses, and yield to no similar race in the world in hardihood, in docility when properly managed, and in the power of carrying great unwieldy loads, day after day, over the longest distances and by the most break-neck paths.

Ever since the recent memorable surprise at the capital, Pezwàn has formed the first of a series of six regular posts, held by us, at intervals between Gandamak and Kàbul. Situated, as already mentioned, near the confines of the Ghilzài territory, its importance, from this point of view, has procured for it the honour of being occupied by H.M.'s 51st Foot, whose tents whiten almost every foot of ground level enough to be encamped upon; while the numerous day-and-night pickets, which have to be planted for the protection of the camp all round the surrounding heights, make duty both trying and heavy, especially as the days are still—or were, until lately, occasionally very warm,—chilling winds and a general rawness of atmosphere, which struck one, from the great variation in the temperature, as quite Siberian, setting in usually towards sunset. The men were healthy, however, and looked as if they rather thought they were having a fine time of it.

From Pezwàn to Jagdallak, near which are the well-known ruby-mines, the road gradually ascends as it trends west by north, and passes through a singularly bare and sterile country. The value of the rubies obtainable in the district seems problematical. Vegetable and animal treasures are certainly conspicuous by their absence. Mineral wealth may, however, for all that is known, exist in abundance. If only gold, for example, could be found, how quickly would the Afghanistan difficulty—in its present form at least—be solved; and how suddenly and completely would Ghilzài and Khugiàni, Bàrakzài, and Duràni, Amìr, Khàn, and Mullah, disappear before the great stampede of Western civilisation which would set in from Europe, America,

and Australia! This picture being too confusing to be long dwelt upon by any ordinary mind, it is well to know that the only gold discovered as yet in Afghanistan has been in the form of Russian roubles in the Kàbul bàzàrs! The village of Jagdallak, like most of its fellows, lies hidden out of sight, up one of the many inlets or valleys among the mountains; but two British posts designed to hold in check the whole locality are prominent objects as one passes.

At Jagdallak, on the morning of January 17, there was every symptom of a coming snowstorm. So, evidently, thought the people of the country themselves; for every wayfarer was muffled or mantled to the utmost extent of his means; and muleteers had been at pains to hap up their animals. As for the road itself, it was broken and precipitous—in many places merely following, amid piles of great boulders, the channel of some dried-up stream; but making up to one, from time to time, for all its difficulties by disclosing views such as would have repaid far more considerable toil. Meanwhile the snow trifled with us rather than anything else,—heavy flakes falling one minute, as if they meant to keep it up for at least a week, only to clear away presently. After, in some respects, a laborious day's march—of not more than twelve or fourteen miles, however—the evening's halting-place made its welcome appearance,—a mere picket of Bengal infantry, holding a position in the Tizìn valley, at a spot marked by neither fort nor village, but by a solitary grave, over which waves, or rather bends and creaks, one weird and blasted tree. In some maps this most sombre of resting-places is set down as the tomb of the "Sih Bàba," or three spiritual fathers; in others, as that of one departed saint only, to whom is assigned the name of "Isa Bàba," or Father Jesus. In the former case, the "Sih" would stand, as it has every right to do, for the Persian numeral denoting three; in the latter, it would be an abbreviation of the name of Isa, or Jesus, common to this day all over the East. From the fact of local tradition—so far as merely passing inquiry revealed—having preserved not even the names of the three fathers supposed by some to be sleeping under the tree, not to mention the improbability of three several personages of such importance having been interred in one grave, it may easily be that a certain Isa Bàba was the Simon Pure, especially as the people of the locality still speak of one holy man as buried there, whose special gift, as they fondly relate, was the transporting of (other people's) sheep and cows, by a verse or a spell, from the rich pastures round Kàbul into the folds or byres of himself and those whom he favoured,—a grand qualification, doubtless, for a spiritual guide, or for any one else, in a pastoral and cattle-lifting country, and one which would have added to the power and following of Michael Scott himself had he possessed and chosen to exercise it!

During the night of the 17th the snow came down at last; and when, on the following morning, the time for striking the tent and marching arrived, not only was the frail tenement itself heavy with cakes of ice, but the whole country looked most unpromising as regarded further progress. The ascent of the formidable Lattah-band Pass, however, begins just beyond Sih, or Isa, Bàba's tomb; and January being more than half through, waiting on the snow savoured too much of the countryman's sitting down on the bank till the stream should flow past, to seem the right thing to do.

The order for a move once fairly given, the native servants, whatever their private views on the subject, and on the position generally, may have been, very soon acquiesced in it like men. One of them had already put in an appearance, not long after daylight, with the usual cup of tea, prepared as no one surely but an Indian, or at all events an Eastern attendant, could have made it, in the mirk of a winter morning under the open skies, and on the half-frozen, half-slushy ground. In less time than it takes to record these things, the *tente d'abri* was seen sinking slowly down among the snow, like the banner of a falling chieftain, preparatory to being rolled up and strapped to a *yàbù's* saddle; while the asperities of an *al fresco* toilet, with the thermometer below freezing-point, were tempered by supplies of hot water, got ready it is hard to say how; and a few minutes afterwards a capital breakfast of beef and eggs stood smoking on the top of a convenient stone, in a good position for keeping an eye all the time on the process of packing up, loading the animals, and getting all under way. On the back of four *yàbùs* was, in time, bundled everything of the nature of baggage, pertaining to the following bipeds and quadrupeds:—

One "Sàhib," the fountain and origin of all things to the whole procession, whose tent, bedding, papers, kitchen, table-furniture, and clothing of sorts for at least six months, had all to be carried.

Six native servants, including grooms, with one small tent among them, and necessarily, at this season, heaps of bedding, extra clothes, and cooking utensils.

Two chargers — having as personal luggage numerous rugs, pails, picketing gear, and other paraphernalia.

How all the above could be carried by four Galloways may well puzzle readers who have never travelled in Eastern lands. Yet so it was, day after day; and the *yàbùs* were, for them, lightly laden with it all, as shown by the too often successful attempts kept up by them during the night, when they were supposed to be resting, to break loose, and go out on the rampage over the camp. Four mules, or even four Indian ponies, could easily have taken the very same loads.

The Afghan custom is for the man in charge of a couple of *yàbùs* —often a mass of solid flesh from Hiràt—to seat himself anyhow on the top of the load of one of them, and guiding his own mount with a bridle, leave the other to jog along after him. Than this system nothing could be more apt to lead to galled backs, and with a little firmness it proved possible to induce the Hiràti grooms to forego it in deference to stupid English prejudice, and trudge at the head of their animals.

The Tìzìn valley, at the spot containing the grave of the "spiritual fathers," contracts itself into little more than the bed of a mountain-torrent, and is commanded on all sides by more or less precipitous hills, so that if ever a British military post existed, or held its own, on sufferance, that may be said of Sih Bàba in this month of January 1880. Almost immediately after leaving it, the Lattah-band Pass begins, and a narrow and winding path ascends to a height of close on 8000 feet. With the country for the most part wrapped in snow, the *tout ensemble* of the view was pretty much what any reader of 'Maga' may see for himself, if he will but ride or drive his dogcart from, let it be said, Jedburgh to the further side of the Border, by Carter Toll, next time

winter sets in severely. As chance would have it, however, the raw grey morning ended in a day of glorious Eastern sunshine. No snow fell after eight o'clock, and whenever a sudden opening in the country disclosed an extended panorama, it was striking to look, in one glance, on mountains white with snow and yet dark with shadow; on others from whose grim brown sides the snow had melted, and left them radiant with rainbow hues; and others still, upon which columns of mist, glistening snow-drifts, and bright sunbeams seemed all contending for the mastery. A beautiful world surely has been given to us to live in, take it where we will; and whatever spheres man's immortal portion may be fated hereafter to traverse or inhabit, he is not to be envied who does not at times feel his senses spiritualised as he contemplates the charms of the present abode. The name of Lattah-band has its origin in a curious custom, observed apparently by all who frequent the route, of hanging a small piece of cloth or rag (*lattah*) upon the bushes which fringe the path at its highest part, just as in other countries travellers in certain situations carve their names upon a tree, or cast a stone upon a cairn. Whether the rag of the Lattah-band is intended to propitiate in some dim manner a tutelary deity, or merely to mark the way, like the notched trees of the American Indian, is a point requiring to be cleared up. The practice, such as it is, has been much conformed to, however, by our own camp-followers; and the collection of rags contains at the present time a fine show of the piece-goods of Manchester.

A sad feature all along the line from Peshàwar to Kàbul is the number of dead and dying mules, ponies, and camels, the property of our Government. The patient and resigned yet miserable look of a moribund and forsaken camel, is a thing to haunt one. Too far gone to rise, and with no one compassionate enough to put an end to its existence, there, in cold and hunger, the poor brute lies, slowly yielding up its life during, perhaps, several days. At one part of the Lattah-band Pass two of our elephants, wearied at once of their burdens and lives, had lain down and died within a few paces of one another leaving their bulky remains to puzzle, perhaps, the Professor Owens of some remote epoch. Not a fort or village occurs from one end of the Lattah-band Pass to the other. Trains of native camels taking stores to Kàbul, under the care of their nomad owners—apostolic figures, such as one sees on church windows at home—keep the road lively, however,—indeed only too lively, considering the narrowness of the path and the rushes made at times by a *Kùchi* camel, mounted with battering-rams in the form of a brace of rum-barrels, when he thinks he has got separated too far from his companions. The freedom allowed by Afghan carriers to their camels, and their kindness to them generally, were noticed in a former paper; and it may be hoped our own transport department will take a leaf out of their book in regard to this matter,—dispensing, for one thing, with the harsh wooden nose-bit now in use, and leaving the animals at liberty to choose their own path, and select from among themselves their own leader, instead of being dragged pitilessly along as now, fastened in rows to one another, with their delicate nasal structures suffering a constant succession of tugs and jerks. What would be said by the advanced humanitarians who object to bearing-

off, and as Fortune seems inclined to do the right thing this time, I'll give her every opportunity before she has time to change her fickle mind."

So saying he turned over, and was asleep almost immediately, leaving John to ruminate on what he had said with regard to his money, about which he somehow could not help feeling uncomfortable.

XVI.—THE LAMBING—SWINDLING A NEW CHUM.

Next morning John returned to Cambaranga, leaving Stone, who had accepted Mr Gray's invitation to pass some days there, to spell his horses. In a fortnight's time, however, he passed on his road north, accompanied by a Betyammo blackboy, driving a number of Betyammo horses.

During the night he spent at Cambaranga he acquainted John with the fact that he had, since last seeing him, entered into a partnership with Mr Gray, who had agreed to stock any good country which he might eventually secure, and meanwhile share his expenses, and the profits on all country he might take up and sell.

It must not be thought that during this time John West had forgotten Ruth, his guardian's stepdaughter, or his affection for her. He had not long been at Cambaranga when he sought out her mother's grave, and found it a mere mound of earth—forgotten, uncared for. The cows browsed over it, and the rats burrowed into the soft soil. No stone or cross marked the spot where that gentle heart slept peacefully, but a great currajong waved its beautiful leaves lovingly as a shelter from the fierce noonday sun and the chill night dews, its perennial greenness emblematically showing forth the eternal life into which the soul of the sleeper had entered.

He asked permission of Mr M'Duff to enclose it and put it in order, and received from him a rather coarse reply, that he might, if he chose, make a stockyard round it. His finances were by no means in a flourishing condition, but he gladly expended the greater portion of them in causing a neat fence to be erected around this spot, so dear to the little friendless heart.

One of the men, a mason by trade, had managed to cut a neat headstone from a flat block of sandstone found in the creek, and John very often made a pilgrimage to the place, which recalled the one love-romance of his life.

It surprised him a good deal that, although he had written two or three letters to Ruth, she had never taken any notice of them, and he puzzled his brains often to find out the reason. He had always taken a brotherly care of her, and he knew she liked him. What could be the cause? Mr Cosgrove wrote once or twice, but his letters were harsh and cold—mere exhortations to work. And of work he had enough. Sometimes John had to go out and assist in cutting down trees, and making bough-yards; at others, his assistance was needed in sinking post-holes and putting up fences; or he had to drive bullocks and bring in firewood.

It was perhaps fortunate for John that he learnt these rough experiences while still young, and in a great measure they kept him from dwelling on his lonely lot. His happiest moments at this time were those passed in slumber, when his mind reviewed the most cherished

recollections of his more youthful days, and revealed to him again the loved features of his sainted mother, his grave father, and Ruth, with her wavy brown curls, and sweet sad face.

At last lambing-time came round, and he received instructions from Mr M'Duff to join a party of three men who were being sent out to take charge of one of the flocks. Their destination was a distant creek. The spot selected for a lambing-ground is always chosen with the object of having plenty of green feed for the ewes, so as to produce abundance of milk; but even to John's inexperienced eye this one did not at all look promising. Part of the grass had never been burnt, and the remainder had been set on fire so recently, that it looked like a mere black waste. Surely a better place could have been found than this. If rain fell immediately, the grass would spring; and although at this time of the year the cold would keep it back considerably, still one might manage to get along; but there was no prospect of a change from the bright, cold, sunny weather. A black look-out, indeed, for a good lambing.

If the men grumbled at the wretched pasture, they broke into open mutiny when they saw the condition of the flock they had to attend to, and the want of comforts for themselves and necessary articles for their work. The hurdles which are required to make folds for holding sheep, and small pens to imprison such refractory ewes as will not own and "mother" their young, were few in number and of bad quality. The bark *gunyah* the men lived in was made of poor and rotten bark; and as for the ewes, they were enough in themselves to insure the failure of a lambing, even on plentiful feed.

"Toothless, ragged, old grannies," muttered the hurdle-man.*

It is customary to divide a reward of sixpence per head for all lambs reared over 80 per cent of the total number of ewes sent to the lambing, among the men whose exertions have contributed to the result. This sum is in addition to their wages. Besides this, at a lambing where the sheep are fat and the grass abundant, very little trouble is required to make things go smoothly; whereas a bad lambing makes every one working at it discontented, listless, and dissatisfied with himself, his mates, the sheep, the grass, and above all, the boss, or super, whose the responsibility or loss is.

It certainly did not look like M'Duff's good management sending this large flock (over 1500) to such a wretched spot. John had often heard him speak of the necessity of parting with old sheep. What could he mean by sending them here? A younger flock could stand it better. He was aware that good grass was scarce just then, but it surely was more necessary for these poor creatures to have something to lamb on than stronger ones. The overseer who attended to the wants of the men seemed glad to get away from the desolate spot as soon as he could, and M'Duff never came near it. There was clearly no hope of a percentage, or even of a tolerable lambing, and the men, disheartened and disgusted, took no interest in their work.

Day by day matters grew worse. Lambs were dropped in numbers; but so old, and weak, and hungry were the mothers, that they rather ran seeking food for themselves

* The man who has charge of the young lambs for the first three days after they are dropped.

of the northern part of the Hazàra district (Panjàb frontier) are nowhere in the whole world surpassed for closeness of texture, warmth, and softness; and some of the finer felt-like stuffs, made into cloaks and tunics by Kàbul Khàns, might become favourites in London and Paris if they were better known. Even horses and mules are kept more or less clothed while at work in winter. Turkomàn chargers carry under the saddle a large party-coloured housing, called a *kajiri*, the prettiest specimens of which come all the way from Persia; while *yàbùs* and horses of the humbler kind are kept even warmer, by means of thick blankets covering them from withers to crupper. On the whole, perhaps, the most edifying sight in the environs of Kàbul was that of a regiment of Gurkhas marching from the Bàla Hisàr towards Sherpur, and looking as happy and fit for work as their brother Highlanders of the 92d themselves. The only weak point about the Gurkhas is there being so few of them apparently available for our ranks. The Bengal army has on its rolls, in all, only five Gurkha regiments, and the number of Gurkhas to be found in other regiments is quite inconsiderable. If, as some believe, the once martial Sikh is losing, under our rule, his military characteristics, and becoming every year more and more wrapped up in money-making and luxury, then all the greater need for means being devised to broaden the field of recruiting among transfrontier races. The Indian army now forms, in theory at least, far too integral and important a part of our imperial defences for any point bearing on its efficiency to be safely left unattended to.

February 15.—However strong the hope that, before these lines are printed, the Afghanistan difficulty may have taken on a form admitting of gradual adjustment, it is not to be denied that at present the political situation is far from simple. The British army of occupation, or by whatever name it should be called, numbers at Kàbul itself about 3200 European and 6500 native soldiers, all ranks included—having with it upwards of 8000 camp-followers, public and private, and, in round numbers, some 2500 camels, mules, and ponies for transport. This considerable force is located partly in the forsaken palaces of the Bàla Hisàr, but chiefly in a large rectangular space, more or less fortified, lying, as the crow flies, a mile or so to the north-east of the city. This situation was intended by the late Sher Ali, when he laid it out, and called it after himself, Sherpur, to form not only the lines or cantonment of the army of about 70,000 soldiers then at his disposal, but for the site also of abodes for himself and his retinue, round which a new Kàbul should ultimately spring up. The new palace seems to have risen no higher than its foundations. It is believed that the execution of the whole design depended more or less on the annual subsidies which the Amìr was then in receipt of from the Government of India; so that when the payments stopped, so also did the works. Sherpur thus belongs in a sense to the British nation itself, or rather to Indian taxpayers; and well has it served us throughout the last few critical weeks. The newspapers will doubtless have published many plans of the position. Sherpur looks, on paper, a far more formidable place than it really is. Its northern face or flank is at once threatened and defended, commanded and strengthened, by its natural barrier, the Bì Màru ridge, a range of hills rising 300 feet or so above the surrounding plain. Parallel on the south with Bì Màru

heights runs the southern face of the enclosure, consisting of a substantial earthen wall, 16 feet high, and upwards of 2500 yards from end to end. Three gateways, covered by rounded bastions, afford entrance to Sherpur from the south—the central one being filled with commissariat stores; while of the other two, one was held during the investment by the 72d, and the other by the 92d Highlanders,—the rooms and vaults occurring in their massive walls affording, on a pinch, very tolerable barrack accommodation. Smaller bastions all along the southern front add much to its strength, owing to the flanking fire given by them. The western face is defended in the same way as the northern, though here the wall is comparatively weak. Towards its centre is a colossal gateway, containing tiers of apartments, in or near which General Roberts and numerous staff officers have found quarters. The eastern flank is the weakest of all, Sher Ali having apparently run short of funds while it was being built, and been compelled to leave it incomplete, with the wall nowhere higher than 6 or 7 feet. It was against this side that the final attack, ending in the defeat and collapse of the enemy, on 23d December, was chiefly directed. The space contained within the Sherpur position represents an area of, as nearly as can be guessed, four hundred acres, or more, of flat and rather marshy ground; for the defence of which only about 6500 combatants of all ranks were available. The physical features of the Bì Màru heights, and the absolute necessity the defenders of Sherpur were under of holding them, tended to make the position almost too extended a one for so small a force, especially considering the cover afforded to assailants by the hamlets and enclosed orchards lying just outside its defences. On the other hand, again, Sherpur had the advantage of yielding shelter for nearly the whole force, the inner face of the enclosure walls having, for the most part, a double verandah all round, built by Sher Ali expressly as quarters for soldiers. If the Bàla Hisàr could have been held by us, whether in addition to, or instead of, Sherpur, the political effect would have been good, from the partial or complete command of the city which might then have remained to us. The Bàla Hisàr, however, could never have given room and shelter to our whole force, camp-followers, transport animals, and stores. A second position would have been required, and division of strength might have led to disaster. On the whole, so far as an outsider can judge, England may be glad to-day that the general on whose discretion so much depended, not only resolved when he did to concentrate his small force, but decided on Sherpur as the best place in which to hold it in hand, till the increasing boldness of his enemies should give him an opportunity of dealing with them effectively.

The main portion of the Kàbul division is still in winter-quarters in Sherpur. Brigadier-General Charles Gough's brigade occupies the Bàla Hisàr (*bala*, the top or summit, *hisàr*, a defence or fortification; our word balcony being a compound of the same word *bàla*, with *khàna*, a place or room). The Bàla Hisàr is the great historical fortress of Kàbul and its Amìrs. Though precipitous above, it presents below, as already incidentally mentioned, enough of level space to afford room for numerous buildings—much as if the royal residences and gardens of the Stuart kings could have been arranged round the base of Edinburgh Castle rock. Most of the old palaces are now being

cleared away, but enough remains to give accommodation to Gough's brigade. The preparations being made by our engineers and working parties for holding the Bàla Hiràr, as well as the city itself, and heights commanding it, in the event of our again finding ourselves hard pressed, are doing much to reassure the peacefully-disposed classes, and convince them that ours is no weak or temporary, but a real and permanent ascendancy. Sherpur and all that it contains looks as thoroughly British, indeed, as if we had published an Act, followed by sundry "Acts to amend an Act," formally declaring it ours. Its defences are being improved every day, and better and better arrangements made for the housing of its garrison. The bones at least of the Indian department of Public Works, —that is, officers of the corps of engineers—are of course available; and some of the "quarters" erected by them inside Sherpur vie with the greatest triumphs of the department in India itself,—having flat earthen roofs to collect the snow, and send it dripping in streams into the interior; as many windows as if every passing breeze had to be wooed; and walls out of which the moisture exudes all day, turning into patches of ice at night. In the hut in which these lines are being written, a crop of curious grasses and vegetables is forcing its way through the wall over the fireplace; so that if things go on well with the young plants, there is no saying what the interior will be like in summer. A few tons of corrugated iron—a material so unsuited for India, and yet so much used by us—would have been invaluable here; but none seems to have been brought up.

In the centre of Sherpur enclosure stands the new Kàbul Club, half tent, half hut. Not far from it, an enterprising Sikh has pitched a store for the sale of beer and brandy. A bill sent in by him the other day shows £8, 6s.—taking the Indian rupee at two English shillings, of which, however, it falls at present lamentably short—to have been the price at Sherpur, in this February 1880, of seven bottles of brandy and twelve pints of bottled beer. No wonder many of us are fain to make shifts with the rum rations issued by the commissariat. Early this morning there was an earthquake, which, had the shocks only been a little stronger, would have proved a serious calamity. As it was, five or six distinct vibrations of the earth occurred in quick succession. Doors flew open in the cold, dark night; and the sensations imparted to the half asleep, half awakened, were something like what a rat may experience when being shaken by a thorough-bred terrier. Vast as our world is, how easily it might be destroyed, to be sure, not by the action of strange and terrible agencies, but merely by everyday phenomena being permitted to put on a slight increase of force!

At Kàbul this is the most trying season of the year. Snow lies deep on most of the surrounding heights; and the low-lying Sherpur itself is usually more or less white with it. Some afternoons the thermometer shows twenty degrees of frost in the shade. Temporary thaws are frequent; and there is no saying in the morning whether the ground is to be heavy with mud all day, or covered with frozen pools and crisp with crusts of ice. Skating has come in fashion; and not without the need, for walking is unpleasant and riding dangerous. The health of the soldiers, however, remains good with it all. Of wounded officers and men, European and native, there are still eighty-eight under treatment, in addition to those who have been sent to India.

But not counting the wounded, the percentage of sick to-day is only 5.23 for Europeans and 3.05 for natives—the former, as a rule, being prompter than the latter in going to the doctor when there is anything the matter with them. Camp-followers probably suffer the most; and the other day two hospital servants, when coming in from Butkák, were frozen to death by the wayside. Firewood, luckily, is to be bought in abundance; the demolitions that have been going on of late having yielded a famous supply of dry old timber. Pomegranate-wood makes good fuel; and the clearing away of walled gardens and orchards from the vicinity of the Sherpur *enceinte*, is a cardinal military necessity; adequate money compensation being, however, in course of award to owners of property thus dealt with.

The Afghan spring is supposed to begin on the festival of Nau-roz, or "New-day," falling on our 21st of March. Then comes in the season of roses, and buds, and nightingales, when Nature recovers herself, and men grow warm and genial again, after the long stern winter. That Kàbul must be a beautiful place in summer, and dear beyond measure to its native inhabitants, is easily to be seen even now, when its charms are all nipped by frost, or buried in snow. The city does not seem to have suffered much at the hands of the insurgents who held command of it from 14th to 23d December; or, at all events, the stream of rupees which we have been pouring into it, both directly and indirectly, ever since last October, has enabled things to be set straight again in a wonderful manner. The townsmen must number considerably over 50,000; but probably nearer that than 100,000. A goodly sprinkling of Hindu traders have settled in the towns, going and coming freely between India and Afghanistan, bringing up the cloths and wares of Peshàwar and Amritsar, and sending much of their gains back to Hindustan. A city built among a wilderness of heights and mountains is Kàbul; and far as its stately river has to travel before pouring its waters into the Indus, nowhere does it visit a fairer scene than where, not very far from its source, it passes through the quaint old town, washing, and at certain seasons threatening, the foundations of the houses and fortalice-like enclosures which hang over it. Within the city all is delightfully oriental, picturesque, and irregular—just such as the author of 'Eothen' would revel in; the open-air life of more genial Eastern climes going on in full force, notwithstanding the cold, which compels, however, shopkeepers of the better class to draw blankets over their limbs, and kindle fires seemingly right in the middle of their wares. Different sets of tradesmen and artisans have each their own *quarters*, or, as it is called in the East, *muhalla*. Here a savoury smell of roast-meat, and piles of hot unleavened bread, indicate where any number of cooks are ready to feed the hungry at a mere trifle a-head, without giving them the trouble of stepping aside from the public way, far less of sitting down at a table. Windows or front walls there are none in these *al fresco* restaurants; and blocks of yellow butter, frozen into the consistence of cheese, hung out of them almost into the street. Then the traveller, sated with *kabàbs*, may find over the way a brotherhood of fruiterers, whose tasteful and variegated arrangements of their dried apples and grapes form even at this season one of the bright features of Kàbul. So with the sellers of horse-gear—a numerous and flourishing guild apparently—the mak-

last October, was to open in
art of it a hospital and char-
dispensary, where, under the
f his own staff surgeon, medi-
is supplied to all comers, and
more signal relief afforded both
n and women by means of
cal operations.* Curiously
gh, this unpretending little
m was one of the places which
cted the anger of the insur-
s, who gutted it of its con-
during their short-lived inn-
of the other day. Within a
hours after their dispersion,
ever, Dr Owen made his wel-
e appearance in his surgery
n; and among his in-patients
this moment is a man with a
re gunshot-wound in the leg,
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cal candidates who have been foisted on the constituencies of Scotland during the last ten or twenty years, chiefly through the arts of Dissenting ministers, the country would perhaps be startled. To characterise in fitting terms such conduct on the part of ministers of religion would have been a task worthy of 'Maga's' hot youth, when Christopher's crutch was in full play, and a terror to every knave and blockhead in the kingdom. In these sober days, however, measured terms have to be used; and all that need be said on so disagreeable a subject is, that if the lower strata of Presbyterian sectarianism, towards which would almost seem to keep settling down all that is bad in Presbyterianism itself, are thus to be made from time to time the hot-eds of anti-national agitation, then sinking into utter contempt, oughout ritish Islands at st, of iastical system ich in has been pro-tive so much good so Scotland, must cons y a matter of e. aving formed the city," or even eve rge or general e, been treated, entered it in consideration f provocation ven have been ss or timidity no pains have

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ever been spared to convert into friends, by means of letters, presents, and fine speeches, chiefs whom, if they had dared to oppose us, we could have destroyed in a moment. No sooner has an enemy been reluctantly knocked down by us than, as a rule, he has been picked up again, rubbed dry, and told never to mind; the whole course of our military operations reminding one of nothing so much indeed as of Professor Lister's well-known method of performing his feats of surgery under showers of balmy and protective spray! At Kàbul itself our hand has certainly been laid more heavily upon the country than on outlying provinces; but this was necessitated at once by the exigencies of the military situation, and by certain peculiarities belonging to it in its political aspect. No sooner is an army compelled to take the field than self-protection inevitably becomes the supreme law; and considering our feelings when, for instance, a few troopers are swept away at a ford, surely a commander on whose every turn depends, humanly speaking, the safety of five or six thousand of our soldiers, as well as that of the whole empire, must be allowed a very wide latitude. Military action against a bloodthirsty and numerically formidable enemy cannot be regulated by canons belonging to conditions of which long-established order forms a feature; and when two hostile parties stand scowling on one another, each with the hand upon the sword, the faster and more effectually the first blows are dealt, the sooner is a mutual understanding likely to be arrived at. In most, if not all, military enterprises of importance, when measures of repression or prevention have had to be adopted on the spur of the moment, with perhaps an imperfect grasp of the circumstances of a critical and hourly changing situation, lines may, for a time, have been followed such as, when reviewed in the light of subsequent events, have not recommended themselves to remote critics; but the responsibility for that has usually been adjudged to belong to those whose proceedings constituted the *casus belli* itself. Some apology would be due for the putting forward of truisms such as these, were it not for the attempts now being made by the Opposition to subvert the policy of her Majesty's advisers, and obtain a few votes for their own favourites or leaders by means of attacks on the conduct of operations at Kàbul. None of those who are playing the game referred to, whether noble dukes or Dissenting ministers, are in the smallest danger of taking their own war-cries for more than they are worth, or for a moment believing that British generals have been guilty of cruelty, or even of undue severity, in the conduct of their duty in Afghanistan. There are large bodies among our countrymen, however, who may easily be misled by the agitation which has been got up on this subject; and it is therefore deeply to be regretted that men honest enough in all the relations of private life should have suffered party ambition to blind them to what is due to the statesmen and soldiers who, during a period of exceptional danger and difficulty, have been doing so much to strengthen the foundations of the empire, and advance the power of England.

ELEANOUR: A TALE OF NON-PERFORMERS.

ELEANOUR had passed the first flush of rampant, boisterous youth, being very nearly twenty-eight years of age; and as she was neither a beauty nor a fortune, few people took the trouble to tell her that she did not look so much.

A thoughtful expression, an easy figure, and a pair of fine eyes, constituted her chief outward claims to notice; but then she was a widow, and one who had also been a mother,—it was felt that they were quite sufficient for any purpose her life could now afford.

She had a convenient income, good health, and a tolerably whole heart; since, although her marriage had undoubtedly been one of affection, it had not perhaps yielded the entire fruition of happiness anticipated. It had been entered into after a brief acquaintanceship, and under peculiar circumstances. The single child which had been born to her had died in infancy; and there had then been five years of uninterrupted companionship with an amiable, ordinary young man, who attended to his profession diligently, took his recreations punctually, loved his wife sincerely, and ate his dinner heartily. His wishes had always been moderate, and his habits respectable,—since he had a comfortable home, and an excellent business, he asked no more; his ambition did not extend beyond returning the hospitalities of his neighbours in style equal to theirs, and paying the bills afterwards without a groan.

A groove which had suited him so well was, unfortunately, scarcely that which a youthful imagination had painted for Eleanour. Her tastes were different from, her mind was superior to, his; her fancy was warm; and of knowledge of the world she had none whatever.

That would have taught her to be duly content with the comfortable roof which sheltered her, with the modest luxury of her surroundings, with the dainties on her table, the carriage at her door,—to estimate these as far better things, far more solid, tangible benefits, than congeniality of taste and harmony of purpose. As it was, she had just sense enough to keep her longing for such fripperies out of sight; and to accept her lot without saying to any living creature that it had disappointed her.

Nothing had been less dreamed of, less anticipated, than the early and sudden death which had left her, at twenty-five, a widow; and astonished and astray as she had then felt, it was not all at once that she could realise the absolute termination of that episode in her history, which had seemed so fixed, so immutable, and for which she had been so manifestly unfit. It had been still more of a shock than a sorrow.

Time, however, did his work with marvellous rapidity. In spite of herself, the glow returned to Eleanour's cheek, and the light to her eye, almost too soon; and in spite of the jealous guard maintained over the past, it might have been observed that, with the sense of grief and loss, other feelings had indubitably mingled.

Eleanour could not pretend a part; but, luckily for her, one was not needed.

No suspicions ever entered the breasts of the four pretty sisters over whom it was ordained that she should return to hold vice-maternal sway. Their mother had died

many years before; and on the return of the widow to her early home at the expiration of her married life, she found Kate, aged twenty-one, Julia twenty, Puss and Dot respectively seventeen and fifteen, all inclined to look upon her in the light of a parent, obey her edicts without hesitation, and regard her with an affection in which respect was largely mingled.

The emancipation of the younger two from school-room bondage, and the advancement of the elder ones to maturer years, made no difference in the position thus at first established. Eleanour was guide, guardian, counsellor,—and to their father they were not one half so submissive.

Mr Crichton did not, indeed, exact submission. He was an indulgent, easy-going man, who, although he had not opposed his eldest daughter's choice, had been afterwards as well pleased as decency would permit, that the union should be dissolved by death, and that he should hear no more about it.

His son had made a far more suitable match, — and Alexander had two fine boys. That was of importance. He had but one son; and if Alexander had thrown himself away, or had been childless, it would have been a terrible business. But Eleanour was only one of the girls; and as matters had turned out, no great harm had been done.

He had now all his family about him again, and he liked that. He could walk over to Alexander's—it was but two miles—sit for half an hour, pursue his way, and be home in time for dinner, with the agreeable feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had scarcely cost him an effort.

When the boys were old enough, he would send them to school at his own expense: until then he could supply them with barley-sugar drops; and even if he were obliged to lay down his newspaper now and then of a morning to listen to some little clamourer who had toddled to his knee, he found himself able to do it with a tolerably good grace. In short, he was a mildly selfish nonentity, who, as long as nobody interfered with him, interfered with nobody, and whom only the solid annoyance of an ill-cooked dinner, or a hopelessly bad day, caused to let it be seen that he was not the entirely good-tempered man he was generally given out to be.

This happening only occasionally, however, the harmony which prevailed in the family circle was but seldom ruffled.

The younger sisters grew prettier, gayer, more blooming and buoyant, year by year; the eldest tended the flock, exulted in them, and domineered over them; — within three years of her return, and when she was, as we have said, about twenty-eight years old, her monarchy was absolute.

"What would they do without her?" cried Cecil, Alexander's blithe busy young wife. "She is mother and more to those girls. Without Eleanour they would be lost."

It was time, however, that some of the fair maids, who were really now in the prime of their youth and beauty, should take flight from the paternal nest, and be the ornaments of other spheres.

"Dot is growing very pretty," said Cecil one day to Eleanour, apart.

"Very pretty."

"She looks nearly as old as Kate."

"Quite."

"It is rather awkward all four of them being out," very softly.

"Ye—es."

"I—I expected, Eleanour, did

not you? that—all—the elder ones would not have been at home—when Puss and Dot grew up."

On which followed a solemn maternal conclave, sacred and secret, but not without results, as we shall see. Cecil's cheeks were burning when it came to an end at last, and she could scarce forbear dancing along the road as she ran home to her chicks. Eleanour had smiled on her suggestion.

Eleanour's smile had seemed at once to stamp it with authority; for the brother's wife was to the full as much impressed with belief in the awful majesty of our dark-haired autocrat, as were any of the party; she had felt that if she could venture to whisper to Eleanour the dear delightful idea which had come into her head, and if Eleanour would only approve, it might actually come to mean something. What the idea was will soon appear. It was not many days after, ere she flew into the morning-room, where all were assembled, and panted forth, regardless of their presence—

"Oh, Nelly dear, he is really coming!"

Eleanour frowned. The young ones would be enlightened,—and this was strong meat for men, not milk for babes. Her quiet "Who is coming?" carried warning in its tone.

Nor was Cecil's "Oh, my brother," followed by "You know I told you, Nelly," without its due apology.

"Your brother Anthony. Yes, I know, of course." Circumspection being thus restored, she could now without fear, show interest and cordiality. "You must be pleased, indeed, Cecil. How long is it since you have met?"

"Since before we were married—before we were even engaged, Eleanour! Think of that! Alexander has never seen Anthony—never once."

"And he is coming home for good?"

"Yes—for good. He is on his way now, and he is to live at Blatchworth. It is Blatchworth that has brought him: we should never have seen his dear face for years and years, I daresay, if he had had no home to come to; but now that Blatchworth is his,—ah! poor John!"

But John had been only a cousin, and Anthony was a brother: it was hardly in human nature not to view John's death through some of the light of Anthony's recall. If John had lived, then might Anthony have been as good as dead, for all they ever saw of him,—and might at last have actually come to his end, in those horrid places over the seas, uncared for, cut off from all. She found it difficult even to stop and think. "Ah! poor John!"

It may be that her transports were rather too often repeated; it is possible that she did harp upon the subject somewhat; for certainly her husband, who had at first been pleased and interested even to as great an extent as she could wish, grew taciturn.

"Of course I am glad, my dear," he was at length driven to affirm with unnecessary emphasis; "but you make—hum—so *very* sure of it. You never let one hear of anything else. And how can you tell that a hundred things may not turn up to stop your brother?"

"Cruel man, to try to damp me!"

"I am not damping you, as you call it,—only preventing your being overmuch vexed and disappointed, if anything should happen. And lots of things might happen, you know, if you would only allow yourself to take them into account. Anthony is an uncertain fellow——"

"That he is not!"

"And would never dream of putting himself about, I should say, in order to be here to a set time.

Suppose the weather is disagreeable—it has been abominably squally lately—ten to one he would wait till it was more settled. Or he may take a fancy for a peep at the seat of war by the way. It is a mistake to reckon on a man who has no ties."

"Ah, but he has ties! He has me and Oliver."

"Brothers and sisters don't go for much."

"He has Blatchworth."

"That is more to the purpose; Blatchworth will draw him to Blatchworth, undoubtedly. But Blatchworth being a thing, not a person—a thing without feeling or expectation, incapable of hurling reproaches—it can very well wait. Blatchworth can hardly be called a tie."

"You want him to form a tie?" quickly. "Ask him here."

"Form a tie! Ask him here!" He must have been marvellously obtuse, for it is certain the idea fell on him like a thunderclap.

"Of course I am thinking of your sisters, dear." She was laughing and blushing now, delighted to be able to say out at last, what had been burning in her bosom unsuspected before. "Why, Alexander, where have your wits been, not to find me out till now? Listen, then: he must admire their fair hair and blue eyes, and surely one of them will be compliant enough to be fascinated by his *beauté du diable.* Don't you think so? Don't you see how likely it is? Oh," cried Cecil, clasping her hands, "indeed I have set my heart upon it!"

The ice thus broken, it was impossible for the warm-hearted creature not to recur to the matter with fervour and frequency. True, it was no longer the mere arrival of her brother which filled her imagination; it was his future, the life which lay before him. Since her husband was now in the secret, there was no further occasion for the reticence which had at first embittered her exultation; there was no need to stop short and turn away when her fancy grew too busy for prudence. Accordingly, even such brief respites were not at last accorded him; and to confess the truth, from being sick of the subject, he grew sore on it.

"We must have him here at once," she would say, a dozen times of a morning.

"That depends on whether he will come," said Alexander, at length.

"What day did he write on last? Was it the 2d or the 3d?"

"I don't know," shortly.

"Nor care," pouting.

"Well, no. I don't care particularly," confessed the unfortunate husband, driven to say it at last. "A fellow can't be expected to care about that sort of thing. Tell me when he is to be here, and I'll do whatever you want,—that is to say, I'll"—great effort of hospitality—"I'll meet him myself with the dogcart."

He had done his part, he thought, in coming to this conclusion. He was not, as may be seen, keen to know to an hour when his brother-in-law might be expected to land on English soil; but if Cecil managed the rest, he would meet him with the dogcart presently. He did not enjoy the idea. By this time he was haunted perpetually by the apprehension of being taken by storm some fine day, obliged to muster a brotherly welcome, and install in his guest-chamber a traveller who would be in no further hurry to move on, and who, whilst residing under his roof, would be caressed, fêted, listened to, and marvelled at, all day long. It was not an agreeable picture; since, if a man likes anything, he likes to be cock of his own dunghill; and nothing is less to his mind than to see another

cock — having no such agreeable and salubrious domain pertaining to him, — made free to strut and bow thereon, to the extinguishment of the real sultan, and the delight of all the silly hens about the place.

Alexander was not a bad fellow by any means, but he was very dry on the subject at last.

"I don't think you are quite kind to poor Anthony," said Cecil one day, and there was an ominous tremble in her voice. "To be sure, his coming cannot be the same to you that it is to me and Oliver, but still——."

Poor man, driven to bay, what could he do? Swear it was the same? Not quite; but still he had to say something; to put forth some little suitable warmth; and at the same time try to kindle a corresponding glow within his breast. The attempt was honest: he exclaimed inwardly that it was only Cecil's exaggeration of joy which had caused him to be backward,—he could not even to himself allow that he was jealous of the impression likely to be produced; that he foresaw himself overlooked, cast into the shade, by the all-engrossing new-comer; and that, in addition, he did not care to have the even tenor of his life broken in upon; to be forced to think about people and scenes differing from those to which he was accustomed.

Since the invasion—he had now come to look upon it as an invasion —was unavoidable, and since to be behindhand in complaisance would only be adding to it a disagreeable, without any other, effect, he made an effort to conquer his internal repugnance to the idea. He wrote to his brother-in-law. To show himself obliging, he had even to carry the letter to the post; and then to walk on to convey the news of Mr Delamere's having landed, to the party at the Castle.

Cecil was satisfied, and he was praised and thanked on his return.

"And you said that we had asked them both, Alexander?"

"Both?"

"You told me to write Oliver too."

"Did I?"

"Indeed you did; and that was why I wrote to him. You must have known that was why I wrote to him? What else did you think? Really, dear Alexander, you are very tiresome——" almost crying.

"Well, well, it is all right, my love. Ask your brothers whenever you choose. I don't believe Oliver will come; the regiment is in country quarters, and lots of fellows will want leave as well as he at this time. You could not have fixed on a worse: he will never come; he is not the least likely to think of it——."

"But it was you who told me to write!"

It was true; he had told her; goaded thereto by a yearning for some comrade in the affliction about to befall him,—some one who would be as averse as he to long-winded narratives preluded by, "When I was in such and such a place,"—some man, in short. But he had not imagined the suggestion acted upon; and on second thoughts had cancelled it in his own mind. There was nothing now for it but to acquiesce, and put up with the probable addition of another good shot on his moor, and another handsome gallant at his table. He was not himself good-looking, neither was he first-rate as a sportsman; therefore it may be imagined how he relished the prospect. Oliver Delamere he knew, and on the whole he did not dislike him,—they got on fairly well together,—and if he could have exchanged Anthony for Oliver, he would have been glad to do so; but somehow, when he came to think

of it, he was not quite sure that he wished for both.

Anthony, he dreaded; Anthony, he feared, would bother him, would annoy him, overshadow him; and a third person to have shared his grievance and his ignominy, might have been a consolation. But Oliver——? He shook his head.

And then there was another walk to be taken to the Castle, to announce that the young men had been heard from; that they had severally accepted their invitations; and that they would arrive within the week.

The reception of the news was exactly what he had expected it would be. It was no vexation naturally to people who had nothing to do with it. His father thought it a proper attention to Cecil's relations that they should be asked to Crichton at the only time of year when it was a favour to be invited to a Highland moor; and the girls—who, Alexander told himself, would have disliked nothing more than to have had tiresome or uncongenial companions saddled upon *them* — were well enough pleased that such a misfortune should happen to *him*. They plied him with gay questions.

Oliver had always been a favourite, as a lively young scamp with every attraction in the world but a full purse is sure to be with a set of girls; but though he was referred to with interest, curiosity was reserved for Anthony. They would be so glad to see Oliver again, and—was Anthony *sure* to come? Oliver was so nice, and so merry, and sang so well, and danced so well, and—was Anthony like him? Even the black-robed Eleanour left her book and her corner to join in the cross-questioning, put her arm round Julia's neck, and looked affectionately at Kate. It was too bad; he hoped to goodness that nothing would come of it; and felt almost savage at the extreme probability of his hopes being in vain.

There they were; four pretty, lively, well-born, and fairly well endowed damsels; and what heart not already secured, could be expected to be proof against so fair a battery? On one side the chestnut curls and chiselled brow of Kate, and on the other the sparkling smile and rose-bud bloom of Julia. Even the less remarkable younger ones were full of subtle charms and youthful vigour. He actually laughed at last, the situation grew so desperate;—then a good thought struck him.

"Eleanour," he said, aside; "you see I have got to have these fellows. It is a pity, but I cannot help it."

"Why a pity?"

"On account of the girls, I mean."

"Oh, on account of the girls!"

"These men will be over here whenever they can, and I can do nothing to prevent it. The shooting is execrable,—they will soon find that out; and then they will want 'metal more attractive.' Cecil will encourage them, naturally; but you must do what you can on the other side. Don't let the girls go anywhere without you. I hate philandering."

He did not reflect that he, as well as the sister he was speaking to, had philandered to some purpose, but felt relieved by having said so much.

"Now she will be on her guard," he thought; "but still what a nuisance it is! I know nothing of this Anthony, except that he was sent out into the world to seek his fortune; and since he was never likely to find it, the fortune, like Mahomet's mountain, comes to him. A precious mess he will make of a fine property, if he is the fellow I take him to be. And Cecil to talk about his *beauté du diable!*"

He thought he could have stood

all the rest; but that *beauté du diable* rang in his ears, and filled his soul with disgust and apprehension.

Suspense, however, was not added to his woes. On the following Tuesday, the day before they were expected, the brothers made their appearance, without summoning either himself or his dogcart, and with the simple apology that, as they had found they could come, they had. He came upon them accidentally in the hall as he was passing through; they were hanging their hats on the stand; and instead of the block of luggage which had been an ugly vision before his mind's eye from the first—instead of the straps and wraps, sticks and umbrellas, and vast iron-bound, seagoing chests, which had been a perpetual anticipation and irritation,—he beheld two medium-sized portmanteaus, and two equally moderate and modest-looking gun-cases.

Even as he shook hands he was betrayed into an involuntary "Is that all?"

"All? Well, yes," said Anthony, looking about him. "Noll had a rug, but we lost it. Holloa! How are the infants?"

That introduction over, they strolled away for a smoke in the garden, and the whole affair of the meeting was over.

Where was Cecil? Gone in quest of her husband, and he was left standing in the hall to collect himself, having muttered some excuse for so doing. He must be alone for a single minute to review the ground he stood on.

So this was Anthony—the Anthony than whom nothing and no one else had been talked about for the last month,—whose likings and dislikings, whims, fancies, and boyish frolics, had been recounted over and over,—whose prospects and future life had been expatiated on,—till he was inclined to curse his very name. This was the hero for whom nothing, in his doting sister's opinion, was good enough; and who, he had foreseen all along, would begin at once to make himself at home and disagreeable.

At home he certainly did appear to be; but he had not so far been offensive. As for the *beauté du diable*, as soon as he recollected it, Cecil was hunted all over the house to hear that her brother was only a great coarse-looking backwoodsman.

She had been dreaming, or hoaxing him, about Anthony's appearance. Oliver, to be sure, was well enough; he supposed some people would call him good-looking; but the other was not even passable. The most that could be said of him,—and that was something, considering the life he had led,—was that he did look a gentleman, albeit a plain and uncouth one.

Plain? Cecil fired at the word. Plain? She did not know what he meant. She had never promised him a common, everyday, *pretty* face; if he had expected a pink and white complexion and pencilled eyebrows, it was not *her* fault. Anthony's appearance was all that she wanted for her part; and she must beg to tell him that no woman liked dolly-faced men. Anthony's dark locks and swarthy sunburnt brow would find admirers in plenty. If he was ugly, he was delightful. And so on, and so on, diverging to right and left of the argument, as Mrs Cecil was apt to do.

However, she was too happy to be quarrelsome. The dear boys! She followed their grey figures with her eye until they were lost to view; and before night she was crowned with full content; for she had assured herself that her only source of anxiety was groundless. The master of Blatchworth had still a heart to offer.

He had actually arrived at her

door, hale, hearty, and disengaged; and at the end of her solemn exhortation on the duty of remaining so no longer, professed himself inclined to see it in the same light.

And she had surely extended some of her sisterly cares to Noll? It was disgraceful if Noll did not turn into a Benedict, now that he had got that fifteen hundred pounds out of Aunt Maria. What could a fellow like Noll do with fifteen hundred pounds?

"For heaven's sake, Cis," cried the careful elder brother, "get him a wife, or he'll go to the devil with it!"

"Hush, hush! you must not talk like that."

"I didn't mean," said Anthony, penitently. "I say, one gets into a rough way of talking, knocking about the world; don't you mind, I'm going to stop it."

"And you are not going to knock about the world any more."

Then she bargained that they should go over with her to call at the Castle on the following day. Two days after, shooting would begin and hours would be changed, and who could say when the acquaintance might be made if not at once; but once seen, she trusted to the fair sisterhood acting as their own magnet in the future. Oh, what a time that short intervening two miles took to get over with such companions, and how hot and tired was weary Cecil at the end! That they started late, that they kept her waiting for three-quarters of an hour, was nothing; she was good-humouredly disposed to lay the blame on the change of toilet which a morning's fishing rendered imperative; but why need they lounge, and saunter, and turn aside at every opportunity, and finally sit down to rest by the way—the two great hulking fellows? It was but too obvious that they were being driven against their will—that had it not been their first day, and there was no excuse handy, they would have evaded the expedition. Oliver scuds off after a rabbit, Anthony cheering him on; they investigate a well, they drink from a spring; finally both leave her to examine a blasted piece of rock half-way up the hill.

At length, however, and by dint of patience and urgency combined, the entrance-gates are reached, and the toils of the journey are at an end. So she hopes fondly,—but stay a bit.

"I say, Cis."

"Well?"

"Anthony and I are just going down to the shore to see about getting a fisherman for to-night. Anthony has never seen the sort of sea-fishing they have here. You go on, and we will overtake you."

"Overtake me! We are close at hand."

"Go in, then, and say we are coming."

And come they did,—after every one had gone out but Eleanour. The visit was a failure. After an hour's waiting, Eleanour, not without some sense of outraged dignity, had sent her sisters away, and intrenched herself in solitary state to receive the recusants. Her pretty goods should not remain for such tardy appreciation, should not have it supposed that the enforced civility of any guests of Cecil's—brothers or not—was grateful to them. She had the colour in her cheek and the sparkle in her eye when the drawing-room door opened at last; and her answer to Oliver's hasty quest round the room, was a grim smile of satisfaction.

For Oliver, now that he was actually there, was alive to the merits of the situation; and he had, moreover, caught a view of an excellent croquet-lawn—the days of croquet were not yet ended—as he passed through the shrubbery; it was

enough to kindle desire. He was a renowned player, as he was everything else that was useful and captivating, and if he could have got Anthony even, for an antagonist, would have challenged him on the spot.

But it appeared that Anthony had not only never played, he had actually never seen the game.

This was insufferable. Oliver appealed to Eleanour, to Cecil, if it was not insufferable; and by dint of volubility, flattery, and persuasion, succeeded in disarming both, and inducing them to fix upon an early day for his brother's initiation. They must make it to-morrow. Why should it not take place to-morrow? Even Cecil was surprised to see the man who had been so loath to come, so eager to return, not reflecting that it was in the passing moment the gay soldier lived, and that in the pursuit of pleasure he could even be industrious. It was chiefly to Anthony, indeed, that blame was due, and Anthony was at least consistent; he accepted the invitation, but he did nothing to extort it.

However, the players kept him to his word. It is to be presumed that he tried to learn; that he did seriously incline his ear to the counsels of the wise; but he made a sad hash of it, nevertheless. So much was taken for granted; so many points was he expected to bear in mind at once; and such a number of rules and regulations were dinned into his ear at the same time, that he must be pardoned for giving up the attempt, and retreating in mortification to the old-fashioned sun-dial among the bushes, where Eleanour was mounting guard.

From this retreat he viewed the combatants with no very good will. They had speedily—and he fancied joyfully—rearranged sides; and he could tell by the general alacrity and expectation, the preparatory collecting of balls and testing of hoops, the whole stir and bustle consequent on his departure, that a well-contested match was to be played. He was no loss—indeed he must have been an intolerable drag. His going admitted another sister to play, and enabled all to let out their strength and show their skill.

Altogether he was well out of it. Away went Oliver, carrying with him his partner Kate, from right to left, from centre to side, clearing the route of all opponents' balls, and placing them delicately for future use, in the style of a master of the craft. It seemed as though he were to walk the course; but he slipped, missed an easy stroke, and in a trice the tables were turned.

It was now his turn to be chased from hole to corner by an unsparing foe; and to find himself and his fair partner lodged at extreme ends of the lawn, hopelessly disunited. So much for Julia, but Kate could play too. A lucky shot regained, as by magic, the lost position, and cleared the coast. Why should her slender fingers have trembled at that critical moment? Pure eagerness, not even anxiety, made them; she was not nervous by nature, and she was confident in herself, but she was excited, and the mallet turned her hand. If it had not touched, no mischief would have been done; but oh, woe betide the tiresome thing! it moved the ball, and made the abortive attempt count as a stroke.

The adversaries shouted, and the striker stood still; but Oliver rushed to the rescue. By turns appealing, quoting, arguing, he maintained his position till all had gathered round; and the merry voices rose and fell by turns, interspersed with soft and pleasant laughter.

So gay they seemed that "It is a nuisance to be out of it altogether,"

reflected the elder brother, morosely. "Makes a fellow feel rather small."

Then he essayed to explain to Eleanour how it came to pass that he was so ignorant. "I have not been in this country for six years; and though I have heard of this, I never came across any people who played."

"You will find a rage for it everywhere this summer."

"Oh, I shall play, I suppose; I shall get into it by-and-by. Are you a great hand?"

"I? Oh no," said Eleanour, with a faint smile; "I know no more of it than you do."

Unexpected consolation; he raised himself on his elbow to look into her face. "You don't say so!"

"I like to come here while they are playing, and listen to their voices, and have them all about me," continued the elder sister, in her hen-motherly fashion; "it makes a pretty sight; and it is such good exercise for the girls, too."

"Meantime you read."

"Yes."

"May I look? Coleridge. That's odd."

"Odd!" said Eleanour, warmly. "Odd, to read Coleridge!"

"Odd that you should be reading the 'Ancient Mariner,' just when I was feeling myself to be like him."

"Oh——? Indeed——?"

"Behindhand with the world. Not 'in it,' as they say on the turf. Rather a fool, you know."

"Because you cannot play croquet?"

"Pshaw!" said Anthony, shortly. "You will find there are other things I cannot do besides that."

"And do you really mind?"

"I am not sure if I do, or not. I hate the thing; but you see if all the rest are at it——." She thought she understood, and was not ill-pleased.

Naturally he did not enjoy being left out in the cold; and she did her best to restore his self-complacency under the ordeal; and then at last Puss and Dot were tired of being umpires, and came to join the idlers. That did better, and they all went into the house shortly, and candles were brought, and there was music.

It was evident that Oliver was destined to shine as much at the piano as on the lawn. Cecil, who had enjoyed her croquet, being as good a player as any, now retreated to the sofa and the society of her father-in-law,—but Oliver was again in the front ranks of the performers. He had a sweet, rich voice, the very voice to go with Kate's clear soprano, and duets were chosen.

"Awfully nice, is it not?" said Anthony, presently; but somehow he did not look as though he found it so; he was frowning and silent, and the cheek which he rested against the soft cushion of his chair, was turned from the singers.

"I say," called his brother, probably in obedience to a suggestion, "Anthony, come and take a part."

"Take a part? No, thank you, I can't."

Take a part indeed! He had never taken a part in his life! Talking of taking "a part" as coolly as though it were taking a header or a fence!

He laughed, but his laughter was rather unmirthful; and there was a momentary silence.

"It is a pity," said Cecil to herself; "but, to be sure, he can listen:—and really one can enjoy and admire, too, a great deal better when one has nothing else to do, than when one has one's own business to attend to. Kate is in capital voice; and they are all four looking their best."

"Is it not delightful, Anthony?"

"Oh, delightful!"

"Don't you like being sung to?"

"Awfully."

But why, if he did, did he rise the next minute, and throw himself half out of the open window beside which Eleanour sat, just behind a silver streak of moonlight? He was not thinking that he liked being sung to. I fancy his meditations were rather of this sort: "What an ass a fellow makes of himself when he can't do anything to help off an evening! If it is to be always like this when I go anywhere, I had better stay at home. This girl, this widow, is laughing at me in her sleeve, I suppose. My ill-luck has sent me her way again. I did not see her till it was too late."

He was surprised that she did not address him; that he was let alone to choose his own entertainment; and by-and-by he could even feel inclined to enjoy the beauties of the scene without. A full moon was reflected in the still water of the bay; was lighting up the innumerable herring-boats, whose brown sails were stretched motionless to dry; and was every now and then shedding its beams upon a rocky promontory or islet, which would for the moment stand out from the darkness of the land shadow, and become the central glory of the picture.

It was beautiful, it was delightful. He bethought himself of other such scenes he had witnessed,—of nights beneath the starry skies of Egypt, or amid the gorgeous forests of Cashmere,—of the peace of great wildernesses, and the solemn stillness of mid-ocean. In a pause of his reverie came the clash of a chorus from within,—and it sounded a discord intolerable.

Involuntarily he turned to frown; so did Eleanour; and their eyes met. "'Jove, she has a fine pair!" cried Anthony, to himself. But as she was star-gazing also, they did not interrupt each other—they did not even exchange a passing comment.

By-and-by, however, Cecil took her naughty boy to task. "You might at least have paid the girls the compliment of thanking them, though you would not listen, my dear brother."

"What should I thank them for?"

"Their singing, of course?"

"They did not sing to please me; —and I would very much rather they had not sung at all. It spoilt my evening."

"What did you want to do?"

"Nothing,—watch the moon."

"I saw you; but that is Eleanour's prerogative, poor dear. She won't be grateful to you for disturbing her."

"I did not disturb her;—and she did not disturb me."

"No; you appeared to hold no communication. But still, I do assure you, she would prefer your going off with the others."

"But if the others go off without me?"

"Oh, *now*," thought she, "I understand." But she must really find out something that he could do —that he could like to do. Even of shooting he owned that he could have enough, and so far well; but it was absurd that he should be absolutely unable to take part in anything else.

Oliver was so clever, so handy, such a favourite, that it was really almost a pity that he should have no Blatchworth to make it possible for him to become a favourite to any purpose. He would, to be sure, have been puzzled which fair one to besiege, such was his devotion to all; Kate sang his songs, Julia used his pencils, Puss wore his cricket-ribbon, and Dot played with his mallet; but that difficulty could have been overcome; and for a penniless younger son who could do no more, he was certainly right to mete out his attentions with such admirable impartiality. Why with half

his susceptibility, was he not Anthony; or why could Anthony not catch a spark from the flame? So cold, or so cautious, which was it?

"Quite anti-matrimonial, anyway," said Alexander, rubbing his hands in the plenitude of his satisfaction. "Your plans have come to nought, Cecil; and since it is so, I may say, I suppose, that I for one am not sorry. Not but what I like your brother. He is a queer fellow, and no trouble at all in a house; but I should not have cared for people to have had the chance of saying we had had him here in order to knock up a match."

He had thought of this too late. Had it occurred to him sooner it would, he now reflected, have been an unanswerable reason for excluding Anthony from Crichton. However, it was as well perhaps, after all, that the thing should have been got over. Cecil would have given him no peace; and, as matters had turned out, he was not sorry on the whole that she should be quieted so effectually. Nothing but this brother's presence and indifference would have knocked her care for his welfare on the head; but now she would perhaps see that he might be trusted to look after it for himself.

Neither did his guests annoy him. The rattle of Oliver was harmless; and, so far from Anthony's engrossing the conversation, he needed to be drawn out to make him talk.

"Eleanour is the only one who can do it," continued Alexander, having remarked on this to his wife. "He shirks the others, I think. He is over there now,"—it was in the afternoon,—"and they are all four gone off riding with Noll."

"Where is he, then?"

"Reading to Eleanour under a tree."

"Reading to Eleanour," said Cecil, laughing. "Well, it is a good thing he has Eleanour to read to. The girls would not listen to that sort of thing for a moment. And what was he reading?"

"Oh, by George, you don't expect me to tell you that!"

"Did you not go to them?"

"Not I. I walked past, and they never saw me. I was right under their noses."

"They would think you very rude, I am afraid."

"Nonsense! How could they think me rude when I tell you they never saw me? Now, come out yourself; you and I won't waste so fine a day reading under trees, anyway."

Anthony had explained it all satisfactorily on his first appearance at the Castle. He never rode when he could walk; he had walked over to keep his brother company; and now, might he stay?

"Yes, I got him here," added Oliver, triumphantly; "but he is too lazy to go back. Pray be merciful, and don't turn him from the door."

It was quite a good thing that Eleanour was at home, for now they felt no difficulty about all the other sisters going for the ride; and all four were equipped and waiting, never having dreamed of Anthony's paying a visit that day.

Eleanour was going to sit under the oaks. He thought she would; he knew it was her favourite seat; and if he would not be in her way, if he would not disturb her, he had something in his pocket, he was very anxious to—to——. He was awfully ashamed of himself; he was afraid it would only bore her. She thought she was never to find out what was the meaning of such stammering and blushes.

At last, however, all was plain. A packet was produced, and it appeared that it contained an original manuscript; something he had once written, scarcely with a view

to publication, more as a vent for his own ideas on the subject, than for any other purpose. Still he yearned for an opinion on its merits, and hers was the first he had ever been able to make up his mind to seek.

She could not but be flattered, interested, eager, now that she understood the honour bestowed on her. What would it prove? Would it be good? Would it be worthy her praise? Would it be worthy of more than hers?

All alacrity and expectation, she gave her assent, and threw herself on the turf to listen. How now? Where is flown the austere stately Eleanour, whose measured tread appals the timid stranger, and whose calm serenity rebukes the frivolous? The *abandon* of the movement, the flash of her eye, have transfigured Anthony's auditor; and none of this is lost on him. He finds in the moment a wondrous fascination. He experiences a strange charm in making this companion the first recipient of his hidden delights. They have solaced him in his rough hut on the prairies, and accompanied him to his hammock on the broad ocean; escaped perils by sea and land; but never been submitted to mortal eye or ear, till now.

Of all people in the world, he is the least likely to be suspected of such pursuits. Why, he cannot even act a charade, or bellow a chorus! Why, Oliver has done more than one neat little thing for the papers, and it was he who was chosen to send up that capital account of the football-match, which was thought so well done, you remember? Cecil sent for six copies; and the housemaids were not allowed to have them till after they had lain for months on her boudoir shelf. But no one would ever ask Anthony to indite even an advertisement. His letters are nothing, and he doesn't tell you things,—even Alexander is forced to admit that he never knew a fellow so free from travellers' tales,—so that though Eleanour was not surprised that he *could*, she was amazed that he *should*, write. And had it been possible, he would now almost have drawn back from the plunge, though standing on the brink. Even with this long, lazy afternoon before him, every barrier withdrawn, and Eleanour by his side, he hums and haws and hesitates.

"Now *do* go on." She has to implore at length.

"Shall I really?"

"Yes, really. I am waiting."

"You must not be hard on me."

"I shall be, if I get the chance."

"Oh, if that is the case," says Anthony, joyously, "I don't mind. I am prepared to endure. If you will only be sincere——."

"Sincere!" cried Eleanour. "You shall see." She was quite out of herself in the excitement, quite vexed at the delay. "Upon my word," thought he, "this is uncommonly nice."

And it proved nicer still, as the time went on. The girls were astonished to find the pair still under their leafy canopy on their return; albeit the sun was sinking fast on the western horizon.

"What did you do with him, Eleanour?"

"I did nothing. He read to me."

"Oh, reading," said Kate, compassionately. "Rather stupid on a day like this. We have had such a ride! I like Anthony very well, but it is a pity he has not more spirit; now, he missed a great deal by not being with us, you know."

"Perhaps," said Eleanour, smiling, "he did not think so. Give him credit for knowing his own mind, at least."

"But I never can get him to say he cares about anything."

"He does not care for the things that you do."

"Is he not hard to get on with?"

"Not at all. I never met with any one so easy."

"Well," said Puss, plaintively, "he never takes any notice at all of me. On Sunday I said something to him, and he just rushed past to get on to Eleanour, and walked off with her as hard as he could go. It seems as if all he cared for was to get out of the way of us girls."

"And then he hangs on to poor old Nell!" said Dot.

They quite pitied her; especially when it came out that she had had no walk, and no visitors, and no interruption of any kind; and that it was only their own reappearance which had broken up her *tête-à-tête* with the formidable bore.

But he went home triumphant. He had seen his hearer aroused, attentive, captious, and subdued by turns. He had seen her fine eyes shining through involuntary tears, and had felt the pressure of her hand on his arm, and had heard her voice sending him forth to conquer.

It had all been infinitely more than he had dared to hope for. Ah, if others were to think as she did! The lust of fame took hold upon him, and he trembled lest so newly found a delight should vanish into thin air, should prove but a passing dream. He must make it surer, firmer. He must have more certain grounds for his elation.

Accordingly he was all impatience for such another afternoon; and one coming soon after, bright enough to tempt the riders forth again, he hurried over. Alas! the day was too hot. In vain he hinted at exhilarating motion and mountain breezes; the idea did not find favour. In short, there was something new going on. What was it? Acrostics.

And Oliver had taken prizes at acrostics—think of that! All the party had their heads together over the paper which had just come in; and Eleanour was absent from the room. Poor Anthony, he stood apart in silent disappointment; and when she did appear it was to be taxed sharply, "Do *you* understand what these things mean?"

"Not much."

"Do you like them?"

"Not at all."

"Did you ever find out one?"

"Never."

The others, busy with their pencils and dictionaries, did not see the smile which chased away the cloud at this confession; and perhaps it was as well. One day he said to her, referring to the gay-coloured group collected round his brother—Oliver was showing them a new way of eating melons—"A pretty mixture of colour that, taken as a whole; but, to my mind, any woman who *can*, should always wear black."

Of course she was pleased,—it was impossible to disassociate the words from the look with which they were accompanied,—and Eleanour was but human. She heard the rest of the reading on the same day—there being nothing to prevent her doing so. The young ones were presently shouting over their game, and made such a noise that it was the most natural thing in the world for the sober-minded to retreat out of hearing; and then it was too hot to go anywhere but under the oaks, where there was always the salt smell of the sea, even if there were no breeze to fan the branches.

At five o'clock only, they were hunted out, the precious document being then well out of sight; and no one thought of asking how their afternoon had been spent. Anthony

said it was time to go home, but did not go; and finally they stayed till it was dusk; and could hardly then be got away.

"But nothing has come of it," sighed Cecil, giving up at length the ghost of hope. She had watched, and hinted, and kept away when not wanted, and stepped forward when the breach needed filling up, and done everything that fond and valorous champion could do to bring about an understanding,—but with no result. Nothing, she was fain to confess, had come of it; and nothing was likely to come of it.

The provoking part was, that the persons chiefly concerned seemed one and all most excellently satisfied; even Eleanour, her own dear sensible Eleanour, who might have been reckoned on to see the pity of it,—even she let fall not a syllable of dejection.

It had been Cecil's original scheme certainly; but Eleanour had pledged her participation in it by that smile, and now a look of sympathy would not have been amiss. For it, however, she watched in vain.

On the charade night, the night on which Oliver in all his glory was bustling from one to another—directing, advising, rehearsing, and draping—Anthony was both blind and stupid. Absent, too; he could not be brought to see any beauty in the show, or any merits in the speeches. Mary and Honoria Stuart, who preferred tableaux, and who suggested that since Mr Delamere disliked acting he might perhaps be induced to make one of a picture group, met with a cold rebuff. A mule could not have been more stubborn, until they got Eleanour to ask him as a favour; and then he obeyed, but was so evidently out of temper, that they wished he had been let alone.

The whole came to a speedy end, and dancing took its place. Neither would he dance; but that had been understood before; it surprised no one, when he was missed from the room, to find him out upon the terrace, with a dark slender figure by his side.

But why did Eleanour stand so long at her little window that night, listening to the chatter of the sea-birds, and watching the solemn flowing in of the dark tide below? Why did she sob and sigh, and wring her hands, as though her heart would break? and throw from her, and anon catch to her bosom, a spray of starry jessamine, such as might have hung from the boughs on the terrace beneath? It cannot be that Anthony had anything to do with it? It is true that he sought her there, and that his first words stabbed her to the heart, and his second drove the breath from her lips. It is true that she turned from him, answering she knew not what, conscious only of one wild desire to fly and never see his face again.

They have been much together of late; but if they do talk, talk, by the hour, whilst the others are frolicking, surely it is only because sheer inability to join in all that goes on, excludes them from the circle?

The others left them behind,—he because he had never learned, she because she has renounced their amusements; they cannot possibly now take part in them. And so he found his way to her. He does not now allow her to pursue her studies uninterrupted, but prates and proses all the time; and has so much to say, and says it so well, that Alexander would stare if he could see. Oliver, even if he so desired, is in far too great request for him to obtain leave to retire into the shade. He trims the flower-glasses if there is nothing else for him to do; his accomplishments are so varied and so numerous, that nothing comes amiss to him.

On the whole, regarded as a

month of pleasure, as a visit taken merely *pour passer le temps*, the brothers' stay has gone off well enough for all concerned, although from the fortnight which had first been named for its duration, it has lengthened out to double the time. Alexander does not complain; he is philosopher enough to feel that he does not even care much about it; that he is indifferent as to whether they go or stay, by this time. When at last a day is definitely fixed, he is able to say heartily, "Are you really obliged to go?"

And since they were, at least Oliver was, and insisted on carrying Anthony off with him,—more could yet be added, "Next time I hope you will have better luck!"

For the sport, as we have said, was bad, early rains having spoilt the hatching season; and perhaps to this cause may be attributed the young men being seen so frequently in the Castle shrubbery. Be that as it might, they bore the deprivation bravely; and so high did they stand at last in their brother-in-law's good graces, that he was fain to confess to himself that he would not, after all, have objected to seeing one of his pretty sisters mistress of Blatchworth,—now that there appeared no chance of such a thing's coming to pass.

It is just possible that he was a little nettled to find it was out of the question. He was not very anxious to have Mary and Honoria Stuart over for the charades, thinking the charades could have got on very well without them. But it was so near the end of the brothers' visit—there being indeed but one other night of it—that he did not say much. The charades and the dancing took place, and we know what happened.

On the next morning, Cecil made one final attempt.

"Dear Anthony, I am so sorry you are going."

"Well, you see, Cis," slowly, "we can't stay here for ever."

"But why need you both go at once? Why should not Oliver go, if he has to go, and you stay a little longer by yourself?"

"Noll wants me to know his fellows; and perhaps it's — just as well," said Anthony, the latter part of the sentence having a meaning known only to himself.

"Are you going with him to the regiment?"

"I'll stop a few days with him, and then go on to Blatchworth, and settle down."

"Oh, Anthony, I wish it *were* settling down! Why don't you really mean what you say? Settle down altogether, and—and marry, you know!"

"I'm a non-performer, as usual. eh?"

"You never do do anything like other people. You and Eleanour —— What? What did you say?"

"Nothing. Do you see that mountain-side over there, that wood with the open height above? It was on just such a stony bit of rising ground that I killed my first boar in the Nilgherries. He got to the crest of the ridge—it was as like that knoll there as possible—before I got my first shot at him. He turned and dashed into the wood again, grinding his jaws like a devil; and I made off to the left, had him again five minutes after, and bowled him over as dead as a ninepin."

"I daresay you did. But I do wish, Anthony, that you would listen to me for a minute. You never can sit down quietly, and have a nice comfortable chat about people we know, and things we are interested in. You always fly off to such odd, out-of-the-way subjects."

"Choose your own subject, then."

"I want to know what you think of my sisters-in-law?"

"Charming."

"What, all?"

"Yes, all."

"Well, but individually? We will allow that as a whole they are charming — at least *I* think so, though they are Alexander's sisters, and people said we should be sure to quarrel. But we never do quarrel; and I think they are as fond of me as I am of them."

"Creditable to you both."

"And now I want to hear what you think of each? Many people consider Kate the flower of the flock, but by candlelight I don't myself think she is equal to Julia. Do you?"

"Well, I don't know; perhaps not."

"The young ones are very engaging, too."

"Oh, very."

"I know you like Eleanour."

"Eleanour?" He looked absently the other way.

"I said, I knew that you liked Eleanour."

"I wish," thought he, "that I could be as sure that Eleanour liked me."

The subject passed off, and he was not betrayed. He had to combat a few pensive complaints that they should leave her to go out with the fishermen on this their last evening; that considering neither one nor other had any reason—any fair, excellent, orthodox reason — for so doing, they should prefer to spend it in the company of the sisters, who had promised to be of the party, rather than with her.

She could not go, could not leave her little boys, since the nurse was away having a holiday; and it was a little hard to be left behind.

Why should not the girls have come over there, and they could have had tea out of doors, and a game, and a stroll along the shore afterwards for such as could go? Thus she could have enjoyed their company, and yet have been at her post; combined duty and pleasure.

Of course she wanted them to please themselves, would not for worlds have tethered them to her side against their will; but considering that they had been at the Castle every day and all day long of late, it was really hardly necessary that they should be there to the last. So very late, too. They would not be home till after midnight; and Alexander had a cold, as it was.

Alexander, however, protested against his cold being taken into account. It was the merest nothing; he had promised his sisters; it was a lovely evening, and Cecil must remember that it was not often her brothers had the chance of seeing nets drawn on a Highland loch.

He was quite cheery and genial on the subject; he was in excellent humour and spirits, reflecting that the next day he would have his house to himself; that the dreaded episode would have receded into the past; and that he had not failed in any part of his duty either as a relation or a host. The brothers had, indeed, drained his cup of hospitality to the full, and it was not probable that he would be soon called upon to fill another. Oliver but seldom obtained leave, and Anthony was not likely to come without him. For another year, at all events, he was safe.

He bustled about, making arrangements for the expedition; ordered dinner to be a full hour earlier than usual; provided coats and mufflers for everybody; and even recollected to take over some extra rugs for his sisters' feet. He was into the dogcart with a schoolboy's "whoo-oop" before Cecil could catch hold of him for a whispered caution.

"Alexander, just one word; see that Eleanour goes. She ought to be in one boat, and you in the other."

"Playing propriety, eh? I'll see to it."

But either he forgot, or he did not find seeing to it so easy as he expected. Three boats instead of two had been provided, by whom it did not appear; and in the confusion the party got wrong somehow, three of the girls going off with Oliver, who was the dangerous man, leaving only Julia for her brother to look after, since Eleanour arrived late, and was hurried by her cavalier into the last boat, alone with him and the fishermen.

Her going was thus of no good to any one, Cecil would have said; and she might just as well have been left at home, as she had begged to be.

She had tried to excuse herself, had shown several good reasons why she was not needed; but Alexander had remembered at least one part of his programme, and had backed his sisters in their demand for her presence.

Anthony had said nothing — watching warily in the background; but when, overruled at last, the lady came down equipped, she found Mr Delamere alone waiting for her.

He was not ill-satisfied. With three boats he felt he could manage, even though not present personally at the embarkation; the two other crews moving off ere they reached the spot, was just what he expected to see.

It was a warm, still night; a fine night for a haul, the fishermen said; they did not know that they had had a better night that season.

Having predicted so much, and made all snug within and without, they took to their oars in modest silence; prepared only to speak when spoken to; and sufficiently occupied by the business in hand, to prevent their giving attention to anything unconnected with it. Half an hour's pull brought all the party to the spot where the nets were stretched; and here the boats fell apart, not to interfere with one another.

They were now on the other side of the bay; in the vast black shadow of the overhanging cliffs which towered along the shore; and the phosphorus which flashed from their oars was the only light obtained, since there was no moon, and a veiled sky.

But beneath the sombre water was a wondrous world of living creatures. Like tongues of flame the supple fish darted hither and thither; now making all the surface glow, now vanishing in the depths; while in the darkness left, a silvery lamp would come floating by — luminous, iridescent, beautiful. Only a jelly-fish permeated with phosphorus; and the shining web which flung its stars of splendour through the water, was only a common fisherman's net; and the two dimly outlined figures, sitting side by side, so motionless, thrilled each with the presence of the other, were only a man and woman, lifted for the moment into Paradise.

"If I could make you happy," whispered Eleanour at last.

"You made me very unhappy last night," came Anthony's deep murmur back.

"I did not mean — I did not know. I was so startled, so shocked."

"Shocked, Eleanour? Why?"

"I had never, never thought of it; and all this time I have been—— Oh, what must you have thought of me?"

"Thought of you?" said Anthony, softly. "If you ask what I have really thought of you——." It

was not that she meant, of course; but if he chose to take it so, how was she to prevent him? "Shall I tell you what I have thought of you? That you were the best, the sweetest, the most unselfish sister; the kindest, gentlest daughter; the dearest friend——"

. . . .

"The air grows cold," said Anthony, after a while; "let me draw the plaid closer; you must not catch a chill."

All at once his tone takes the tender authority so exquisite to a woman's ear in the voice of the man she loves. "I am going to take charge of you now," continues he. "You are mine, say what you will, after this. Take your hand out of the water, Eleanour."

How different was the care with which he guarded her footsteps up over the slippery tangle, to that with which he had escorted her down! Then, it had been with a half-resolute, half-doubtful hand, —fearful lest he should give offence, yet bent on holding such position as he had; then, too, he had hurried along 'twixt ardour and trepidation to his fate: now, all was softness, tenderness, lingering.

Shrouded by the kindly dusk he drew her gently forward, one arm supporting while the other led; and ere they quitted the treacherous pathway, more than a promise had been drawn from her lips. The flare of a lamp through the open hall-door, revealed to the laggards that all the rest of the party were there before them. They had only just been missed. Alexander was in the act of saying, "Why, I thought they had come up some time ago," when they appeared, to put a stop to all surmises.

"And I think we had a rare good night's sport," continued the host, having ascertained that all had gone well. "What do you say, Anthony? The best we have had since you came, eh?"

"Incomparably the best."

"Two hundred and thirteen head among us. By no means bad, that."

"Bad? It was excellent, first-rate. I have never enjoyed an evening more."

"Well, then, to supper," said Alexander, sitting down with freshened colour and hearty appetite. "I like these jolly suppers afterwards; they are half the fun."

"So they are, upon my word."

"But you, Mr Delamere, take your enjoyment sadly, as they say Englishmen always do," put in Miss Dot, saucily. "Your poor boatmen must have found it rather *trists* with only you and Eleanour. We had such funny sayings from our two, Hector and Tom, — but we never heard a sound from your quarter."

"Did you not? That was strange. We heard plenty of sounds from yours."

"I daresay; we were laughing all the time. But you—did either of you ever laugh?"

"Only once. I told your sister to take her hand out of the water for fear of cold, and she laughed at me!"

Dot stared.

"And I will laugh, or at least smile," continued the speaker, boldly, "if you will do me the great favour of taking this chair, instead of the one you are behind? I have a fancy to sit there to-night."

He wanted to be beside his Eleanour; to be where he could watch over her; exchange a word or look now and then. He was not going to heed the astonishment of the one sister, nor the blush on the other's cheek. They might all see now, if they chose; they had been blind enough before.

And blind they continued to be to the last.

If the marble statue in the hall had suddenly descended from its perch and come amongst them all, they could scarcely have been more amazed and incredulous than when it was made known in what way Eleanour had stepped down from her pedestal. *Eleanour!*

And Anthony, whom they had passed by and overlooked, and yet regarded with a certain amount of awe, as one who had neither part nor lot in their nonsense, and petty flirtations, and mock love-making, —Anthony to cheat them thus!

Outwitted as he had been, in company with all the rest, Alexander was nevertheless the first to recover; and to do him justice, he was honestly able to exclaim as soon as he could speak, "I never was better pleased in my life."

"But do tell me *how* it was," pleaded Cecil, next day,—for of course Oliver had no companion in his early start; "dear Anthony, I want so very much to know."

"I am sure then, my dear Cis, I can't tell you. I was as much surprised as any one, when I first made the discovery. Somehow it grew upon me. She was not always flying away with the rest; crazed about singing and dancing and fooling; I had time to draw a breath and get to know what Eleanour was like; to find out what was *in* her; and to—— well, to get a look into her eyes now and then. And they are beauties! Such fire, and yet such softness! When I read to her —I am reading to her some things I am interested in, just now—I watch the effect, and feel my way by them. Poor child! She had no notion what I was about. She was so grand and so frigid at first, —so patronising, that it was really delightful. You have no idea how piquant it was to wait for the unveiling of the real Eleanour, as bit by bit she came out of herself when no one was by. All the grandmotherly airs fell away, and the charms peeped out one by one. Bless you, my dear girl, you don't know Eleanour! You wait till we have been married a few months, and your eyes will be opened!"

"It was her own wish, her own doing," murmured Cecil.

"Her own doing, certainly; that was the droll part of it. I have seen many a woman laid on the shelf against her will; but I never before saw one systematically cling to it of her own accord. It was all I could do to dislodge my fair Eleanour. She gave me a buffet for my pains—metaphorically—at the first suggestion; and last night I had to argue and entreat for half the evening, before I could obtain a hearing at all! Oh no, she had settled it entirely in her own mind. She had her father and sisters, and you and Alexander and the children, to care for; and she had done with marriage, and all thoughts of the kind. But I found the soft spot at last. No, you need not think you are going to get it out of me; my conduct was quite shabby enough at the time, without betraying my sweetheart afterwards."

"She *would* be old, and *was* so young," he went on, musing. "That excess of sober solemnity, and all the impetuousness beneath! Those black gowns too!"

"Pray, what had they to do with it?"

"Showed off her figure to such advantage as no others could ever have done. On our wedding-day I suppose I must submit to white, or whatever is proper,—but afterwards she must return to the robe in which she won my heart."

Eleanour, on her part, could not find one half so much to say.

She wept, and blushed, and begged their forgiveness, as if she had done them all an injury. She who

had been so particular with them all, and so earnest that the proprieties should be observed, even to the minutest particular, to have been thus caught in her own trap! And to be sure, it was on Anthony that her attention had been chiefly fixed,—resolved that, whatever she and Cecil might in private dare to hope for, there should be no attempts to engage his notice; no meetings without surveillance; nothing whatever inconsistent with severe decorum. Her vigilance had relaxed only when it became so palpably unnecessary, as to make continuation of it ridiculous.

And that off her mind, she had given herself up to the pleasure of his companionship,—had allowed herself to listen, untroubled by any sense of danger, to the modulations of his treacherous voice. As long as he kept only to *her*, no cares could burden her conscience; she was free to enjoy; and keenly had she enjoyed, deeply had she drank, of the intoxicating cup.

Then came the awakening.

Only on the previous evening, only when he came out to her under the jessamine bower, while the others were dancing within, and said that which burst in upon her dream like the blast of a trumpet, —only then had she guessed what all this was leading to.

And could they not, one and all, bear witness to her unwillingness to go on the water the next night? Could they not testify that it was only because she had been compelled to do so, that she had yielded at last? See what had come of it!

"If you had but let me do as I said," cried Eleanour, 'twixt laughing and sobbing, "if you had only allowed me to stay behind, he would never have had the chance of speaking a second time!"

She was subdued thenceforth beyond recovery. In the interval before the marriage took place, if ever a controlling frown crossed her brow, or a didactic word escaped her lips, it was the signal for a jeer, a taunt, a smile of derision.

Eleanour was Eleanour no longer. Even the prospect of there being no successor to the throne she was quitting,—no one to reign as she had reigned, to judge, ordain, punish, and pardon,—did not move her to grasp the reins of government whilst she could. She threw them down then and there, acknowledging her failure.

She was once more a bride ere the leaves were off the trees; and this time, of her complete and entire happiness no fears were entertained by anybody.

In Anthony she found equality of mind, congeniality of temperament, and the concentrated affection of a man who loves neither easily nor often. In her he experienced the charm of being united to an intelligent companion; of being subject daily to the influence of a cheerful, unselfish disposition; and of being looked at across his own table by the finest eyes in the world.

The manuscript which was contraband at Crichton, was openly sent into the world from Blatchworth; and it may confidently be affirmed that it owed no small portion of its merits and its success to the assistance of its first critic. The attention it attracted, added to their own superiority of intellect and amiability of temper, soon obtained for Anthony and his wife any society they chose among the learned, the gifted, and the witty; but having thus unexpectedly distinguished themselves before the world, it is clear that they can no longer claim to figure under the title of "non-performers."

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE record of a good life has been worthily closed; and the literature of England is richer by a book which will be read with profit by succeeding generations of her sons and daughters. We say this in no spirit of a courtier, but deeply impressed by the value to the world of the legacy which the Prince Consort has left in his example. We are all too apt to be impatient of virtues that we are conscious humanity in general has failed to cultivate successfully; we are still more impatient of having these praised, and prone to think we detect the panegyrist in the biographer. In the case of Court memoirs, the reader has too frequently had reason to be suspicious, for the majority of books classed under this head contain estimates of their subjects that are obviously insincere. Mr Martin's biography will escape detraction on this score. We may not always respond to the fulness of his appreciation of the Prince's good qualities; and we may sometimes think it well to accept his excuse of "the difficulty of silence where the chronicler has had to scrutinise a character under many and varied aspects, so narrowly as it has been his duty to scrutinise that of the Prince, and has at every step found fresh occasion to admire its purity, its unselfishness, its consistency, and its noble self-control." Interwoven as Mr Martin's pages are at every step in the narrative with most touching outbursts of a noble and holy love, a biographer must have been cold indeed who did not feel his heart stirred to sympathy and enthusiasm; and his book must stand by itself as the best of the many memorials that perpetuate the memory of the Prince Consort in our midst.

The last volume of the Prince's life is opened to the public at a time when his ceaseless efforts to uphold the just influence of England rush to our recollection with a peculiar force. Only the story of two years remained to be told,—two years which, as we read the account of them, seem to be in some way shadowed by a forecast of the sorrow that was to come. The picture of the inner life of the Palace continues to be as attractive as in the previous volumes; and our interest in it can scarcely be said to be distracted by the prominence which we now find given to the Prince's views of the politics of Europe, and of the relations of England with the Continental Powers. This, however, is a decided feature in the volume before us as compared with its predecessors; and it is one not without importance at the present juncture. It is well that we should be reminded that the First Estate in the realm has an interest in maintaining the honour and influence of Great Britain in the councils of Europe, and that in times of peril not less than that of the present, the Crown has successfully aided the Cabinet in piloting the country through the shoals that lay in its course. How far the clear mind of the Prince Consort, and his extensive knowledge of European politics, not less than the sense of public principle which underlay all his views, assisted the Queen in

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The Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. Volume V. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

the discharge of that duty, is made manifest in this last volume of his life; and many of his utterances will at this time fall upon the ear of the nation with the impressiveness due to warnings from the tomb.

The condition of Europe at the opening of the year 1860 had many points of resemblance to the situation in our own time. Peace had been restored by the Treaty of Zurich, embodying the conditions agreed on at Villafranca, but there was still a disturbing influence at work. The restlessness and ambition of the French Emperor find their only parallel in the position of the Czar's Government. Both went to war "for an idea," and both had to make peace without having been able to give their ideas the desired expression. And it does not require us to strain comparison to see, in the Italy of 1860, a very close analogy to the condition of the Ottoman Empire at the present moment,—with the exception that, in the latter case, there is no strong native power standing by ready to effect the work of regeneration. And in the case of Italy, our stake was infinitely more slight than the interests of Britain in the Ottoman territories. It was limited to a general desire to save the peace of Europe, and was untrammelled by guarantees or traditional obligations. While the country, on one hand, viewed with just abhorrence the misgovernment of Naples, the Papal States, and the smaller dukedoms, it was also alive to the danger of encouraging a desire for redress by internal insurrection, or by liberation at the hands of a foreign Power. Moreover, there could be no hope of a European settlement until the Italian problem had been wrought out one way or another. Non-intervention was clearly the course for England to follow; but the policy had its difficulties. The Liberal Cabinet had scarcely patience to wait for Italy being delivered by the progress of events. Lord Palmerston's sympathies with the Italian policy of the Emperor Napoleon had, as we have seen in a previous volume, been checked in time to keep the country from being compromised. But there was a strong feeling in his party in favour of measures for accelerating the crisis. Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary, was fidgeting to exercise his genius for meddling at the wrong moment, and in the wrong way; and the Radical tail of the party was, as usual, encouraging war by preaching peace doctrines. But clear-headed men saw that the working-out of the Italian question must rest with Napoleon, and that the issues of European peace and war must depend upon the steps by which he was to set about it.

The extinction of the Bonapartes as a ruling Power has enabled the Prince's biographer to express the views of the Court regarding the last Emperor with a frankness which, under other circumstances, would have been impossible, but which is now of great historical value. The Queen and the Prince Consort fully shared the distrust which the Conservative party at this time felt of the Emperor's intentions, as well as of his ability to be answerable to Europe for the effects of his diplomacy. In the memorable interview at Osborne, recorded in the fourth volume, the Emperor had betrayed to the Prince Consort his feelings about the Treaties of 1815, and his desire to have them modified in favour of France's "*frontières naturelles.*" The suspicion that this announcement had aroused was of course still further deepened by the results of the Italian war, and the certainty that

the whole items of the agreement of Plombières had not yet been made public. At the same time, Napoleon on his part was making desperate efforts to conciliate opinion in England in his favour, if he could not secure the acquiescence of the Government in his projects. The usual friendly letters between him and the Queen were interchanged at the beginning of 1860; but the assurances on his Majesty's part of his desire for peace did not prevent our Court from being sensible of the slender confidence that was to be attached to them. The Prince Consort, writing to the Prince Regent of Prussia, says:—

"The Emperor Napoleon is in a cleft stick between his promises to the Italian Revolution, and those he has made to the Pope. The self-deceptive form of solution which he has tried to effect by the Treaty of Villafranca, has but added to his difficulties by fettering him with new relations toward Austria. He would fain burst these meshes, and make use of us for the purpose. . . . People are frightened at their responsibility which, betwixt night and morning, may break with everything which they thought, when they went to bed, was too sacred to be touched."

Parliament opened on 24th January, and the Commercial Treaty with France had been signed the previous day. But the air was already full of reports of the French demand for the cession of Savoy and Nice, which, probably, had been precipitated by a few months on account of the movement of the Central Italian States for annexation to Sardinia. The object of the Emperor in seeking to foil the anger which Britain must naturally feel at such a proposal, by driving a cheap bargain with her commercial interests, was now fully apparent. At the same time came a despatch from Lord Cowley, stating that the Emperor could not undertake to withdraw his army from Lombardy and Rome until the "new organisation of Italy" was taken under the guarantee of the European Powers. "We have been made regular dupes," writes her Majesty to Lord John Russell on the 5th February, "(which the Queen apprehended, and warned against all along). The return to an English alliance, universal peace, commercial fraternity, &c., &c., were the blinds to cover before Europe a policy of spoliation." But the judicial blindness of the Peace Party would not see that the lustre of the Treaty was in any degree dimmed by this new revelation of Napoleon's rapacity and bad faith. In the debates that ensued, Mr Bright gave utterance to his unhappy ejaculation of "Perish Savoy!" on which he had little reason to felicitate himself before Lord John Manners had sat down.* As for the Commercial Treaty itself, the Court quite shared the views of the Conservative party of its value to Britain. Two days after the Treaty was signed, the Prince tells the Prince Regent of Prussia that it "will not give satis-

* Mr Martin quotes Lord John's speech in a note, and often as it has been repeated, our readers will be glad to be again reminded of its language: "'Perish Savoy!' says the honourable gentleman; perish the freedom of the press; perish constitutional government; perish everything which stands in the way of the expansion of a trade with France! But the hon. gentleman went so far as to say it mattered nothing, whether France annexed this or that country; for the statement which he made was general. 'Annex Savoy!'—it is natural it should be annexed; he has received information—he does not tells us from what quarter—that the people of Savoy wish it. Annex Belgium! The hon. gentleman will be able, no doubt, at the proper moment, to inform the House of Commons he has information in his pocket that the people of Belgium wish to be annexed. Annex the Rhenish provinces of Germany! We shall have a similar statement from the hon. gentleman."

faction here, because it gives France our coal and iron—the elements of our superiority hitherto—and in return, by loss of duties on wine and articles of luxury, causes us an immediate deficit in income of two millions sterling!" Its effects upon the opinion of Europe were still more unfortunate, for there was a general impression that it had served to buy over the "nation of shopkeepers" to the Emperor's interests. It was no fault of the Manchester school of politicians that this view was not sustained; and there was a danger that, but for the influence of the Court and the check of the Conservative Opposition, the Liberal Ministry might have drifted into some measures that would have been held to condone the Emperor's dishonesty.

As the cession of Savoy and Nice became more and more a certainty, the tone of English opinion gave no uncertain utterance as to what it thought of the bargain. Cavour's disavowal to our ambassador of any such project had little effect upon the feelings of the country; and the assurance stands among recorded instances of the diplomatic "lie direct," to the discredit of that great statesman. Earl Grey in the House of Lords declared that if such a compact existed between France and Sardinia, "it would be difficult to find in the annals of the world a case of more flagrant iniquity." Mr Kinglake, too, had denounced the agreement with powerful emphasis, and had called on the Ministry publicly to rescue itself from any odium of complicity. The French Emperor was alarmed. He felt that the dominant feeling of England was against him, and that his friends of the Treaty could do little in his behalf. But after the fashion of his uncle he was resolved to try what bluster could do, and at a concert at the Tuileries, as the Emperor was making his round of the diplomatic circle between the acts, an interview took place between him and the English ambassador which almost recalls the famous conversation between Metternich and the first Napoleon in 1808, recently related in this magazine. The English ambassador stood his ground quite as stoutly as the Austrian had done, and took an opportunity the same evening to point out to his Majesty the impropriety of discussing questions of such delicacy as the relations of France and England in the presence of the representative of Russia. The Emperor at once assured Lord Cowley that he had spoken with no bad intention, and under the irritation of the attacks to which he had been subjected; and that it was against not the Government but his enemies in England that his resentment had been aroused. Lord Cowley's bearing well earned the praise of the Queen, who remarks, in a letter to Lord John Russell, that "the circumstance is useful as proving that the Emperor, if met with firmness, is more likely to retract than if cajoled. . . . If Europe were to stand together and make a united declaration against it, the evil might still be arrested; but less than that will not suffice." Europe, however, was not prepared to take such a step. Austria could not be expected to have much sympathy with Sardinia in her loss. Russia was disposed to favour France. Prussia was occupying a position of non-intervention identical almost with that of England. So, notwithstanding Lord John Russell's spirited condemnation of the measure in the House of Commons, and the impression which it made upon the Emperor for a time, Nice and Savoy were annexed to France by the will of the people, as expressed in a *plèbiscite*. The immediate result of the measure was to shake still further the confidence of

Europe in the Emperor; and in the case of both England and Prussia, to give an impetus to defensive armament. The matter was scarcely one in which the feeling of this country would have justified a departure from non-intervention; but Lord John Russell unquestionably spoke the sentiments of both the Queen and the nation when he declared that—

"When future questions may arise, we should be ready to act with others, and to declare,—always in the most moderate and friendly terms, but still firmly,—that the settlement of Europe, the peace of Europe, is a matter dear to this country, and that settlement and that peace cannot be assured if they are liable to perpetual interruption—to constant fears, to doubts and rumours with respect to the annexation of this one country, or the union and connection of that other."

An interesting exchange of letters between the Prince and the Prince Regent of Prussia originated in the French annexation. Between the "Rulers of Prussia, who receive their crown from God" (page 400) and a royal house whose foundation rests upon an express agreement with its subjects, there must naturally be a difference of opinion upon the principle of popular sovereignty. The English side of the question is well explained by the Prince, and it justifies the action of the oppressed Italian States against the somewhat narrow view which the Prussian Government was disposed to take. He disavows the principle that a nation can vote itself from one ruler to another; but as the Italian States had emancipated themselves from their sovereigns, who had abandoned their territories, he acknowledged the right of the people to provide for their future destiny. Non-intervention, he held, was expedient under the circumstances of Italy; but he admits that it would not be applicable to every case. In the minds of both, the possibility of Napoleon seeking to apply the same theory of "*frontières naturelles*" in the direction of the Rhine was regarded as a not remote danger; and the precedent set by the Italian States as well as Savoy and Nice was not to be lightly dismissed. The Prince of Prussia argues in favour of assisting legitimate sovereigns against attempts to force upon them revolutionary governments, and would apparently only exercise non-intervention in their favour where they have denied the people their "covenanted rights;" but he forgot that in practical politics the expansion of a spirit of freedom and the growing desire for self-government must be taken into account. And it is very rare that non-intervention can be exercised with the same singleness of purpose as actuated Britain during this crisis, for most governments will naturally ask how their own interests will be affected by a revolutionary movement, before they can afford to think of aiding the sovereign who may be suffering by it.

Lord John Russell's Reform Bill was one of the lighter incidents of the Session, and its pitiable fate afforded amusement to all except its unhappy author. Writing to Stockmar, the Prince declares that "it scarcely excites as much attention as a Turnpike Trust Bill." The country was too much engrossed in watching European affairs to care for changes in its representation. Nevertheless Lord John brought it forward on 1st March,—"a day dear to him as that on which, twenty-nine years before, he had introduced his great measure of Parliamentary Reform." But the Opposition and a majority of the Ministry were against it, and the Bill was withdrawn amid the pathetic complaints of its author to his chief, that "the apathy of the country is undeniable. Nor is it a

transient humour; it seems, rather, a confirmed habit of mind."

The most memorable incident connected with this bill was the speech of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton,—the best speech he ever delivered,—and his warning against lowering the franchise. The following prediction, which Mr Martin has emphasised in italics, has been fulfilled to the letter in our own day:—

"No doubt we shall have members just as anxious for what is called the honour of the country who will make high-sounding speeches against truckling to absolute sovereigns, and insist on the right of the House of Commons *to become the garrulous confidant of every secret which Cabinets would keep to themselves.* But will the new representatives of the new Constituency be as provident of practical defences, as they may be lavish of verbal provocatives? Will they as readily submit to the taxation which is necessary to self-defence, so long as the world shall see wars commenced for the propagation of ideas, and peace concluded by the acquisition of dominions?"

Although the Crown and the Cabinet were fully sensible of the peril to which Britain was exposed through the ambitious intrigues of the French Emperor, there was still a section of the country who found it hard to persuade themselves of the existence of danger, or of the necessity for strengthening our defensive position. Prominent among these were Messrs Cobden and Bright, and Mr Gladstone, the obsequious exponent of their views. This party, as Mr Martin says, "did not hesitate to denounce as provocative of war the very measures which those to whom the safe-keeping of the State had been intrusted, regarded as the only means to prevent it"—a course exactly the same as its representatives have followed in the present day. But then, as now, wiser counsels prevailed. The Volunteer movement, mainly inaugurated by the Prince Consort's exertions, was fast assuming proportions that impressed the European Powers. We were adding new vessels to our navy of a strength hitherto unknown in naval warfare; and the Ministry was struggling to secure the means of placing our arsenals in a condition of security. The Peace obstructives inveighed against these preparations as provocative to war, and Mr Bright seemed inclined to let England perish as well as Savoy rather than that the moral effects of the Commercial Treaty should be marred by such symptoms of distrust. So strongly opposed was Mr Gladstone to expenditure upon the national defences, that there was a chance of his seceding from the Cabinet. Lord Palmerston, however, was resolved that such a threat should not stand in the way of his duty to the country. Writing to the Queen on the 24th May 1860, the Premier says:—

"Viscount Palmerston hopes to be able to overcome his objections; but if that should prove impossible, however great the loss to the Government by the retirement of Mr Gladstone, it would be better to lose Mr Gladstone than to run the risk of losing Portsmouth or Plymouth."

The funds were ultimately raised, and the means adopted by the Liberal Government were identical in principle with those to which the present Ministry have had recourse, and which are the only legitimate way of providing for defences by which posterity is to profit—namely, by spreading the expenditure over a series of years. In a letter to Mr Cobden, Lord Palmerston wisely vindicated his defensive policy in the following terse language:—

"So long as other nations are animated by these human passions" (quarrelling and fighting), "a country like England, wealthy, and exposed to at-

tack, must, by necessity, be provided with the means of defence; and however expensive these means may be, they are infinitely cheaper than the war they tend to keep off."

Mr Gladstone and his friends, however, were not to be convinced either by the wisdom of Lord Palmerston or the clear voice of the nation, although the Prince Consort remarks "that the great Volunteer Review of that year ought to have taught him how utterly his views are at variance with those of the nation." At all events, we have since seen that Mr Gladstone failed to profit by the lesson which he might have learned at that critical time, as well as by the experience of his great chief, and the sound warnings of the Prince Consort.

Another measure of this time, which the Prince Consort's correspondence shows that he watched with much interest, was the repeal of the Paper Duties. Whatever may be thought of the abolition of this impost at the present day, and however grateful we may be for the expansion which the repeal of the paper duties afforded to the growing power of the Press, we are still conscious that Mr Gladstone's persistency in pushing them forward in 1860 was very *mal à propos* to the condition of the revenue. Only two years before he had opposed a resolution of Mr Milner-Gibson against these duties, which only went the length of affirming that they ought not to be regarded as a permanent source of revenue. The secret of this change of front was a desire to conciliate his Manchester friends, whose views were chiefly expounded in the penny papers. The Prince Consort, however, whether rightly or wrongly, did not scruple to affirm that Mr Gladstone wished to throw away a million and a half of revenue "with a view of forcing us into disarmament next year." We need not go into the defeat of the paper bill in the House of Lords, or the ineffectual attempt of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his friends to raise the ghost of a constitutional question out of this "gigantic innovation" on the part of the Upper House; or the shifty procedure by which he finally carried the measure as a part of his Budget of the succeeding year. The lesson to be drawn from the views which the Court took of the question, as they are set forth in this volume, is that Mr Gladstone was incapable of estimating the necessities of the country in comparison with his wish to carry out his own pet projects.

In the month of May the situation was still further complicated by what the Prince Consort describes as "a perilous conflagration of all the rotten places throughout Europe." Revolution broke out in Sicily, and soon the news came that Garibaldi had made a descent upon that island, in favour of the insurgents, in the name of Victor Emmanuel. That he was not without authority to use the name of the King of Sardinia is incontestably established, as well by the circumstances attending the sailing of his expedition, as by the account to which it was subsequently turned. But Europe was disturbed, and Cavour and his sovereign were placed in a serious difficulty. Austria called upon the Powers to join with her in condemning this new encroachment. Russia declared that nothing but her remote geographical position prevented her intervention. France went through the form of protesting, but Italy knew that she had been paid the price of her acquiescence. The chief fear which the English Cabinet entertained, was that France would take the opportunity to ask additional terms, in

the shape of Genoa and the Island of Sardinia; but Cavour had already made his bargain. The Sardinian Government, however, felt it necessary to reassure European opinion by a somewhat insincere disavowal of Garibaldi's aims; but Victor Emmanuel's outspoken sympathies were all with the Italian liberator. England was well content to wait the issue. No good was to be compassed by intervention. As Mr Disraeli had well put it, Italy was "in a state far beyond the management and settlement of Courts and Cabinets." Inclined as the Conservative party might have been to sympathise with this first calamity of the Bourbons, they still could not condone the cruelty that had characterised their government of the Two Sicilies and Naples. Mr Gladstone, while still a member of that party, had made the conduct of the Neapolitan Government the theme of his maiden essay in "atrocity" literature with telling effect. In a letter to the Prince Regent of Prussia, the Prince puts the feeling of England on Italian affairs very forcibly:—

"What further development the Italian question will take I do not venture to predict; but my belief is, that nothing will tend so much as an abstinence from all external intervention to force the Italians into a solution of their own internal questions; and to this we may look for the surest safeguard against their making further appeals for aid from without. . . . Our Ministry is independent of Sardinia; but such is the popular hatred of the Neapolitan *régime*, which for the last twelve years has been the object of general execration, that any step which could be open to the suspicion of seeming to uphold it is next to impossible."

And in the meantime, the possibility of French designs in the direction of Belgium and the Rhine was of greater interest to the Courts of both England and Prussia, than the slender chance of being able to exercise a beneficial influence upon the desperate condition of Italian affairs. Both knew enough of the French Emperor's restless temperament to know that when his intrigues had reached their goal on the side of the Alps and the Adriatic, they would necessarily have to seek for an outlet on some other portion of his frontier. Napoleon divined this uneasiness, and sought to allay it by an assurance that Savoy and Nice had not been annexed as "*frontières naturelles*," or on any ground of national ideas, but only by way of guarantee against the growing power of Sardinia, "in the name of the principle of public law, to insure that existing treaties may not be made more onerous." This was a plea, however, as capable of expansion as the other, and did not afford either England or Prussia any assurance to postpone their defensive preparations.

The affairs of India naturally do not occupy the same important place in this volume that the exciting incidents of the Mutiny filled in its predecessor. We have an interesting account of the origin of the Star of India, and of the difficulties which the Prince encountered in devising a suitable name for the new order. The Prince suggests several titles, such as the "Eastern Star of Honour," the "Star of Honour for England and India," with appropriate emblems, to all of which some valid objection was preferred; until in despair he jestingly suggested that it should take the sign and name of a house at Töplitz, "the sign being gilt figures of men rowing against a rock, with the title of 'The Golden Impossibility.'" The present apposite title, and still more fitting

insignia and motto of the Order are largely due to the interest which the Prince Consort took in its establishment. We wish we could speak as favourably of the results of the Prince's interference with the only other Indian subject that has a place in the last volume of his life. This was the abolition of the fine old European forces of the East India Company—corps who in distinction and bravery were second to no regiment of her Majesty's line. The Prince seems from the time when these forces were transferred to the service of the Crown to have conceived an intense antipathy to their existence, and the utter incapacity of Sir Charles Wood yielded them an easy prey. Lord Derby, and his successor Lord Palmerston, for a time resisted the Prince's views; but the Horse Guards and some prominent Indian officers readily lent themselves to the change; and the fine old regiments that had shared the victories of Clive, Eyre Coote, Wellesley, and Lake, were fastened on to the tail end of the Royal forces. The strain which the Indian reliefs have imposed upon the imperial army, as well as the constantly felt want for local European troops independent of the fluctuations of the Horse Guards' roster, have long ago made it matter for regret that the Prince should have interfered in a question upon which his information was obviously very imperfect.

The French intervention in Syria after the massacre of the Maronites aroused a fresh dread that the Eastern question might be reopened, and England was the last of the five Powers that gave her consent to the Convention under which a French force was despatched to aid in the re-establishment of order. In a well-known letter to Count Persigny, the ambassador at London, which was published at the time, and which was believed to have been suggested by the Cobden party as a means of strengthening their own hands, the Emperor vindicated the peaceableness of his intentions as well as the benevolence of his motives; but the document had no more effect than the Emperor's assurances usually had, although it showed England that Napoleon was still anxious to cling to its alliance. More attention was paid to the meeting of the Emperor of Austria and the Regent of Prussia at Töplitz at this time, as there was an expectation that their interview might have a bearing upon the Italian insurrection, which was then threatening to include Venetia in its scope. But of this nothing came beyond an exchange of common doubts and ideas, which William frankly communicated to the Prince Consort. In a letter to Baron Stockmar a little later on, the Prince thus expresses his views:—

"In politics the Italian drama is making progress, and I have not one moment's doubt but that the attack on Venice will be made in the spring. Cavour is well aware that it would not be viewed with favour in Europe at the present moment, but he hopes by the spring to have stirred up the revolutionary spirit sufficiently; and the Austrians are sure by that time to have practised some *maladroit* severities towards the Venetians which will enlist general sympathy in favour of the Italian movement."

To turn away from the Italian question, which the Prince was not destined to see solved, we may glance very briefly at his Royal Highness's views of the future of Germany, illustrative, as they are, of his deep political perspicacity. But even his prescience could not foresee that German unity was to be realised on the ruins of its chief enemy, and that a new German Empire was to be inaugurated in the halls of Versailles while France lay prostrate at the feet of the Teuton. A moral

revolution which would place Prussia at the head of the German States was what the Prince wished and hoped for, but he did not fail to note the many obstacles which lay in the way. In his letters to his daughter and to Baron Stockmar, the Prince gave unreserved expression to his opinions, and their attendant doubts and fears. He saw the open side which the smaller States presented to French diplomacy. When Bavaria and Würtemberg signed Concordats with the Pope, his daughter asked his opinion, and was answered in a noble outburst of Protestant spirit condemnatory of the sacrifice of civil liberty to the supremacy of a foreign ecclesiastical power. The excuse which these Concordats might afford for French interference, and for an attempt to erect another Confederacy of the Rhine under French protection, was quite apparent to the Prince, who had no hope for the consolidation of German power except by German means. The autrocratic position of Austria on the one side, and her antipathy to accord constitutional governments to her States, forbade the idea that any assistance could come from her; and William, so long as he was Prince Regent, did not dare to altogether reverse the impracticable policy of Frederick William IV. "Prussia's position is a weak one," the Prince writes to his daughter, "and will continue to be so as long as she does not morally dominate Germany; and to be herself German is the secret to bring this about." Again and again he deplores the timidity of Prussia, and his only hope rests in the personal rectitude of the Prince Regent. When, in consequence of the insult offered to Captain Macdonald by the Prussian officials at Bonn, English opinion was greatly embittered against the Berlin Government, the Prince was heartily vexed, and failed, as we think, to show the sympathy that was due to Lord Palmerston's spirited efforts to obtain satisfaction for a wrong done to a British subject. No doubt the matter was not of sufficient moment to break up an *entente cordiale* so essential to the welfare of Europe as that of England and Prussia; but public feeling was never more with Lord Palmerston than when, as very often happened, he was reading another Power a practical homily from the text *civis Romanus sum.* The articles in the 'Times,' which, as usual, were only reflecting English feeling in a somewhat acrid way, caused the Prince great annoyance. In the Queen's words, the articles "made him very angry, and did him harm." "You always say," was the Prince's rejoinder, "that it is of no consequence; but I assure you everybody reads the 'Times' and forms their opinion on it." At the time of the present King's coronation, the tone of the 'Times' towards Prussia was so hostile that even Lord Clarendon, who was at Berlin on a special mission, felt alarmed, and suggested that Lord Palmerston's attention should be called to it by the Queen. But the Premier was wise, and knew that if public feeling was deprived of its usual vent, it would soon seek a more angry utterance by another channel. It is probable, however, that he employed his personal influence in seeking a mitigation of the anti-Prussian articles; for Mr Martin notes that from this time an improved tone was perceptible in the leaders both as regarded the German people and their sovereign.

The strong Prussian sympathies of the Prince are very pronouncedly marked in the present volume. His essentially German type of mind and mode of expression have all along appeared prominently in his memoirs; but we cannot help thinking that a slight

feeling of disappointment will be felt that the Prince did not succeed in identifying his speech and habits more closely with those of his adopted country. His Diary is kept in German, and when emphasis is to be attached to any of his sayings, his biographer feels it necessary to quote it in the original. No doubt, our views may be characterised by a little British narrowness; and we may remember that perhaps the greatest source of unpopularity of the first two Georges was their inability to speak the language of the country which they governed. But the Prince Consort was thoroughly master of the English language, as his speeches and State papers show; and we are tempted to wonder that he did not appreciate the peculiar propriety of using it to a greater extent in the domestic relations of life. As we read the Prince's life, the numberless translations which Mr Martin has to make, have the effect of suggesting the presence of a foreign influence in the Court, of which we would otherwise have remained happily unconscious.

In yet one other political complication, and that one of a most serious character, was the Prince destined to be of service to the Queen and the country, while the shadow of death was already resting upon him. The outbreak of the Civil War in America, and the general expression of sympathy with the South on the part of the governing classes of Britain, had created an ill feeling at Washington, at strange variance with the cordial hospitality shown to the Prince of Wales only a few months before. The "Trent" affair came upon England like a thunderclap, and reduced our relations with the Federal Government to a very narrow issue of peace or war. The Peace Party had, as usual, done their best to cripple our power by opposing the despatch of a garrison to Canada, and by denouncing Lord Palmerston's precautionary measures as a "sensation policy," a phrase which has been bequeathed to our own time. Lord John Russell had hardly sufficient strength of character to rise equal to such an emergency; and his draft despatch, when submitted to the Queen, was felt to be unequal to the tone which he ought to employ on an occasion of the kind. The Prince, although he had then entered on his last illness, at once set to prepare a memorandum for the Foreign Minister's assistance. "He could eat no breakfast," says the Queen's Diary, "and looked very wretched." But still he went to work, and wrote his last State paper, an interesting facsimile of which is appended to the volume. We shall quote it at length:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *Dec.* 1, 1861.

"The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft—that for communication to the American Government—is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope, that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them,—that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy; and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us; and that we are therefore glad to believe that, upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country—viz., the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology."

Lord John Russell remodelled his despatch on the basis of the Prince's memorandum, with the cordial approbation of his colleagues. The result was a happy deliverance from a war which, more than any other, this country would have reason to regret. But we had turned the corner of the crisis very sharply. Lord Palmerston observes that the alterations in the despatch contributed essentially to the satisfactory settlement of the dispute. "But these alterations," he goes on to say, "were only one of innumerable instances of the tact and judgment, and the power of nice discrimination which excited Lord Palmerston's constant and unbounded admiration." The Trent prisoners were released; but long before the despatch reached America, the Prince had quitted the arena of earthly affairs.

Before taking leave of the political part of the Prince Consort's life, it is only fitting that we should feebly record our sense of the debt which this country owes to the memory of his services. Placed by his high position above the strife of parties, he never stooped to identify himself with politics that were merely put forward as a pretence for place, but at the same time he never failed by his strong judgment to assist the Crown in forming a sound opinion upon every department in public affairs. But it was in our foreign relations, in our dealings with great international questions, in our efforts at imperial consolidation, that the Prince's statesmanship was most manifest. The lofty regard for principle which underlay all his ideas; his simple test of right and wrong which he applied to the most complicated questions; his reverence for public law, and his conviction that the easiest way out of difficulties is also the direct one, —have been engrafted on the policy of Britain, and is still bearing fruit. We would scorn to deduce a party moral out of so lofty a life, else we might point to the sentiments contained in this memoir as having found their just realisation in recent years, in the efforts which have been used to make the beneficial influence of England felt in the affairs of Europe. No constitutional Minister of the Crown ever held the honour of the country more at heart; none ever laboured harder to keep it untarnished. And if he experienced at times the petulance of public opinion, amends has been made to his memory. "This very 'Times,'" writes the Queen, speaking of the old attacks to which he had been subjected, "had the most beautiful articles upon him when he died."

"We began 1860 very peaceably and happily, and I never remember spending a pleasanter New-Year's Day, surrounded by our children and dear mamma," are the opening words of the volume, copied from a letter of the Queen to King Leopold. We feel as we read these lines how blessed is the dispensation of Providence which has veiled to the eyes of prince and peasant alike what the future may have in store. The many bright glimpses which we get of the happy life of the Royal household, relieving the sterner realities of politics by which it was beset outside, are ineffably touching because of the black cloud gathering in the background, to which we cannot shut our eyes. The Royal circle was still unbroken, save for the absence of the Princess Frederick William, whose happiness, and the golden opinions which she was winning in Berlin, made her loss, we may say, a pleasure. Death, however, was busy around them, "carrying off," as the Prince says, "only the good; leaving us, for our delectation, a great deal of worthless trash. Macaulay is a great

loss, so is Brunel; and I have mourned for Lord de Grey as a thoroughly excellent and loyal man." A little later on another of the Prince's friends was called away. "On Sunday," he writes, "I visited Lord Aberdeen, who has become a mere wreck; he is no longer able to walk or stand. His head is still *clear* and *strong*, and therefore he feels his condition all the more. That the *best* are torn from us thus, is very sad."

The strain of incessant work and worry was already telling on the Prince's constitution, but his activity of body and mind allowed him no respite. He took his usual prominent place in public meetings, although feeling far from able for the exertion. In March 1860 he writes to the Princess Royal:—

"My catarrh refuses to give way, and I fear that a four hours' dinner, toasts, and songs, under 90° of heat, in the new Hall of 'The Clothworkers' Company' last night, was not exactly the best specific for me. I was admitted as a *Liveryman*, and had to take an oath, and made two speeches after dinner; and now, I thank my gods, that it is over. We drank your health, moreover, 'upstanding, three times three.'"

The Volunteer movement, in which the Prince took so warm an interest, also made many calls upon his time, and he never missed a suitable opportunity, when speaking in public, to press home its importance on the nation. On the evening of the first great review in Hyde Park, he presided at the Trinity House dinner, and took occasion to impress upon his hearers the lesson of devotion to country which the great spectacle of that day had taught. Only a few days before he had had to take the chair at the two-hundredth anniversary of the Grenadier Guards, of which regiment he was colonel, when, after reciting the services of that distinguished corps, he impressed upon them that the blood of the British soldier is shed to purchase "that internal peace and that supremacy of the law upon which alone are based the liberty as well as the permanent happiness and prosperity of a nation." But the heaviest task which he had to discharge was the presidency of the International Statistical Congress, which he seems to have accepted chiefly to gratify M. Quetelet, his old master in the science of figures. He applied to Dr Farr, the accomplished statistician, for assistance, telling him that he wished "to suck his brains."

"Dr Farr forwarded to the Prince a paper which he had addressed to the Government on the subject, and in doing so mentioned some topics on which he thought it would be well the Prince should express his opinion. 'What struck me,' Dr Farr writes, 'was the mastery of the subject by the Prince, and the use he made of the information I had given him. His address was entirely his own.'"

The approaching confirmation of Prince Alfred was an event which both the Queen and the Prince regarded with great solemnity, following rather the view which is taken in Germany of that rite than the feeling in our own Church. We shall quote Mr Martin's account of the spirit in which the Royal parents addressed themselves to the religious training of their children:—

"Besides the instruction of experienced religious teachers, they conceived their children to be entitled to expect from them such help as their own experience and affection could suggest, in applying the great principles of the Christian faith as rules of conduct amid the temptations and trials from within and from without, to which on entering into the freer life of puberty they must inevitably be exposed.

"In the case of a young prince engaged in the rough life of the navy,

the Prince's anxiety was of course naturally great, that he should understand that religion is not a thing of dogma, but a life based upon a sense of responsibility to moral laws, bearing the impress of a divine sanction. He was therefore, to use his own words, at great pains to establish in his son's mind the conviction, 'that sin is not positive, but something transitory; the struggle between the animal nature and the moral law, which begins with the moral law, and ends with its victory over mere impulse in ethical freedom, which Christ has won for us by His teaching, life, and death, if only we follow Him.'"

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the American continent was a matter which had been anxiously looked forward to, and for which the Prince, in his forethought, had made preparation, by drafting memoranda for the guidance of the Duke of Newcastle, who was to accompany his Royal Highness. The Prince's tour was naturally followed with keen interest; and the flattering reception which he met, not only from our own colonists, but from the American citizens, was heartily appreciated. "From Canada we have the best possible accounts," the Prince writes to Baron Stockmar. "Bertie is generally pronounced the most perfect production in nature." The reception by the Americans, and the account of the Prince's visit to the tomb of Washington, must have given greater pleasure, if possible, than even the enthusiasm of our own Canadian colonists. Almost at the same time the news reached the Court of the not less warm greeting which Prince Alfred had received at the Cape. To a mind like that of the Prince Consort, it must have afforded no ordinary pleasure to see his sons at the same time thus knitting two extreme corners of the empire together in bonds of affection to the Crown. Soon the princes were both home again, and their father tells Baron Stockmar how much improved they were after their long voyages. "The Prince of Wales is somewhat grown, looks well, and seems to have been not a little impressed by the many interesting things he has seen. Alfred is also grown, though not much." Happiness at this time crowded thick and fast upon the Royal household with an accumulation that seems almost portentous, and recalls to our mind the story of Polycrates. On the 24th July we find the following entry in the Queen's Diary: "Soon after we sat down to breakfast came a telegram from Fritz,—Vicky had got a daughter at 8.10, and both were well! What joy! Children jumping about — every one delighted — so thankful and relieved."

The Prince hastens to send "two words of hearty joy to the newly-made mother;" and he has also another piece of family news to hint at—"Alice is very grateful for your love and kindness to her, and the young man behaves in a manner truly admirable." The young man was Prince Louis of Hesse, who had come to Osborne to seek the hand of the Princess Alice, and in whose suit the Princess Royal had manifested a most sisterly interest. Later on the Queen describes him as "civil, amiable, but painfully shy." The Prince Consort is more lenient, and pronounces him to be "very simple, natural, frank, and thoroughly manly;" and both appear to have been agreed that he was a man to whose keeping the happiness of a beloved daughter might with safety be intrusted. In the 'Leaves from our Journal' the Queen tells the way in which the young Prince made love with a piece of white heather; and we shall allow her Majesty to describe very prettily how he won his bride:—

"After dinner, while talking to the gentlemen, I perceived Alice and Louis talking before the fireplace more earn-

estly than usual; and when I passed to go to the other room, both came up to me, and Alice in much agitation said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand, and say 'Certainly,' and that we would see him in our room later. Got through the evening, working as well as we could. Alice came to our room, . . . agitated but quiet. . . . Albert sent for Louis to his room — went first to him, and then called Alice and me in. . . . Louis has a warm, noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her much to him. He pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking a little we parted — a most touching, and to me most sacred moment."

We have noted throughout Mr Martin's biography that among other characteristics of the Royal Family was a healthy capacity for enjoying their well-earned holidays. Away from the routine grooves of work, no London citizens at Margate or Boulogne entered more thoroughly or simply into the pleasures of sight-seeing, or were more resolute to make the most of their time than the Queen and the Prince Consort. We have some pleasing accounts of excursions in this book, the descriptions of which fall mainly to the pen of the Queen, who does artistic justice to the sights which they saw, and the impressions which were made on them. A visit to Edinburgh in August 1860, gave them an opportunity of witnessing the first great Review of Scottish Volunteers, which, according to the Prince, put "the French as much out of humour as Messrs Cobden and Bright." The Duchess of Kent joined the party from "her charming residence at Cramond, near Edinburgh," where H.R.H. was staying for the summer.

"Mama arrived," says her Majesty's diary, "about a quarter to three, and waited with us, looking at the splendid scene, — Arthur's Seat covered with human beings, and the Volunteers with bands marching in from every direction on to the ground close in front of the Palace. We waited long, watching everything from the window. . . . It was magnificent, — finer decidedly than in London. There were more men, and the scenery here is so splendid. That fine mountain, Arthur's Seat, was crowded with people to the very top; and the Scotch are very demonstrative in their loyalty. Lord Breadalbane, at the head of his Highlanders, was the very picture of a Highland chieftain."

But the most interesting holiday of all was that spent in a visit to Coburg, and the scenes of the Prince Consort's early youth. We can easily understand the temptation that both the Queen and the biographer must have had to dwell with peculiar tenderness upon the chapters that tell the story of this visit. It was the last time that the Prince was to look upon the spots which throughout his life had ever been the most closely imprinted on his memory. Connected with this tour was the exciting recollection of the narrow escape of the Prince Consort from death by a carriage accident, for which the Queen's gratitude is perpetuated in the *Victoria Stift* at Coburg — a charity which is employed in aiding deserving young men and women at the outset of life. We regret that we cannot quote any of the delightful pictures which the Queen draws of these happy days: of the joy of meeting with their little grandson, who is "a fine fat child, with a beautiful white soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face like Vicky and Fritz, and also Louise of Baden;" of the sketches of the quaint Coburg countryfolk; of the pretty peasant-woman who, as the Royal Family were walking out, "told Vicky how dirty her dress was getting by trailing on the ground, and advising her to take it up;" of the half-tipsy old boor who, when sent away from the

Royal carriage, said, "Don't meddle with me, and I won't meddle with you;" of how the gentlemen of the party went hunting, and even Lord John shared with Colonel Ponsonby the credit of having slain a boar! For these and other incidents not less noteworthy we must send the reader to Mr Martin's book.

The Duchess of Kent died in March 1861, and the blow fell upon the Queen with crushing force. It was her Majesty's first great sorrow, and she gave way to all the impassioned grief of filial tenderness. The Queen was with her mother when she died, and her Diary notes even the minutest incidents of the scene with a care indicative of the deepest affection. We can only quote the striking account of the visit paid to the chamber of death:—

"Albert said it was better to go at once into her dear sitting-room, where we so constantly saw her. We did so; but oh, the agony of it! All, all unchanged,—chairs, cushions, everything,—all on the tables, her very work-basket with her work, the little canary bird, which she was so fond of—singing! In these two dear rooms, where we had so constantly seen her, where everything spoke of life, we remained a little while, to weep and pray, I kneeling down at her chair. Often and often did she receive me there this winter, leaning back, and complaining much of pain, and my visits cheered her.

"I returned upstairs (my dearest Albert having so much to do) and went over to dear Augusta Bruce's room. Here the first meeting was a most bitter, yet a most sweet one, for she loved her as I do! Such devotion and such love from one, not her own child, were most touching; she has been the comfort of her last days. She spoke of *her* love for me—I, of not feeling I ever half showed all I felt; but *she* never felt this! Oh, if only I could have been near her these last weeks! How I grudge every hour I did not spend with her! But it would have tired her. What a blessing we went on Tuesday! . . . The remembrance of her parting blessing, and her dear, sweet smile, will ever remain engraven on my heart."

Through both these years we meet at times with indications that the Prince's health was giving way under the severe strain of the work which he imposed upon himself. The state of Europe, and specially the uncertain attitude of the French Emperor, seems to have caused him acute worry; while his anxiety to save the Queen from trouble, and to prepare her work ready for her hand, refused to allow him to recruit his energies even when they most wanted repose. The death of the Duchess of Kent had added greatly to his cares, as he undertook the settlement of her affairs, and was anxious that her Majesty should be saved trouble about them. His constitution, too, does not seem to have had that robust vitality of mind which often more than mere physical strength enables one to tide over bodily ailments. Unlike the First Napoleon, who, when he had a dangerous fall at St Cloud, and felt his life going, said, "I had only just time to say to myself that I did not wish to die, and I live," the Prince said some time before his last illness, "I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once—I should not struggle for life. I have no tenacity of life." The curious feature is, that with this feeling he should have been so tenacious of work, to which he clung days after his illness had assumed an aspect calculated to alarm his family. The fever which carried him off has been traced to the 22d November, when he went in a terrible day of rain to inspect the new buildings at Sandhurst, and came back complaining "of being tired, and much of the weather." At this time he had been suffering from sleeplessness, and was altogether evidently in that low state of health when illness is apt to supervene with

serious force. On the 24th, although "full of rheumatic pains," and "thoroughly unwell," he walked with the Royal Family to Frogmore to visit the Duchess of Kent's mausoleum, and came home to write in his Diary at night, "*Bin recht elend*" (am very wretched). From this time his illness grew; and though he still worked as hard as ever, and, as we have seen, drafted a memorandum on the Trent affair on the 1st December, the Queen and the Ministers both began to feel alarmed, but Sir James Clarke thought himself able to reassure them. The Queen gives the following account of his condition on the night of 3d December:—

"Another night of wakeful restlessness followed. A little sleep which the Prince had from six to eight in the morning filled the Queen with hope and thankfulness. But the distaste for food continued. 'He would take nothing—hardly any broth, no rusk or bread—nothing. My anxiety is great, and I feel utterly lost, when he, to whom I confide all, is in such a listless state, and hardly smiles! . . . Sir James arrived, and was grieved to see no more improvement, but not discouraged. Albert rested in the bedroom, and liked being read to—but no book suited him, neither 'Silas Marner' nor 'The Warden.' Lever's 'Dodd Family' was subsequently tried, but he disliked it: so we decided to have one of Sir Walter Scott's tomorrow.'"

Two days later on her Majesty notes that "his manner all along was so unlike himself, and he had sometimes such a strange, wild look."

"The listlessness and the irritability, so foreign to the Prince's nature, but so characteristic of his disease, continued; and at times his mind would wander. But when, later in the day, the Queen read 'Peveril of the Peak' to him, he followed the story with interest, and by his occasional remarks, showed that he did so. When her Majesty returned to him after dinner, on 8th December, she records with a touching simplicity, 'He was so pleased to see me—stroked my face, and smiled and called me "*liebes Frauchen*" ("dear little wife"). . . . Precious love! His tenderness this evening, when he held my hands, and stroked my face, touched me so much—made me so grateful.'"

The Princess Alice was unremitting in her attendance on her father, and did everything that could be done to keep away the restlessness and impatience that accompanied his malady. But at times his mind wandered, although at other intervals he was quite clear and able to say a few words to the Queen about public affairs. The favourite picture in his room afforded a very fair indication of his state—more correct, apparently, than the bulletins of his physicians. When he was a little better, he could look at it with enjoyment, saying, "it helps me through half the day;" but as he continued to sink, it, too, lost its charm; and on the 13th it was observed with dismay that, for the first time, he took no notice of it. At last came the time when all hope must be banished, and when the Queen and her children, with such resignation as they could command, had to bend themselves to the inscrutable will of God. The last dread scene must be described in better words than we can employ:—

"'About half-past five,' her Majesty writes, 'I went in and sat down beside his bed, which had been wheeled towards the middle of the room. "*Gutes Frauchen*," he said, and kissed me, and then gave a sort of piteous moan, or rather sigh, not of pain, but as if he felt that he was leaving me, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and I put my arm under his. But the feeling passed away again, and he seemed to wander and to doze, and yet to know all. Sometimes I could not catch what he said. Occasionally

he spoke French. Alice came in and kissed him, and he took her hand. Bertie, Helena, Louise, and Arthur came in, one after the other, and took his hand, and Arthur kissed it. But he was dozing, and did not perceive them. Then he opened his dear eyes, and asked for Sir Charles Phipps, who came in and kissed his hand, but then again his dear eyes were closed. General Grey and Sir Thomas Biddulph each came in and kissed his hand, and were dreadfully overcome. It was a terrible moment, but, thank God! I was able to command myself, and to be perfectly calm, and remained sitting by his side.'

. . . . .

"The Queen had retired for a little to the adjoining room, but hearing the Prince's breathing become worse, she returned to the sick-chamber. She found the Prince bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. Bending over him she whispered, '*Es ist kleines Frauchen!*' ('Tis your own little wife!') and he bowed his head and kissed her. At this time he seemed half dozing, quite calm, and only wishing to be left quiet and undisturbed, 'as he used to be when tired and not well.'

"Again, as the evening advanced, her Majesty retired to give way to her grief in the adjoining room. She had not long been gone, when a rapid change set in, and the Princess Alice was requested by Sir James Clarke to ask her Majesty to return. The import of the summons was too plain. When the Queen entered, she took the Prince's left hand, 'which was already cold, though the breathing was quite gentle,' and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the Princess Alice, while at its foot knelt the Prince of Wales and the Princess Helena. Not far from the foot of the bed were Prince Ernest Leiningen, the physicians, and the Prince's valet Löhlein. General the Hon. Robert Bruce knelt opposite to the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps, and General Grey, were also in the room.

"In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any deathbed. A great light, which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-man, was passing into the Silent Land, and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm manly thought should be known among them no more. The Castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long, but gentle, breaths were drawn; and the great soul had fled, to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where 'the spirits of the just are made perfect.'"

There are scenes in history that should be too sacred for comment, and this is surely one of them. The noble lines with which his biographer completes his work, alone can add to its pathos:—

"Peace, peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dread of life!

. . . . . .

He has out-soared the shadow of our Night.
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest, which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

THE CRISIS ABROAD.

EUROPE is waiting for another Waterloo. When the legions of France recoiled in rout from the heights of St Jean, and the red British line streamed down the sunset slopes in pursuit, while Blucher's Prussians crushed in the flank of the Gallic array, Europe beheld the close of one epoch and the beginning of a new one. As the sun tarried of old in the heavens to complete the rout of the Amorites, so the summer day was at its longest at Waterloo, allowing that battle of giants to be fought to an irretrievable close,—till Napoleon's legions, exhausted and overpowered, collapsed into a routed mob before the sabres of the Allied cavalry. Never since the days of Cæsar and Pompey had embattled hosts been hurled against each other with such consummate tactical skill; and the rout which the Emperor saw when he exclaimed, "*Ils sont mêlées ensemble!*" proved that France, despite his transcendent genius, was not a match for the Coalition which his ambition had aroused against her.

Waterloo settled the map of Europe sixty-five years ago. The nations then sank into a long peace, under a Treaty which was the best that was then attainable,—the best that the Powers could agree upon. Not a few desired the revival of Poland; but the Czar laid his hand on his sword, and summoned back his retiring legions to confront his Allies. Waterloo finished the long war like a thunder-stroke; but the finality of that victory was mainly owing to the utter exhaustion of the European Powers. Yet these causes alone could not have produced the memorable Long Peace which dates from Waterloo—that peace for forty years save one, the longest period of international repose since the fall of the Roman Empire. The third cause was that then, for the first time, Europe for one great purpose became a Commonwealth. For years, during the Napoleonic career, each Government (except our own) had adopted the now again belauded maxim of "localising the war"—that is, allowing each country to fight for itself. Blind from selfishness, each State had allowed its neighbour's house to be set on fire, in the foolish belief that its own would be left unharmed. Napoleon—the most extraordinary genius of perhaps any age—chimed to this credulity; and each Power sought to keep in with the great conqueror, till the Napoleonic blow was directed fatally against itself. At length, but not until every Power had suffered, Europe combined, and the mighty conqueror fell.

It was but a poor kind of Commonwealth then established. It was but an effort at self-preservation. Yet it is memorable as the first instance of concerted action and consultation throughout Europe, or the greater part thereof; and it may have to be imitated, before that better and final settlement is achieved which will render possible a European Commonwealth in a full sense of that term. Men in after-days, sitting at ease under the olive-tree of Peace, have derided the stern efforts of their fathers, and scoffed at the Treaty of Vienna and its authors—Wellington and Castlereagh, Metternich, Nesselrode, and Talleyrand; but that Treaty could not have been a bad one which gave a generation of international repose to Europe. Even France, which had been the scourge of Europe, was leniently treated,—far more so than

in 1870 by the Germans, who had merely to indemnify themselves for the costs of a single campaign, all the battle-fields of which were on the devastated soil of France. In 1815, vanquished France took part with the victors in the settlement of Europe.

Such was Waterloo,—which finished the great war with France, and ushered in a still longer peace. But the events of that war for the first time brought to light the military power of Russia; and in the settlement of Europe then made, this new Power held a commanding position. Stabbed to the heart by the French invasion, the colossal and semi-barbarous Muscovite empire had not only shown its unconquerable sluggish vitality, but put forth its vast military power. The Cossacks, Bashkirs, and other wild horsemen of Upper Asia, had marched through the heart of Europe; they had traversed as victors the field of Chalons, where their ancestors under Attila had been checked, although not defeated; they had quaffed like barbarians the sparkling wines of Champagne—had watered their shaggy desert-born steeds on the Rhine and the Seine—and had gazed with hungering eyes upon the wealth, luxury, and splendour of Paris. To England was unanimously awarded the palm of renown, as the unconquered State which had most successfully warred for European freedom; but in the Congress of Vienna it was the sword of Russia which weighed heaviest in the scale.

Napoleon, the fallen demigod, from the rock of St Helena discerned the great change which had come over the Balance of Power of Europe. Barring a revival of the military passion and political propagandism of France, he believed that the Continent would gradually be subjugated by the mingled arms and diplomacy of the Northern Colossus. But for a generation, events, to the ordinary eye at least, did not seem to point to such a conclusion. The vast renown of England and her Great Duke, ever used on the side of peace, greatly contributed to check military ambition on the Continent. And the Czar Nicholas, after his first war against Turkey—a Power which was then (as indeed practically it still is) treated as beyond the pale of the European Commonwealth—showed no desire for foreign war. In the west, the Polish revolt had almost succeeded in breaking up his empire, and left a semi-hostile zone between him and Central Europe; in the east, Russia had slowly to break down the formidable barrier of the Caucasus, which shut her out of Southern Asia. Nicholas took especial pride in his army: he strove sedulously to keep the Muscovite sword strong and keen; but abroad, as at home, he posed as the Champion of Order, and his army never crossed the frontier save to put down Revolution and maintain established Governments. And so it came to pass that Napoleon's presentiment dropped out of men's minds. Men of the type of Cobden and Bright scoffed at the military power of Russia; and Cobden himself—who simultaneously proclaimed the "senility" of Wellington, when that greatest captain of the age warned his countrymen of the inadequacy of the national defences—boasted also that Russia could be "crumpled up like a bit of paper!"

But Russian diplomacy never slumbered in pursuit of its well-defined objects. The Czars had become the heirs-expectant to the Ottoman empire, and, further, of the dictatorship of Europe,—to which the subjugation of Turkey would surely lead. But even the first part of the work could only be

achieved through successive opportunities. To knock down at a blow so vast and loose a fabric as the Ottoman empire would result in a chaos, beyond the power of Russia to reorganise, and amid which other Powers might grow up and forestall her dominion. The problem was, to knock down only so much as Russia herself could fill up. Meanwhile Russia's rivals must be kept disunited, and cajoled into friendship or co-operation. Czar Nicholas played this game successfully in Central Europe. He became the patron of the princes of Germany, and they looked to St Petersburg as their court of appeal. Austria, fettered by diversity of races, was essentially a quiescent Power. It was the ambitious Hohenzollerns who alone were capable of uniting Germany; and despite the family alliance of the two Courts, it was to Berlin that the repressive fiats of the Emperor Nicholas were specially addressed. In 1853 the opportunity came at last for the army of the Czar to do the work for which he had so long been preparing it. England and France were estranged by the *coup d'état* and the revival of a Napoleonic empire. England, too, slumbered in the arms of the Peace party, and under the premiership of the Czar's *ancien ami*, war-hating Aberdeen. Austria seemed bound to Russia in gratitude for the suppression of the Hungarian rebellion. This was an opportunity such as the Muscovite Government had waited for. And so, for the first time since Waterloo, there was international war in Europe.

When the Long Peace thus came to an end, it was seen that it was not from France that the liberties of Europe were in danger. The temper of her people had greatly changed since the Napoleonic epoch. She had been industrially prosperous, and had become wealthy. Her propagandist fever had departed. During the height of the Revolution of 1848, a speech from the poet Lamartine sufficed to extinguish a revival of the old desire to become the Liberator of Europe. Even under a revived Empire and a new Napoleon, the French nation had no heart for foreign conquest. At the fall of Sebastopol, when the military spirit in England was stronger than ever, France had grown weary of the war. The victorious War of Liberation in Italy, of which the French might well be proud, produced no popular elation. Given to ease and pleasure, France would not submit herself to the discipline and sacrifices requisite to maintain an adequate army. The wine of Gallic life had long ceased to ferment: France had settled on her lees. But vanity remained,—the spirit of the people was quick as ever; and, goaded by Bismark's manœuvres into war, France fell crushed, plundered, and dismembered in a six months' campaign.

France seemed henceforth to be out of the field; and had Europe in other quarters remained as before, the will and policy of the Czar would have become supreme. But the fall of France was attended by the rise of a new great Power, and happily in the very quarter where such was most needed. In the splendid halls of Versailles, where two centuries ago the Grande Monarque had held Court like a little god, rejoicing over the devastation of the Palatinate and the annexation of Alsace, *there*, in the winter of 1870, the kings and princes from beyond the Rhine assembled to elect the warrior-king of Prussia as Emperor of Germany. In merited success, although not in genius, Emperor William had equalled or surpassed the Great Frederick of his house. A Hohenzollern had at length beaten the Hapsburgs, and had re-

ceived the sword of a vanquished and captive Napoleon.

Without Russian help Prussia could never have achieved these momentous triumphs. And how came it that Russia so helped her? How was it that Muscovite policy took this new course? Instead of, as in 1848, peremptorily commanding the Prussian king to refuse the leadership of Germany, and resolutely backing every little prince of the Fatherland in the maintenance of his petty sovereignty, why did the Russian Government actually pledge its military aid to Prussia in her bold game for empire?

There were new men and new circumstances at St Petersburg. There was a new Czar, and Gortschakoff had replaced Nesselrode. Russia had been vanquished and humiliated in the Crimean war by a coalition of the leading Powers. Even Austria—by the "splendid act of ingratitude" foreshadowed by Prince Schwartzenberg—had taken part against her: Prussia alone remaining faithful. Alexander II. vowed his reign to avenge his uncle's humiliation. "Revenge is sweet," even to crowned heads; and the new Russian Chancellor had a policy which exactly suited his imperial master. The Powers which had taken part against Nicholas in what he meant to be the crowning triumph of his reign—viz., the overthrow of Turkey—were to be damaged or destroyed in succession, and more or less by their own hands. Hence Gortschakoff smiled grimly when France vanquished Austria in 1859 and tore away her Italian provinces. Under Nicholas and Nesselrode the sight of the French standards, whether the eagles or the white lilies, on Mont Cenis, would have been met, if necessary, by a Russian army repeating in Italy the career of Suwarrow in 1799. Again, when Prussia attacked Austria in 1866, Russia remained passive, although Czar Nicholas at Olmütz, in 1852, had compelled his Prussian relative to humble himself before Austria, as the head of the Germanic Diet. Finally, in the war with France in 1870, Russia promised her military aid to Prussia in keeping Austria in check. Thus France and Austria were vanquished in succession and despoiled of territory, while Russia tore up the Black Sea Treaty and flung its fragments in the face of the Gladstone Cabinet. The Crimean war was avenged, and all her enemies seriously weakened or flagrantly humiliated: and all this without Russia drawing the sword or spending a rouble.

As a scheme of revenge Gortschakoff's policy was triumphant. But the "Old Russia" party had murmured, often loudly. Policy apart, the Russians hate Germans more than they hate Austrians or Frenchmen. They see the well-educated and persevering German usurping appointments of profit and influence in Russia; they see them, too, dangerously powerful in Courland, and steadily gaining ground over the Russian along the coast of the Baltic. Further, upon policy, the "Old Russians" demurred to the reversal of the traditional course whereby Germany was to be kept disunited and discordant, so that Russia at will could find allies along her western borders and in the heart of Europe. They liked to see Austria and France weakened, but they murmured at the Chancellor's policy creating another powerful State on their frontier—the hateful Germans.

But Prince Gortschakoff had thought of all that. He had merely given the traditional policy of Russia a new turn—a new point of departure. After, and mainly in consequence of, the Crimean defeat,

the means were changed, but the object remained the same—namely, the gradual establishment of Russian supremacy over Europe. While acting as a scourge upon the enemies of Russia, Prussia of course must get something for herself; and, no doubt, Bismark had contrived to get more than Russia meant. Still, Gortschakoff's game was going all right. Not merely for the sweets of revenge had Russia helped Prussia to her victories, — nay, not merely to see Russia's rivals permanently weakened. These were great objects,—apparently sufficient to explain the Russo-Prussian alliance; but there was a deeper purpose behind. Not even for these services would Gortschakoff have helped to make the kingdom of Prussia into a great empire. The explanation of his policy was, that he reckoned that the very course taken by Prussia to become an empire, would insure that empire's collapse whenever Russia withdrew her protecting hand. He saw that each new triumph, over which the Prussians and their soldier-king rejoiced, was creating for them a new enemy. And in 1871, when all Germany was elate at the completion of that splendid career of victories and conquests, Gortschakoff was perfectly complacent,—feeling confident that, as by the mere pulling of a string, he could make the new empire tumble down like a house of cards. As the condition of its creation, the new Germanic empire had enveloped itself in a ring of powerful and deadly foes. Denmark yearned to get back Schleswig, with Duppel and Alsen, ever pointing to the unfulfilled fifth clause of the Treaty of Prague. The Hapsburgs, of ancient royalty, longed to humble the upstart Hohenzollerns, and regain the headship of Germany. France panted like a leopard in leash, to recover Alsace and Lorraine, and to reclaim from the merciless Teutons their enormous exactions. Even within the bosom of the new empire there were discords, and old rights ready to be revived under suitable opportunity. How then could Germany stand, if alone, against such a ring of confederated foes? Still more, how could she stand were Russia likewise to turn against her? Accordingly, was not the Court of Berlin more than ever bound to the Czar? while, in the interval, had not both of Russia's rivals on the Continent—Austria and France—been permanently weakened? What these Powers had been capable of in the Crimean war they were not capable of now. Surely, then, Prince Gortschakoff's policy had been as triumphant as it was shrewd and masterly.

The only Power which neither the diplomacy nor the arms of Russia had been able to weaken was England. She alone of the great enemies of Russia in the Crimean war remained as powerful as before. But she had lost her influence in the councils of Europe. She was no longer the England of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Not only had the leading Continental States vastly outgrown her in military power since 1815, but England, too, had settled on her lees. "No one need take account of England," said Bismark: he regarded her as a "finished" Power. And her own Prime Minister had taken the unusual course of proclaiming the fact in the memorable Review article, in which he said that henceforth England would withdraw herself from European affairs, thankful for "the silver streak of sea" which separated her from the Continent. An Anglo-French alliance, also, had become out of the question; partly because France had no

strength to spare from her own special interests, and partly because the French were bitter against us for leaving them without aid, or even sympathy, in 1870. Thus, with England seemingly out of the field, and with Austria and Germany disunited and still dependent on Russia, Gortschakoff's scheme was complete, and all was ready for the Czar to avenge his uncle and renew the attack upon Turkey with triumphant success.

The result justified his anticipations. Bismark, feeling how dependent his Government was upon Russia, affected an air of indifference, saying that Turkey was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian landwehr-man; and Austria's best hope was to be permitted to get some small part of the plunder. The Balkans were crossed, Adrianople captured, and the Russian army under a Grand-Duke encamped before the defenceless walls of Constantinople. Then at length England awoke—far too tardily for her own interests. Lord Beaconsfield had faith in the national spirit; and it responded to his appeal. That morning when, amidst a blinding mist, the British fleet steamed into the mouth of the Dardanelles, with its cannon run out, the Gatlings in the yards, and every man at his post, ready to engage the Turkish forts if Russian influence was already supreme at the Porte,—that morning dates the Revival of England: for the welcome given to that news assured the Premier that he had not trusted in vain to the patriotic spirit of the nation. Constantinople was saved—as by a miracle. Russia, furious and blustering, was compelled to submit the Treaty of San Stefano to the judgment of Europe. Austria and Germany obtained time to consider their position. The firmness of England impressed them; and at the Congress of Berlin they received the sagacious advice and exhortations of England's great Minister.

But for the reawakening and resolute intervention of England, the result of the Russo-Turkish war would have been very different; and it is hard to say to what lengths the astute scheme of Gortschakoff might have carried Russia's supremacy over the Continent. No doubt, all along Bismark must have contemplated as most desirable an Austro-German alliance. But how was it to be effected? It is all very well for the robber to offer his hand to the man he has plundered; but would not Austria prefer to give her hostility to Germany and her alliances to other Powers? Moreover, how could Bismark attempt such a project in open defiance of Russia? When the Emperor of Austria, after the close of the Franco-German war (in which he had designed to co-operate with France), came to Berlin, proposing that bygones should be bygones, the Czar nipped in the bud any special understanding between his two neighbours, by himself offering his friendship to Austria, and volunteering a visit to Berlin which led to the Tripartite Alliance, of which he became the head. Moreover, during the Turkish war, Bismark showed himself ready to draw still closer the old ties between Germany and Russia, and to give military assistance. Austria was still only half reconciled, and not unready to supplant Germany in the Russian alliance. At the outset of the war, it is said, the object of General Manteuffel's mission to St Petersburg was to offer military aid to the Czar, provided that Russia would engage similarly to befriend Germany in any future war with France. Confident in the assurances of easy success over the Turks, given by General Igna-

tieff, Prince Gortschakoff declined the offer. Russia would do for herself. But when the Russian army was routed before Plevna, and when for twenty-four hours the one sole bridge across the Danube creaked and threatened to give way under the crowds of panic-stricken fugitives, the Czar trembled. It was a golden opportunity for Austria, who might now repeat the game she had played in the Crimean war; and a single Austrian *corps d'armée* debouching through the Transylvanian mountain-passes might destroy the grand army of Russia, and at least would necessitate an abandonment of the war. Such an event would have imperilled the dynasty of the Romanoffs; and the Czar appealed to his imperial uncle at Berlin for help. "Protect me from Austria: promise to attack her if she attacks me." The loyal-hearted German Emperor, mindful of past help from Russia, readily gave the promise; and, willingly or unwillingly, Bismark concurred. But if Germany were thus to renew the hostility of Austria, the Russian Government must promise to renew its help to Germany when attacked by France. This was only fair and reasonable. But Gortschakoff would not. Such a promise (if kept) would be the undoing of his grand scheme for Russian supremacy. He preferred to run the risk; and the ultimate success of the Russian arms justified his decision. But now, if not before, the secret drift of Gortschakoff's policy became plain to Bismark. He saw that the only means of checking that policy, and rescuing Central Europe from the anaconda-like folds of Muscovite power and ambition, was to replace discord by union, in a firm alliance between Austria and Germany.

The Russian Chancellor had been candid: and such was the result. Had he met the demand of the Court of Berlin, that the help should be mutual, by pledges such as he has again and again lavished upon the British Government in Central Asian affairs and others, Prince Bismark might have been mistrustful, yet Emperor William would have remained satisfied, leaning upon the to-be-broken reed of Muscovite promises. But Gortschakoff refused to make the bargain. "Help us or not against Austria, we cannot promise to help you in your future wars. We have helped to create your empire: is not that enough?" Such, in substance, was Gortschakoff's reply. "Surely in vain is the snare spread in sight of any bird," says the Hebrew proverb: and Bismark is one who needs very clever snaring. "The use of language," said Talleyrand, as a diplomatist, "is to conceal the thought:" and both the saying and the usage are of very much older date. How much Prince Gortschakoff must regret having forgotten this maxim—for once!

Despite this momentous diplomatic transaction at the crisis of the Russo-Turkish war, it was the reappearance in Continental affairs of England in arms that facilitated and greatly promoted the Austro-German alliance—an event which has changed the aspect of European politics. The Russian Government in assenting to the Treaty of Berlin had no intention of complying with its terms; nor did it expect that either Germany or Austria would insist upon their fulfilment. When Austria joined with England in demanding the evacuation of Bulgaria, and at the same time prepared to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Russian Government appealed anew to the Court of Berlin to put a spoke in the wheel of its audacious neighbour. But this time there was no bargaining: the German Government flatly refused to

act against Austria, and declared that the Treaty of Berlin must be carried out. If the interchange of proposals at the time of Plevna had opened the eyes of the Court of Berlin, this second negotiation equally opened the eyes of Prince Gortschakoff. The German empire, instead of being dependent upon Russia, was allying itself with her opponents. It was working for an alliance with Austria: by present aid it was seeking to heal the old feud, and to establish a community of interests throughout Central Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic. If such an alliance were effected, it would render these two Powers thoroughly independent. If not nipped in the bud, it would break off the web of crafty policy which for twenty years Gortschakoff had been so sedulously weaving. Germany would escape from the toils, and carry Austria into safety along with her.

Furious alike at the carrying out of the Treaty of Berlin, which the whole Russian nation resented, and at the change of front now obviously meditated by Germany, Prince Gortschakoff resolved to spring his mines at once. A Russian army, half a million strong, stood ready in Poland; and at Paris and Rome —even at the Scandinavian Courts —offers were made of alliances for an immediate war against Germany, and Austria also, if the latter Power could not be induced to prefer the Russian alliance. Nay, more, (although this may seem an exaggeration, it is not so,) Gortschakoff was ready to set the whole world ablaze, both in east and west — even to Japan! While the Balkan peninsula was to be set ablaze, and Germany's old foes let loose against her, work must be cut out for England by Russian expeditions and intrigues in Asia; and even the hostility of China (upon the Kuldja question) was guarded against, by preparing a war between her and Japan about the Loochoo Islands and Formosa. Gortschakoff is a master in the art of diplomatic explosion, and never had the political dynamite been so widely and carefully laid. How could the German empire, new-born and not yet thoroughly compact, withstand an onset led by Russia and joined in by France, if not also by Austria or Italy?

Not only was the new attitude of the Court of Berlin most menacing to the permanent objects of Muscovite ambition, but the personal feelings of the aged Russian Chancellor were passionately excited by the jeopardy in which his policy was being placed. That policy, as we have said, was a new one: externally, it was the opposite of that of Nicholas and Nesselrode; and the help given to Germany had been constantly murmured at by the "Old Russia" party. Was it to be said that, after all, they were right, and he had been wrong? Hence the vehemence with which Prince Gortschakoff threw himself into his schemes for summarily crushing the German empire. Whether from this intense excitement or from over-confidence, he even made public his exhortation to France to take part in the war. In the sight of Europe he held out his hand to France, and called upon her to join with Russia in revenge upon the Germans.

Fortunately for Europe—we may say for the world—Gortschakoff's mines hung fire. The electric spark was discharged from the Russian Chancellery; but in the first link or chamber of the chain of combustion the powder-charge had been already damped—wetted beyond explosion. Swift as Prince Gortschakoff was in applying the match, an enemy had been beforehand with him. Bismark and Andrassy already understood each

other. When Lord Beaconsfield went in person to Berlin, it was commonly believed that he did so for the honour of representing England at a grand European Congress, and of adding to his high fame by connecting his name with a great historical event. That is the way in which small men, or ordinary mortals, think of a great one. But the motive was very different. Lord Beaconsfield saw that the politics of Europe were at a crisis — a turning-point, which, through the success of the Panslavic movement, must lead to a Muscovite supremacy and dictatorship in Europe; or else the existing action and tendencies of the two great central States must at once be changed, and a strong barrier raised against Russian power and aggrandisement. The British Premier went to inspect the ground for the impending contest,—to ascertain for himself, either through inference or admission, what were the real sentiments of his Continental compeers, and to urge, with his characteristic tact and power, his views of the position of affairs. In his conferences with Prince Bismark and Count Andrassy, he counselled oblivion of the old rivalry and recent sores, and a consolidation of interests in order to check the ever-expanding power of the Czar, as the only means of maintaining the existence of the conglomerate empire of Austria and the independence of Germany. The news-correspondents of the day told of the admiration and high respect with which the British Prime Minister then impressed his Continental compeers — an admiration felt by the solidly impassive Bismark, and freely expressed by the less reticent Andrassy. It remains for history to state, authentically and correctly, the discourse held and views expressed in those conferences between Lord Beaconsfield and the illustrious statesmen of Germany and Austria. But, while abnegating any exclusive information, it is the only reasonable inference when we say that at those conferences the subsequent Austro-German alliance was not merely foreshadowed, but prepared as far as was then possible. How else could Austria have ventured to thwart Russia — to throw herself in the lion's path— by marching her troops into Bosnia and Herzegovina, while at the same time insisting, along with England, that the Russians should evacuate Bulgaria and Roumania? Let it be remembered, too, with what startling confidence Lord Beaconsfield, only a few months after his return from Berlin — when the Russian governor and officials in Bulgaria were loudly proclaiming to the people that, come what might, it was the Treaty of San Stefano, not of Berlin, that would be carried out—almost using the memorable *mot* of Macmahon at the Malakoff, *J'y suis, et j'y reste*—at that very time Lord Beaconsfield assured his audience at the Lord Mayor's banquet that the Treaty would certainly be fulfilled, and poured contempt upon "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible officials."

Nevertheless it was not without hesitation at Vienna that Prince Gortschakoff's overtures were finally rejected. Among the military party, prone to take a soldier's view of the question, there was an ardent desire to avenge the defeat at Königgrätz. In Court circles, the ancient pride of the Kaisars, as head of the Germanic States, was not extinct. And viewed even by the cold eyes of statecraft, there was a great deal in favour of siding with Russia. For Austria to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, advancing to the strategic heart of Turkey at Novi Bazar, after insisting upon Rus-

sia abandoning her own conquests —this was to throw down the gage of mortal combat between the two Powers. Would it be wise to remain in this position, trusting for safety to an old foe, Germany? Was it not the same Prussian troops which had fought as comrades with the Austrians in 1864, which, two years afterwards, poured as invaders into Bohemia? The Court of St Petersburg had never been opposed to an aggrandisement of Austria at the expense of Turkey, provided that Russia obtained the lion's share in the spoil. Austrian statesmen doubtless saw that this would be a fatal gift, granted with treacherous intent; and that, as soon as Russia held the valley of the Danube and the Balkan peninsula, enclosing Austria within a colossal Slavonic empire, it would not be long before her own Slavonian provinces would be worked upon by Russian intrigue, and torn from her to complete the Panslavic empire of the Czars. But there would be peace and friendship between St Petersburg and Vienna for a generation,—and is not that a great temptation to any State? And after all, might not the chapter of accidents help Austria out of the Slavonic toils? But what was required by Prince Gortschakoff went much further. Austria must side with Russia against Germany. She must make her choice at once, and irretrievably. This would be to cut off Austria's only possibility of help in future, rendering her permanently dependent upon Russia. Enlightened and emboldened by the conferences at Berlin, Count Andrassy and the Emperor rejected the proposals of Prince Gortschakoff.

At Paris, too, last autumn, the diplomatic mine would not explode, although the Grand Archduke Constantine in person essayed to spring it. Prince Gortschakoff's summons to war was declined by cautious President Grevy and his Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Waddington. An alliance with Russia in her present condition was rightly regarded by the French Government as a perilous basis for "the war of revenge." Whether *suâ sponte*, or in consequence of the decision taken at Paris, Italy also hung back, preferring to bide her time and a safer opportunity.

But Muscovite policy had shown its hand, irretrievably. Bismark, through his agents, and doubtless directly from the Austrian Government, obtained explicit proofs of Gortschakoff's hostile proposals; and he laid them before his imperial master. With indignant horror the old Emperor read the unimpeachable evidence of Muscovite treachery towards Germany. At the end of August the Czar left St Petersburg to review his army at Warsaw. On the 2d of September the Emperor William started from Berlin to review his army at Stettin and Königsberg.

By the silent providence of Moltke, the Baltic coast was already bristling with German bayonets. From Königsberg the German forces could overlap the flank of the Russians in Poland; an Austrian army could make a similar movement from Galicia. If war came, the Russian army in its advanced position could be gripped as in a vice: either compelling its withdrawal from the frontier and abandonment of Warsaw, or else, in the event of defeat, necessitating another Sedan. But Alexander II. is not made of the cold strong metal of his Chancellor: probably Gortschakoff himself shrank from such a combat without allies. The Czar asked—begged—an interview with his uncle at Alexandrovno, and a rupture was averted. But Prince Bismark went to Vienna,

and the Austro-German Alliance was concluded.* Six weeks ago Europe came still closer to the brink of war. Such matters are not revealed in blue-books, but there is ground for believing that Prince Bismark would have preferred to strike at once. Why allow a deadly enemy to choose his own time for attack? But the old Emperor could not bring himself to that.

How does the European Crisis now stand? It is the most extraordinary and momentous that Europe has witnessed since the campaigns which culminated in Waterloo. There is a League of Powers against Russia, as in 1813-15 there was a Coalition against France. The first European Coalition was for actual war; because half of the Continent had then to be liberated from the grasp of Napoleon. In the present case the League is essentially one of defence. Moreover, although the guardians of peace have one common foe, at present their strength is impaired, because they are not all united. Germany and Austria stand sentinel in Central Europe; England stands on guard in Western Asia; but there is no concert, except that the enemy is the same. A ring of circumvallation is being raised against Russia along the whole extent of her frontier. While the Austro-German Alliance is designed to guard Europe, from Königsberg to Pesth, and thence down the Danube, the Anglo-Turkish Convention is designed to protect Asia Minor, and the Anglo-Indian army watches over Herat, and encourages Persia to maintain her independence of the common foe. The enemy is near at all points of the ring. Kauffmann's forces are ready to advance to the Oxus and descend upon Merv and Balkh; the Grand-Duke Michael's army of the Caucasus is preparing to invade the Tekke country by the Attrek valley, on the northern borders of Persia; while half a million of men still cover the Austro-German frontier.

Alexander II. is the most peace-loving monarch that has ever filled the throne of Russia. But Czardom has its imperious traditions, against which the strongest individual sentiment cannot stand for a day. Russia has been an aggressive and conquering Power from the first; and the Russian people, for several generations, have been ceaselessly imbued with the passion for military conquest and territorial aggrandisement. Any Czar who should proclaim that the "age of conquest is past," and should acknowledge that, whether under compulsion or not, the Russian frontier has reached its abiding limits, would at once lose his popularity, if not arouse the spirit of revolution. But at the present moment Revolution is already rife. Russia is honeycombed with political sedition and the passion for domestic revolution. A tremendous crisis awaits an issue within Russia herself. The utmost vigilance and sternest measures of repression have failed, and the wisest counsellors of the Czar hardly hope for an amelioration from the dictatorship of Melikoff. It is reported that even Count Schouvaloff, the last man to support a policy of war, now joins with the others in thinking that if revolution is to be escaped from, it can only be through the portals of war. It is also agreed that the long-anticipated and now prepared expedition against the Turcomans and Merv, or even Herat, will be an inadequate diversion and counter-irritant of the revolutionary movement at home.

* See also "The Demise of the Kaisarbund" in the Magazine for October last.

Truly it is time that Russia's neighbours should stand on their guard. Without allies, or disunion among her opponents, the prospects of war must be too perilous even for the daring and unfaltering spirit of Prince Gortschakoff. But the ring of defence along the Russian frontier is neither complete nor consolidated; while the whole Balkan peninsula is ready to go in a blaze at the order from St Petersburg. Moreover, beyond and behind the ring of defence there is a zone of powerful States, each of which is in heart an enemy of Germany or Austria. France, Italy, Denmark, each has defeats to be avenged; while two of them have war-captured provinces to regain, and the third longs for territory which she thinks ought to belong to her. Thus, although Gortschakoff's first bolt, over-confidently shot, missed its aim, there is verge and scope enough for new mines of explosion to be laid. The ring of defence may be assailed in rear, while Russia leads the attack in front. Italy is the "dark horse" in the European course; her Government is ready to join whichever side will give most. Turkey is being sedulously assailed with temptations to accept the friendship and aid of Russia; and Persia may be wholly won over by Gortschakoff's intrigues and the sight of the Grand-Duke Michael's army. Thus, both in the east and west, the ring of defence is incomplete and precarious. Yet it is the sole security for peace—the sole obstacle between the world and war.

In such a position, England's aid or influence is invaluable. She really holds the casting-vote between war and peace. England, at least, has nothing to gain from war; and if peace is to be maintained, this can only be done by England casting her power into the trembling and equally-balanced scale. It rests with her people to say whether the Government is to use that power or not. How appalling is the alternative! Europe is unsettled—unstable; and the war would be general, as are the elements of discord and disunion. What a flood of disaster must sweep over Europe before another Waterloo is reached, and another Settlement of Vienna comes to give again to the exhausted nations forty years of repose!

Strengthen, then, the Government for Peace! The election-cry of the Conservatives may well be, "Peace and the integrity of Britain's Empire." The Premier's warning is true: it is not by standing aside in isolation that England can preserve the blessings of peace, or even maintain in safety her own dominions. If Russia wins in Europe, she will become all-powerful in Asia; and if Persia is won to her side, and the Turks cajoled, to their further loss and ultimate ruin, the fighting power of the brave Ottomans and of all Western Asia will be ranged on the side of the Czar, from the Bosphorus to the Indus. The Crisis abroad, we repeat, is the most momentous upon which the world has entered since Waterloo. The Crisis at home—the General Election—is equally momentous, as about to decide the Foreign Policy, and with it the fortunes, of the British Empire.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

THE dissolution of Parliament, long as it had been expected, burst suddenly upon the country. The issues had been shaped and vehemently discussed during the recess. Both sides were prepared, and all that the political world was waiting for was that the signal should be given. No constituency could possibly complain that it was taken by surprise; to do so would be equivalent to a confession that it was unfit to exercise the franchise. The statesman who sprung a mine upon the constituencies in January 1874 has himself been clamouring for a dissolution for months past, and railing at the Ministry for presuming to enter at all upon the session which has just abruptly closed.

There is some reason to believe that the particular moment for the dissolution was suddenly resolved upon. The occasion, however, was universally conceded to be convenient; and the Ministry of the day have an indisputable right to select their own opportunity, so long as they act fairly and openly. The session opened with the usual promise and programme of work. No parliamentary difficulty arose to impede its progress; but the completion of the measures respecting Ireland removed the last impediment to a dissolution. The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself in his Budget speech explained that when the Probate and Administration Bill was introduced, he had not foreseen an earlier financial statement than usual. But no doubt the decisive result of the Liverpool and Southwark elections, the complete collapse of Mr Gladstone's agitation last December, and the reactionary approval of the Government policy, so successfully stimulated by overwrought and distempered invective, influenced the choice of opportunity. Accordingly, on the 8th of March, the Ministers announced their intention to dissolve before Easter. The gage of battle was thrown down; and we will now proceed to examine the issues at stake, and the spirit in which they are contested.

The Prime Minister in person, contrary to established usage, but with characteristic promptitude, issued an address, terse and emphatic in its language, which, recognising rather than elucidating the angry controversies of the past three years, proposed briefly, and resolutely, the course which, in his opinion, the country ought to pursue. The elections take place on the footing of that address. It declares in effect that recent doctrines and proceedings on the part of the Opposition have rendered the occasion critical in the history of the country. It proposes in the future to strengthen instead of to sever the constitutional tie which binds Ireland to Great Britain; "to consolidate the co-operation" between the United Kingdom and its widespread dependencies; to preserve the peace of Europe by maintaining as hitherto the influence of England. In other words, the Minister proposes to maintain the honour, the integrity, and the influence of the British empire. There is not a word about domestic legislation or finance, nor the smallest reference to the wars which this country has waged, or the anxious complications from which it has emerged under his guidance. No Minister in our day has in such circumstances penned such an address to his countrymen.

It is the manifesto of a man who is conscious that his policy in the past, the national support which he has received, and last, not least, the radical blunders of his opponents, have constituted him the representative of the empire, and concentrated in his hands the exercise of its influence. There is no disguise about the tone of the address. When the Corn Laws were abolished, it is said that the Duke of Wellington advised Sir Robert Peel to go to the country on Peel. Lord Beaconsfield appeals to the country to say whether he is not the right man in the right place—his policy the only possible alternative to national humiliation and confusion.

It is the first time since the Reform Bill of 1832 that a Conservative Minister at the head of a parliamentary majority has appealed to the constituencies for a renewal of their confidence. The Minister who makes that appeal has been the leader of his party for more than thirty years,—a longer period of time than any statesman, during the whole course of our parliamentary history, has ever before preserved political leadership. For six years he has been supported by increasing majorities in Parliament; his authority in the country is practically unquestioned; his influence in Europe is admitted in every capital on the Continent. The result of the elections will be watched as keenly abroad as at home. Besides the personal and party interest which they necessarily command amongst ourselves, it is a question of engrossing importance abroad, as it affects the continuance of European peace, whether the Beaconsfield Cabinet should be maintained in power, or whether it should be superseded by a Ministry headed or inspired by Mr Gladstone. All competent observers are agreed that the temporary effacement of Lord Palmerston and the accession of Lord Aberdeen to office, resulted in the prosecution by the Emperor Nicholas of his designs upon the Ottoman empire, and the war in which this country was afterwards involved. A similar effacement and a too similar accession would, in the present disturbed state of Europe, armed for war as it is, and yet anxious for peace, be a wanton repetition of a discreditable chapter in our history.

It was not to be expected that Lord Beaconsfield's manifesto would be received without vehement protest. Though it avoids criticism upon the past, and all details of controversy, yet it refers to recent Irish agitation, defeated by the measures of the Government; to the dangers of Home Rule policy, "scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine;" to the inexpediency of questioning the imperial character of this realm, of enfeebling the colonies, and of resorting to the passive principle of non-intervention. Those were the unprofitable subjects of the discussion which raged in the recess, and which was hushed when Parliament met. During that discussion the Prime Minister maintained an unbroken silence. His allusion to those subjects in his letter to the Duke of Marlborough is scornful rather than appreciative. He refers to them as the points in the political horizon from which alone any blasts of opposition, effective or ineffective, have proceeded or may be expected. To denounce such references as unwise and unpatriotic exaggeration, as dark allusions, as baseless and terrifying insinuations, intended "to hide from view the acts of the Ministry, and their effect upon the character and condition of the country," is useless. No one who

has watched the Home Rule movement and successive bargainings by Liberal candidates for Home Rule support, or who remembers some of the most famous and the most recent utterances of Mr Gladstone himself in reference to our foreign policy, can doubt that the issues stated live amongst us as realities, and have been raised by sections of the Liberal party, not by the Government; and that the constituencies are now called upon to decide in what manner they are to be disposed of.

The Prime Minister bids defiance, on the eve of the general election, to two parties in the State: the Home Rule faction, headed by Mr Parnell, who is absent in America, and is worthily represented by Mr William Shaw; and that portion of the Opposition which follows the guidance of Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright. The challenge was immediately accepted. The spirit of undisguised rancour with which the Government was assailed in those quarters plainly shows to whom the policy of the Cabinet is principally and directly offensive. Many of the Liberal addresses have expressed approval of the recent management of foreign affairs, and the large majority disavow all complicity with the followers of Mr Parnell. But so long as the questions of Home Rule and foreign policy are the only subjects for decision, so long as the Liberal party have no alternative claims to the confidence of the country, based upon some question of urgent importance upon which they can present a united front, it is necessary to test their right to reascendancy with reference to the issues raised by some of them, and accepted by the Government. Upon those issues the fatal objection to the Opposition is, that as a party it is incapable of returning a decided answer, notwithstanding their vital importance. Lord Beaconsfield, in the face of an increasing and an encouraged agitation in the sister island, calls on the constituencies to say whether they will submit to the disintegration of the United Kingdom. Lord Hartington responds by declaring the agitation for Home Rule to be impracticable, and that any concession, or even appearance of concession, in that direction would be mischievous. On the other hand, Mr Shaw declares that Home Rule means a relationship between England and Ireland, "placed on a healthy and natural and honest basis;" and that a majority of Irish representatives are in favour of it. It is the general belief that the Home Rule party will be increased in numbers in the new Parliament. They will represent, according to Lord Beaconsfield, a "danger in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine." They will represent, according to Lord Hartington, a policy to which concession, or the appearance of concession, would be mischievous. They will represent, according to the circular issued by the Home Rule Confederation in London ('Times,' March 12), the principle of Irish nationality. This circular, signed by five Irish members of the late Parliament, says that Lord Beaconsfield has "issued a declaration of war" upon Irishmen, their country, and their friends. He is denounced as a despotic and rancorous Minister, who "will neither grant to Ireland the right to manage her own affairs, nor grant to Irishmen the common rights and privileges of British citizens"—the mortal enemy of their country and their race. Upon this issue it would seem to be impossible that electors should hesitate for a moment. Will they support a Government resolutely op-

posed to this danger and this admitted mischief? or will they replace it by a Government which will be largely dependent upon this faction, and whose relations to it will be equivocal and uncertain? Mr Shaw declares that Home Rule means nothing but "self-government in domestic affairs." Lord Hartington agrees with the Government that it is dangerous even to appear to concede to it; and confines himself to protesting against language of exaggeration in referring to it. But substantially his own language is very similar to that of Lord Beaconsfield; the only difference is, that the one can afford to set this danger and mischief at defiance, while the other deprecates all allusion to the obvious feebleness of his position with respect to it.

If any elector doubts the essential feebleness of Lord Hartington's position with respect to Home Rule, let him reflect upon what that statesman could possibly do, unless he obtains at least one hundred additional seats in the new House of Commons. If avowed Home-Rulers compose the whole or three-fourths of his majority, they will be able to command those concessions the mere appearance of which is mischievous. And how many members of the majority, not avowed Home Rulers, will owe their seats to the Home Rule vote, and feel that, owing to the supposed result of the election, the influence of that vote is largely increased? Such members will not be without a leader and a spokesman. Mr Gladstone's address leaves him perfectly free to advocate Home Rule if he thinks it advantageous to do so. He evades any statement of opinion. To deal with the subject at all, is to indulge in dark allusions and terrifying insinuations. Yet his own Scotch speeches have done not a little to bring this subject into the forefront of the political battle—this subject upon which he declines to commit himself. He has persistently declared his inability to understand what is meant by Home Rule; and we all know that it would be useless to refer him to Lord Hartington, whose opinion on the subject seems to be as clear as Lord Beaconsfield's. "If you ask me," he said to the electors of Mid-Lothian last December, "what I think of Home Rule, I must tell you I will only answer you when you tell me how Home Rule is related to local government." In other words, Mr Gladstone had not made up his mind three months ago upon the destructive doctrine which the Prime Minister emphatically calls upon the country to reject. Was Mr Gladstone inclining to those concessions which Lord Hartington denounces as mischievous when he continued—"I am friendly to local government; I am friendly to large local prerogative; I desire—I may say I intensely desire—to see Parliament relieved of some portion of its duties"? Was Lord Beaconsfield indulging in dark allusions and terrifying insinuations in calling upon the country to decide once for all whether the United Kingdom should be disintegrated, when his rival had used such language as this?—

"We have got an over-weighted Parliament; and if Ireland, or any other portion of the country [meaning Scotland, in all probability], is desirous and able so to arrange its affairs as to take the local portion of some part of its transactions off Parliament, it would liberate and strengthen Parliament for imperial concerns. I say that I will not only not accord a reluctant consent, but give support to any such scheme."

Is this a mischievous concession or appearance of concession to Home Rule? And if Mr Gladstone takes

up this tone, and declares that he "will not be frightened out of wise measures of that kind by being told that he is condescending to the prejudices of Home-Rulers;" if Liberal candidates for large constituencies are to pledge themselves to vote for inquiry into Home Rule as the price of Home Rule support,—is it not high time to take the sense of the country, whether the United Kingdom shall be disintegrated, or whether a policy to which it is mischievous to make even the appearance of concession shall or shall not be firmly opposed? It is perfectly clear that any elector who accepts the view of Home Rule propounded by Lord Hartington cannot possibly accept Lord Hartington as the fitting exponent of his own policy of opposition to it, as a champion capable of enforcing such opposition. The conditions of his power, the requirements of his position, and his relations to Mr Gladstone, forbid a resolute resistance. Moreover, the ground is more worthily occupied by the Government. It is not as the opponents of Home Rule that they will be displaced. Lord Hartington can only succeed on the ground that Home Rule is not as mischievous as he says it is, and that other subjects transcend it in immediate importance. In the first view it would be a vote of confidence in Mr Gladstone rather than himself; in the second, the only measures to which he vaguely refers are such as will more perfectly apply the principles of local self-government in our counties and rural districts, and will remove certain artificial and obsolete restrictions of law which hinder the distribution of land in the manner most advantageous to the State.

Under all the circumstances the first duty of electors is to answer ay or no to Lord Beaconsfield's challenge to them to pronounce the condemnation of Home Rule. If Mr Gladstone does not know what it means, and is willing to raise the hopes of the Irish people on the subject, it is time that the voice of the constituencies should be heard. Sir George Bowyer declines to stand again for Wexford as a Home-Ruler. He does so because Home Rule has been made a cry for agitators, and that in his opinion it now means rebellion and civil war. "To continue the Home Rule agitation," he says, having regard to the interpretation which adventurers have given to it, "must ruin the future prospects of the country. The value of land has already become diminished. Capital has been scared away. Life has been in certain conditions made less secure. The extension and improvement of agriculture have been rendered impossible." Yet the Irish people have been misled into the belief that "Home Rule is the remedy for all evils, and the key to happiness and national greatness." This is not a state of things to be temporised with. It is a crisis which requires firmness, decision, and energy. The present Ministry alone are able to deal with it in that spirit; but it is for the nation to decide whether they shall be intrusted with the task, or whether it shall slide into hands which are enfeebled by uncertain counsels and electoral difficulties.

Besides the Home-Rulers, there is the scarcely less disaffected party which is identified with Mr Gladstone in respect to foreign policy. The whole country has rung with their incessant declamations upon this theme from the time of the Bulgarian agitation, through the Russo-Turkish war and the negotiation which preceded and followed it; and even long after in-

ternational controversy had ceased. Their policy during the whole of that period was the outcome of a variety of antipathies and enthusiasms which precluded any definite principle. It originated in a sort of panic. Horror-stricken at the Bulgarian massacres, they conceived a sudden and mortal antipathy to the Turks, an equally sudden and unmeasured enthusiasm for the Russians. In their wrath and indignation they doomed the Ottoman empire to destruction. Perish India! they exclaimed. Away with every selfish thought of British interests! Let insular selfishness recede before a full-blown cosmopolitan sympathy. Under the magic of Mr Gladstone's eloquence, myriads of people clamoured for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. Returning moderation induced Mr Gladstone to explain that he only meant the Turkish Government, and not the Turks themselves; but the explanation served as the first bucket of cold water on the fiery indignation of his admirers. The first moment of reflection proved the salvation of all the Turks of private life. A second reminded the angry crowds that plain geography assigned the Turks to us as allies in the preservation of the Straits, and of some of the main securities for British empire in the East. They fell away from the hero of the Bulgarian agitation. The Ministry resumed the traditional policy of the country which had been for a time, and at a critical moment, interrupted. Mr Gladstone, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, never ceased from denouncing it; and at any time when difficulty arose, or a serious decision had to be made, he was foremost in the endeavour to weaken the hands of the Ministry, and to increase their perplexities. The result is familiar to all of us. The Russo-Turkish war became inevitable. Though its progress threatened the security and power of this country, Mr Gladstone and his followers never affected the smallest concern, and when the Government stood forward to insist upon the revision of the Treaty of San Stefano, and its submission to a European Congress, they were opposed at every step they took. It is to the honour of Lord Beaconsfield that no word of complaint was wrung from him throughout the whole of these unwarrantable proceedings. Satisfied that the country was with him, and would help him to retrieve the error of 1876, he quietly pursued his course, and the Treaty of Berlin was the triumphant result. He maintained peace, and vindicated the interests of England and the honour of the Crown. In his address to the Duke of Marlborough there is not a word of reference to the past. His adversaries may waste all their powers of invective against that. The Prime Minister appeals from the past to the future. And his claim to the confidence of the country is summed up in these pregnant sentences, which, we believe, go straight to the conviction of the people, and have on that account exasperated his opponents:—

> "Her Majesty's present Ministers have hitherto been enabled to secure peace, so necessary to the welfare of all civilised countries, and so peculiarly the interest of our own. But this ineffable blessing cannot be obtained by the passive principle of non-interference. Peace rests on the presence, not to say the ascendancy, of England in the councils of Europe."

It is impossible to deny the truth of this statement. The peace of Europe has been preserved, with the exception of the Russo-Turkish war, which was precipitated by Mr

Gladstone's agitation, and which the Ministry was prevented from restraining. That English ascendancy has at the same time been preserved, appears from the contrast between the state of Europe now and its state on the morning that the Treaty of San Stefano was signed. Contrast the military position of Russia then and now; the territorial position of Turkey then and now; the military position of Austria then and now; the combined attitude of Germany and Austria then and now. Add to this that France is in friendly relations with us, that the Hartmann affair shows that there is no sort of alliance springing up between her and Russia, that the gates of India are in our possession and the hostility of Affghans and Zulus alike crushed, and we have a vindication of British ascendancy of which the Ministry and the country may well be proud. That ascendancy secured peace, which would have otherwise been impossible.

What is Mr Gladstone's answer to this? On what ground does he warn every individual voter against taking upon himself the responsibility for what has been done? He protests against any ascendancy at all. He says the word itself is best known by its baneful connection with the history of Ireland. Then, with a trifling inconsistency, he declares that we have escaped its evils, for the claim to ascendancy in the mouth of the present Ministry is little less than ridiculous. We cannot, he says, even obtain the dismissal of a Turkish Minister. But nevertheless "I must assert the coequal rights of independent and allied Powers," which on his own hypothesis is quite unnecessary. And then follows a sonorous phrase about "moral and unenvied ascendancy." As if the Russian forces would have been rolled back from Constantinople, and the Treaty of San Stefano remoulded by any amount of moral persuasion or unenvied strength! Lord Hartington's address leaves it quite uncertain whether he admits or denies English ascendancy abroad. He certainly does not regard the claim to it as ridiculous, though he thinks it has been surrendered in secret conventions. But he declares that it has been inefficiently exercised. He holds the Ministry responsible for the residue of the gains of San Stefano which Russia was allowed to keep, and for the losses which Turkey after her crushing defeat was obliged to put up with. He complains that Asia Minor is not reformed, that the Greek question is still unsettled, and that immense responsibilities have been incurred by this country. He contrasts this with the creation of the kingdom of Belgium fifty years ago, and its safety during the Franco-German war ten years ago.

What strikes us in all this is, that it is quite superfluous, and that Lord Beaconsfield showed greater tact in leaving these details alone. No Englishman with the smallest capacity for political judgment has lived the last four years of his life without forming a very decided opinion on the conduct of our foreign affairs during that time. A man incapable of forming an opinion during those stirring years, will not find his task easier now. If he has approved the conduct of the Ministry, he is not likely to be influenced by a statement of the case which leaves out of sight the overwhelming perils which existed and were surmounted, and fastens exclusively upon those points which in the new settlement and adjustment were not all clear gains to ourselves. If he believes that the Ministry

"aggrandised Russia, and lured Turkey on to her dismemberment, if not ruin," and holds to that conviction in spite of Russian dissatisfaction with the results of the war, Russian retreat from every point gained, and in spite of the unanimous determination of Europe to uphold the re-established empire of the Sultan, *naviget Anticyram.* He may be left to enjoy all the consolation which Mr Gladstone's eloquence may afford. The time is past for argument. The time is come to support the Ministry by votes, and for the rest to "suffer fools gladly."

It must be remembered, in fairness to the Liberal party, that half of them, represented by Lord Hartington, abstained from Mr Gladstone's efforts to harass and weaken the Ministry during the Eastern question; and that Mr Cowen and many other Liberals strongly supported them. And with regard to Mr Gladstone's own title to exempt himself from responsibility for the course which was pursued, and to indulge in unlimited vituperation of past transactions, his strongest supporters are bound to admit that he does not come before the country with clean hands. A great statesman in Mr Gladstone's position, with the influence attaching to an ex-Prime-Minister may incur grievous responsibilities by such proceedings as the Bulgarian agitation and the St James's Hall conferences; but he cannot absolve himself from responsibility by any utterances of the kind. That can only be effected by his parliamentary conduct, and not by his extra-parliamentary speeches. The contrast between Mr Gladstone's conduct in Parliament and his conduct out of Parliament was a scandal and reproach to free institutions, to this very system of parliamentary government. Though he had agitated England from one end of the country to the other in the autumn of 1876, by conduct which Lord Beaconsfield denounced at Aylesbury as worse and more disastrous in its probable consequences than Bulgarian atrocities, he sat quiet during half of the session of 1877, acquiesced in the policy of the Government, and never once asked Parliament to condemn it, or to declare that the traditional course of the Foreign Office, which he had so fiercely denounced, should be reversed. In May of that year, on the outbreak of the war, he moved five resolutions which favoured joint coercion of Turkey, and implied rather than distinctly stated that the cause of the Eastern Christians was of the paramount importance which he had attributed to it, abrogating the duty of resisting Russian aggression. On the evening of the day on which Lord Derby's despatch was published—that "charter of our policy" which condemned coercion, and laid down the conditions on which alone our neutrality would be preserved—Mr Gladstone ran away from his resolutions. It is absurd to say that he is not responsible for having done so. He not merely abandoned opposition himself, but he stifled opposition on the part of all who would have voted with him. He threw overboard all the public meetings which had adopted his resolutions and pledged themselves to support him. A very similar course was adopted by Mr Forster, who, in February 1878, proposed the rejection of the vote of six millions, and then withdrew it in a panic. The parliamentary conduct of the Opposition showed that it did not know its own mind. It was in marked contrast to the language used out of doors. It betrayed

divided counsels, and was a source of weakness to the country, and of discredit to itself. We deny that Mr Gladstone has exempted himself from responsibility for the past. Deeds—*i.e.*, parliamentary action and votes—and not hare-brained chatter, were necessary for that purpose.

To suppose that the Liberal party can go to the country with success upon their conduct during the progress of the Eastern question is to assume that the country is incapable of knowing its own mind and adhering to a settled policy. The firm will of the British people has long ago decided that the Government was right in its main ends, and right in its general conduct; and it will no more allow that policy to be reversed than it will restore Mr Gladstone to the position which he forfeited in 1874, and has done nothing since to retrieve. To quote Lord Beaconsfield's language—

"There are causes why England does not possess that degree of influence and ascendancy in the councils of Europe which I should desire her to possess. These causes are the conduct, not of the noble lord, who has always conducted himself as a statesman should, but the conduct of those deeply connected in public life with the noble lord, who have used language which has impressed the Courts of Europe and the people of Europe with the idea that there is a want of sympathy between the existing Government and their countrymen; and that if one of those trials should occur which demand the utmost development of national energy and the utmost display of national spirit, the Government would appeal to their countrymen in vain."

And few who are acquainted with the policy of the Gladstone Government towards Russia in the matter of the Black Sea Treaty, and towards Russia and Shere Ali combined, in reference to Affghanistan and Central Asia, will doubt the truth of this statement of the Prime Minister: "If we have had to encounter trouble, to meet great difficulties in Europe and Asia, those difficulties were the consequences of the policy of those who preceded us."

It is certain that the tone of Liberal addresses upon these two subjects of Home Rule and Foreign Policy, is the tone of men who feel beaten beforehand. Opposition has been conducted with such incessant energy and recklessness, that, as we have frequently pointed out, as soon as the great questions of policy become settled, it is the conduct of the Liberal party, and not that of the Ministry, which provokes examination and censure. It is they who are on the defensive; and all that is left for them is to entangle themselves in a maze of explanations and apologies, in answer to the crushing attack of a Minister who need not condescend to utter a word in defence of a policy which all Europe recognises as successful.

Lord Hartington endeavours to raise the cry of "stagnation in internal reforms and financial confusion." But he has no legislative proposals to make; in fact, there is no question of first-rate importance on which his party are agreed. Mr Gladstone complains that "no prospect is opened to us of effectual alterations in the land laws, of better securities for occupiers, of the reform and extension of local government throughout the three kingdoms, of a more equal distribution of political franchise, or of progress in questions deeply affecting our social and moral condition." But all these are subjects more or less vague. They are not of immediate and urgent importance, and their discussion may stand over for a short period. As

to financial confusion, the war in Zululand and the troubles in Europe have been met by the slightest possible increase of taxation — an extra 2d. in the income-tax being the only item of importance. A sinking fund has been provided to accelerate the payment of national debt, and during the term of the Government it has been reduced by nearly eighteen millions. On the other hand, six millions have, by the Budget of this year, been added to it, provision being made that it should be extinguished in five years. During those five years, if no return of prosperity appears, the payment of those six millions will annually intercept £600,000 which would otherwise have diminished the antecedent debt. To that extent there is a contingent interference with the operation of the sinking fund established in 1875. Not even Mr Gladstone's eloquence can raise discontent with the Government finance, more especially when he contends that taxes should have been increased in spite of the prevailing depression. In real truth, the Budgets for the last five or six years have been short and simple, and only a capacity for making mountains out of mole-hills can discover subjects of serious controversy about them. There has been no serious controversy about them in Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked, in the last debate on the subject, that it had been to him very satisfactory. He had expected a terrible pelting storm, and that the whole finance of the Government would be brought under review. "But it was a satisfaction and relief to find that the proposals of the Government had been made the subject of ordinary criticism, and that the thunderbolts launched by gentlemen of great authority in distant parts of the country were reduced to very diminutive proportions in the House, where answers might have been given." Financial details are not the main subjects of importance at this election. Those who approve the foreign policy of the Government, and believe that it has vindicated the honour and interests of the country, may be well satisfied that the burdens which it has entailed are so slight, that in times of stagnant trade it has involved no material addition to the taxation of the country. Those who disapprove the policy will have enough to do to vindicate their own particular mode of opposing it to be able to win much attention to exaggerated denunciations of imaginary financial heresies.

As the struggle deepens it is impossible not to see that its whole interest centres on the two questions of Home Rule and Foreign Policy. All other issues are for the time being dwarfed into comparative insignificance. Mr Gladstone has come to Edinburgh, and has again concentrated upon himself the attention of the British public and the Continent as the central figure and representative of the Liberal party. Though not the titular leader of the Opposition, he is the lifelong rival of Lord Beaconsfield, the man to whom power (whatever may be the case with office) will necessarily revert if the present Government falls. His energetic campaign in Mid-Lothian can have no other meaning than a renewed bid for personal ascendancy. If the Conservatives are defeated, no Ministry will be able to stand in the next Parliament, and no policy will be possible, against the will and without the sanction of Mr Gladstone. He will not be bound to take office, he may prefer to decline it as he has declined political leadership,

and to hold her Majesty's Ministers responsible to himself. Such a pretension would be utterly irreconcilable with constitutional usage, and would result in endless confusion. There is not merely that difficulty to be taken into consideration. There is the scarcely less serious peril which would result from placing in the hands of the Home Rule members the balance between rival parties. A state of things in which Liberals and Conservatives were equally divided, Mr Gladstone and the Home-Rulers in command of the situation, could not endure; a second dissolution would speedily become a necessity, whichever party were in office. Another alternative is, that the Liberals should have an accession of strength so improbable and so overwhelming as to be independent of Home-Rulers. But such a result, in spite of the course adopted by so many of them in reference to the last developments of Irish policy, would inevitably stimulate Home Rule agitation, promote its influence in English constituencies, and increase the danger to public tranquillity. The return of a decisive majority adverse to the Ministry could only be construed as encouragement to Home Rule, and as the adoption by the country of Mr Gladstone's views of foreign policy. It is impossible to regard such a contingency without dismay. Twelve months' experience of such a position of affairs would suffice to render it intolerable. And assuming that the consequent confusion both to our home and foreign affairs should be less than irreparable, one result at least could not fail to ensue. We should exhibit ourselves to the world as a Power which could not be trusted to know our own minds on points of the most vital importance to our interests—as one which could never again be regarded as a steady ally or as a persistent foe.

The question of confidence in the Opposition—that is, confidence in Mr Gladstone—cannot be separated from the question of confidence in the Government. We may have column after column of Gladstonian eloquence every morning in the 'Times,' till, as probably is the case, they would line the street from "Charing Cross to the venerable Abbey." Granted that the orator succeeds, that he demonstrates every step taken by the Ministry to be unwise, and that his own policy was theoretically better. The unanswerable argument is, that the Ministerial policy — good, bad, or indifferent — has been pursued for four years; that it is in accord with the whole of Europe; that it has devised a settlement of disputes; that that settlement, good or bad, has been carried into effect; that its continuance means peace, and is the only alternative to a general war. Grant the errors of management, the result is admitted and accepted. Only Mr Chamberlain and a few fanatics dream of reversing it. Mr Gladstone says of any attempt to violate the engagements of the Government, that "a more baseless fiction never was conceived by man—never was embodied in words by his tongue or his faculty of speech." Lords Granville and Hartington said on the first night of the session that the settlement at Berlin was a very tolerable settlement, but that Prince Bismarck and not Lord Beaconsfield was entitled to the credit. But assuming the settlement to have been unwise on the part of England, resulting from mismanagement, would it not now be an infinitely greater blunder for England to take up an attitude of

pronounced hostility to the work of her own hands,—to a scheme which all Europe joined her in devising and executing. Peace results from the Powers having obtained common ground on which they can all stand in reference to the affairs of South-east Europe. Suppose Mr Gladstone could have selected better ground, more favourable to ourselves, but equally acceptable to the other Powers,—could, in fact, have made a better bargain,—it may be a matter of the deepest possible regret that circumstances precluded him from doing so; but it is no reason at all for quarrelling with the bargain which has been made, or for preventing ourselves and the Powers of Europe from deriving all possible benefit from it. Confidence in the Opposition—that is, in Mr Gladstone—means complete dissatisfaction with our own settlement of Europe, and hostility to the principles on which it is based. It means that England, instead of ranging herself on the side of those Powers which resolutely and cordially upheld the Treaty of Berlin as part of the public law of Europe, will henceforth ally herself, or be believed to ally herself, with the influences and interests which are adverse to its continuance and its triumph.

Is such a result desirable? Every elector should understand that a Liberal vote—that is, a vote for Mr Gladstone—contemplates that result. Confidence in the Opposition, as we have always contended, has been for some years a question of far more urgent importance than the justice of their criticisms upon any portion, or indeed the whole, of the conduct of the Ministry. The question which Mr Gladstone insists on putting to the country is, Whether or not our whole policy should be changed in spirit and in act? In presence of such a question, all past details of management are trivial in their importance. The policy of the Ministry is in accord with the whole of Europe. The policy of Mr Gladstone is opposed to that which all Europe has accepted, and favours the views of those who seek to disturb the general peace. To the astonishment of the whole country, Mr Gladstone is the last man to perceive the magnitude of the issue which he has raised. He complained, directly he got to Edinburgh—

> "For the first time in my life, on the occasion of a general election, it is attempted by the leaders who are in power, and especially by the very eminent and distinguished man who is the heart, and soul, and life, and centre of the Government, to have this great cause tried, not upon the merits of the Government, but upon the merits of the Opposition. I have never known an instance of that kind before. I have always found that it was considered to be the business of the Opposition to challenge and criticise the Government, and of the country to try the criticisms. But the Government appear to think that that process had better be reversed; and among the long list of innovations which they have introduced, perhaps the latest is this, that it is the demerits of the Opposition, and not the merits of the Opposition, which the country is invited to try."

It is not the Government which has introduced this innovation. The man who declared that his days and nights were spent in the endeavour to thwart the policy of Lord Beaconsfield,—that is, of his sovereign and country,—is responsible. It argues the most childlike innocence not to be aware that, from September 1876 to the present hour, the demerits of the Opposition have been canvassed in every nook and corner of the kingdom.

The question has never been whether in this, that, or the other detail the Ministry has been wise, united, and prudent. Mr Gladstone and his immediate allies would never allow the issue to be discussed, whether—granted that their policy was wise—the Ministry was carrying out that policy with energy and completeness. Accordingly, that is not the issue now. The question is, Whether they were wrong all the way through—their aims unworthy, their sympathies misdirected, the results which they accomplished adverse to the interests and honour of the country? Has their conduct of foreign affairs been such as to justify the Opposition in laying aside all parliamentary action and criticism, and in resorting to measures calculated to thwart the policy of the nation, to alienate the mind of the people, to encourage the foreign opponents of that policy, to inspire distrust of us amongst our allies, to exhibit to the world the spectacle of a divided nation in presence of menace and danger? It is impossible that the demerits of the Opposition should be withdrawn from the consideration of the electors. It has been the most prominent topic for years, and it is one upon which the electors are bound to pronounce.

Not merely is it inevitable that those demerits should be investigated, but it is the bounden duty of the Ministry to provide that they should be placed clearly and in their right light before the country. Not merely will approval of such conduct operate as an encouragement to future Oppositions for all time to lay aside the restraints of patriotism and prudence; but the effect which approval of such conduct will produce upon the mind of foreign nations ought to be duly weighed. It matters not what Mr Gladstone may now find it convenient to say—the fact remains that he is identified abroad with a policy of absolute non-intervention, a policy of moral support to those beneficent aims of Russia for promoting the cause of liberty and good government in the Balkan peninsula. He is further identified with a very pronounced hostility both to Turkey and to Austria. An armed enemy, moreover, is known to operate most unfavourably upon his nervous system until he pours out thanksgivings for the "silver streak"; and every nation in Europe is unfortunately armed to the teeth. At the present moment, the two main guarantees for the peace of Europe are the general disposition to abide by the Treaty of Berlin, and the Austro-German defensive understanding. The agencies at work to threaten the general peace are,—first, the standing frontier dispute between France and Germany; second, the Russian dissatisfaction with Germany and Austria in regard to their policy at the Berlin Congress; third, the local rivalry which is springing up between Russia and Austria, arising out of the Russian occupation, and the *rôle* henceforth assigned to Austria in the Balkan peninsula. Under the present Ministry the whole weight of England is employed to lend force to the guarantees of peace; and it is employed by men who have shown and made Europe believe that they are ready to act when the occasion arrives. And accordingly the foreign correspondence of the newspapers shows us plainly that both at Berlin and Vienna the results of the elections are looked forward to with interest and anxiety. The French Government and the better class of Frenchmen are evidently anxious to preserve peace, and their present estrangement from Russia

relieves the world of one formidable contingency, the fear of a Franco-Russian alliance. The relief, however, is temporary. He must be a reckless politician indeed who can contemplate with indifference the possible results of such a complete change of front on the part of this country as would be denoted by Mr Gladstone's triumph over the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield at the ensuing election. It would be a heavy blow and discouragement to the friends of the Ottoman empire and the Berlin settlement. It would inevitably stimulate Slavonic aggression at the expense of Austria. Russia might at any moment attempt to find relief in external war from the pressure and the overwhelming horrors of internal conspiracy and strife. And if war once began, it would be on a larger scale than in 1877, and who can say where it will end? At present England can give a casting-vote in favour of peace, for she can speak with authority. Her support of the Germano-Austrian understanding doubles its effect. Withdraw it, and the disturbing agencies in Europe are stimulated to fresh action, the smouldering embers of half-a-dozen lively international feuds may again blaze forth. Public opinion abroad as well as at home recognises the present Ministry of England as a guarantee of peace, its subversion as involving and increasing the danger of war.

We will conclude by referring to the speech of Lord Granville at Hanley. There cannot be a greater contrast to the speeches of Mr Gladstone. The drift of it is that Liberal Governments have pursued and will hereafter pursue a vigorous and firm policy in reference to foreign affairs, to the colonies, and to Home Rule. Their ends have been and are the same as Lord Beaconsfield's, but they will pursue them with more prudent management and with greater success. We are quite ready to believe, with regard both to Lord Granville and to Lord Hartington, that they would be as anxious as the present Ministry to maintain peace, to assert with that view the influence of England abroad, and to uphold the integrity of the empire. All we say is, that the difficulties in the way of their doing so will be ten times greater than those which beset the existing Administration. It is true that they will not have an unscrupulous Opposition to deal with; Lord Beaconsfield has promised them beforehand the support of the Tory party whenever they may be called upon to maintain the honour and greatness of the country. But they will not be independent. A Liberal triumph may mean that Lord Beaconsfield will be replaced in the Premiership by Lord Granville; but it will most assuredly concentre all power in the hands of Mr Gladstone. Such a result, we repeat, will be an enormous encouragement to the Home Rule party at home, and to the whole Panslavist movement abroad. It will express dissatisfaction on the part of England with those portions of the Treaty of Berlin which tended to curb the designs of those who are ever agitating for war in the Balkan provinces; it will mean hostility to both Turkey and Austria. Not even to have the satisfaction of restoring Lords Granville and Hartington to office,—statesmen of whom any political party may be proud, — ought Liberal electors to incur the perilous responsibility of restoring the ascendancy of Mr Gladstone. The fury with which he has assailed the Governments of Turkey and Austria, both of them our allies, both threat-

ened with dangerous plots and conspiracies on their borders, ought to disqualify him as a candidate for public confidence. We trust that the electors of Mid-Lothian will pause long before they accept the responsibility of voting for Mr Gladstone. The statesman who menaces our allies, denounces our treaties, and stirs up the passions of those whose hope is in war, ought not to be made the representative of the English people and of English policy. The statesman who tells Ireland, in the midst of a disastrous agitation, that it is only by murder and arson that practical politics are ever forced to a solution, has no title to the confidence of a great Scotch constituency. We hope that as the county of Mid-Lothian has a great and distinguished part to play in the ensuing elections, so it will discharge its high duties in a manner worthy of itself and of the greatness of the crisis. The consequences of its decision will be of the utmost importance, whatever may be the general verdict of the country. It rests with Mid-Lothian to pronounce a more emphatic condemnation than it is in the power of any other constituency to express, on the perverse and unpatriotic conduct of the Opposition during the last four years, and to reject a policy which will introduce confusion into our affairs at home and subvert our influence abroad.

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DR WORTLE'S SCHOOL.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—DR WORTLE.

The Rev. Jeffrey Wortle, D.D. was a man much esteemed by others,—and by himself. He combined two professions, in both of which he had been successful,—had been, and continued to be, at the time in which we speak of him. I will introduce him to the reader in the present tense as Rector of Bowick, and proprietor and head-master of the school established in the village of that name. The seminary at Bowick had for some time enjoyed a reputation under him;—not that he had ever himself used so newfangled and unpalatable a word in speaking of his school. Bowick School had been established by himself as preparatory to Eton. Dr Wortle had been elected to an assistant-mastership at Eton early in life soon after he had become a Fellow of Exeter. There he had worked successfully for ten years, and had then retired to the living of Bowick. On going there he had determined to occupy his leisure, and if possible to make his fortune, by taking a few boys into his house. By dint of charging high prices and giving good food,—perhaps in part, also, by the quality of the education which he imparted,—his establishment had become popular, and had outgrown the capacity of the parsonage. He had been enabled to purchase a field or two close abutting on the glebe gardens, and had there built convenient premises. He now limited his number to thirty boys, for each of which he charged £200 a-year. It was said of him by his friends that if he would only raise his price to £250, he might double the number, and really make a fortune. In answer to this, he told his friends that he knew his own business best;—he declared that his charge was the only sum that was compatible both with regard to himself and honesty to his customers, and asserted that the labours he endured were already quite heavy enough. In fact, he

recommended all those who gave him advice to mind their own business.

It may be said of him that he knew his own so well as to justify him in repudiating counsel from others. There are very different ideas of what "a fortune" may be supposed to consist. It will not be necessary to give Dr Wortle's exact idea. No doubt it changed with him, increasing as his money increased. But he was supposed to be a comfortable man. He paid ready money and high prices. He liked that people under him should thrive,—and he liked them to know that they throve by his means. He liked to be master, and always was. He was just, and liked his justice to be recognised. He was generous also, and liked that, too, to be known. He kept a carriage for his wife, who had been the daughter of a poor clergyman at Windsor, and was proud to see her as well dressed as the wife of any county squire. But he was a domineering husband. As his wife worshipped him, and regarded him as a Jupiter on earth from whose nod there could be and should be no appeal, but little harm came from this. If a tyrant, he was an affectionate tyrant. His wife felt him to be so. His servants, his parish, and his school all felt him to be so. They obeyed him, loved him, and believed in him.

So, upon the whole, at the time with which we are dealing, did the diocese, the county, and that world of parents by whom the boys were sent to his school. But this had not come about without some hard fighting. He was over fifty years of age, and had been Rector of Bowick for nearly twenty. During that time there had been a succession of three bishops, and he had quarrelled more or less with all of them. It might be juster to say that they had all of them had more or less of occasion to find fault with him. Now Dr Wortle, — or Mr Wortle, as he should be called in reference to that period,—was a man who would bear censure from no human being. He had left his position at Eton because the headmaster had required from him some slight change of practice. There had been no quarrel on that occasion, but Mr Wortle had gone. He at once commenced his school at Bowick, taking half-a-dozen pupils into his own house. The bishop of that day suggested that the cure of the souls of the parishioners of Bowick was being subordinated to the Latin and Greek of the sons of the nobility. The bishop got a response which gave an additional satisfaction to his speedy translation to a more comfortable diocese. Between the next bishop and Mr Wortle there was, unfortunately, misunderstanding, and almost feud for the entire ten years during which his lordship reigned in the Palace of Broughton. This Bishop of Broughton had been one of that large batch of Low Church prelates who were brought forward under Lord Palmerston. Among them there was none more low, more pious, more sincere, or more given to interference. To teach Mr Wortle his duty as a parish clergyman was evidently a necessity to such a bishop. To repudiate any such teaching was evidently a necessity to Mr Wortle. Consequently there were differences, in all of which Mr Wortle carried his own. What the good bishop suffered no one probably knew except his wife and his domestic chaplain. What Mr Wortle enjoyed,—or Dr Wortle, as he came to be called about this time,—was patent to all the county and all the diocese. The sufferer died, not, let us hope, by means of the Doctor; and then came the third

bishop. He, too, had found himself obliged to say a word. He was a man of the world,—wise, prudent, not given to interference or fault-finding, friendly by nature, one who altogether hated a quarrel, a bishop beyond all things determined to be the friend of his clergymen;—and yet he thought himself obliged to say a word. There were matters in which Dr Wortle affected a peculiarly anti-clerical mode of expression, if not of feeling. He had been foolish enough to declare openly that he was in search of a curate who should have none of the "grace of godliness" about him. He was wont to ridicule the piety of young men who devoted themselves entirely to their religious offices. In a letter which he wrote he spoke of one youthful divine as "a conceited ass, who had preached for forty minutes." He not only disliked, but openly ridiculed all signs of a special pietistic bearing. It was said of him that he had been heard to swear. There can be no doubt that he made himself wilfully distasteful to many of his stricter brethren. Then it came to pass that there was a correspondence between him and the bishop as to that outspoken desire of his for a curate without the grace of godliness. But even here Dr Wortle was successful. The management of his parish was pre-eminently good. The parish school was a model. The farmers went to church. Dissenters there were none. The people of Bowick believed thoroughly in their parson, and knew the comfort of having an open-handed, well-to-do gentleman in the village. This third episcopal difficulty did not endure long. Dr Wortle knew his man, and was willing enough to be on good terms with his bishop so long as he was allowed to be in all things his own master.

There had, too, been some fighting between Dr Wortle and the world about his school. He was, as I have said, a thoroughly generous man, but he required, himself, to be treated with generosity. Any question as to the charges made by him as schoolmaster was unendurable. He explained to all parents that he charged for each boy at the rate of two hundred a-year for board, lodging, and tuition, and that anything required for a boy's benefit or comfort beyond that ordinarily supplied, would be charged for as an extra at such price as Dr Wortle himself thought to be an equivalent. Now the popularity of his establishment no doubt depended in a great degree on the sufficiency and comfort of the good things of the world which he provided. The beer was of the best, the boys were not made to eat fat, their taste in the selection of joints was consulted. The morning coffee was excellent. The cook was a great adept at cakes and puddings. The Doctor would not himself have been satisfied unless everything had been plentiful, and everything of the best. He would have hated a butcher who had attempted to seduce him with meat beneath the usual price. But when he had supplied that which was sufficient according to his own liberal ideas, he did not give more without charging for it. Among his customers there had been a certain Honourable Mr Stantiloup, and,—which had been more important,—an Honourable Mrs Stantiloup. Mrs Stantiloup was a lady who liked all the best things which the world could supply, but hardly liked paying the best price. Dr Wortle's school was the best thing the world could supply of that kind, but then the price was certainly the very best. Young Stantiloup was only eleven; and as there were boys at Bowick as old as seventeen—for

the school had not altogether maintained its old character as being merely preparatory—Mrs Stantiloup had thought that her boy should be admitted at a lower fee. The correspondence which had ensued had been unpleasant. The young Stantiloup had had the influenza, and Mrs Stantiloup had sent her own doctor. Champagne had been ordered, and carriage exercise. Mr Stantiloup had been forced by his wife to refuse to pay sums demanded for these undoubted extras. Ten shillings a-day for a drive for a little boy seemed to her a great deal,—seemed so to Mrs Stantiloup. Ought not the Doctor's wife to have been proud to take out her little boy in her own carriage? And then £2, 10s. for champagne for the little boy! It was monstrous. Mr Stantiloup remonstrated. Dr Wortle said that the little boy had better be taken away and the bill paid at once. The little boy was taken away and the money was offered, short of £5. The matter was instantly put into the hands of the Doctor's lawyer, and a suit commenced. The Doctor, of course, got his money, and then there followed an acrimonious correspondence in the 'Times' and other newspapers. Mrs Stantiloup did her best to ruin the school, and many very eloquent passages were written not only by her or by her own special scribe, but by others who took the matter up to prove that two hundred a-year was a great deal more than ought to be paid for the charge of a little boy during three quarters of the year. But in the course of the next twelve months Dr Wortle was obliged to refuse admittance to a dozen eligible pupils because he had not room for them.

No doubt he had suffered during these contests,—suffered, that is, in mind. There had been moments in which it seemed that the victory would be on the other side, that the forces congregated against him were too many for him, and that not being able to bend he would have to be broken; but in every case he had fought it out, and in every case he had conquered. He was now a prosperous man who had achieved his own way, and had made all those connected with him feel that it was better to like him and obey him, than to dislike him and fight with him. His curates troubled him as little as possible with the grace of godliness, and threw off as far as they could that zeal which is so dear to the youthful mind, but which so often seems to be weak and flabby to their elders. His ushers or assistants in the school fell in with his views implicitly, and were content to accept compensation in the shape of personal civilities. It was much better to go shares with the Doctor in a joke than to have to bear his hard words.

It is chiefly in reference to one of these ushers that our story has to be told. But before we commence it, we must say a few more words as to the Doctor and his family. Of his wife I have already spoken. She was probably as happy a woman as you shall be likely to meet on a summer's day. She had good health, easy temper, pleasant friends, abundant means, and no ambition. She went nowhere without the Doctor, and wherever he went she enjoyed her share of the respect which was always shown to him. She had little or nothing to do with the school, the Doctor having many years ago resolved that though it became him as a man to work for his bread, his wife should not be a slave. When the battles had been going on,—those between the Doctor and the bishops, and the Doctor and Mrs Stantiloup, and

the Doctor and the newspapers,—she had for a while been unhappy. It had grieved her to have it insinuated that her husband was an atheist, and asserted that her husband was a cormorant; but his courage had sustained her, and his continual victories had taught her to believe at last that he was indomitable.

They had one child, a daughter, Mary, of whom it was said in Bowick that she alone knew the length of the Doctor's foot. It certainly was so that, if Mrs Wortle wished to have anything done which was a trifle beyond her own influence, she employed Mary. And if the boys collectively wanted to carry a point, they would "collectively" obtain Miss Wortle's aid. But all this the Doctor probably knew very well; and though he was often pleased to grant favours thus asked, he did so because he liked the granting of favours when they had been asked with a proper degree of care and attention. She was at the present time of the age in which fathers are apt to look upon their children as still children, while other men regard them as being grown-up young ladies. It was now June, and in the approaching August she would be eighteen. It was said of her that of the girls all round she was the prettiest; and indeed it would be hard to find a sweeter-favoured girl than Mary Wortle. Her father had been all his life a man noted for the manhood of his face. He had a broad forehead, with bright grey eyes,—eyes that had always a smile passing round them, though the smile would sometimes show that touch of irony which a smile may contain, rather than the good-humour which it is ordinarily supposed to indicate. His nose was aquiline, not hooky, like a true bird's beak, but with that bend which seems to give to the human face the clearest indication of individual will. His mouth, for a man, was perhaps a little too small, but was admirably formed, as had been that chin with a deep dimple on it, which had now by the slow progress of many dinners become doubled in its folds. His hair had been chestnut, but dark in its hue. It had now become grey, but still with the shade of the chestnut through it here and there. He stood 5 feet 10 in height, with small hands and feet. He was now perhaps somewhat stout, but was still as upright on his horse as ever, and as well able to ride to hounds for a few fields when by chance the hunt came in the way of Bowick. Such was the Doctor. Mrs Wortle was a pretty little woman, now over forty years of age, of whom it was said that in her day she had been the beauty of Windsor and those parts. Mary Wortle took mostly after her father, being tall and comely, having especially her father's eyes; but still they who had known Mrs Wortle as a girl declared that Mary had inherited also her mother's peculiar softness and complexion.

For many years past none of the pupils had been received within the parsonage,—unless when received there as guests, which was of frequent occurrence. All belonging to the school was built outside the glebe land, as a quite separate establishment, with a door opening from the parsonage garden to the school-yard. Of this door the rule was that the Doctor and the gardener should have the only two keys; but the rule may be said to have become quite obsolete, as the door was never locked. Sometimes the bigger boys would come through unasked—perhaps in search of a game of lawn-tennis with Miss Wortle—perhaps to ask some favour

of Mrs Wortle, who always was delighted to welcome them — perhaps even to seek the Doctor himself, who never on such occasions would ask how it came to pass that they were on that side of the wall. Sometimes Mrs Wortle would send her housekeeper through for some of the little boys. It would then be a good time for the little boys. But this would generally be during the Doctor's absence.

Here, on the school side of the wall, there was a separate establishment of servants, and a separate kitchen. There was no sending backwards or forwards of food or of clothes,—unless it might be when some special delicacy was sent in if a boy were unwell. For these no extra charge was ever made, as had been done in the case of young Stantiloup. Then a strange doctor had come, and had ordered the wine and the carriage. There was no extra charge for the kindly glasses of wine, which used to be administered in quite sufficient plenty.

Behind the school, and running down to the little river Pin, there is a spacious cricket-ground, and a court marked out for lawn-tennis. Up close to the school is a racket-court. No doubt a good deal was done to make the externals of the place alluring to those parents who love to think that their boys shall be made happy at school. Attached to the school, forming part of the building, is a pleasant, well-built residence, with six or eight rooms, intended for the senior or classical assistant-master. It has been the Doctor's scheme to find a married gentleman to occupy this house, whose wife shall receive a separate salary for looking after the linen and acting as matron to the school, doing what his wife did till he became successful,—while the husband should be in orders and take part of the church duties as a second curate. But there had been a difficulty in this.

CHAPTER II.—THE NEW USHER.

The Doctor had found it difficult to carry out the scheme described in the last chapter. They indeed who know anything of such matters will be inclined to call it Utopian, and to say that one so wise in worldly matters as our schoolmaster should not have attempted to combine so many things. He wanted a gentleman, a schoolmaster, a curate, a matron, and a lady,—we may say all in one. Curates and ushers are generally unmarried. An assistant schoolmaster is not often in orders, and sometimes is not a gentleman. A gentleman, when he is married, does not often wish to dispose of the services of his wife. A lady, when she has a husband, has generally sufficient duties of her own to employ her, without undertaking others. The scheme, if realised, would no doubt be excellent, but the difficulties were too many. The Stantiloups, who lived about twenty miles off, made fun of the Doctor and his project; and the bishop was said to have expressed himself as afraid that he would not be able to license as curate any one selected as usher to the school. One attempt was made after another in vain;—but at last it was declared through the country far and wide that the Doctor had succeeded in this, as in every other enterprise that he had attempted. There had come a Rev. Mr Peacocke and his wife. Six years since, Mr Peacocke had been well known at Oxford as a

Classic, and had become a Fellow of Trinity. Then he had taken orders, and had some time afterwards married, giving up his Fellowship as a matter of course. Mr Peacocke, while living at Oxford, had been well known to a large Oxford circle, but he had suddenly disappeared from that world, and it had reached the ears of only a few of his more intimate friends that he had undertaken the duties of vice-president of a classical college at St Louis in the State of Missouri. Such a disruption as this was for a time complete; but after five years Mr Peacocke appeared again at Oxford, with a beautiful American wife, and the necessity of earning an income by his erudition.

It would at first have seemed very improbable that Dr Wortle should have taken into his school or into his parish a gentleman who had chosen the United States as a field for his classical labours. The Doctor, whose mind was by no means logical, was a thorough-going Tory of the old school, and therefore considered himself bound to hate the name of a republic. He hated rolling stones, and Mr Peacocke had certainly been a rolling stone. He loved Oxford with all his heart, and some years since had been heard to say hard things of Mr Peacocke, when that gentleman deserted his college for the sake of establishing himself across the Atlantic. But he was one who thought that there should be a place of penitence allowed to those who had clearly repented of their errors; and, moreover, when he heard that Mr Peacocke was endeavouring to establish himself in Oxford as a "coach" for undergraduates, and also that he was a married man without any encumbrance in the way of family, there seemed to him to be an additional reason for pardoning that American escapade. Circumstances brought the two men together. There were friends at Oxford who knew how anxious the Doctor was to carry out that plan of his in reference to an usher, a curate, and a matron, and here were the very things combined. Mr Peacocke's scholarship and power of teaching were acknowledged; he was already in orders; and it was declared that Mrs Peacocke was undoubtedly a lady. Many inquiries were made. Many meetings took place. Many difficulties arose. But at last Mr and Mrs Peacocke came to Bowick, and took up their abode in the school.

All the Doctor's requirements were not at once fulfilled. Mrs Peacocke's position was easily settled. Mrs Peacocke, who seemed to be a woman possessed of sterling sense and great activity, undertook her duties without difficulty. But Mr Peacocke would not at first consent to act as curate in the parish. He did, however, after a time consent to perform a portion of the Sunday services. When he first came to Bowick he had declared that he would undertake no clerical duty. Education was his profession, and to that he meant to devote himself exclusively. Nor for the six or eight months of his sojourn did he go back from this; so that the Doctor may be said even still to have failed in carrying out his purpose. But at last the new schoolmaster appeared in the pulpit of the parish church and preached a sermon.

All that had passed in private conference between the Doctor and his assistant on the subject need not here be related. Mr Peacocke's aversion to do more than attend regularly at the church services as one of the parishioners had been very strong. The Doctor's anxiety to overcome his assistant's reasoning had also been strong. There had, no doubt, been much said

between them. Mr Peacocke had been true to his principles, whatever those principles were, in regard to his appointment as a curate,—but it came to pass that he for some months preached regularly every Sunday in the parish church, to the full satisfaction of the parishioners. For this he had accepted no payment, much to the Doctor's dissatisfaction. Nevertheless it was certainly the case that they who served the Doctor gratuitously never came by the worse of the bargain.

Mr Peacocke was a small wiry-looking man, anything but robust in appearance, but still capable of great bodily exertion. He was a great walker. Labour in the school never seemed to fatigue him. The addition of a sermon to preach every week seemed to make no difference to his energies in the school. He was a constant reader, and could pass from one kind of mental work to another without fatigue. The Doctor was a noted scholar, but it soon became manifest to the Doctor himself, and to the boys, that Mr Peacocke was much deeper in scholarship than the Doctor. Though he was a poor man, his own small classical library was supposed to be a repository of all that was known about Latin and Greek. In fact Mr Peacocke grew to be a marvel; but of all the marvels about him, the thing most marvellous was the entire faith which the Doctor placed in him. Certain changes even were made in the old-established "curriculum" of tuition,—and were made, as all the boys supposed, by the advice of Mr Peacocke. Mr Peacocke was treated with a personal respect which almost seemed to imply that the two men were equal. This was supposed by the boys to come from the fact that both the Doctor and the assistant had been Fellows of their colleges at Oxford; but the parsons and other gentry around could see that there was more in it than that. Mr Peacocke had some power about him which was potent over the Doctor's spirit.

Mrs Peacocke, in her line, succeeded almost as well. She was a woman something over thirty years of age when she first came to Bowick, in the very pride and bloom of woman's beauty. Her complexion was dark and brown,—so much so, that it was impossible to describe her colour generally by any other word. But no clearer skin was ever given to a woman. Her eyes were brown, and her eyebrows black, and perfectly regular. Her hair was dark and very glossy, and always dressed as simply as the nature of a woman's head will allow. Her features were regular, but with a great show of strength. She was tall for a woman, but without any of that look of length under which female altitude sometimes suffers. She was strong and well made, and apparently equal to any labour to which her position might subject her. When she had been at Bowick about three months, a boy's leg had been broken, and she had nursed him, not only with assiduity, but with great capacity. The boy was the youngest son of the Marchioness of Altamont; and when Lady Altamont paid a second visit to Bowick, for the sake of taking her boy home as soon as he was fit to be moved, her ladyship made a little mistake. With the sweetest and most caressing smile in the world, she offered Mrs Peacocke a ten-pound note. "My dear madam," said Mrs Peacocke, without the slightest reserve or difficulty, "it is so natural that you should do this, because you cannot of course understand my position; but it is altogether out of the question." The Marchioness blushed, and stammered, and begged a hun-

dred pardons. Being a good-natured woman, she told the whole story to Mrs Wortle. "I would just as soon have offered the money to the Marchioness herself," said Mrs Wortle, as she told it to her husband. "I would have done it a deal sooner," said the Doctor. "I am not in the least afraid of Lady Altamont; but I stand in awful dread of Mrs Peacocke." Nevertheless Mrs Peacocke had done her work by the little lord's bedside, just as though she had been a paid nurse.

And so she felt herself to be. Nor was she in the least ashamed of her position in that respect. If there was aught of shame about her, as some people said, it certainly did not come from the fact that she was in the receipt of a salary for the performance of certain prescribed duties. Such remuneration was, she thought, as honourable as the Doctor's income; but to her American intelligence, the acceptance of a present of money from a Marchioness would have been a degradation.

It certainly was said of her by some persons that there must have been something in her former life of which she was ashamed. The Honourable Mrs Stantiloup, to whom all the affairs of Bowick had been of consequence since her husband had lost his lawsuit, and who had not only heard much, but had inquired far and near about Mr and Mrs Peacocke, declared diligently among her friends, with many nods and winks, that there was something "rotten in the state of Denmark." She did at first somewhat imprudently endeavour to spread a rumour abroad that the Doctor had become enslaved by the lady's beauty. But even those hostile to Bowick could not accept this. The Doctor certainly was not the man to put in jeopardy the respect of the world and his own standing for the beauty of any woman; and, moreover, the Doctor, as we have said before, was over fifty years of age. But there soon came up another ground on which calumny could found a story. It was certainly the case that Mrs Peacocke had never accepted any hospitality from Mrs Wortle or other ladies in the neighbourhood. It reached the ears of Mrs Stantiloup, first, that the ladies had called upon each other, as ladies are wont to do who intend to cultivate a mutual personal acquaintance, and then that Mrs Wortle had asked Mrs Peacocke to dinner. But Mrs Peacocke had refused not only that invitation, but subsequent invitations to the less ceremonious form of tea-drinking.

All this had been true, and it had been true also, — though of this Mrs Stantiloup had not heard the particulars, — that Mrs Peacocke had explained to her neighbour that she did not intend to put herself on a visiting footing with any one. "But why not, my dear?" Mrs Wortle had said, urged to the argument by precepts from her husband. "Why should you make yourself desolate here, when we shall be so glad to have you?" "It is part of my life that it must be so," Mrs Peacocke had answered. "I am quite sure that the duties I have undertaken are becoming a lady; but I do not think that they are becoming to one who either gives or accepts entertainments."

There had been something of the same kind between the Doctor and Mr Peacocke. "Why the mischief shouldn't you and your wife come and eat a bit of mutton, and drink a glass of wine, over at the rectory, like any other decent people?" I never believed that accusation against the Doctor in regard to swearing; but he was

no doubt addicted to expletives in conversation, and might perhaps have indulged in a strong word or two, had he not been prevented by the sanctity of his orders. "Perhaps I ought to say," replied Mr Peacocke, "because we are not like any other decent people." Then he went on to explain his meaning. Decent people, he thought, in regard to social intercourse, are those who are able to give and take with ease among each other. He had fallen into a position in which neither he nor his wife could give anything, and from which, though some might be willing to accept him, he would be accepted only, as it were, by special favour. "Bosh!" ejaculated the Doctor. Mr Peacocke simply smiled, said it might be bosh, but that even were he inclined to relax his own views, his wife would certainly not relax hers. So it came to pass that although the Doctor and Mr Peacocke were really intimate, and that something of absolute friendship sprang up between the two ladies, when Mr Peacocke had already been more than twelve months in Bowick neither had he nor Mrs Peacocke broken bread in the Doctor's house.

And yet the friendship had become strong. An incident had happened early in the opening of the year which had served greatly to strengthen it. At the school there was a little boy, just eleven years old, the only son of a Lady de Lawle, who had in early years been a dear friend to Mrs Wortle. Lady de Lawle was the widow of a baronet, and the little boy was the heir to a large fortune. The mother had been most loath to part with her treasure. Friends, uncles, and trustees had declared that the old prescribed form of education for British aristocrats must be followed,—a t'other school, namely, then Eton, and then Oxford. No; his mother might not go with him, first to one, and then to the other. Such going and living with him would deprive his education of all the real salt. Therefore Bowick was chosen as the t'other school, because Mrs Wortle would be more like a mother to the poor desolate boy than any other lady. So it was arranged, and the "poor desolate boy" became the happiest of the young pickles whom it was Mrs Wortle's special province to spoil whenever she could get hold of them.

Now it happened that on one beautiful afternoon towards the end of April, Mrs Wortle had taken young De Lawle and another little boy with her over the foot-bridge which passed from the bottom of the parsonage garden to the glebe-meadow which ran on the other side of a little river, and with them had gone a great Newfoundland dog, who was on terms equally friendly with the inmates of the rectory and the school. Where this bridge passed across the stream the gardens and the field were on the same level. But as the water ran down to the ground on which the school-buildings had been erected, there arose a steep bank over a bend in the river, or, rather, steep cliff, for, indeed, it was almost perpendicular, the force of the current as it turned at this spot having washed away the bank. In this way it had come to pass that there was a precipitous fall of about a dozen feet from the top of the little cliff into the water, and that the water here, as it eddied round the curve, was black and deep, so that the bigger boys were wont to swim in it, arrangements for bathing having been made on the further or school side. There had sometimes been a question whether a rail should not be placed for protection along the top of this

cliff, but nothing of the kind had yet been done. The boys were not supposed to play in this field, which was on the other side of the river, and could only be reached by the bridge through the parsonage garden.

On this day young De Lawle and his friend and the dog rushed up the hill before Mrs Wortle, and there began to romp, as was their custom. Mary Wortle, who was one of the party, followed them, enjoining the children to keep away from the cliff. For a while they did so, but of course returned. Once or twice they were recalled and scolded, always asserting that the fault was altogether with Neptune. It was Neptune that knocked them down and always pushed them towards the river. Perhaps it was Neptune; but be that as it might, there came a moment very terrible to them all. The dog in one of his gyrations came violently against the little boy, knocked him off his legs, and pushed him over the edge. Mrs Wortle, who had been making her way slowly up the hill, saw the fall, heard the splash, and fell immediately to the ground.

Other eyes had also seen the accident. The Doctor and Mr Peacocke were at the moment walking together in the playgrounds at the school side of the brook. When the boy fell they had paused in their walk, and were standing, the Doctor with his back to the stream, and the assistant with his face turned towards the cliff. A loud exclamation broke from his lips as he saw the fall; but in a moment,—almost before the Doctor had realised the accident which had occurred,—he was in the water, and two minutes afterwards young De Lawle, drenched indeed, frightened, and out of breath, but in nowise seriously hurt, was out upon the bank; and Mr Peacocke, drenched also, but equally safe, was standing over him, while the Doctor on his knees was satisfying himself that his little charge had received no fatal injury. It need hardly be explained that such a termination as this to such an accident had greatly increased the good feeling with which Mr Peacocke was regarded by all the inhabitants of the school and rectory.

CHAPTER III.—THE MYSTERY.

Mr Peacocke himself said that in this matter a great deal of fuss was made about nothing. Perhaps it was so. He got a ducking, but being a strong swimmer, probably suffered no real danger. The boy, rolling down three or four feet of bank, had then fallen down six or eight feet into deep water. He might, no doubt, have been much hurt. He might have struck against a rock and have been killed,—in which case Mr Peacocke's prowess would have been of no avail. But nothing of this kind happened. Little Jack de Lawle was put to bed in one of the rectory bedrooms, and was comforted with sherry-negus and sweet jelly. For two days he rejoiced thoroughly in his accident, being freed from school, and subjected only to caresses. After that he rebelled, having become tired of his bed. But by that time his mother had been most unnecessarily summoned. Unless she was wanted to examine the forlorn condition of his clothes, there was nothing that she could do. But she came, and, of course, showered blessings on Mr Peacocke's head,—while Mrs Wortle went through to the school and showered blessings on

Mrs Peacocke. What would they have done had the Peacockes not been there?

"You must let me now have their way, whether for good or bad," the Doctor said, when his assistant complained rather of the blessings,—pointing out at any rate their absurdity. "One man is damned for ever, because, in the conscientious exercise of his authority, he gives a little boy a rap which happens to make a small temporary mark on his skin. Another becomes a hero because, when in the equally conscientious performance of a duty, he gives himself a ducking. I won't think you a hero; but, of course, I consider myself very fortunate to have had beside me a man younger than myself, and quick and ready at such an emergence. Of course I feel grateful, but I shan't bother you by telling you so."

But this was not the end of it. Lady de Lawle declared that she would not be happy unless Mr and Mrs Peacocke would bring Jack home for the holidays to De Lawle Park. Of course she carried her blessings up into Mr Peacocke's little drawing-room, and became quite convinced, as was Mrs Wortle, that Mrs Peacocke was in all respects a lady. She heard of Mr Peacocke's antecedents at Oxford, and expressed her opinion that they were charming people. She could not be happy unless they would promise to come to De Lawle Park for the holidays. Then Mrs Peacocke had to explain that in her present circumstances she did not intend to visit anywhere. She was very much flattered, and delighted to think that the dear little boy was none the worse for his accident; but there must be an end of it. There was something in her manner, as she said this, which almost overawed Lady de Lawle. She made herself, at any rate, understood, and no further attempt was made for the next six weeks to induce her or Mr Peacocke to enter the rectory dining-room. But a good deal was said about Mr Peacocke,—generally in his favour.

Generally in his favour,—because he was a fine scholar, and could swim well. His preaching perhaps did something for him, but the swimming did more. But though there was so much said of good, there was something also of evil. A man would not altogether refuse society for himself and his wife unless there were some cause for him to do so. He and she must have known themselves to be unfit to associate with such persons as they would have met at De Lawle Park. There was no doubt a mystery, and the mystery, when unravelled, would no doubt prove to be very deleterious to the character of the persons concerned. Mrs Stantiloup was quite sure that such must be the case. "It might be very well," said Mrs Stantiloup, "for Dr Wortle to obtain the services of a well-educated usher for his school, but it became quite another thing when he put a man up to preach in the church, of whose life, for five years, no one knew anything." Somebody had told her something as to the necessity of a bishop's authority for the appointment of a curate; but no one had strictly defined to her what a curate is. She was, however, quite ready to declare that Mr Peacocke had no business to preach in that pulpit, and that something very disagreeable would come of it.

Nor was this feeling altogether confined to Mrs Stantiloup, though it had perhaps originated with what she had said among her own friends. "Don't you think it well you should know something of his life during these five years?" This

had been said to the Rector by the Bishop himself,—who probably would have said nothing of the kind had not these reports reached his ears. But reports, when they reach a certain magnitude, and attain a certain importance, require to be noticed.

So much in this world depends upon character, that attention has to be paid to bad character even when it is not deserved. In dealing with men and women, we have to consider what they believe, as well as what we believe ourselves. The utility of a sermon depends much on the idea that the audience has of the piety of the man who preaches it. Though the words of God should never have come with greater power from the mouth of man, they will come in vain if they be uttered by one who is known as a breaker of the Commandments;—they will come in vain from the mouth of one who is even suspected to be so. To all this, when it was said to him by the Bishop in the kindest manner, Dr Wortle replied that such suspicions were monstrous, unreasonable, and uncharitable. He declared that they originated with that abominable virago, Mrs Stantiloup. "Look round the diocese," said the Bishop in reply to this, "and see if you can find a single clergyman acting in it, of the details of whose life for the last five years you know absolutely nothing." Thereupon the Doctor said that he would make inquiry of Mr Peacocke himself. It might well be, he thought, that Mr Peacocke would not like such inquiry, but the Doctor was quite sure that any story told to him would be true.

On returning home he found it necessary, or at any rate expedient, to postpone his questions for a few days. It is not easy to ask a man what he has been doing with five years of his life, when the question implies a belief that these five years have been passed badly. And it was understood that the questioning must in some sort apply to the man's wife. The Doctor had once said to Mrs Wortle that he stood in awful dread of Mrs Peacocke. There had certainly come upon him an idea that she was a lady with whom it would not be easy to meddle. She was obedient, diligent, and minutely attentive to any wish that was expressed to her in regard to her duties; but it had become manifest to the Doctor that in all matters beyond the school she was independent, and was by no means subject to external influences. She was not, for instance, very constant in her own attendance at church, and never seemed to feel it necessary to apologise for her absence. The Doctor, in his many and familiar conversations with Mr Peacocke, had not found himself able to allude to this; and he had observed that the husband did not often speak of his own wife unless it were on matters having reference to the school. So it came to pass that he dreaded the conversation which he proposed to himself, and postponed it from day to day with a cowardice which was quite unusual to him.

And now, O kind-hearted reader, I feel myself constrained, in the telling of this little story, to depart altogether from those principles of story-telling to which you probably have become accustomed, and to put the horse of my romance before the cart. There is a mystery respecting Mr and Mrs Peacocke which, according to all laws recognised in such matters, ought not to be elucidated till, let us say, the last chapter but two, so that your interest should be maintained almost to the end,—so near the end that there should be left only space for those little arrangements

which are necessary for the well-being, or perhaps for the evil-being, of our personages. It is my purpose to disclose the mystery at once, and to ask you to look for your interest,—should you choose to go on with my chronicle,—simply in the conduct of my persons, during this disclosure, to others. You are to know it all before the Doctor or the Bishop,—before Mrs Wortle or the Hon. Mrs Stantiloup, or Lady de Lawle,—you are to know it all before the Peacockes become aware that it must necessarily be disclosed to any one. It may be that when I shall have once told the mystery there will no longer be any room for interest in the tale to you. That there are many such readers of novels I know. I doubt whether the greater number be not such. I am far from saying that the kind of interest of which I am speaking,—and of which I intend to deprive myself,—is not the most natural and the most efficacious. What would the 'Black Dwarf' be if any one knew from the beginning that he was a rich man and a baronet? or 'The Pirate,' if all the truth about Norna of the Fitful Head had been told in the first chapter? Therefore, put the book down if the revelation of some future secret be necessary for your enjoyment. Our mystery is going to be revealed in the next paragraph,—in the next half-dozen words. Mr and Mrs Peacocke were not man and wife.

The story how it came to be so need not be very long,—nor will it, as I think, entail any great degree of odious criminality either upon the man or upon the woman. At St Louis Mrs Peacocke had become acquainted with two brothers named Lefroy, who had come up from Louisiana, and had achieved for themselves characters which were by no means desirable. They were sons of a planter who had been rich in extent of acres and number of slaves before the war of the Secession. General Lefroy had been in those days a great man in his State, had held command during the war, and had been utterly ruined. When the war was over, the two boys,—then seventeen and sixteen years of age,—were old enough to remember and to regret all that they had lost, to hate the idea of Abolition, and to feel that the world had nothing left for them but what was to be got by opposition to the laws of the Union, which was now hateful to them. They were both handsome, and, in spite of the sufferings of their State, an attempt had been made to educate them like gentlemen. But no career of honour had been open to them, and they had fallen by degrees into dishonour, dishonesty, and brigandage.

The elder of these, when he was still little more than a stripling, had married Ella Beaufort, the daughter of another ruined planter in his State. She had been only sixteen when her father died, and not seventeen when she married Ferdinand Lefroy. It was she who afterwards came to England under the name of Mrs Peacocke.

Mr Peacocke was Vice-President of the College at Missouri when he first saw her, and when he first became acquainted with the two brothers, each of whom was called Colonel Lefroy. Then there arose a great scandal in the city as to the treatment which the wife received from her husband. He was about to go away south, into Mexico, with the view of pushing his fortune there with certain desperadoes, who were maintaining a perpetual war against the authorities of the United States on the borders of Texas, and he demanded that his wife should accompany him. This she refused to do, and violence was

used to force her. Then it came to pass that certain persons in St Louis interfered on her behalf, and among these was the Reverend Mr Peacocke, the Vice-President of the College, upon whose feelings the singular beauty and dignified demeanour of the woman, no doubt, had had much effect. The man failed to be powerful over his wife, and then the two brothers went away together. The woman was left to provide for herself, and Mr Peacocke was generous in the aid he gave to her in doing so.

It may be understood that in this way an intimacy was created, but it must not be understood that the intimacy was of such a nature as to be injurious to the fair fame of the lady. Things went on in this way for two years, during which Mrs Lefroy's conduct drew down upon her reproaches from no one. Then there came tidings that Colonel Lefroy had perished in making one of those raids in which the two brothers were continually concerned. But which Colonel Lefroy had perished? If it were the younger brother, that would be nothing to Mr Peacocke; if it were the elder, it would be everything. If Ferdinand Lefroy were dead, he would not scruple at once to ask the woman to be his wife. That which the man had done, and that which he had not done, had been of such a nature as to solve all bonds of affection. She had already allowed herself to speak of the man as one whose life was a blight upon her own; and though there had been no word of outspoken love from her lips to his ears, he thought that he might succeed if it could be made certain that Ferdinand Lefroy was no longer among the living.

"I shall never know," she said in her misery. "What I do hear I shall never believe. How can one know anything as to what happens in a country such as that?"

Then he took up his hat and staff, and, vice-president, professor, and clergyman as he was, started off for the Mexican border. He did tell her that he was going, but barely told her. "It's a thing that ought to be found out," he said, "and I want a turn of travelling. I shall be away three months." She merely bade God bless him, but said not a word to hinder or to encourage his going.

He was gone just the three months which he had himself named, and then returned elate with his news. He had seen the younger brother, Robert Lefroy, and had learnt from him that the elder Ferdinand had certainly been killed. Robert had been most ungracious to him, having even on one occasion threatened his life; but there had been no doubt that he, Robert, was alive, and that Ferdinand had been killed by a party of United States soldiers.

Then the clergyman had his reward, and was accepted by the widow with a full and happy heart. Not only had her release been complete, but so was her present joy; and nothing seemed wanting to their happiness during the six first months after their union. Then one day, all of a sudden, Ferdinand Lefroy was standing within her little drawing-room at the College of St Louis.

Dead? Certainly he was not dead! He did not believe that any one had said that he was dead! She might be lying or not,—he did not care; he, Peacocke, certainly had lied,—so said the Colonel. He did not believe that Peacocke had ever seen his brother Robert. Robert was dead,—must have been dead, indeed, before the date given for that interview. The woman was a bigamist,—that is, if any

second marriage had ever been perpetrated. Probably both had wilfully agreed to the falsehood. For himself he should resolve at once what steps he meant to take. Then he departed, it being at that moment after nine in the evening. In the morning he was gone again, and from that moment they had never either heard of him or seen him.

How was it to be with them? They could have almost brought themselves to think it a dream, were it not that others besides themselves had seen the man, and known that Colonel Ferdinand Lefroy had been in St Louis. Then there came to him an idea that even she might disbelieve the words which he had spoken,—that even she might think his story to have been false. But to this she soon put an end. "Dearest," she said, "I never knew a word that was true to come from his mouth, or a word that was false from yours."

Should they part? There is no one who reads this but will say that they should have parted. Every day passed together as man and wife must be a falsehood and a sin. There would be absolute misery for both in parting; but there is no law from God or man entitling a man to escape from misery at the expense of falsehood and sin. Though their hearts might have burst in the doing of it, they should have parted. Though she would have been friendless, alone, and utterly despicable in the eyes of the world, abandoning the name which she cherished as not her own, and going back to that which she utterly abhorred, still she should have done it. And he, resolving, as no doubt he would have done under any circumstances, that he must quit the city of his adoption,—he should have left her with such material sustenance as her spirit would have enabled her to accept; should have gone his widowed way, and endured as best he might the idea that he had left the woman whom he loved behind, in the desert, all alone! That he had not done so the reader is aware. That he had lived a life of sin,—that he and she had continued in one great falsehood,—is manifest enough. Mrs Stantiloup, when she hears it all, will have her triumph. Lady de Lawle's soft heart will rejoice because that invitation was not accepted. The Bishop will be unutterably shocked; but perhaps to the good man there will be some solace in the feeling that he had been right in his surmises. How the Doctor bore it this story is intended to tell,—and how also Mr and Mrs Peacocke bore it, when the sin and the falsehood were made known to all the world around them. The mystery has at any rate been told, and they who feel that on this account all hope of interest is at an end had better put down the book.

PETER THE GREAT AND SYRIA.

"To a great man nothing is little." Such is the inscription in a small room in a cottage at Zaandam, where Peter the Great passed nine months of his life while labouring as a common shipwright in the Dutch dockyard.

Patience is not genius any more than cleanliness is beauty; but there is, perhaps, no surer mark of that beauty of the mind to which the name genius is given than the power of taking endless pains. It needs a really great mind to seize the truth that great aims can only be surely followed out through a minute and practical knowledge of the means, and of the so-called trifling details upon which the final results depend. Without the energy and patience needed for mastering these, the conceptions of genius are but dreams, and the history of the world is unaffected by them. Such patience and such genius had Peter the Great.

A man for whom nothing was too great, and nothing too little. Who could not only see instinctively the strategical importance of such a position as Pultowa, but who had passed through every rank, and knew by his own experience every duty of his army. Who could command large bodies of men, and reform the minutest deficiencies in their equipment. Who not only drove the Swedish fleet, after a pitched battle, from the Gulf of Finland, but knew how to lay the lines of a vessel, how to caulk its seams and rig its masts, and had himself invented improvements in the form of the keel. Who not only broke through the barbarous semi-oriental usages of national society, and set women free from the bondage of the harem, encouraging their education and improving their manners, but who also concerned himself with the beards and the skirts of priests and peasantry, and even wrote regulations for the conduct of an evening entertainment.

A man of unceasing restless activity and of unbounded curiosity, craving for new knowledge, and ever bringing forth startling and original results from his stores of practical experience. A tyrant and a barbarian, regarded from a modern stand-point, but a daring reformer when judged by the standard of his own times. As a general he was victorious in the north, the south, the east, and the west; yet war was with him only a means to an end. Closely resembling the great Napoleon in the originality and daring character of his genius, he was superior to him in this—that he fought not for glory, but for the good of his country.

Peter found Russia in a state of barbarism, without a ship, without an army, without commerce. He found his subjects a brutal race of priest-ridden drunkards, fully persuaded that foreign nations possessed neither corn nor cattle, and depended for their subsistence on the charity of the Czar. He succeeded to the throne at ten years of age, and when he died, at the early age of fifty-three, he left a fleet commanding the Baltic, a trained army of 200,000 men, and a capital fixed on the highroad of commerce. He had sent out scientific expeditions to China, Persia, India, and the North Pole. He had imported Saxon flocks and shepherds; erected paper, cloth, corn, and powder mills, hospitals, orphanages, palaces, gun-factories. He cut canals and paved the streets, instituted an academy

of science and a board of mines. He imported strangers to teach every kind of trade and art to his subjects, and even endeavoured—though in vain—to introduce the Italian Opera. All this was done a century and more ago. Well might Peter be called the Great, the Father of his country.

To us in England Peter is perhaps better known by his eccentricities than by his genius. Bishop Burnet had a poor opinion of him, and Evelyn's servants called his people "right nasty." The monarch who could not bear to face a crowd; who drove a wheel-barrow through the much-prized holly-hedge; who carried a ruby worth £10,000 in his waistcoat-pocket, wrapped in brown paper, as a present to King William; and, finally, who laboured in Deptford dockyard as a common ship-carpenter;—such is English memory of the great Czar. In the judgment of the general public, Peter will not for a moment be placed in the same rank with Napoleon. Yet he was a general victorious to the end, and a monarch never dethroned; the head of his Church, and the father of his country. As such, now his cruelties and his madness are forgotten; he is enshrined in the hearts of the Russian people.

It is not strange in our eyes that the ambition of Napoleon should mould the traditional policy of France, even though that policy be founded on what we call "sentiment," rather than on the national necessities of the country, which we call "interest." Could we wonder, then, if the far-sighted policy of Peter should acquire in Russian eyes an importance and an authority which should render its accomplishment scarcely less than a sacred national duty?

But if we thus recognise the influence which the genius of Peter the Great must still exert on the history of Russia, it becomes a matter of no little interest, in the present condition of the East, to inquire whether any settled policy indicated by the great Czar controls the actions of his descendants and successors, and accounts for their foreign aggressions more clearly than the supposition of individual ambition, goaded by internal State dangers, to the hazard and expense of continual war.

A very striking indication of the unwearying patience and dogged persistence with which one at least of the schemes of Peter is still being prosecuted, meets us at the very outset of the inquiry. During the last years of his reign, when victories in the North and West had brought peace to his dominions, Peter turned his attention to India and the East. In 1722 he headed an expedition for the exploration of the Caspian. The Mongols, Calmucs, and Afghans were then overrunning Persia, and Peter entered into a treaty with the Calmuc Khan. Leaving Astrakhan and the mouth of the Volga, the Russian fleet sailed along the west shores of the Caspian to visit the Tartar encampment. In the following year the Czar sent Bruce to circumnavigate the lake, and received his report with great interest. Peter, moreover, despatched an expedition to India itself, through Bokhara and Balkh, down the course of the Amu Daria or Oxus.

As the result of these explorations, Peter conceived the daring idea of turning the Oxus back to its original channel, thus establishing a waterway from the Caspian to the vicinity of Balkh on the Afghan border. The river had been diverted by the Uzbek Tartars from its old course, which is still shown on our maps, and had been made to

flow northwards into the Sea of Aral.

It is but quite recently that we read of the actual attempt to accomplish this scheme, conceived a century and a half ago. A "scientific" expedition became, by some inexplicable coincidence, necessary for the examination of the question in 1877, just at the time when military reasons also gave importance to the subject. In the eyes of ordinary persons the exploration was indistinguishable from a military reconnaissance; but we have, fortunately, the assurance of the Russian press that the object was purely scientific. When we read, however, that the dams have been opened by the Khan of Khiva, and that the waters of the Amu Daria have actually begun to flow west, we cannot but call to mind the old expedition of 1722, and the design of Peter the Great to establish a water-highway from the borders of Russia to the Hindoo Kush.

Little as his aims and intentions were understood by the barbarians whom he governed, the good and advancement of his country were matters ever nearest to the heart of Peter the Great. War and conquest were with him but means to an end: that end was the development of Russian commerce with all the world; and for that end the acquisition of ports commanding the great highways of the sea became an object of the first importance in the eyes of this wise and long-sighted monarch.

In the early part of his reign he endeavoured to carry out the intentions of Alexis, his father, by establishing harbours on the Black Sea and the Caspian. He besieged and took Azof, and there prepared a fleet for the conquest of the Euxine. In 1711, however, after the bloody battle of the Pruth and the failure of his expedition against the Turks, Azof was given back to the Sultan, and the advance on the Mediterranean remained still a dream of the future, for the Russian boundary had yet to be extended southwards before reaching the shores even of the Black Sea.

On the north-west Peter was more successful, and the patience of the great Czar is evidenced by his memorable words after his defeat at Narva in 1700 by Charles XII. of Sweden. "I know," he said, "very well that the Swedes will have the advantage over us for a long time, but in the end they will teach us to beat them." It was the patience of true genius, and Peter lived to see his words verified. Nine years later, at Pultowa, he defeated his great enemy on the 15th of June, and soon after destroyed the Swedish fleet in the pitched battle of Aland. With a daring which in the eyes of Charles XII. was only madness, he planted a new capital on the Gulf of Finland, in the very face of Sweden, and in a province only just wrested from her. On the swampy islands of the Neva, Petersburg sprang up suddenly—a wooden city, to which within a year the friendly merchants of Zaandam came to trade.

Thus in the midst of war the basis of Russian commerce was laid, and on the shores of a sea formerly belonging to Sweden the capital was established through which Peter hoped to enter into communication with the rest of Europe, and thus to draw his obstinate and bigoted subjects within the circle of the civilisation of the West.

Brilliant, however, as was the conquest of the Baltic, its commercial importance was not sufficient to satisfy the Czar. Annually frozen, and communicating only with Northern lands, its acquisition could not give maritime supremacy to

Russia. On the Mediterranean, therefore, Peter fixed his eyes: the expedition across the Pruth followed hard on the victory of Aland; and in the events of our own times we recognise the finger of Peter the Great pointing the way for his descendants towards Constantinople and the Southern seas, as well as towards India and the commerce of the East.

But there is an element in the present prospects of Russian aggrandisement which Peter could not foresee — the growth of England into a great Asiatic and European Power. The statesmen of England and her new Dutch monarch were personally known to the great Czar no less than the mechanics of our docks and the sailors of our navy. He had endured with magnanimity the sermons of our Quakers and the attempts of the Archbishop of Canterbury for his conversion. He knew the British as sober and friendly folk, to whom he could sell the wood of his pine-forests, and from whom he might learn much in the art of navigation. The victories which made Europe ring with the name of England—victories in France, in Spain, in Egypt, and Syria—were events yet a century ahead; and the empire of India was still in its infancy.

Through her command of the sea, England was destined to be first in the race. The very advantages which Peter coveted for Russia Britain already possessed; India and the Mediterranean fell under our control before the foundation even of Russian greatness was securely laid, and the problem which now confronts the race of the Romanoffs is thus very different from that contemplated by their great ancestor. It is not merely the conquest of barbarous orientals or the defeat of Turkish invaders to which they now aspire; it is a conflict with a powerful and civilised Western race—supreme at sea, and commanding armies of disciplined Asiatics upon land—on which they have embarked. Let us take it for granted that England is still determined to resist—that, as the only representative in Asia of the great Western Aryan races, she will attempt to arrest the invasion of another Turanian horde, bringing in its train, as the Turanians always have done from the dawn of history, not liberty and civilisation, but tyranny, corruption, and superstition. Let us assume that we are mad enough (to use the expression of a famous orator) to oppose Russia, and ask only how and where?

It is true that the actual numbers of the forces which Russia can bring against us are so enormous, and the rapidity of mobilisation due to her system of organisation so great, that at first the odds against our small army appear to be overwhelming. In an Asiatic contest, also, Russia will have the great advantages of a central base and interior lines. We should be obliged to move our troops round the arc of a circle, of which Tiflis is the centre; and such a necessity might lead to unforeseen disaster. But granting these disadvantages, there are still advantages on the side of England which may perhaps counterbalance them all. The first of these is our superiority on the sea, which enables us to shut Russia out from trade, and to transport our soldiers by water while Russian forces toil on by land. The superior intelligence, discipline, and armament of our troops must also not be forgotten; and if we may judge by the blunders of the Turkish war, comparing them with the masterly skill shown in Afghanistan, we may perhaps add among our advantages the superior skill and military knowledge of our English generals

The true strategy of England, which gives to her perforce the advantages of her maritime supremacy, is that which was grasped first by Wellington at Torres Vedras, and which resulted in the prostration of Russia on the fall of Sebastopol. If we can find a battle-field situated close to the sea, and can force Russia to advance towards it by a lengthy line of communication over difficult countries, her forces will of necessity dwindle on the march; while our own, fed and reinforced from the sea, await the attack with confidence.

So long as the ambition of Russia is directed towards the acquisition of a Mediterranean port, and so long as the motto of England remains "Defence, not defiance," it is evidently on the shores of the sea that the contest is most likely to take place; while our great generals, from Wellington downwards, have always recognised that it is on the shores of the sea that England, as a great maritime Power, fights with the greatest advantage over her enemy.

The question of the seizure of Constantinople finds no place in the present inquiry. The united will of Austria and Germany may suffice to guard the capital of the world, unless the wily diplomacy of Russia can succeed in fostering jealousies which may annul the recent compact between those Powers. The question is, at any rate, not now one of immediate importance.

It is true that the Turanian race in Turkey is fast losing its hold on European territory, that the Sultan may in time find even among his subjects in Roumelia only descendants of conquered European nationalities; and it appears probable that the question, Who is to succeed the Turk? will be asked sooner than might perhaps have been expected. England, however, has no exclusive interest in this matter. Constantinople is not on her road to India, and it is the defence of that road which constitutes her primary interest in the Eastern question.

But Constantinople is not the only outlet to the Mediterranean. Foiled in Europe, Russia may, and probably will, direct her attention to, and concentrate her energies on, an Asiatic contest, commenced during her last attack on Turkey: for authorities were not wanting in 1877 who declared, from their own observation, that Russia's real advance was that on Armenia. It is here that she obtained her most important acquisitions — the fortress of Kars, the harbour of Batoum. It is on the advance from the base south of the Caucasus that our attention must now be riveted. Hence our anxiety for reform and good government, but, above all, for military organisation, in Asia Minor—an anxiety for which every month gives us increasing cause.

The Russian advance on India, as is now plainly evident, lies partly along the line indicated by Peter the Great, partly along the shorter and easier route which leads across rich land on the north-eastern border of Persia. Along the first route the distances are as follows: From the old mouth of the Amudaria, on the east side of the Caspian, to Khiva, 250 miles; thence up the Oxus, past Bokhara, to Balkh, on the Afghan frontier, 500 miles; from Balkh to Kabul, 250; and thence to India, less than 150,—giving a total of 1150 miles. By the southern route the distances are: From the mouth of the Attreck to Meshed in Persia, 200 miles; and thence to Herat, 300; from Herat to Candahar, 300 miles; and thence to our outpost at Quetta, little over 100,—giving a total of

only 900 miles. If we take Samarcand as the northern base, a distance of only 400 miles separates at present the Russian and English forces; and from the Attreck to Herat is a distance not greater than from Herat to our Indian base.

The road through Meshed is a historic highway to India from the west. By a secret article of the Peace of Tilsit, Napoleon arranged for a combined movement of Russia and France on Candahar. The French forces, which by the connivance of Austria were to be transported down the Danube, were then to cross the Black Sea and land south of the Caucasus. A junction with the Russians coming from Astrakhan across the Caspian was to be effected at Meshed, whence the combined forces would have moved on Herat.

It is, however, only with the consent of Persia that this route might now become available. North of the Persian boundary the advance would be through a desolate desert; while a strong force, based on Teheran, would take in flank, by a northward march, any advance eastwards through Meshed; and perhaps, among the diplomatic victories of the Conservative Government, there will be none recorded more brilliant than the influence lately gained by England in Persia—the result probably of the much-abused Afghan war—through which alliance the Russian advance from the Attreck may be taken in flank and the safety of Herat secured. Guarding the Hindoo Kush at Kabul and the oasis of Herat from the Persian frontier, we may await with little anxiety the next move of the Russian armies in Central Asia.

It is of course impossible to doubt the word of a Romanoff or the assurances of his generals. It nevertheless strikes the ignorant as strange that Samarcand should be chosen as a base for operations against Merv—which lies 300 miles farther west, of which distance 200 miles are desert, while the route is intersected by the Oxus—and that at the same time only 200 miles of inhabited country separate Samarcand from Balkh, the road leading with the natural lines of the country instead of across them.

The foregoing distances may appear large; but to Russian soldiers a journey of 100 miles is no great matter, and during the Franco-Prussian war regiments were found capable of marching 30 miles a-day for many days in succession.

When, however, we compare the distance from the Russian base to India with that from the Russian base to the Mediterranean, we see at once that the advance on India may perhaps be useful merely as covering that on the coveted western seaboard, and as a diversion which shall fix British attention on matters which in the Russian scheme stand in the second rank of importance.

From the new base behind Kars and Ardahan to Erzeroum is a distance of only 100 miles. From the new "commercial" port of Batoum a river-valley runs up southwards to the capital of Armenia. From Erzeroum the road lies along the open valley of the Euphrates, and thence by Aleppo and Antioch to the sea, a total distance of 350 miles. In other words, the distance to the Mediterranean is less than half that to India. Thus, while we look anxiously to Herat and Balkh, and to the scarcely less important position of Merv, we are in danger of forgetting that a fortnight or three weeks of steady marching through a rich and open Christian country, would bring the forces of the Czar to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

Nor are indications wanting of

the reality of the danger thus described.

Perhaps the most daring revolution affected by Peter the Great was the usurpation of the spiritual power of the Russian Patriarch. As the Turkish Sultan usurped the religious supremacy of the Khaliphate, so did the Russian Czar assume the headship of the Greek Church in his dominions. The veneration of his subjects for himself as their spiritual father is exactly the counterpart of the Moslem veneration for the Sultan: it is a sentiment, probably quite as strong, a power equally formidable in the hands of an ambitious ruler. Among the subtle dealings of Russia, there was perhaps no more important success than the gathering in of the Bulgarian Church under the spiritual supremacy of the Czar.

To those who have read the accounts which from time to time reach us from Syria, it will be clear that the power thus exercised by the Czar as a spiritual chief has not been left to rust unused. The great majority of the Syrian Christians belong to the Greek Church, and the relation which the question of protecting these very Christians bore to the Crimean war must not be forgotten. We learn also that the vast crowds of Russian peasantry who annually visit Jerusalem, devoutly convinced of the reality of the miraculous lighting of the Holy Fire, are subsidised and assisted on their way by the Russian Government, and are lodged and fed in the huge fortress-hospital which dominates the town. The religious enthusiasm thus fostered might at any time be fanned into a flame, which would convert the advance on the Mediterranean into a holy war waged for the recovery of the Holy Places. The fear of Russia, the hatred of Russian superstition, the belief in Russian intrigue, are sentiments commonly expressed throughout Syria. It is the general belief of the country that the great enemy has turned a longing eye on Jerusalem as a capital which might rival Rome itself, as a religious centre for the Christians of the Greek Church in the East.

Not only is the advance on the Levantine coast shorter and easier than that on India, but also the control of Syria would materially affect the chances of success in the more remote East. Syria once conquered, the Euphrates valley dominated, the Suez Canal threatened on its flank, the conquest of India might become something more than a dream, when our lines of communication with that part of our empire were thus directly attacked. A threefold motive—military, commercial, and religious—dictates to Russia an advance on the Syrian shores.

The rumours connected with Asia Minor and Syria flying thickly through the air of late, cannot but be thought signs of the probability that these regions have been actively occupying the attention of responsible politicians. Already the Russian press has pointed out the advantages of Russia's base south of the Caucasus; already the names of Alexandretta and Seleucia have been mentioned as possible stations for our fleet; already the apprehension that England meditated a further step in advance has found expression in Germany. Nor are the visit of our ambassador to Damascus; the journey of Baker Pasha to Alexandretta, Aleppo, and Diarbekr; the very remarkable speech of Sir Drummond Wolfe at the Society of Arts; and the acquisition of a naval station at the mouth of the Euphrates,—less significant as signs of the times.

But in dealing with the Syrian question, there are two elements of

complication not to be forgotten, —the sensitiveness of the French and the claims of the Jews. The interest taken by France in the Holy Land and Holy Places has been described as "sentimental," because not based on any very evident advantage thence derivable by their nation. But those who have to deal with the charming and generous people, must know that it is for such sentiments that France has ever been ready to fight. The commercial interests of the country have never fired the imagination of the French as the dream of a romantic and chivalrous foreign policy is able to do. It is no mere sentiment, but a long historic tradition which renders Palestine, in the eyes of Frenchmen, a country on which they have peculiar claims. The keys of Jerusalem were given to the great Emperor Charlemagne by Harûn-er-Rashid, the hero of the "Thousand Nights," three centuries before the Norman conquest of England; and the first hospice for Latin pilgrims was raised by the same emperor. The kings who ruled for eighty-eight years in the Holy City were French by birth, born of the noble family of the Dukes of Lorraine. Palestine had been won by the arms of France two centuries before our sturdy Richard plunged, fully armed, into the surf at Jaffa. Forty beautiful churches keep alive the memory of the French in Jerusalem; while we can only point to the gigantic ruins of Ascalon as the work of Englishmen who never won their way into the rough hills of Judea.

It is thus that to France belongs the prescriptive right to the protection of the Latins in Syria; and no Christian ceremonial of that country surpasses in dignity the procession in which, as representative of the eldest son of the Church, the representative of France attends the pathetic ritual of Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. The sentiment which we should thus wound in a brave and gifted nation, on whose generosity we have more reason to count than on that of Teutonic or Magyar races, is more deeply seated than might at first be thought; and the consideration of the French must inevitably form an element in any line of action upon which England may enter in Syria.

The claims of the Jews do not perhaps, in practical politics, present the difficulties which might be expected by a student of prophecy unacquainted with the living world. It is but quite recently that the Jewish claim to respect has been advocated, with infinite pathos and irony, by George Eliot; and in this gifted and extraordinary people we may perhaps, if we choose, find allies more valuable, because more powerful, than any in Europe. It would, however, be a question rather of Jewish toleration towards England in Syria, than of the support of Jewish claims by any Western Power. When we reflect that the leaders of the Liberal party in Germany, and of the Republicans in France, are Jews; when we know that the press in a great measure at home, and almost entirely in Germany, is in the hands of Jews; and when we recognise the power of that organisation which is now, in London, being converted from a mere charitable into a political institution, — we must admit that nothing can prevent the return of the Jews to their native land—a land which one of their great capitalists could buy as a private property—if once the irresistible energy of the nation is directed towards that object. Controlling the press, holding leading positions in the government of Europe, and possessing the mightiest power of all in unparalleled wealth—organised and active, though silent in their strength—it

is only the shrewd worldly wisdom of the Jews which prevents their risking money in ventures certain to fail while mongrel Pashas continue to misgovern their native land; and we may feel sure that, so soon as their hateful presence is withdrawn, the natural wealth of modern Palestine, — the luxuriant crops of corn with which a great part of Europe might be fed; of oil, inferior to none in Italian olive-yards; of wine, from the produce of long vineyards, decayed only for want of hands to tend the grape,—would again be carried to the markets of the West, mainly through the agency, and for the monetary advantage, of the ancient conquerors of the Holy Land.

By what means Syria may be rescued from the Pasha and the Czar, through the action of the Latin races working in harmony, and with the assistance of its Semitic inhabitants, it is not proposed here to inquire,—perhaps by an extension of the system which has been so successful in the Lebanon; perhaps by the establishment of an autonomy, under such an able and honest ruler as Midhat Pasha; or possibly it may be effected by yet bolder and more radical measures. In any case, the consent and co-operation of France are necessary, and the exclusive action of England impossible.

But the question of more immemediate importance is that of the military positions which England would be obliged to occupy in case of a war with Russia in Asia Minor. It is evident that to garrison every seaport of the Syrian coast would be quite impossible; and we are led, therefore, to inquire, Which of these ports have the real strategical importance which would render them the natural bases for our military operations?

The Syrian coast south of the Gulf of Alexandretta presents a lee-shore of remarkably straight outline, unbroken by any important natural haven. Between Acre and Port Saïd there is not a single harbour,—for the open roadstead and dangerous reef at Jaffa are unworthy of notice. The Bay of Acre, eight miles long and three miles wide, is protected from the winter storms on the south-west by the ridge of Carmel. The shallow Bay of Tyre affords no such shelter; and the famous old harbour of the Phœnicians is not only filled up, but much too small to be of any practical utility in modern times. Sidon also, possessing a basin 500 yards long and 300 wide, is situate on a flat shore, entirely unsheltered from the wind; and the Bay of St George, at Beirut—the seaport of Damascus—is the first real harbour north of the Suez Canal. North of Beirut lies Tripoli, with its open shallow bay, and Latakia, at the end of a promontory, with a port artificially formed, and exposed to the full force of the western storms. Higher yet, at the mouth of Orontes, is the Bay of Suweidîyeh, flanked by the lofty crest of Mount Casius (Jebel Akrà), and affording a safe shelter in winter, separated on the north again by the range of Mount Rhossus (the ancient gates of Syria) from the fever-stricken Gulf of Alexandretta, which runs inland for 40 miles, and measures nearly 20 miles from north to south.

Thus, in the whole length of 500 miles of Syrian coast, there are only three harbours—Acre, Beirut, and Suweidîyeh—which merit attention as safe winter havens.

But it is not merely a question of anchorage or shelter for ships which has to be considered; the ports must be regarded with reference to the access which they afford to the interior of the country.

When this question is further investigated, the number is reduced to two harbours available for mil-

itary purposes, and Beirut drops out of the list because of the difficulties of inland communication.

Long chains of rugged mountain run parallel to the coast-line throughout Syria. In the north is Lebanon, rising to a height of 10,000 feet above the sea; south of this the mountains of Galilee, attaining only 4000 feet at the most; and south of Acre is the long Palestine watershed, averaging between 2000 and 3000 feet at the crest. The road from Beirut to the capital crosses both the Lebanon and the parallel range of the Anti-Lebanon, rising first to a height of about 5000 feet, then falling rapidly to the broad plain of the Leontes, and again rising to 4000 feet above the sea—the total length of the road being only sixty miles. The recent proposal to make Beirut the starting-point for the Euphrates Valley Railway is thus open to three serious objections: first, the great difficulties of the road running not *with* but *across* the natural lines of the country; secondly, the unnecessary length of the distance between the harbour and the Euphrates; and thirdly, the unsuitable nature of the waterless desert, traversed by the route, for a line of commerce. The proposal seems to have nothing beyond the safety of the Mediterranean terminus to recommend it, and the same objections apply with equal or greater force to the projected line from Tyre or Sidon.

The engineering difficulties are sufficient by themselves to condemn the scheme of a railway from Beirut to the Tigris. It would cross, as above shown, two mountain-chains and 250 miles of desert. It would have to be carried over two of the largest rivers in Asia. It would have a length of 1200 miles, as against 940 miles of the true Euphrates route—thus adding one-third more to the cost of the line; and it would terminate in a swampy delta, which has no natural port. But engineering considerations are not the only ones to be borne in view. Military conditions must also be fulfilled. If the Euphrates Valley Railway is ever made, it will not be for the sake of developing local trade, nor for the benefit of Turkish finance. It will be with the object of conveying English troops in twenty-four hours from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, and as a line of communication with our Indian empire.

From a military point of view, the route is at best an outside staircase to our house. The line to be chosen must therefore be that which is at once shortest and most easily defensible. For this reason the right bank of the Euphrates would be the only line for a strategical railway, the distance being the shortest possible, and the river itself, with the marshes east of it, serving as a natural protection in case of a Russian advance from the Transcaucasian base. The question of the choice of a Syrian port calculated to form a maritime base for the defence of our communications with India, must therefore be considered in connection with the line of a military railway on the right bank of the Euphrates.

The mountain-wall which separates the plains of Mesopotamia from the Mediterranean is broken only in two places. On the north, the valley of the Orontes runs down from the plains of Antioch to the old harbour of Seleucia, now Suweidiyeh. On the south, the Bay of Acre lies in close proximity to inland plateaux, across which lies the road to Damascus and to the Syrian desert. In considering, therefore, the question of the strategical lines of the country, our attention may be confined to the neighbourhood of Antioch on the north, and of Acre and Carmel on the south.

The line of advance from the Russian base south of the Caucasus, lying along the course of the Euphrates towards Syria, bifurcates at Aleppo—the shortest route leading, as before explained, direct to the coast near Antioch, a total distance of 450 miles; while a longer but not more difficult line of advance leads southwards to Damascus (200 miles from Aleppo), and thence to the watershed of Palestine near Acre—a total of less than 700 miles from Kars.

Two separate objects might point to a Russian advance along the two lines thus indicated: first, the establishment of the old road to India through Antioch; secondly, the inauguration of a universal hegemony, with its religious capital at Jerusalem, and the attack of the Suez Canal by an advance through Gaza,—for the answer to those who consider the desert south of Palestine to be impassable by troops is found in the fact that Napoleon actually advanced from Egypt into Syria along this very route.

To speak first of the more probable and more easily accomplished of the two advances—namely, on the harbour of Antioch. The question in this case is that of the true Mediterranean port for a road to India leading down the Euphrates valley, and of the exact line along which the ancient commerce with the East is to be re-established—not, let us hope, by Russia, but rather by England. The question of an advance on Damascus and Jerusalem is of secondary importance, because more remote. An English army at Aleppo, 70 miles from the coast, would have to be masked by a sufficient Russian force before the southern route could be attempted; and although the characteristic boldness of Russian strategy—as exemplified in the passage of the Balkans—might render such an attempt not improbable, there would be yet time to safeguard the Canal at the last moment by the occupation of a position on Carmel hereafter to be noticed.

There is scarcely a port in Syria which has not at some time or other been proposed as the starting-point of a Euphrates Valley Railway. A line from Acre across the Syrian desert has been a favourite project; and Tyre, Sidon, and Beirut have been recommended by those who thought less of the inland difficulties than of the harbour itself. It has been shown to be an inevitable element in the case that the route should be the shortest possible; and the port should therefore be the one which is nearest to the great highway of Euphrates. For these reasons Alexandretta has been strongly recommended, the main argument against its selection being the deadly nature of the climate and the poisonous air of its swamps. Alexandretta (or *el Iskanderûn*) is situate on the south side of the gulf, under the lofty range of Mount Rhossus. The swamps extend thence northwards along the shore for 30 miles; and so deadly is the malaria which they engender, that visitors have often succumbed to the evil effects of breathing the air only for a few hours.

It has, however, been pointed out, in an able report by Consul Barker, that the unhealthiness of Alexandretta is not its only drawback. The gulf does not in reality afford the shelter which might be expected, because of the violence of the land-wind in winter rushing down through the narrow ravines of the chain of Alma Dagh; while the road to Antioch leads across the steep Pass of Beilân (Pylæ Syriæ), 2000 feet in height, to the swamps north of that city; so that engineering difficulties of the greatest magnitude would thus have to be encountered at the first outset. This

portion of the Syrian coast is, nevertheless, the nearest to Euphrates, which is here not more than 140 miles distant from the Mediterranean —measuring due east and west.

Antioch, the ancient capital of the Seleucidæ—in the fifth century A.D. a city of 200,000 inhabitants, and the capital of a Christian principality for 170 years during the period of the Frankish rule over Syria—was, throughout the palmy days of her history, the commercial centre to which the trade of Asia, Africa, and Europe gravitated, and through which India communicated with the west. It was one of the ancient capitals of the world, and its advantages of geographical and topographical position remain unchanged, although the town has shrunk to a sixth of its former area, and now contains only 6000 inhabitants.

Antioch lies in a plain watered by the Orontes, the city extending southwards from the river to the heights of Mount Silpius, once included within the walls as rebuilt by Justinian. It is at a distance of about fifteen miles from the coast, and the open and healthy valley of the Orontes forms an easy line of communication. This stream falls into the Mediterranean towards the north end of the Bay of Suweidîyeh; and the ruins of the ancient port of Seleucia Pieria lie north of the Orontes, at the foot of Mount Rhossus, and close to the stream of Coryphæus. Seleucia Pieria was founded by Seleucus Nicator about 300 B.C., at the same time as Antioch. Remains of an ancient dock 400 yards long, and of a great rock-cut tunnel from the upper city to the sea, are still visible, with two temples, an amphitheatre, and the beautiful rock-cut tombs, said to have been the sepulchres of the Greek kings of Syria—the Seleucidæ. The site, which has a total circuit of four miles, is now covered with gardens of mulberry and orange. Silkworms are cultivated, and wine is made in the neighbourhood; and the valley and shore, though separated only by the chain of Rhossus from the dismal swamps of Alexandretta, are rendered healthy by the cool seabreeze, which never reaches the northern gulf.

At the south end of the bay rises the sacred mountain anciently called Casius, but now Jebel el Akrâ, "the bald hill," one of the most conspicuous landmarks in northern Syria. The steep ridge, clothed below with pines and cedars, rises more than 5000 feet above the sea to a barren summit from which its name is derived. From the top the view is extensive — Cyprus 80 miles off, appearing as a triangular rock on the west, and the snowy range of Lebanon stretching far away on the south.

Such, briefly described, is the ancient harbour of Antioch, and the natural Mediterranean terminus of the overland route to India,—the port to which Russia would first advance in Syria, and where we may perhaps hear, at no distant period of time, that our Mediterranean fleet lies anchored.

It has been well remarked that if Alexandretta had possessed the natural advantages sometimes claimed for it, Seleucus would not have been obliged to construct an artificial port in the more open bay of Antioch; and the historical evidence in the case clearly indicates that the Bay of Issus (now called the Gulf of *Iskanderûn*) was never considered of great commercial importance.

Assuming, then, that the ancient port of Antioch would form the Mediterranean terminus of the Euphrates Valley Railway, and the strategical base for the defence of the line, we may briefly sketch the route which would be followed. It leads, in the first instance, up the

valley of Orontes, a wild and rocky district, where the river flows swiftly by corn-fields, myrtle-groves, and plantations of mulberry and pomegranate fringing the water. About six miles S.W. of Antioch is a grove of bay-trees on a hillside, whence a tributary stream breaks in cascades through thick beds of myrtle and oleander. Here once stood the temples of Apollo, Diana, and Venus, and from its oleanders it received the name Daphne, and was the scene of the mythical metamorphosis of the blushing nymph pursued by the Sun-god, whose rosy hue is still recalled by the delicate colour of the blossoms which crown the dusky bushes. The average fall of the stream is about six feet in the mile, and the route rises gradually in 70 miles from the sea to an elevation of about 1300 feet. It here passes close to the modern capital of northern Syria—Aleppo, a city of 100,000 souls, extending beyond its ancient walls, and surrounding with a forest of a hundred minarets the conical hill on which stands the medieval citadel with its deep fosse. Hittite inscribed stones are found in Aleppo like those of Hamah. In the castle remain catapults and balistæ which were used by the Crusaders. The river Chalus, still famous for its fish, passes beside the city, flowing south to the Salt lake, in which it is lost. An amphitheatre of hills surrounds the site, and the view extends to the mountains of Beilân. Cotton, tobacco, and fruit orchards environ the city; poplars and willows grow by the river; and the true pistachio and wild potato are peculiar to this part of Syria.

From Aleppo the line runs 70 miles east to the Euphrates, falling to a level about 600 feet above the sea. At Balis, the nearest point on the river, are remains of an ancient port and of a Saracenic town. The plateau crossed over is a wide expanse of alluvial soil, gay in spring with boundless fields of wild flowers, and supporting only a nomad population of Kurds, Turkomans, and Arabs. The ruins of famous cities—Hierapolis, Amphipolis, and Kinnesrin—are scattered over this plain, and across it flows the river Dardarax, which, like the Chalus, is lost in a salt marsh, and along whose course the grey flamingoes are found fishing in drilled battalions, which are said by Col. Chesney to dam back the waters with their bodies in order to strand their victims in the shallows below.

The fertile region thus described is rich in historic associations. In memory of their native land, which it resembled, the Greeks called it Syria Pieria. The Frankish princes of Antioch called their kingdom the Garden of Syria; and in our own time the valley of the Orontes is considered the richest district of the Levantine coast. It was from the Pass of Beilân that the ten thousand Greeks, led by Clearchus and Xenophon, looked for the last time on the blue waters of the Mediterranean;—for the sea which they greeted so gladly after their glorious retreat was the Euxine, near Trebisonde. It was at Issus, on the Gulf of Alexandretta, that Alexander defeated Darius, and by that one blow became master of all Syria and Egypt. It was by the Orontes route that he advanced on India; and it was by the same route that Napoleon desired to carry his armies, in emulation of the great Greek, from the Mediterranean to Euphrates.

But yet more, the neighbourhood of Aleppo has a peculiar interest for the English. Three centuries elapsed after the French princes were driven from Antioch, and after the strong castles of the Templars had fallen before Saladin. In 1583 Queen Elizabeth found a

trade already established with the Syrian coast and Cyprus, and two years later she granted a charter to the Levant Company, empowering John Newberrie to trade in the dominions of the Grand Seignior, in Anatolia, Angora, and Aleppo, Babylon and Bassorah on Euphrates, Tripoli, Beirut and Alexandria, Constantinople and Malta. A line of commerce was thus established with India through Aleppo, and the great Queen appointed consuls to represent her in the Levant, and maintained a fleet of boats at Bir on Euphrates for the use of merchants.

Truly there is nothing new under the sun. Even the modern idea of a native police officered by Europeans is but the revival of the crusading system of the Turcopoles. The critics of our present Government would do well to pause and reflect on the policy of the sixteenth century before accusing our statesmen of dangerous innovation, should they reopen the ancient line of commerce through Antioch to India.

Nor was it through a return to the policy of "masterly inactivity" that the trade of Aleppo was suffered to decay. In 1601 the charter of the East India Company was granted, and the old sea-route to India opened up. At a time when land-transport was slow, and before railways had been invented, the sea-route was able to beat easily that across the continent. It is a significant comment on the theory of developing local traffic, to note that the trade of Aleppo rapidly declined after the discovery of the sea-route, and was ruined when the East India Company abandoned their depot at Bassora on Euphrates. The invention of the locomotive gives the advantage, as far as engineering considerations are concerned, once more to the land-route; and the nearer that Russia approaches to our Indian frontier, the more valuable becomes the military railway along Euphrates as a line of communication with our Eastern empire. In the words of the Austrian Minister of War, "the Euphrates railway affords the only means of stemming Russian advances in Central Asia."

The importance of a harbour at the mouth of the Orontes is therefore due to three considerations. In the first place, it forms the Mediterranean terminus of the best possible line for a military railway to the Persian Gulf. In the second, it is the strategical base for the defence of that railway, and of all Syria, from Russia. In the third place, it is the harbour on the Mediterranean to which an advance is at present easiest for Russia, and, consequently, the port which it is only natural to suppose is at present most coveted by the Czar. From Kars and Erzerum, along the Western Euphrates, from near Beiyazid on the eastern affluent, the line of march is easy and direct. The routes converge before the frontiers of Syria are reached, and two further marches lead to the capital of the north Syrian pashalik. But yet more. Our convention with the Sultan obliges us to protect his Armenian frontier from such invasion. The harbour of Seleucia is the nearest point on the Mediterranean to that frontier. The route along the Upper Euphrates is the only natural line of communication between Erzerum and the sea.

More than once, in the course of his recent speeches in Edinburgh, Mr Gladstone spoke contemptuously of the impossibility of marching our armies "over the mountains of Armenia." Can it be that a master of such universal knowledge was ignorant of the existence

of so important a highway; or was it rather that, being aware of the dangers which might arise from the diffusion of a "little knowledge" among his hearers, he judged it more prudent to suppress any reference to the route by which an English army might reach the neighbourhood of Erzerum without crossing a single great mountain-chain?

The occupation of Seleucia would, however, entail an advance of seventy miles inland, in order effectively to bar the progress of Russia south of Aleppo. We may therefore now turn our attention to a second position — that near Acre —where the road to Jerusalem and the Canal might be barred by an advance of only some fifteen miles from the shore.

No higher authority than the great Napoleon can be quoted in questions of strategy. Napoleon called Acre "the key to Syria." English military writers have pointed out that, from its peculiar situation on a promontory, the town is able to offer an almost incredible resistance, so long as its defenders are attacked only by land and have command of the sea. The bombardment of 1840, on the other hand, proved the weakness of Acre when attacked from the sea. In 1799 Napoleon arrived before the gates of Acre on 15th March, and trenches were commenced on the 19th; desperate assaults were delivered by the flower of the French army; but even Kleber's Grenadiers were driven back by the stout resistance of the Turks, aided by the fire of the English fleet. On the 19th of May, after two months of regular siege by sap and mine, Napoleon was forced to retire, and the defeat gave to Europe the first indication that the star of Bonaparte had passed its zenith.

The naval supremacy of the English was probably the main cause of the French defeat. Not only was Sir Sidney Smith able to give valuable assistance to the defenders of Acre, but his happy discovery that the French siege-train was being sent up from Egypt by sea (due to the observation that his coasting gunboats were not fired on by the French army marching along the shore) resulted in the capture of all Napoleon's heavy guns, and in the consequent deprivation to the besiegers of their most necessary weapons.

Acre was thus a key to Syria of which the great Frenchman failed to become master; but his dictum was none the less true. The town flanks the main line of advance from Damascus to Egypt; it closes the ancient coast road; it dominates the richest plains in Palestine, and the main lines of communication to Galilee, to Jerusalem, and to the eastern corn-lands. The strength of the place, however, would not, in times of modern warfare, at all equal that of which it gave evidence a century ago. Acre has also no harbour, its ancient port having been filled up by Fakhr ed Din; and the vessels, riding in an open roadstead, are always liable to be driven into the shallows and on the reefs by the fury of the winter gales.

The fortress of Acre stands on a tongue of land at the north end of the bay to which it gives its name, —a basin eight miles long and three miles wide. At the south end the great ridge of Carmel projects into the sea, and at its feet the little town of Haifa nestles close to the waterside, while the stream of the Kishon, fringed with date-palms, runs into the sea, after flowing for many miles along the foot of the Carmel ridge. The mountain back shields the south end of the bay from the winter storms beating from the south-west; and this har-

bour is the only place to be found between Port Saïd and Beirut where large vessels can lie in the winter months. It is the Haven of Carmel rather than the town of Acre which is the true key to Syria; and the high ridge of the mountain, with the dangerous stream beneath, form a position the military advantages of which can hardly be over-estimated—a position specially valuable to a nation commanding the sea but possessing only a moderate land force.

To consider next the strategical value of the position near Acre. From Aleppo the line of march leads southwards for 200 miles up the valley of the Orontes, and over broad plains to Damascus, the capital of Syria—a city indefensible in modern times because of the mountains which command it within range. From Damascus the route lies over a great plateau of volcanic rock for 70 miles to the Sea of Galilee. Crossing the Jordan and ascending by an open valley, the broad plain of Esdraelon is reached, only separated from Sharon by low rolling downs, and leading southwards to the narrow watershed along which lies the road to Jerusalem.

There is but one route which can be followed. The great mountain blocks of Lebanon, Hermon, and Galilee flank the line of advance on the right. The ghastly desert, the scorching valley of the Dead Sea (1300 feet below the Mediterranean), forbid the possibility of a divergence on the left,—the highroad of conquering kings, from the days of Thothmes down to those of Saladin, is the same road from Damascus to the plain of Esdraelon. On this great plain the ridge of Carmel looks down. From the position at Haifa the road to Jerusalem and to Port Saïd is commanded. The capital, which might form so important an acquisition to Russia—not from military reasons, but on religious grounds—is thus denied, and the road to India through the Suez Canal is safe guarded. If, following the strategy of Wellington, we should retreat to our Levantine Torres Vedras from the more advanced inland positions, it is in the great plain of Esdraelon that the decisive battle must be fought.

But in addition to the selection and occupation of suitable bases on the Levantine shore, there is much which would also require to be done in preparation for the inevitable advance of Russia from the Euphrates. The alliance which seems so probable between the two branches of the Turanian race must be met by the alliance of the Latin with the Semitic peoples. England and France have in Syria and Mesopotamia a recruiting-ground of immense value, among nationalities as friendly to the European powers as they are hostile to Russia and to the Turk. The successful resistance of the brave Turkoman tribes to the Attreck expedition, has shown us the value of such irregular allies who are even now defending for us the highway to India through Central Asia. If unaided and untrained, they must of necessity finally succumb to the strength of a more civilised power; but aided and disciplined by a Western nation, the wild horsemen of the Asiatic plains might be able to cause irretrievable disaster to a too confident opponent advancing through their country.

On the flank of the Russian advance from the Caucasus to the Mediterranean dwell several of these brave races. The Kurds, now in open revolt against the Sultan; the Bedawin of the Syrian desert—tribes of untold number virtually independent of any foreign authority;

the Druses, who, among the lava-fields of the Hauran, have so often defied the attack of disciplined troops.

The Arab is a trained soldier from his youth; he needs only to be supplied with powder and a rifle to make him a first-class marksman. The wariness and fierceness of the Bedawin, his power of passing a long period of time without food, his activity and endurance, and the wonderful acuteness of his senses of sight and hearing, are all qualities of such high military value, that in the Arabs of the desert our most valuable allies would be found. Hovering on the flank of an advancing force, swooping down on the stragglers and convoys, or creeping as spies into camp, the Bedawin might, under European control, become the ears and eyes of an English army.

The courage and warlike powers of the Druses—a people originally of Aryan descent—are too well known to need description, and their friendliness to the English has also become a traditional policy to the nation. The subject, moreover, has been recently treated in full in the pages of 'Maga.'

The native peasantry of Palestine are not less a people apt for war. Until reduced by the cruelties of Turkish rulers to a condition of apathy and despair, these sturdy agriculturists lived in a state of continual civil war, each village at feud with those in its immediate neighbourhood, and often in open rebellion against the Government itself. The Fellahin are a race inferior to none in Asia for powers of endurance and for intelligence. Oppression and poverty have developed only their worst characteristics; but under a just and wise Government this hardy race is capable of becoming a thrifty, energetic nation, able to defend its native land as well as to cultivate its valleys and hills. Sturdy regiments might be raised from men who have as yet been only employed in foreign garrisons, whence they have but rarely returned to their native villages.

If, then, the aggressiveness of Russia obliges England to take effective measures for the defence of the roads to India, the strategical bases of her action in the Levant will apparently be fixed at the two harbours above described—at Seleucia for the defence of the Euphrates valley, or at Acre for that of the Suez Canal. Firmly seated at the river mouths of Orontes and Kishon; in full enjoyment of the advantages due to naval supremacy; her front covered by strong defensive positions, and by a cloud of warlike irregular horsemen; her forces swelled by the hardy soldiers of Syria, and acting, let us hope in concert with those of France; aided by the wealth and influence of the European Jews, and cordially supported by the native inhabitants, who look forward so eagerly to her approach, and who have learned to love and fear her name,—England might await with confidence the onward march of Russia, even if in alliance with the Turk. Well prepared and fully determined, she would fight for the cause not only of her own interests, but of liberty and civilisation throughout Asia, in opposing the boundless ambition which has become the heritage of Russia, bequeathed to her rulers by the restless genius of Peter the Great.

REATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLVII.—IN THE HAREM.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"*Ah, Sapperlot! noch einmal!*" exclaimed a tall cavalry officer, with a single eye-glass and fluffy yellow whiskers, coming to an abrupt stand-still at the entrance of the big *Rotunde*, the centre building of the Exhibition, and staring after the Bodenbach party with an expression of petrified admiration.

"*Ah, Sapperlot! noch einmal!*" repeated Schweiner — for it was indeed Schweiner, in the full glory of a fresh crop of whiskers—turning to his companion, who was also his brother officer, no other than the young lieutenant whose misfortune it was to say things at wrong times.

"Holloa, Schweiner! so you are here?" called back Langenfeld, who had been walking beside Reata, and now left her side hastily for a minute, to have a word with his comrade.

"*Ah, Sapperlot! noch einmal!*" repeated Schweiner for the third time, as he shook hands with Langenfeld. "Why, that's the girl in the sketch-book! where has she sprung from?"

Langenfeld gave a brief sketch of the facts of the case; and at the conclusion the young lieutenant, who had been listening open-mouthed, made the first intelligent remark he has ever been known to make before or since.

"Then that is why Bodenbach cut out the page in the sketch-book!"

"I suppose it is," laughed Schweiner, as he patted his youthful comrade patronisingly on the back.

The visit to the Egyptian *Pavillon* was the real object of interest to-day, but the Bodenbach-Schwerendorf party did not go straight there. Five o'clock was the hour which had been fixed for the admittance, and in spite of the delay which had taken place before starting, it was only four now. They all knew the chief points of the Exhibition by heart: but Arnold did not—Arnold was a stranger to it all; and for his benefit there was first a turn made in the *Rotunde* and the principal departments. They again admired the frail beauties of Bohemian glass, and the irregular, half-clouded transparencies of the Venetian; and after that, Arnold had to be persuaded to give up his contemplations of the agricultural and other machines—great panting, working monsters, all steel and iron, which Halka found tiresome, which Hermine thought too noisy, and which Reata had always declared to be oppressively ugly; only to-day their ugliness was less oppressive than usual, with Arnold to point out and expatiate upon their merits and interests.

It had got past the half-hour now, and the sculptural department was gone through in all haste. There was not time for more than a passing glance at the "Betender Knabe," the small boy who is saying his prayers with such a dismal expression, evidently under compulsion — at the girl who is

plaiting up her hair, with her eyes on the book which lies on her knee—at the other girl who is treading on the bladder, with the enjoyment of the squeaky sound it is making written so legibly on her childish face—at the two or three other masterpieces of statuary which can surely be accounted no mean rivals of the old Greek school.

"We will just have time to walk through the picture department, and then take a turn outside," said Halka, as they left the statues, drawing out her watch and looking at it—"it wants twenty minutes to five;" and she cast a glance towards Reata, who, with Arnold on one side of her and Langenfeld on the other, was talking and smiling as she had not talked and smiled since the ball at D——bad.

Arnold had not left her side since they came here; but conversation there had been none between them—nothing except general remarks; for Langenfeld had stuck to his place like a limpet to a rock, making privacy impossible.

"Why is that girl so radiant to-day?" Halka asked herself, in the depth of her mind. "She would have bewitched Arnold if I had not stopped it in time. Yes, beautiful Reata, five o'clock is approaching, and we shall see whether you smile then."

They went to the picture department, passing by huge clumps of artificial flowers, many-coloured and gorgeous; leaving curiosities of savage nations, marvels of beauty and of ugliness, to the right and the left of them, without time to look; shapeless blocks, colourless and nondescript, ticketed as iron or stone, or some higher mineral, but which without their tickets would convey no distinct impression to the uninitiated mind; furniture, china, dress fabrics, mirrors, &c., &c.,—till they come to the picture-halls. One minute is consecrated to discussing the merits of Piloti's great work, "The Triumph of Germanicus." Otto has long ago put it down as theatrical, objects to scenery and positions, finds that Thusnelda's chin is too prominent, &c.; for Otto, being able to sketch in water-colours, sets up for being a critic in art.

"If it was not for the old philosopher in the corner, it would not be worth looking at," he says, contemptuously, in answer to Arnold's warm praise. Arnold does not set up for being a critic in art; but the treatment of this subject is particularly congenial to his tastes and ideas.

Short as the time spent among the pictures is, there is leisure enough for a few words of dispute in the room adjoining this, where there are hung several pictures of the Polish painter Matejko, whom every Pole reveres as one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, among modern painters. Halka is not exaggeratedly national in her opinions, but she has been taught from her childhood to take every stroke of Matejko's as the gospel of art; and now there is another inducement to defend him—the pleasure of contradicting Reata.

"I don't care to look at it at all," Reata had just said, turning away impatiently from the consideration of Stefan Batory. "It is a collection of ill-grown men, with more than the average of plain looks, and magnificent carpets and curtains to set off their ugliness."

Halka did not contradict directly; but she made some remark to her neighbour, who happened to be Langenfeld, about the wonderful power of expression in the different physiognomies, and the marvellous appearance of reality in the working out of the surroundings.

"Just look at Batory!" said Reata, laughing. "There is not a single good feature in his face, and he has not got an idea of dignity. His position is more appropriate to a ploughboy than to a king receiving ambassadors."

Halka bit her lip. It was not so much the shade cast upon Stefan Batory's features and position which provoked her, but that it should come from Reata.

"Matejko paints things as they are, not as they might have been," she observed to Langenfeld.

"But why is there not one good-looking man among them?" Reata put in. "Surely all Poles are not as ugly as that."

"I suppose when you have got accustomed to invest everything with ideal beauty, the reality of truth becomes less pleasing," Halka continued, imperturbed.

"It is not the truth I object to," began Reata.

"Oh, is it not?" said Halka, with a slight movement of her head, and a still slighter elevation of her eyebrows; and to herself she added, "We shall see."

"That bearskin is perfect," said Madame de Schwerendorf, hastily, catching a glimmering of something not quite pleasant in the expression of Halka's face. "You could almost count the hairs of it."

"Yes, it is certainly far pleasanter to look at than the king," said Reata.

"How can you say that, my dear? *Quelle idée!*"

"I don't understand much about the painting myself," remarked Arnold; "but that horse is mere pasteboard—not got a spark of life in it."

"How do you make that out?" asked the Baron, staring hard at the horse through his eye-glass.

Hermine did not see that there was anything particularly wrong about the horse; but Arnold had said there was, so she accepted the fact.

"The horse's head is decidedly out of drawing," was Otto's comment; and then the discussion was cut short by Halka pulling out her watch again, and saying most decidedly that they had no more time to lose if they wanted to take a turn in the grounds before going to the Egyptian *Pavillon*.

It was near five o'clock when they stepped out into the open air. The day had been warm and dull, with rare gleams of sunshine; the air heavy and unstirred, laden with dust. One of those rare gleams of sunshine had shone out while Reata was standing on the hotel staircase beside Arnold; another shone out now as the party walked along the broad, smooth gravel roads, trodden daily by thousands of feet, and bordered by stretches of green lawn and bright-coloured flower-plots.

Even though the air was hot and dusty, it was refreshing to breathe, coming from the covered buildings. Who does not know the bodily fatigue, the mental giddiness, the general emptiness of brain, which the contemplation of such thousands of things and the collection of such thousands of ideas are certain to engender? Even if you do not apply your mind to the study of anything in particular, and are content to walk along looking at things as they come, the quick succession, the variety, the endless confusion of change, will have a mildly stupefying effect on your intellect.

The Bodenbach party felt all mildly stupefied as they walked along the gravel roads. They had not passed much more than an hour in the Exhibition to-day; but they had been flitting about from place to place—from the products and manufactures of one country to

another—till they felt it a refreshment to have dusty air to breathe, and only bright-coloured flower-beds to look at. Be the mind ever so greedy of knowledge, and the thirst for improvement ever so burning, the time comes at last when you say, "I will not learn any more"—when your eyes are satiated with magnificence, and your feet decline to carry you any longer from department to department, from wonder to wonder.

The Bodenbachs had gone through a tolerably severe course of the Exhibition; and had it not been for the tickets which Halka's uncle had procured out of complaisance, and which, therefore, they thought it their duty to make use of, I think that the bulk of the party would have been satisfied to go home, leaving the Egyptian *Pavillon* unseen.

They passed by places of refreshment where sherry-cobbler and ices were being served—restaurants representing every degree and style of cookery, from the burning *Gulyáshus*,* which Hungarians delight in, to the pastry and *fricandeaux* of the *Frères Provençaux*. They walked past Monaco, as represented by that neat little building, some dozen feet square, holding a place of its own among the gigantic surroundings, by its very smallness and the symmetry of its miniature proportions.

A little further on a clashing orchestra filled the air with sound, and foremost in it the silver *Flügelhorn*† of the celebrated —— sent out its beautiful wailing tones.

Reata cast a lingering glance on the little portable house, the big snail's shell, which you can carry about on your back—namely, pack up into two railway-vans; wonderfully inviting—the very thing for a pair of happy mortals who want to move about the world, and pitch their tents where they rest. Only, it is more than likely that, even should you succeed in taking it to pieces, you would never get it together again. Ten to one, the nails would have got rusty, or the wood swollen, or you would have forgotten some vital part, and would find yourself homeless and roofless in spite of your snail-shell.

"We had better all keep together," said Halka, as they neared the entrance of the yellow oriental building with the narrow double windows—the model or the ideal, whichever it may be, of the palaces of Egypt.

Halka, as she spoke, looked back pointedly towards Reata, who, still with Langenfeld on one side and Arnold on the other, had dropped a few paces behind.

There was no difficulty about admittance; and, guided by a half-civilised Arab, they began their task, having been first refreshed by coffee, and the gentlemen by *chibouques*, in one of the lower public rooms.

The splash of fountains, amid all the luxury of marble and gilding, was grateful on this warm day. There was a coolness and a solitude here, away from the crowd and the dust of outside.

They mounted the broad staircase leisurely, stopping every minute to admire, or lean over the railings and listen to the fountains below. Reata was still at the back, and Halka at the front; Reata talking unconcernedly, Halka silent. She had grown very silent suddenly within the last five minutes; and now she slackened her pace, and paused at the top of the

* The national Hungarian dish—a sort of Irish stew, highly seasoned with cayenne pepper.

† Cornet-à-piston.

stairs till everybody had come up.

"How beautiful it all is!" exclaimed Madame Schwerendorf, enthusiastically.

"We have not had the best of it, though," said Otto. "There is still a whole suite of rooms to be seen."

"Of course there is," cried out Langenfeld, coming up. "There is the harem still. We are not going to be cheated out of that, I hope."

"A handsome present for the Egyptian Viceroy to have made to the Crown Prince," Arnold remarked.

"I wonder if he has had the good taste to have the harem well stocked," observed Langenfeld, reflectively.

Halka looked shocked and Hermine stolid.

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu!* I wish he would not talk like that," Madame Schwerendorf whispered nervously to the Baron.

"Those rooms are open, are they not?" Halka inquired of the half-civilised Arab.

"Yes, they were open," he replied.

"And are they empty?" she asked; and Halka's voice, as she put the question, was not so calm as its wont.

No, they were not empty, the man explained, in broken German.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Otto, impatiently.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Baron.

"Harmless visitors like ourselves, I suppose," said Reata; "they won't disturb us much."

"How many are there?" asked Madame de Schwerendorf, shaking her curls into the half-civilised Arab's face.

"Only one, a lady," he said.

"Well, that is harmless enough," put in Arnold.

"Where is she?"

"In the harem."

"Oh, capital!" burst out Langenfeld, showing his teeth; "a lady in the harem! Then the Viceroy *has* done the thing handsomely." But Langenfeld was withheld from any further perilous jokes by the expression on Halka's face. She did not look so shocked this time, but there was something like a strain of nervous anxiety in her eyes. She did not look in the humour for tolerating any flippant remarks.

Their guide walked on and opened the doors. Halka fell back now, and let the others pass on—Reata in front. She did not do it ostentatiously, but dropped back with a careless movement, making a graceful pretence of examining some ornament on the wall.

Langenfeld was the first, pressing on excitedly on the heels of the Arab; Reata, with Arnold at her side, some paces behind; the others following close.

The harem of the Egyptian *Pavillon* is in two or three compartments, with open arches between, luxuriously carpeted and cushioned; low, rich-coloured seats, and windows at some height in the wall.

Through the first compartment they went without encountering anybody—Langenfeld looking round in despair; then, when he had pushed past the guide into the second, he made an abrupt step back, and turned round towards the others, with his eyes sparkling oddly, and a look of blank disappointment on his face; and in a stage whisper he announced to his friends that the Viceroy had not behaved as handsomely as he might have done.

"I can't say much for his taste; come and see for yourselves."

Two more steps and they did see for themselves.

From a low silk ottoman, at the other end of the apartment, a lady rose hastily, and with signs of great agitation—an old lady, with a poke-bonnet and an enormous black-and-white shawl, heavily fringed; and as she rose from the ottoman, the shawl slipped down and encumbered her movements by lying in a bulky heap round her feet.

An old lady with a poke-bonnet and a black-and-white shawl,—that is what most of the party saw—Madame Schwerendorf, Hermine, the Baron, Langenfeld; but to the eyes of the others this was not an ordinary old lady.

Otto, with a loud exclamation, staggered back a step, and sank down on to an oriental couch, staring at the stranger in stupefaction, and repeating, in tones of disbelief, "My aunt Olivia!"

Utter bewilderment possessed the party for a moment.

The hum of movement outside could be heard coming to them through the high narrow windows, and the strains of the silver *Flügelhorn* still reached them, floating high above other sounds.

Halka looked round impatiently for Reata. Reata had lingered behind again for a minute, looking out of the window, with Arnold beside her.

"What is the matter?" asked Langenfeld, thunder-struck by the effect which this old lady was producing.

"Olivia!" repeated the Baron, wildly. "Where is Olivia? How can it be? Isn't she dead?"

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu!*" murmured Madame Schwerendorf, drawing Hermine nearer to her side.

"My aunt Olivia!" Otto said again, in the same tone as before.

His wife looked at him with sharp inquiry. Was he going mad? or was there something wrong here, even beyond what she had calculated?

The half-civilised Arab stood watching the scene with oriental phlegm.

"Is there anything the matter?" inquired Arnold, coming up with Reata.

Halka turned round with lips tightly pressed together, and fixed her shining grey eyes upon Reata's face, with a look of intolerable triumph.

"You had better ask Fräulein Reata; she can perhaps explain this extraordinary circumstance."

The lady with the poke-bonnet meanwhile had made a step forward, trying the while nervously to disentangle her shawl from round her feet.

Arnold looked at Reata with quick inquiry; she had started also violently, and stopped short for a second, shading her eyes with her hand as if to make sure that she saw right. In the next, she dropped her shielding hand, and—to the utter astonishment of every one present—made one spring forward, and crying out in a joyful tone, "THE ANCIENT GIRAFFE!" threw herself right into the old lady's arms, who, already encumbered by the weight of her shawl, staggered under the onset, and sank back again on to the low silk ottoman.

The party looked at each other in astonishment. Otto, who had not taken his eyes off the stranger for a second, attempted to rise; but the excitement had shaken him so that he could scarcely stand. To the others this occurrence might be strange; to him it was simply inexplicable. The Baron was asking everybody, in agitated whispers, why his cousin Olivia was not dead, and what she had done with her eyebrows, without receiving any answer. Arnold stood with folded

arms. Langenfeld twirled the ends of his moustache with nervous fierceness, and an undefined glimmering in his mind that he was witnessing an unpleasant family scene, and ought not to be there. The Arab stroked his chin, and smiled faintly.

Halka stood immovable, with a stony expression: she was dumbfoundered and bitterly disappointed at this result of her stratagem; but she strove to appear calm, and save that she had grown paler, her face betrayed little.

"Perhaps Fräulein Reata will be kind enough," she said now, in a hard, clear voice, "to introduce us to this lady, who is apparently a friend."

"Yes!" called out Reata, still half breathless, turning a confused though radiant face towards the company, and rising from the ottoman. "This is Fräulein Lackenegg, my best friend."

"And your relative, presumably, since you share her name," put in Halka, suppressing her excitement with an effort.

Another loud exclamation from Otto, who had put his hand up over his eyes in bewilderment, and now looked up with a new start.

"No; no relation."

Reata stood for a second uncertain, looking towards Arnold.

"Let us wait till we are at home, *pour l'amour de Dieu!*" interrupted Madame Schwerendorf, with a nervous glance at Langenfeld and at the half-civilised Arab, whose faint smile had long since died back into oriental gravity. "There might be strangers coming in."

"I have no wish to wait till we are at home," said Reata, making a haughty gesture.

"But my cousin Olivia——" began the Baron, advancing.

"I think you had better not," whispered Madame de Schwerendorf, detaining him.

"Let me speak to her," implored the Baron; remember all I owe——"

"It is not my fault," said the stranger, beginning to whimper; "I thought she was alone."

Halka merely moved her head a little impatiently.

"Are we to understand, then, that there are two Fräulein Lackeneggs, or only one?"

"Only one."

All their eyes were upon Reata now; she had dropped the old lady's hand, and had moved nearer, looking towards them, half in fright.

"It appears, then, that you have found it convenient to borrow this lady's name for a time; and would it be impertinent, then, to put the question, Who are you?"

Halka's eyes were fixed with pitiless hardness on the girl's face: she did not guess at the truth.

"She is my bride!" said a voice which had been silent till now; and Arnold stepped forward and put himself proudly by her side, drawing her hand through his arm, with a gesture which told her and them that, be her name what it might, no one should dare to insult her—not a muscle of his face betraying that he was as much in the dark as they; that for aught he knew there might be anything behind this mystery.

She raised her eyes for a second to him in deep gratitude. She was not afraid of anything now with her hand on his arm.

The company looked at each other again, with a fresh start of surprise. In the moment of a revelation people like to read the impression produced in each other's eyes.

Several exclamations were uttered. The Baron, losing the last remnant of presence of mind, threw up his arms. There was a groan from Langenfeld, a half-muttered oath from Otto's lips.

Hermine, clinging on to her mother's arm, turned pale as death.

"Bride! *quelle idée!*" murmured Madame Schwerendorf.

Halka had started like the others—she had not expected this turn of affairs; but she still retained her presence of mind.

"Very satisfactory, no doubt!" she said, with an elegant sneer; "I hope everybody concerned will consider it so; but in the meantime, if I may ask, by what name do you expect to be addressed? I have a prejudice"—and Halka, who for once in her life was losing her temper, drew herself up and looked at the other with withering scorn—"I have a prejudice in favour of knowing the names of persons whose relationship I shall be bound to accept. You have thrown off the name of Lackenegg; what do you call yourself now?"

And more proudly still, with head thrown back and flashing eyes, Reata gave her answer—

"OLIVIA BODENBACH!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.—DA CAPO.

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things."—*Alice through the Looking-Glass.*

"And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose."—*Comedy of Errors.*

"Call her Olivia!" said the heart-broken widower, as the faint wail of a new-born infant reached his ear. "No, not Reata, I tell you; nothing to remind me of what I have lost. There have been many Olivia Bodenbachs, let her be another; and take her out of my sight—I will never set eyes upon the child."

It was Maximilian Bodenbach who spoke, standing by the coffin of his fair young wife.

"Oh, Reata, why could you not stay with me? Would that I had never known you, rather than lose you so soon!" and he threw himself on his knees, and covered the cold hand with passionate kisses.

This girl of seventeen who lay shrouded in her coffin, her dark head pillowed on snowy cushions, her black lashes lying in a silken fringe on the white cheeks, her wondrous beauty scarcely dimmed by death, but its warmth all chilled and frozen into stillness,—she had been the one real love of Maximilian Bodenbach's life.

Shallow and selfish by nature, spendthrift and gambler in his youth, he had cared only for ease and enjoyment, and took them by whatever means came readiest to his hand. In his boyhood he had been spoiled, worshipped by every member of the family for his fascination of manner and remarkable beauty of feature. Then, when from a handsome boy he had grown to be a handsome man, it was not his family alone who worshipped him; he became the idol of society. All this, working on a character prone to vanity, ended by proving his moral ruin. Whatever generous impulses his nature had possessed, deteriorated soon into reckless profligacy. His talents lay waste; his life had no higher aim than that of enjoyment. To steer clear of everything like suffering or sorrow; to turn from the sight of the unbeautiful and uncongenial, leaving them to others, and taking for himself only the best part of everything,—had always been his course. For all his fascination of

manner and caressing ways, he did not seem to possess the power of affection. He married young, but only as a matter of family arrangement; his wife never had been more to him than a mere nonentity. His daughter Olivia, as she grew up, became from a nonentity a nuisance—a hindrance to his pleasures and his freedom which could not easily be shaken off. He never forgave his nephew Walther for not having taken her off his hands at the time of his hasty departure from Europe. It is a different thing beginning life anew a solitary and independent man, from making the start encumbered by a full-grown daughter.

It was late in life, when Maximilian was a middle-aged man past fifty, that there came a moment at last when all the latent power of affection that had lain dormant in his soul was called into life, and his profitless career was brightened by a truly unselfish love. Although past the prime of manhood, he had lost none of that fascination of manner which had been his greatest gift. Long years of dissipation had left little mark on his face: perhaps it was that his light-hearted, light-headed disposition forbade the deep furrows and hollows which make most men of fifty-three look old already. Tall of stature, regular-featured, he would have been able to outshine many younger rivals. Not that there were any rivals to outshine here: the woman to whom he lost his heart was scarcely in woman's years yet—the daughter of a dispossessed Indian chieftain, a girl of sixteen, dark-eyed and wonderfully beautiful. Reata had received a somewhat modern education; but this had failed to obliterate a strong vein of wildness—an under-current of savage poetry—inherited from her Indian forefathers. Maximilian Bodenbach was the first man who had asked for her love, and she gave it him readily, warmly. She was proud of having gained the heart of this tall stranger. He was more than three times her age, but she did not care for that: he was different from the men she had been used to see; the polish of his manners and the refinement of his mind pleased her, interested her; and she ended by loving him with all the passion of her nature. Her father, who worshipped his only child, did not attempt to thwart her wishes, and gave Maximilian his daughter and a rich portion both in money and in land.

For one short year in his life Maximilian enjoyed perfect and pure happiness. He tasted it all the more for having been a solitary man during the last seven years; for, in 1843, his daughter Olivia had died, at the age of twenty-four. His relations in Europe, who had lost sight of him entirely, heard a vague report of the death, by chance; only by the time it reached their ears, the report had got distorted into the news of Maximilian's death instead of his daughter's, and from that time they had believed him to be no longer in the land of the living.

It is as well to mention here that Olivia had completely outlived her romantic attachment to her cousin Walther long before the time of her decease. She had, in fact, died engaged to another man, a wealthy Mexican merchant, who had taken it into his head that he should like to have a German wife; and her death had taken place close upon the date of her intended marriage, when all preparations were completed, and the wedding-dress ready to be worn.

For one short year Maximilian's happiness lasted. All his thoughts and interests were centred in the

wife whom he adored; and she, half child as she was, was happy at his side. Whether her happiness would have lasted, is a difficult question to answer. A nature warm and enthusiastic like hers might have discovered in time that this man, to whom she had given all the affection of her heart, fell deplorably short of her ideal, and that even his genuine love for her, the one bright spot in his life, could not make him other than a shallow egotist, with little manly strength of character — weak although not vicious, — a man who would stop short of infringing his honour, but who would not raise a finger to help a friend if by so doing the slightest inconvenience to himself were entailed. But one year was not enough to dispel the illusive grandeur with which the girl of sixteen had invested her husband: she died with her eyes on his face, and his hand in hers, believing him the greatest and the noblest of mortals; and Maximilian awoke from his short dream, and knelt with despairing grief in his heart by the side of the coffin where she lay in cold, beautiful stillness.

He was alone again;—but no, he was not alone—a widower, but also a father. He was again the father of an Olivia Bodenbach; and if he had felt indifference towards his first daughter, there was almost hatred towards the second. He turned away with keen aversion from the infant whom he regarded as the direct means of his bereavement. He would not suffer her to be called by her mother's name; and he did not want ever to set eyes upon her, he said.

He kept his word very nearly literally. The child was given out to be nursed by a Mexican peasant-woman, and suffered to grow up, running wild, barefoot, with arms and neck uncovered, hair flying loose, free and uncontrolled as a young savage.

In the meantime Maximilian, after a few weeks of stupefied misery, roused himself from his torpor, and commenced a new phase of existence. There was a want of quiet in his nature, a restless longing for change, which did as well as energy, and which pushed him to create a new interest in his life, in the place of the one he had lost. He had always had a taste for speculation, and now he threw all the powers of his mind into the task of making for himself a large fortune. He was a rich man already, through his wife's fortune, which had been left entirely at his own disposal. It was not like having to lay the first stone in the wearisome task of fortune-making; he was able to invest large capitals at once. Chance favoured his speculations, and his wealth went on steadily gaining greater proportions. It was not for any special object that he toiled to amass money; it was not for the sake of his only child —for he hated her, although he had not set eyes on her since the day of her mother's funeral. His relations in Europe he had scarcely thought of for years, so it was not for them.

During all these long years there had been no attempt made on either side to renew broken ties. The Bodenbachs in Europe believed him dead, and had troubled their heads but little about the possible fate of his first daughter,—for of the second they knew nothing. The time between his marriage and the day which made him a widower had been so short—barely a twelvemonth—that most of those to whom he became known in Mexico were unaware of the true facts: he passed everywhere as an

old bachelor, without kith or kin. On Maximilian's side it seemed as if he wanted to forget everything that belonged to his past life, even to his name, which he changed into Boden, dropping the title, at the time when he entered into business.

When the second Olivia Bodenbach was six years old, her father was again reminded of her existence by an urgent letter of advice on the part of the man who was his lawyer and banker in one—Monsieur Le-Vendeur, a sensible and conscientious person. Monsieur Le-Vendeur put the matter strongly before Maximilian, and persuaded him finally, after some difficulty, to have the child removed from the Mexican peasant's hut, and placed under more suitable care, where she could be educated as became her name and position. Mr Boden, true to his principles, would take no trouble, but he left everything in Le-Vendeur's hands. "Do what you like with her, but don't let me hear about her or see her ever," he wrote. Thus authorised, Monsieur Le-Vendeur looked about him, and fixed upon a small private establishment kept by two German ladies, both old maids, of the name of Lackenegg. It was in an out-of-the-way place, a small town among the hills; but the establishment seemed to offer greater advantages of education than can generally be obtained in Mexico.

After the struggle with the father had been successfully got over, there was a struggle with the daughter to be gone through. Force was required to remove her from the peasant hut. She was wild with grief at parting from the only home she knew, and from the large shaggy dogs that had been her companions and playmates. Kicking and struggling, she was carried in Monsieur Le-Vendeur's arms and placed forcibly in the carriage.

In the first days of her changed life, Olivia was looked upon as a new sort of wild animal by the dozen or so of pupils who formed the whole of the establishment. She sobbed passionately at the first pair of shoes and stockings that were put on her feet; and for six months after never lost a single opportunity of kicking them off and returning to the beloved liberty of bare soles and ankles. But at six years old most griefs are evanescent, and the rule of the sisters Lackenegg was not a severe one. Fräulein Barbara Lackenegg, as eldest and superior in intelligence and strength of character, held the reins of government and was sole instructress. Fräulein Louise Lackenegg, her more soft-hearted and weak-minded sister, did nothing beyond coddle the children in a general way, look after their health, beg off deserved punishments, and distribute undeserved rewards.

Fate, however, seemed to have decided that Olivia should go without education, for before she had been two years in her new home the whole establishment was broken up. A fever which carried off several of the pupils, carried off also the leading spirit, Fräulein Barbara. The weak-minded sister found herself thrown upon her own resources, struggled on for a few months, and then collapsed entirely. Every one of the children who had escaped the ravaging fever was withdrawn by their parents: Olivia alone remained. After a short parley it was settled that Mr Boden should pay a handsome yearly allowance in return for being relieved of all trouble on his daughter's account. Fräulein Louise Lackenegg was to undertake her bringing up, and the care of her education. The arrangement suited both

parties; and Olivia passed from childhood to girlhood, living alone with the soft-hearted German lady, who had grown to love the neglected daughter like a child of her own.

At last a day came when Maximilian, after years of toil, having amassed several millions, a broken-down, feeble old man, found himself forced to settle down, and give up the excitement and fatigue of business. He had but a short span of life to look forward to, for his health was completely shattered; and now at last he bethought himself of the disposition of his wealth. He remembered the daughter who was to him a perfect stranger, whose very name he had hated for years, and he speculated upon the probability of his having living relations in Europe. He took some trouble to get information from there; but he did so secretly—not through Monsieur Le-Vendeur, but through private sources of his own. With the cunning of his nature, and a miserly instinct lately sprung up, completely obliterating the reckless extravagance of his younger years, he carefully avoided the possibility of his existence being traced and his wealth discovered by his relations. They might have a share of his riches when he was dead, but as long as he lived he would keep them all for himself. The information which he obtained from Europe contained two important points: the first, that his brother Felix, now dead more than thirty years ago, had retrieved his honour by considerable sacrifices, and that therefore he was indebted to his heirs to a large extent; the second, that his nephew Walther, who had once been near becoming his son-in-law, had, soon after his departure from Europe, married the daughter of a rich banker, in the hope of retrieving his fortunes—and on hearing this second intelligence, all the long-buried resentment against Walther was roused again in the old man's heart. Then it was that he framed the will which was to influence several destinies so strangely. The whole of that high-strained talk about family honour and blood intact, with which the wording of his will was deluged, was no more than a mask for his resentment. It was for this reason that he had invented the conditions of his will, wording it with such care, and tying up every part of his fortune securely, so that, should any one of the children repeat the father's offence, the offender should be punished by the loss of his inheritance.

The end came sooner than Maximilian had anticipated. Very soon after the framing of his will, a paralytic stroke deprived him of his last strength. He had evidently only a few days to live; and although he had expressed no wish to see his daughter, Monsieur Le-Vendeur took it on himself to send for her.

Never, till within the last few months, had Maximilian spent a single thought upon her, nor for a moment speculated on her possible likeness to her mother; but when the door opened, and he saw her for the first time since the days of her infancy, he was startled by the extraordinary resemblance.

"Reata!" he cried out, raising himself tremblingly from his pillows, and holding out his hands towards the girl who stood there shy and bewildered.

Looking upon her, it seemed to Maximilian that the last twenty years of his life were effaced, and that he saw his young wife again before him,—not with the waxen paleness of death on her lips and cheeks, as he had looked upon her last, shrouded in her coffin, as her image had lived in his heart through these years; but fair and

alive and beautiful, as she had been when he had wooed and won her for his own. There were the same bewitching eyes, that could be soft or fierce as they chose; the creamy-white complexion, ever changing in its hue, flushing and paling quickly under excitement; the same proud, determined mouth, more determined almost in the daughter than in the mother; the same supple grace and perfection of figure.

The girl herself had followed the summons with a certain feeling of repugnance, an angry resentment in her heart against the father who had neglected her for so long; but seeing him on his deathbed, when he held out his feeble, tremulous hands towards her, calling her by her mother's name, every trace of anger vanished. The sight of his weakness softened her. There was a tenderness in the tone of that one word, a touching impulse in the gesture which spoke of the love which had lived for so long, of the shadow of sadness which had fallen upon him after that one year of pure happiness—far behind him now—short-lived, long-vanished, seeming almost to himself like the ecstasy of a dream.

Even in his last moments Maximilian Bodenbach still retained some of the caressing softness with which, in younger years, he had won over his enemies to be his friends.

Maximilian knew his daughter but for a few hours; he died next day, his last moments sweetened by illusion—for his wandering fancy thought to see in her the fair wife he had lost so long ago.

"Reata, don't leave me again; my life has been dreary without you," he murmured before closing his eyes; and then the girl found herself an orphan, though scarcely more lonely than she had been all her life.

"Reata" her father had called her, and from that day she would be called by no other name than Reata. She had always had an ardent wish to know more of her mother—she would at least bear her name. It clung to her henceforward; it suited her better than the stiff "Olivia." Even before this she had seldom been called by her real name; as a child she had usually gone by such pet appellations as *Hada*,* *Mariposa*,† *Centella*,‡ &c.

Strangers who got to know her now were not aware that "*Reata*" was other than her real name; and even those who knew better found the change appropriate, and called her "Reata."

She was now a rich heiress, of age, and independent, sole executrix of her father's will. Her solitary position was abnormal; its newness for some months bewildered her, and she took no steps towards finding out her relations and fulfilling her father's obligations towards them. Thus it came that the first move was made on their side. That paragraph, which by some means or other had found its way into a local Styrian paper, was the first intimation which reached them; and ignorant as they were of Maximilian's second marriage, they never for a moment doubted that this Olivia Bodenbach was the same Olivia Bodenbach who had left Europe with her father thirty years before.

Reata at this time was living alone with Fräulein Lackenegg, from whom she would not part. The old lady herself had grown so passionately attached to the girl, that she followed her gladly to her new home, and willingly separated

* Fairy. † Butterfly. ‡ Spark.

herself from the relations she had living in that part of the country.

When that first letter, written by Arnold, reached Reata's hands, her delight and amusement were unbounded. To be taken for a person thirty-two years older than herself, whom she had never even seen, tickled her fancy beyond measure. All she knew of her half-sister was a faded miniature in her father's desk, and a heavy, old-fashioned, white satin dress, carefully locked away in a chest.

"My nephew!" she exclaimed, half choked with laughter; "only born eight years after my departure from Europe! Why, he must be at least five years older than I am," making a rapid calculation. "I never heard of such capital fun! And the former relations between his father and me!" she went on with a fresh burst of merriment. "Oh, it is all too delicious! it would be a pity to destroy their illusion just yet. I will try whether I cannot keep up my part of old aunt a little longer."

Accordingly, in spite of the dissuasions of Fräulein Lackenegg, *alias* the "Giraffe," Reata insisted upon answering the letter according to her own ideas. It was no more than the freak of a high-spirited, slightly eccentric girl, who had been used all her life to independence, and who thirsted for some excitement in her hitherto calm existence; but it proved to be the first link in a chain of events which led to serious results.

The Baron's sentimental effusion, following soon after, served only to heighten her enjoyment of the position; and when at last it was settled that one of her nephews should leave Europe to visit her, she resolved to let the mistake be carried on a little further yet.

"I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed suddenly one day, when the time of Otto's arrival was drawing near. "I am going to put on a wig, and paint wrinkles on my face, and talk in a muffled voice, and——"

"But what is the good of all that?" interrupted Fräulein Lackenegg. "Wrinkles come quite soon enough," added the old lady, more gravely; "it is not right to invite them."

"Don't you see!" broke out Reata, springing from her chair in delight; "my nephew, or first cousin once removed, or whatever you call him, is to think that I am old. "Don't scold me; it will be so amusing!"

This was all very well in theory, but how about the practice? It is not so easy to make glowing youth and withered age change parts.

The lines of care and age, executed in brown nut juice, would not adjust themselves to that creamy complexion; the rebellious masses of silken hair would insist on breaking through the starched barrier of a large frilled cap; and even a pair of monstrous spectacles failed to tone down those onyx eyes to the coveted expression of blear old age.

No; Reata had to confess that her acting was a failure. No one, not even Fícha, was taken in by the farce. Some other plan must be thought of.

"I have found the old aunt!" she exclaimed at length one day shortly before Otto's arrival.

"What do you mean, my dear?" inquired the old lady, calmly.

"I have settled it all," explained Reata, pushing back her hair. "We are going to change parts; you are going to be the aunt, and I the companion."

"I am to be the aunt!" echoed the "Giraffe," in terrified dismay.

"Yes," said Reata, gravely, with her eyes dancing in amusement.

"Never with my will!" the other ejaculated, almost energetically.

"Yes, if you care for me," cried Reata, throwing both her arms round the old lady's neck, and hugging her again violently.

There was no resisting such importunity, and Reata's wilfulness carried the day. There never had been any question of Fräulein Lackenegg resisting her for more than a few minutes. Since the time when Reata, at eight years old, had been placed under her sole charge, the pupil had won every battle over the mistress. This battle was a somewhat harder one to gain, but victory remained to Reata now as always. Every objection uttered was silenced by her; every scruple was soothed. It would only be for a short time, for a few days at the utmost, she explained, with eloquent persuasion—just to see whether Otto would discover it at once. It was such a capital opportunity, so easy to manage, &c.

"I know it is very wrong," Fräulein Lackenegg said, almost in tears, a few minutes before Otto's arrival. Her courage was beginning to fail at the near prospect of the ordeal. "And I won't know what to do and to say."

"But you needn't do anything hardly," Reata explained, eagerly: "remember that he is as innocent as a new-born babe, and is sure not to guess at first. Just say, 'My dear Otto,' from time to time; and when I come into the room, say something about your companion, and that I am called Reata—that is all you have got to do."

"But if he begins about his father and former times?" suggested the old lady, imploringly.

"Oh, then you just say that your memory is a blank, or put up your handkerchief to your face. Listen! there are the wheels."

"I can't do it!" gasped the "Giraffe," in despair making a last wild effort to escape.

"You *shall* do it!" exclaimed Reata, impatiently, with a stamp of her foot and a toss of her head, which terrified the old lady into submission. "I will never be fond of you again if you don't."

When the first evening had been successfully got through, the unexpected ease with which Otto had fallen into the trap drew on Reata to further experiments. Between coaxing and threats, Fräulein Lackenegg was kept quiet from day to day. Reata, delighted with her success, grew more interested in the continuance of her scheme. There was the fascination of novelty about the thing; she would try how long it could be carried on without disclosure, and the moment of discovery would be all the more exciting the longer she succeeded in deferring it. The thing, once set agoing, was easy enough to keep up for a time. Although there were hundreds of little incongruities which might have excited Otto's suspicion seriously, they failed to do so. The old lady's manner puzzled him much at times, and also Reata's tone of authority; but utterly without clue to the truth as he was, it was no great wonder that he should accept things as he saw them. Perhaps if he had not become so rapidly infatuated with Reata's beauty, he might have taken more leisure to observe the signs which excited his curiosity; but as it was, his whole mind was for the time being absorbed in his passion, and other things passed unnoticed.

On the part of the two or three servants belonging to the establishment there was no fear of betrayal; for they were extremely primitive of mind, and spoke nothing but their native tongue.

If Reata had had the guidance of any sensible person, of course the thing would not have been allowed to last; but alone as she was with a weak-minded old woman who adored her and dared not thwart her, and being headstrong by nature, she carried out her own will. In the pleasurable excitement of her stratagem, she forgot the possible harm that might ensue, and entirely lost sight of the blameful deceit of her conduct. She did not look upon it as a deception, but merely as an amusing piece of acting.

Her secret ran great risk at the time of Mr Fadenhecht's visit. She had counted upon getting through the business and dismissing him before Otto should have had time to leave his room. When she saw the attorney entering the breakfast-room with Otto she had thought that it was all over. Hateful as it was to her to take Mr Fadenhecht into her confidence, she found herself forced to do so; she could not have the scene of disclosure before him—anything would be better than that.

"It is only a joke, you understand," she said to him, haughtily; "and I do not choose that he should know the truth just yet."

"A joke—just so, Fräulein Reata; but if I might venture to inquire the object——"

"There is no object at all; it is only for my amusement. And remember," she said more hurriedly, and with a commanding gesture, "you need not mention anything about this to Monsieur Le-Vendeur."

This Mr Fadenhecht understood to mean that he dare not breathe a word of the matter to his principal, under pain of the heiress's heavy displeasure.

"Not a word if you wish it so. Old gentlemen often spoil fun. I quite understand."

"I did not say it was fun," answered Reata, with great dignity; "I only said that it is what I choose to do."

"I thought you said something about amusement," Mr Fadenhecht muttered; and there the conversation dropped.

It had been on the same day as this talk that Otto's love for her had first dawned upon Reata's mind; and on the following had come that memorable ride and his declaration: and now she would have told him everything, but the hurry and confusion of the storm, and the loss of their horses, was not a fitting moment for disclosure.

Otto's fever, following immediately, was another cause of delay; and even when, after a fortnight's confinement to his room, he was restored to her society, any such violent excitement was strictly prohibited.

By this time she was growing impatient to be done with the mystery, and impatient to take the first opportunity for disclosure. She was on the point of it at one moment, when some casual interruption intervened; and before she had been able to approach the subject a second time, something in her lover's manner or words had disappointed and chilled her—a mere shade it was, but enough to indicate the key to his character. Sensitive and proud, she took quick alarm; and then it was that the wild idea sprang up and took form in her mind of making use of this stratagem, which she had been so near disclosing, in order to test Otto's fidelity. The conditions of her father's will put the very means of doing so into her hands. Would Otto remain true to her if by so doing he thought that he should forfeit his fortune? She had seen that he loved riches; would he prefer her to them?

It was a dangerous game to play, and perhaps a cruel one; but Reata, always exaggeratedly romantic, did not stop to think where it might lead to. She loved Otto, or thought that she loved him, and she did not want to torture, but to test him. "The ladies of olden times put the love of their knights through trials," she said to herself. "If he is my own true knight, he will pick up the glove I have thrown."

In this way, therefore, she set to work to fathom the depth of Otto's affection; and in so doing lost him, and imperilled her own happiness as well as his.

Otto once gone, Reata had little to do in order to keep her plan agoing. He returned to Europe under the same delusion he had come in. Nothing had occurred to open his eyes to the real facts of the case.

In August, Reata was left still more solitary for a time, by the temporary absence of Fräulein Lackenegg, who had to follow the summons of a sick relative, a niece living at some distance. Reata left the *hacienda* and went to live at Mexico, where she took up her abode with only an old housekeeper to manage her affairs, declining the offer of Monsieur Le-Vendeur, who was anxious to procure her another suitable companion for the interval of Fräulein Lackenegg's absence. She was obstinate; she would not have a stranger to live with her, and persisted in her solitude: while to Otto she wrote to say that she feared she would not now be able to come to Europe that winter, as the old lady was unable to go.

Soon after this, Reata, who for some time past had been gathering from Otto's letters the weakening of his affection, broke off her engagement in a fit of anger. He had not stood the test, she told herself, and rather than have only a half-love she would set him free. His letter which followed, consenting to give her up, but speaking in such heartrending terms of his undying affection, threw her into an opposite state of mind. She was deeply and truly touched, and for the first time she acknowledged that her conduct towards him had not only been foolish but unfair. She must have him back again. But how? She could not now offer herself, after having broken the tie between them. After much solitary brooding, she hit upon a plan which would enable her to go to Europe without her real motive for doing so becoming apparent. When once there, she doubted not Otto would throw himself at her feet, and she would put an end to all difficulties by declaring herself in her true person.

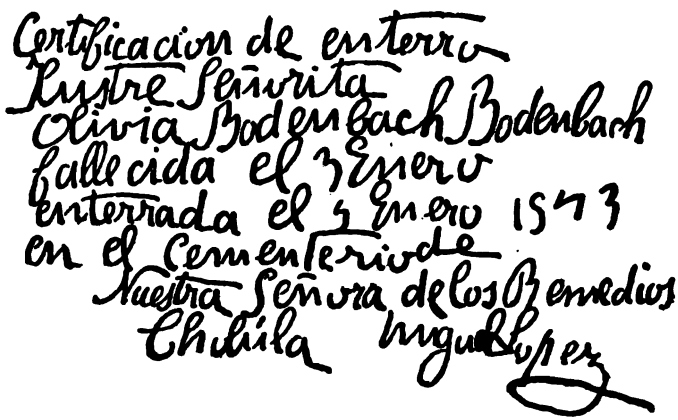
It was while she was living alone in Mexico that Mr Fadenhecht, who for some glaring neglect of duty, and generally unsatisfactory behaviour, had been discharged from the firm, took advantage of his knowledge of her secret to extort money from her. She hated his being in her confidence; but she had brought herself into this position, and there was no help for it now. Her only chance of getting to Europe with her identity unknown was in acceding to his conditions.

Monsieur Le-Vendeur had been much provoked at Reata's obstinate refusal to have another companion; but she was independent, and free to do as she chose. He was more provoked still when, one fine day, he found that the heiress had left Mexico for Europe, suddenly and alone—leaving for him only a letter of instructions, in which she gave him no explanation whatever of her motive, beyond saying that she was going to rejoin her relations, and forbade him peremptorily to communicate with her until he

should receive further instructions.

The facts of the case were simply these: Reata's plan was to bring her relations to the belief that their cousin, Olivia Bodenbach, was dead; and that therefore she, whom they believed to be the companion, was coming to them for a temporary home. They knew nothing of the engagement that had been between her and Otto, so she thought herself safe in that direction; and she fondly believed that on the very instant that Otto should hear of her arrival he would declare himself her own true knight again, and everything would come right.

For some time she had cast about for the means of putting her project into execution: a mere letter announcing Miss Bodenbach's death would hardly be sufficient. Among the papers in her father's desk she found a scrawly, untidy piece of paper, which certainly looked very unlike a legal document, but which nevertheless was the certificate of burial of her half-sister Olivia Bodenbach. This fitted into her purpose wonderfully. Olivia Bodenbach had died in the beginning of January, and it was the end of the month now; but a slight incongruity of that sort might pass muster. One stroke of the pen transformed the four into a seven, and the date stood 1873 instead of 1843.


Certificacion de enterro
Ilustre Señorita
Olivia Bodenbach Bodenbach
fallecida el 3 Enero
enterrada el 5 Enero 1873
en el Cementerio de
Nuestra Señora de los Benedios
Chilila Miguel Lopez

Incredible as it may seem, no thought of wrong rose before her as she did this; her mind was bent so fixedly on her end that she did not think twice about the choice of the means. Even had she been cool enough to pause and reason, no sense of wrong-doing would have been conveyed to her then. Her train of thought would have been something as follows: "It cannot affect a person who has been dead thirty years, and it can harm only me." She might have been turned back from her purpose could she have foreseen the many other deceits which this one involved, and how she would be driven to a direct fraud, as she had been by the abduction of Arnold's letter. It was only later, when she had lived a little time in contact with European ideas, that her conscience began to get alarmed. Arnold's stern sense of right and wrong, admitting no subterfuges, and forgiving no deceit, startled her first, and slowly roused her to the consciousness of how far she had demeaned herself for the sake

of a high-strained notion, an illusive ideal.

The certificate, together with a short, vaguely-worded letter, she despatched to Europe, and shortly after left Mexico herself, without waiting for an answer. That her plan would succeed in deceiving her relations for longer than a short period, she did not imagine; but impetuous and somewhat imprudent as she was, she looked no further. During that short period all would have come right, she told herself.

The expedient she had chosen was far-fetched indeed, and its execution so clumsy that instant detection must have ensued if suspicion had happened to be directed that way. It was the merest chance which screened her stratagem from discovery. It will be remembered how bitterly Reata's hopes were undeceived before she had been two days at Steinbühl; and now her tongue was doubly tied. Now that Otto was engaged to another woman, she could not be so ungenerous as to speak and say, "If you had been true to me, if you had not consented to give me up—instead of losing your fortune, you would have gained a larger one." No, such a course was not to be contemplated; she must strive to make the mystery last a little longer yet—until Otto should have settled down quietly and found peace in his married life. But long before Otto had found peace, Reata discovered that she had lost hers, and that she loved Arnold Bodenbach with far more intensity than she had ever loved his brother. Now it was that the consequences of her folly recoiled upon herself. Her position was indeed perplexing. Was she to sacrifice the hope of gaining him by remaining in her false position? or was she at this moment to declare that she was not a low-born companion, but a wealthy and high-born lady, bearing the same name that he did? Would not that be the same as throwing herself at his head? To Reata, at least, with her sensitive pride, it appeared so. And yet, loving Arnold as she did, she might have found strength to overcome this objection, for by this time her taste for experiments was thoroughly cured. She did not wish to test Arnold as she had tested Otto: and there was as little chance of the result being different in this case; for surely Arnold's pride of family would prove as invincible a barrier as had been Otto's greed of wealth. But there was another reason which intervened to keep her silent. Fadenhecht's appearance on the scene was a disagreeable surprise, and the knowledge which he possessed he turned to the basest use.

"I don't care," she had said to him, trembling with anger; "you can tell anybody you like—it is no crime. Why are you smiling in that way?" turning upon him furiously.

Mr Fadenhecht, who with admirable presence of mind had resolved upon his part, proceeded to explain the reason of the obnoxious smile, and by dint of a few law terms and long-winded phrases, intimidated her into the belief that the part she had acted was a fraudulent one, which if known would bring her within reach of the law. She kept up her haughty bearing; but she believed herself in his power, and, entangled on all sides, began to feel desperate.

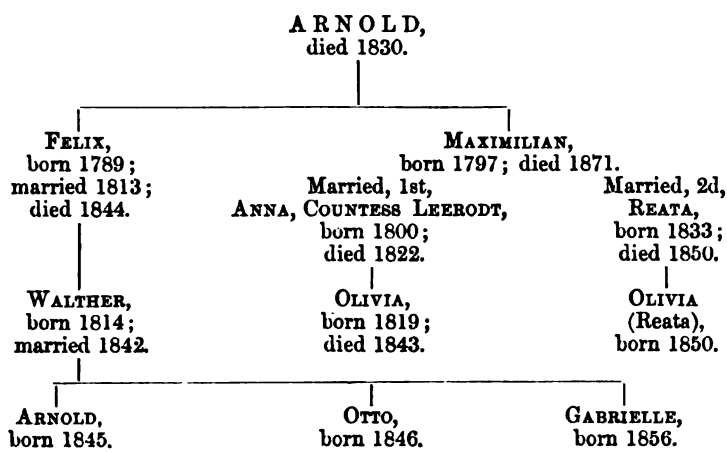
Even before this she had felt a nervous dread of the moment of disclosure, not knowing what effect it might have on Arnold. It was so much easier to go on playing the *rôle* which she had got used to, than to face the disturbance which

her confession must arouse. With this new fear in her mind, it seemed that her only hope lay in dragging on the mystery till her friend Fräulein Lackenegg, who, having got rid of the sick niece, was coming to Europe to join her, should have arrived to take her away, or at least stand by her at the dreaded moment of discovery. She wrote repeatedly, urging her to make all haste, and spare no expense in coming to join her. If by the sacrifice of half a million it had been possible to bring the "Giraffe" by telegraph, or to hire an extra balloon for her conveyance across the ocean, Reata would have done it with pleasure.

She had counted the days eagerly to the one which might bring her friend: but Fräulein Lackenegg had turned up somewhat sooner than Reata's expectations; and thus it was that Halka had met her accidentally in the optician's shop, and overhearing the well-known name of *Lackenegg*, had brought about the theatrical *dénouement* in the harem.

This is the true history of Reata's wrong-doing and her folly — the folly, we hope, greater than the wrong-doing; and thus it came about that the freak, begun in jest, had ended in earnest, and might have ended in misery to her and others, if Fate had not been kinder to her far than she deserved.

The Bodenbach Family-Tree corrected.



CHAPTER XLIX.—LIGHT AND SHADE.

"'He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,' said Lady Clare."
—TENNYSON.

"Firm was that faith—as diamond-stone
Pure and unflawed—her love unknown
And unrequited."

Roses again—the rich red June roses; but not the same roses that bloomed when love had sprung up in Reata's heart—that was a year

ago. The garden is filled with the same scent, the bushes glow with the same colour: but last year's flowers are dead—bleached, withered, faded, torn off by the wind or pruned by the gardener's knife, scattered or vanished; or have some found a grave beneath the branches where they have bloomed in their glory, and where their fair younger sisters are blooming now? Heartless roses! to unclose your petals so proudly, smiling and blushing in the face of the sunshine and of each other—to glow in beauty and glory above your dead sisters' graves! Do you not know that their fate will be yours? that the same sunshine and soft breeze that kisses and fans you now, kissed and fanned them a year ago, and will caress other roses, as fair as you and as heartless, when another year shall have passed?

There is another grave which was not here last year, down in the village, in the old vault where the Bodenbachs for many generations have been laid. No Bodenbach had been laid there for many years, not since Walther's wife, the banker's daughter, had found her resting-place; and now her daughter lies beside her. Poor little Gabrielle's life could hardly be accounted more useful than the life of the roses—what much is there to miss and mourn for in the fading away of an insignificant life like hers? a little girl, fretful and troublesome, and difficult to please. And yet they did mourn for her. Ah, well it is for us that our sisters and our friends weep more than the roses do when we are gone! for if our memory were to be honoured in proportion to the use we have been in the world, there are only the great and the wise on whose graves tears would be dropped.

That journey from Steinbühl to Vienna had been the last of Gabrielle's life. She had never returned to see her home again, but only to be laid to rest down in the quiet village. Dr B——, the great consumption doctor, had done his best: but all his efforts were in vain to arrest the progress of that wasting disease, the seeds of decay which she had inherited from her mother; and before Christmas had come she had died, without suffering or struggle—just fading away gently, like a weak flame, too feeble to stand the current of healthy air by which more robust natures are fanned into strength.

The lapse of this last year, which had brought death to Gabrielle, had brought other changes too—it had brought peace to Otto at last, after a long tumult. A state of mind strained by passion, as his had been, cannot last for long. After the disclosure in the harem, and the explanations which followed, he had undergone a worse phase of agony than any of those he had passed through before; for now he knew that had he been more constant in the time of separation he would have gained not only fortune but also the woman he had loved. A frenzy of desperation seized upon him for a time: he blamed Reata for the part she had played; he blamed his brother, who had urged him to his marriage; he raged at Mr Fadenhecht, who had been in the secret, and who, if he had but spoken at the time, might have saved him from all this anguish; and again and again he cursed the name of Kreislich, whom he chose to believe had been his evil genius throughout life, and whose rivalry alone, he persuaded himself, had driven him to his marriage. He raged at every one but himself. It seemed almost as if his reason must suffer under the violence of his passion. Reata had not been the only woman he had loved, but he had loved none so hotly as her.

With any one less skilful a tactician than Halka, all this might have taken a bad end, and Reata have had much to answer for; but amid the turbulent phases of his remorse and anger, Halka knew how to guide him. Past every perilous rock she steered with consummate skill, avoiding sharp points; biding her time with inexhaustible patience; tightening her hold upon him or loosening it, according to the need of the moment; leading him or yielding to him, as was best. It was necessary that he should learn to value the goods which he held, not those which had slipped from his grasp,—that he should understand what he had gained in her, and not pine for what he had lost in Reata. It was a difficult position for a woman to fill, and one which few could have held successfully; but Halka did it to perfection. She loved Otto more than any man she had ever known—more even than that Polish count whose ring she had sent back on the eve of her marriage. There are few women, be they as cold as ice, who have not got one spot of warmth in their nature; few waters so shallow that they do not hold one deep pool.

It lasted many months; but her patience was crowned. She gained what few women in her place could have reached; not her husband's love, for that could never be hers—but he did not hate her, although he had been near to doing that once. He calmed down little by little; his passion was worn out, perhaps by its own violence. He was able to meet Reata without emotion now. The sufferings he had undergone had not by one whit diminished his love of riches; he threw himself now heart and soul into their enjoyment. The finer instincts of his nature are blunted, perhaps; he will never rise to anything great or noble,—as little as could his grand-uncle Maximilian, whose character he inherits; but he has as large a share of contentment as most men have in this life. It may be, also, that some glimmering has dawned upon his mind that, such as he is, he would not have been the proper man to satisfy the cravings of a proud *exigeante* nature like Reata's. It was the same story over again that had been years ago between Maximilian and his wife, the first Reata. These two would not have suited each other better in the end than those other two, whose happiness had remained pure only because death had torn them apart so quickly. It would not have lasted then, and it could not have lasted now. A nature which gives freely with open hand, but asks for the same measure in return, would not rest satisfied with men like Maximilian or Otto.

Otto will live to a good old age probably, and forget the romance and disappointment of his youth—and how he grasped at the Ball of Fortune in place of Love, and in so doing got something rather less than both. He will find pleasure in his horses and his comforts, in his well-furnished house, and also in his well-managing wife: and he will—I say it with regret—I fear he will in time, by the too great appreciation of material enjoyments, lose the slender symmetry of his figure on which he now so prides himself; and when ten or twenty years shall have passed, he will—I say it with deep regret—have gained a certain degree of *embonpoint*.

The disclosures which had followed that meeting in the harem of the Egyptian *Pavillon* had brought a severe shock not only to Otto but to others. The old Baron took a considerable time to disentangle his ideas and clearly to comprehend that his beloved cousin Olivia had

been lying in her grave for thirty years, and that he owed her nothing, not even gratitude for her constancy, as she had died with her troth plighted to another man, whom, as it seemed not unreasonable to suppose, she was marrying for the sake of his money. When he did comprehend it, the blow shook him severely, and it took some little time before he was able quite to forgive Reata for the illusive hopes which she had allowed him to cherish.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I won't go on being angry with you," he said, in answer to Reata, as she begged his pardon with tears of penitence in her eyes. "Of course you could not have helped my dear cousin having died thirty years ago, only you should have written to tell me at the time——"

"But I was not born till ten years later," suggested Reata, humbly.

"To be sure, to be sure—what am I talking of? that is quite sufficient excuse: and besides, it was quite natural for you to feel a delicacy in the matter, on account of the other man whom she was going to have married."

This Reata did not attempt to deny; and the Baron patted her on the head and forgave her.

"What a comfort it is to think that nobody is angry with me now," she said, with a sigh of relief.

"Which is more than you deserve," Arnold answered, with an assumption of severity which he hardly felt.

He had at first been very angry with her himself, and it needed all his love to forgive her for the deception she had practised. But although no one blamed her more severely than he did, and though he told her so with indignation, almost with anger, Arnold would not suffer that any one else should say hard words against her in his hearing. A year ago, as a matter of theory, it would have appeared to Arnold an impossibility to forgive a person who had acted in the way Reata had done—a girl who had carried on a long deception, which, even though begun in innocent jest, had wellnigh ended in harm—who had stooped to petty stratagems, and for want of proper guidance had allowed her spirit of adventure to carry her beyond the bounds of prudence and justice,—a year ago Arnold would have recoiled with horror, and looked down with withering scorn on the culprit; but now, not only can he forgive, but he can lower himself so far as to put confidence in her, to trust her for lifetime. She has been very foolish, he tells himself, and has acted very wrongly. Hermine would not have done it; Hermine could not have deceived him; decidedly Hermine is the more perfect woman of the two,—and yet it is not Hermine whom he loves. One tearful, penitent glance from Reata's eyes is more to him than all that calm adoration could ever be.

Halka, smarting under the consciousness of the elaborate failure she had made in the harem, attempted very delicately to put Reata's conduct into the most unfavourable light possible. She had never been able to forgive Reata quite for not having had a disgraceful secret in her past, nor to forgive herself for having for once in her life overshot her own mark and been the means of bringing the truth to light.

"I am perfectly aware of the facts of the case," Arnold said, stiffly, in answer to one of those gracefully veiled thrusts—"I am perfectly aware of the facts of the case, and I must ask you to be kind enough to let me judge them for myself."

"It is all your own fault," Reata

had said to him, between laughter and tears, after he had calmed down a little from his first excitement; "if you had not written that absurdly pompous letter, telling me that you were born eight years after my departure from Europe, and reminding me of my former relations to your father, I should never have thought of beginning the whole thing."

"But why could you not speak when you were in Europe?"

"What was I to say?" Reata answered, laughing outright now. "Was I to say all at once, *She is not dead, and I am her?* You would all have voted me mad on the spot, you know. It was far easier to go on as a poor companion than to come out with the truth suddenly and make an *éclat.*"

And Hermine,—what of Hermine? What had the past year brought to her? There is a change in her outward appearance—a shadow of something which used not to be there before. Some say that she has gained in looks; the colour in her cheeks has softened, the too great suggestion of rude health and the unruffled placidity of her countenance are toned away. Nobody will now complain that her eyes are monotonously sweet in expression; there is more soul in their blue depth—a wistful light shining there which speaks of a trial gone through. Yes, as far as outward appearance goes, she has gained decidedly. Fate will sometimes, while she takes away from us some great gift, give a smaller one in exchange, never minding whether we care for this lesser good or not.

Within the last few months Count Stayn, having waited discreetly for a time, has renewed his offer of marriage, and has received a second refusal. He will not renew it again. Although he is very much in love, he is not a man to languish and live on hope for years; and from the tone in which Hermine dismissed him, he has understood that it is final.

"I feel myself very much honoured by your love," she said to Count Stayn at parting, giving him her hand in farewell, and speaking in her precise and somewhat pompous manner; "but I cannot return it: please do not ask me again, for I shall have to answer you the same."

The Count raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it with courteous grace, and then left her—sorely grieved at having failed to gain this woman whom he loved very truly.

"I am very much mistaken if that young Bodenbach fellow is not at the bottom of it all," he reflected, angrily; but in his heart he honoured the girl for her high-minded constancy.

Count Stayn will find another wife, for he is one of those men whose duty it is to marry and have heirs—at least the world and his relations say so. He will have no difficulty in finding a woman to suit him; and Hermine will remain solitary. All her life? I do not know; I only know that she has loved very deeply, with her heart fixed in all its entirety on one object—and that has failed her. I will not hazard the assertion that her heart is broken, for the nineteenth century does not believe in broken hearts—that is an old-fashioned complaint—but surely I may go the length of saying that a nature like hers will never love again.

It is needless to say that Madame de Schwerendorf's peace of mind suffered greatly at all this, and that her "*Quelle idée!*" s and "*Pour l'amour de Dieu*" s on hearing of the Count's second refusal, were more numerous than usual. That Arnold was not going to marry her daughter, but Reata, she found quite natural, the proper thing, the

most suitable match imaginable, &c. (the small difficulty about dispensation on account of relationship had been easily got over). Madame Schwerendorf would not have had it different; but that Hermine should persist in declining the brilliant prospects that were offered her, disturbed her mother's mind greatly. She attempted some persuasion; but Hermine, usually so yielding, was firm here. She gave no reason, she made no complaint, but she would not marry Count Stayn. As for the wishes which the Baron had once entertained with regard to Hermine, he entirely forgot them in his delight at this marriage, which would make his eldest son richer than any Bodenbach had been, even at the time of the family's glory. The conditions of that will of Maximilian's would thus be fulfilled in both cases; both brothers would have secured their fortunes, only that in addition Arnold had won the woman he loved.

There are yet other personages that demand notice—not always pleasant ones perhaps, but that is no reason for leaving them aside.

Mr Fadenhecht had not quite dropped out of the scene after that last interview with Reata in the wood. He turned up again in Vienna not long after the disclosure of her identity, and, ignorant of what had occurred, boldy accosted Otto, who attempted to stalk past him in lofty unrecognition. To approach Reata again he did not venture: his acute discernment and acquaintance with her easily-fired anger had told him to what point exactly he could push his persecution of her, and he knew that he had reached that point; so now his best course clearly lay in seeing at what price he could sell the secret. It was a shock and a disappointment to discover that there was no more secret to sell—and that the mystery was dissolved, and that Reata had returned to her true name; but Mr Fadenhecht, though stunned for a second, had coolness and impudence enough to carry off any position.

"If you had told me all that a year ago," said Otto, savagely "it might have been some good; but what the d—— is the use to come sneaking with it now? What is done can't be undone."

"Can't be undone—just so. I quite agree with you, my dear Baron—I perfectly agree with you. If I had had a notion that it would have been any advantage to you, I certainly should have told you long ago. But you see, I had promised Miss Bodenbach to hold my tongue: it must have been capital fun to her all along; and really she succeeded in blinding you all wonderfully — quite wonderfully, I may say. Fancy you all going on for more than a year taking that old hag for Olivia Bodenbach! Ha, ha, ha!"—and Mr Fadenhecht rubbed his hands, and positively reeled with delight. "Do you remember that little conversation which I had the honour of having with you, out there in Mexico, walking from the stables to the house? It was by the merest chance that I didn't spoil her game then—ha, ha, ha! The secret was hanging by a thread then—a mere thread, I may say—ha, ha, ha! capital! But seriously," added Mr Fadenhecht, when he had somewhat recovered from his merriment, "I should not have minded telling you if I had guessed that it would have been so much for your advantage."

"So much for your own advantage, you mean," interrupted Otto, white with anger. "I know what an infamous use you have made of your knowledge already. You would have liked to sell the secret to me, I suppose; that is why you accosted me now."

"That is why—just so. I admire your discrimination," raising his hat lightly.

"You hound! you have no shame in acknowledging it?"

"No shame—no shame at all, I may say. I cannot see any shame in a man's trying to gain his bread any way he can. If I was a rich man like you, my dear Baron"—with another and a more cringing bow—"I should not need to cast about for means of living."

Of Polish acquaintances, also, Halka had brought news lately, having returned from a short visit to the old Count and Countess, her parents. To begin with, Captain Kreislich has left his station, not much to the regret of his comrades, and has got a place in another corps, where the failure which had attended his plans is not known, and where he can resume the *rôle* of the richest, and therefore most enviable, man in the regiment. A year or two ago this victory would have seemed to Otto the climax of his wishes; but now that it has come, it has lost all its anticipated sweetness—he feels more defeated than victorious.

Langenfeld, who has got over his attachment to Reata with almost the same ease that he had got over half-a-dozen others, is going on his course of amusements and duties light-hearted as ever—drilling his recruits, ruining his horses by putting them through a circus training, humming operatic airs, and making love to every tolerable-looking person he comes across.

Talking of making love, there is a report that Mr Z—— is thinking of honouring a lady with the gift of his valuable hand; but for the truth of this I cannot undertake to vouch.

Another more authentic report affirms that the honoured postmaster of Rzeszólów has yielded to the clamorous entreaties of his friends, and suffered himself to be immortalised by the cunning tracing of the sun. Unfortunately, however, his emotions at this solemn moment of his life became so uncontrollable that all the efforts of the photographer in touching up the features afterwards were powerless to restore even a small degree of distinctness to the tear-stained countenance. The spell being now broken, perhaps the receipt of a telegram will be his next step towards experience in the progress of the nineteenth century; but as for the third point, the sight of a railway, the worthy old gentleman is not likely ever to set eyes upon that great means of locomotion. It is true that a railway to Rzeszólów is projected—its future course is clearly to be traced by the help of neat little posts, painted white and placed at regular intervals; but at the usual rate of such things in such countries, it is to be feared that the grass will be growing green on old Ledinski's grave by the time that the whistle and pant of the engine are heard by the side of the Rzeszólów lake.

The *chronique scandaleuse* of that town has had to record a distressing event. Madame L——, the *ci-devant* beauty, having found her third husband's temper incompatible with the peaceful enjoyment of old age, has had herself legally separated from him.

There are different interpretations put upon this step, the boldest of which went so far as to hint at a fourth husband *in petto*. But Madame L—— had one champion, that universal champion of accused humanity, old Borabembski, who never would believe harm of his neighbour unless he had seen it with his own eyes, and not always even then.

"How am I ever to think badly of any lady?" he said, in answer to

all remarks of the sort. "No doubt she had her good reasons. Not that he is a bad fellow either, when you get at the bottom of his temper," Boradembski would add, leniently.

Perhaps it would be as well if some of us were to take a leaf from old Boradembski's book.

The town of Rzeszólów has been cheered by a long-looked-for event, after which the heart of each of the twenty-four Fire Brigadesmen has been yearning, as the field of his glory—a fire. It was a sight worth seeing (or would have been worth seeing if it had not been too dark) as they came along in order, with the apothecary at the head, and the shoemaker bringing up the rear with the water-pump—all the twenty-four pair of boots cleaned to a supernatural pitch of gloss, and all the twenty-four chins freshly shaved. Only one little drawback was there to damp their exultation—namely, that by the time they reached the scene of action, and had drawn up with admirable precision, the deceitful element had ceased to rage, quenched by the efforts of half-a-dozen ragged Hebrews, who had had the impudence to put their fingers into this fiery pie, and encroach upon the rights of the Fire Brigade. The disappointment was a bitter one, felt by them all, but most keenly by the little bookbinder, whose sensitive nature was so deeply affected that he abandoned his position, and, divested of his incombustible coils, retired from the ranks of the brigade, renouncing his gorgeous helmet and shining boots, and resigning all hopes of future laurels.

I spoke of roses—of the red roses that are blooming in the Steinbühl garden. It is on the eve of an eventful day—the day of Arnold and Reata's wedding—that the crimson flowers are standing in their most luxuriant glory. The engagement has been long, for it does not want many weeks to make the year complete since the day when she put her hand into his on the staircase of the hotel in the *Fleischmarkt*. Gabrielle's illness deferred the time; and now that a suitable period has elapsed since her death, no one is inclined for much outward show. They will be married to-morrow quietly, down in the village, in the little church with the slender spire that glitters in the sunshine, with nothing but their nearest relations and friends as wedding-guests. It is Reata's own wish; she shrinks from any display. She is happy, but she has been sobered by the loss of Gabrielle, the girl who had clung to her with such fond affection, the one girl-friend she has had in life. It has thrown a shadow over her radiant joy.

It is dusk now, but the moon is just beginning to steal up over the trees, whitening their leaves and making strange shadows on the grass. Within the house there is the inevitable bustle which even a quiet wedding cannot go without. Reata's little room up-stairs is a scene of pleasing disorder: the last requisitions for her journey are getting put into their trunks by Fräulein Lackenegg, and between each fold that she smooths the old lady drops a tear at the thought of the morrow, which is to separate her from her beloved pupil—only for a few weeks, it is true, for Reata had long since settled that the Giraffe was to find a home with them, and never leave her again. She had defended her old mistress warmly against the share of blame which had naturally fallen upon the old lady for her connivance in the deception; Reata took all blame on herself. Fräulein Lackenegg was deeply thankful that the matter had ended no worse than this:

but in her secret heart of hearts, she cherished an unspoken regret for Otto; he was so much pleasanter, and far more easy to talk to than his brother, and would have made as good a husband to Reata, or at any rate a handsomer one.

A white satin dress hangs in the press—not an old-fashioned creamy satin, like the one Reata wore at the D——bad ball, but very plain, in spite of being made to suit the requirements of fashion.

She has many wedding presents, both handsome and valuable, jewellery for the most part. There is, for instance, the sapphire bracelet of Prince D——, which Reata, much to her surprise, had received one morning with the compliments and well-wishes of Princess D—— and her son. The careful old mother was by this time rather shaken in her system of maternal vigilance, and had been forced to confess to herself that a more eligible daughter-in-law than the Mexican heiress would be difficult to find. The subject would always remain a sore one.

Down-stairs in the sitting-room everything is quiet: there is nobody there, only poor little shivering Chéri, sitting bolt-upright in quivering unrest upon the deserted sofa. This position has become Chéri's habit, and nobody attempts to dislodge him. He is not noble or grand enough to go and pine away on his mistress's grave; but he mourns for her in his own way, or, perhaps, it is only that he misses the accustomed warmth and caresses.

Besides Chéri, there is nobody in the room; but outside, on the balcony, there is somebody—Hermine standing alone, with her arms on the wooden balustrade, and the moonlight touching her hair. She is looking out on to the lawn, where the little hay-cocks in regular rows are standing, each with its shadow thrown on the grass; just as she remembers them for so many years past, upon moonlight nights in June.

Over there, among the lilac-bushes at the end of the garden, the moonlight shows two figures—now coming out clearly in the white light, now vanishing into the black shade, as they saunter slowly along.

For the last time they are walking thus as lovers; to-morrow, without changing her name, Reata will have given her hand to the only man she has ever truly loved. Although now legally acknowledged by her true and more pompous name, which she has had to sign many times lately, Olivia Bodenbach will never be anything but "Reata" to those around her; never will Arnold call her by any other name than the one under which he wooed and won her. He had learnt to love her under the humble appellation of Lackenegg; and that love had been strong enough to conquer his hard-rooted pride of birth. She could not be more to him, now that he knew her to be a Bodenbach like himself—a mere name had not the power to add to the value of the jewel he had won.

To-night, as they walk together, they are very silent; only now and then some words break the stillness.

"I shall never be quite satisfied, Arnold, till you have seen my forests and my plains," Reata says, as they come out from a shadowy walk into the clear light; "I cannot bear to think that you are a stranger to them all—to my palm-trees, and the Monkey's Mirror, and the Giant's Umbrella. We will go to Mexico some time, Arnold, will we not?" raising her eyes to him half shyly.

And then the shadow of another dark walk swallowed up the two figures again; but Fícha remained

out in the moonlight, making a pretence of believing it to be sunshine, and discreetly forbearing to follow the lovers.

The warm night air is heavy with the rich scent of roses; the sky above is studded with stars, without a cloud to veil their little twinkling eyes: it will be a splendid day to-morrow.

From the thicket of lilac-bushes there come a few notes of a nightingale—a young and inexperienced nightingale, it seems, who is but making his *début* as a singer, and has not yet gained confidence in his own powers. He attempts one of those brilliant *roulades* with which he has heard his father delight the woods so often, but stops then, and sits dumbly on his branch, alarmed perhaps at the sound of his own voice amid the silence of the night.

The two figures emerge again from the end of another dark walk. The moonlight, which shows everything so distinctly, shows that there was some reason for Fícha's delicate discretion, for there is the shadow of a dark arm clearly defined round the slender waist of the slight girlish figure.

They stop for a minute now, and stand flooded by the moonlight. Arnold seizes both her hands in his free one, and looks down into her face earnestly.

"Swear to me once more, Reata, that never again will you hide anything from me, not even in joke."

"You have made me swear that twenty times already," she answers, looking up at him with happy eyes, into whose dusky depth the moon is shedding golden light; "but I will swear it again if you like; only not just now. Please do not hold my hands so tight; don't you see that there is somebody on the balcony."

"It is only Hermine," says Arnold, reassuringly, as he glances in that direction.

"Only Hermine!" echoes Reata; and in the midst of her happiness a pang of true womanly pity passes through her heart—and she stands silent, looking dreamily into the night shadows. She alone has sounded the depths of that other woman's nature—so different from her in everything, yet in one point alike.

A few more weak notes from the nightingale; and then other notes arise in the moonlit silence, coming from the marsh over there, and drowning the sweet timid music.

One solitary croak—then another answering—then another, till the frog concert gathers and swells gradually.

"It is just about a year," muses Arnold aloud—"just a year ago that my father wanted me to speak to Hermine. How lucky it is that I did not go further than I went! As it is, she has not suspected—there is no harm done."

"How slow men are to guess!" thinks Reata, as she heaves one deep-drawn sigh and clings a little closer to Arnold. Her own share of happiness awes her—it is so great, while there may be others weeping.

The scent of the roses still hangs heavily; but the nightingale's timid voice is overpowered by the frogs—the solitary singer has had to retire before the chorus of croaking voices.

And Hermine stands, still listening to the monotonous croak—croak—croak—which a year ago had sounded so sweet to her; and as she listens, the hot tears gather in her eyes—and slowly they drop, one by one, on to the wooden trellis, where the moon is shedding her pale light, and the creeper-leaves are casting their dark shadows.

MOROCCO AND THE MOORS.

One of the most impressive views in Southern Europe is that commanded from the heights behind San Roque, looking over the Straits of Gibraltar to Africa. To our mind, in point of picturesque beauty, it surpasses the softer charms of the Bosphorus, seen in the ride along the ridge from the valley of the Sweet Waters to Pera; or even the sweep of sea and coast, backed up by the Apennines, that is embraced from the unrivalled amphitheatre of Taormina. Beneath and before you, shaped roughly by nature from the rugged grey limestone, lies the slumbering lion of the Gebel Tarik, whose teeth are rifled guns from the Woolwich factories, set up by way of jaws in the galleries that mine the Rock. Beyond are the blue waters of the Narrows, that are running in a swift current between the Pillars of Hercules, flecked by the white breakers that are lashed up by a freshening breeze; and beyond that again are the hills of the Riff mountaineers, spur after spur, and range upon range, rising to the snow-capped crests of the Atlas. The air is so clear of a bright spring morning, that they say you can see the flash of the sunrise on the bayonets when the Spanish garrison parades at their settlement of Ceuta. At all events, the lie of the African landscape seems brought in such vivid proximity to the traveller, that his fancy has little difficulty in filling in imaginary details. The actual glories of the magnificent scene are so striking, that we well remember forgetting hunger and fatigue, and pulling up the horses in speechless admiration, though, after being weather-bound for two days and nights by a flooded stream in a ferryman's hovel, we had been pushing sulkily ahead to breakfast in Macre's comfortable inn at San Roque. And we remember, too, so far as our personal experience went, that even more fascinating than the grandeur of the view was its suggestiveness. The land you looked across to was almost a *terra incognita*,—a land of myths and marvels, and guarded jealously by dragons in the shape of dangers. Here we were in old Europe, no great number of days' steaming from Southampton by the admirably appointed steamers of the P. and O.; we were within sight and reach of Algesiras, with its theatre and bull-ring, and all the visible signs of the advanced Spanish civilisation; we were almost within scent of the British pipeclay at Gibraltar, and sound of the good old English expletives echoing in the sanded parlours of public-houses, where they sell adulterated Bass in frothing tankards. And there, on that opposite shore, under the constellation of the Crescent, and within what looked like long gun-range, was a country where travel was out of the question, unless you went about escorted by something like an army-corps. For be it remembered that the writs of the Sultan of Morocco do not run in the hills that are the fastnesses of those Riff robbers; and that, should a merry yachting-party from our garrison be driven by stress of weather on their shore, the members of it will be infallibly stripped, and almost as certainly murdered.

Even elsewhere in the realms that are more amenable to his Moorish majesty, you can only move about under his special protection; except in the semi-European town of Tangiers, and in Tetuan, and one or

two of the seaports on the Atlantic. At Tangiers the prosaic and the romantic rub shoulders; while Christian and Moslem, Jew and Pagan, are promiscuously confounded in a motley mob. There is no sort of difficulty in getting to it. The boats that bring the cattle that victual the Rock ply regularly, wind and weather permitting; for Tangiers is an open and pierless roadstead, though tolerably protected from the prevalent gales. "Rock scorpions," who dabble in the contraband trade, make frequent visits thither for business or pleasure; and soldiers from the Rock knock up shooting expeditions. You find yourself seated at the French *tables d'hôte* in the hotels in a mixed company of confused speech and queerly-crossed nationalities, whose talk is of dollars, and quail, and bullocks, and wild boar, and lucky ventures, and rascally officials. But beyond the walls, within which the natives scowl at you, the range of your tether is extremely short. There is a fashionable promenade along the beach, where, by way of relief from the overpowering odours of the refuse that encumbers the narrow streets, you inhale the mingled fragrance of the breezes from the Atlantic and the sea-weed, and the bodies of the animals that lie strewed along the water-line. Or you may be sent out shooting within a limited range, in the shadow of the consulates, under the guard of a Moorish man-at-arms, whom it would be mockery to call a soldier. If you do anything more, or should you go abroad unprotected, you do it at your proper peril. It is possible that you may come back unscathed; for the governor being under the thumbs of the foreign representatives, his subjects have a wholesome terror of retribution for any outrage on the Christian dogs. It is probable, on the other hand, that a sudden impulse of malignity, or the hope of making a snatch at booty with impunity, might result in a deed of robbery and murder. Be that as it may, anywhere else in the interior the life of the stranger, except he were a black from the Soudan, would never be worth an hour's purchase,—unless, indeed, he were passed on from governor to governor in armed state, as the guest of the emperor; or unless he stole through the country in Moslem disguise, professing the faith of the fanatics about him.

It is fanaticism that makes Morocco inaccessible—fanaticism, and partly, perhaps, the lingering traditions of the wars between the Spanish Moors and the Christians. The Moors who were beggared and expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella from the land they had conquered and turned into a garden—the Moriscoes who were persecuted, maddened, proscribed, and banished by the truculent bigotry of Philip the Second—are said to have carried the keys of their Spanish houses with them, and bequeathed them to their posterity with a legacy of hate. It is said, too, that those keys are treasured still against that return of the Moors to Europe which for long was a living article of belief with them. It is probable that, as matter of fact, they have renounced all ideas of the kind: it is certain that the great mass of the nation must be as ignorant of their own history as of everything else. Still, and all the more because of the crossing with the Berber strain, they come of a race which are known to be inveterate haters; and vague impressions of ancient wrongs may deepen their pious detestation of the Christian. There are other countries, no doubt, that fanaticism seals to the stranger,

although the number is steadily diminishing before the advances of commercial enterprise. You may ride through the length and breadth of Japan without the risk of being hacked to pieces by the retainers of the daimios, as would have been a matter of course no great number of years ago. You may venture under Russian protection into the Tartar Khanates, which are infamous in the records of the geographical societies for their associations with the martyrs of travel. But in Thibet, for example, and the remoter provinces of the Celestial Empire, the prohibitions on foreign intrusion still subsist in full force, and you have always the fear before your eyes of being subject to all the refinements of torture that those ingenious orientals have perfected into a fine art; while in New Guinea, and some of the island groups in the South Seas, you might be served as the *pièce de résistance* at a grand cannibal feast. All that is in accordance with immemorial custom and the spirit of constitutions that have been sanctified by time; but the case of the Moors is altogether different. Low as they have fallen in the course of centuries, in their isolation and the fungus-growth of their ignorance and prejudices, they are the lineal descendants of a chivalrous race who were far in advance of the Christians around them. There they are living on the immediate confines of the happy community of European nations, who, though they may settle differences by fighting from time to time, have subscribed nevertheless to international understandings. There seems to be no obvious reason, on the face of things, why Morocco should not be as amenable to the benevolent influences of the rival commercial Powers as any other of the States of Africa, from Tunis or Egypt down to Zanzibar. It lies under the guns of Gibraltar and Ceuta: it is exposed along the length of an extended seaboard, where cruisers coming to anchor in favourable weather might knock the miserable ramparts of mud about the ears of defenders who have a horror of cannon. It "marches" with the French military colony of Algeria on the one side; while at the opposite corner its lighthouse on Cape Spartel, tended probably by a trio of retired British quartermasters, is the landmark for the fleets of European shipping that follow the South African trade-routes. It has no strength for organised resistance were it assailed or resolutely carried. The Sultan's irregular cavalry is irregular indeed; and his infantry is a mixed mob of tatterdemalions. But international jealousies assure the neutrality of the country and the sanctity of its abuses; and though our able English Minister has much to say with the Sultan, it is as well perhaps that —thanks to his residence being at Tangiers—he may appear to close his eyes to the atrocities it would be altogether beyond his power to prevent.

The story of Blue-beard's secret chamber is always repeating itself, being founded on what Sam Slick used to call "considerable knowledge of human nature;" and the backwardness and barbarous seclusion of the Moors are incentives to the explorations which are so seldom practicable. In the early immigrations of the fugitive Spanish Moslems, they carried with them the arts and the sciences which had made the glory of the court of the caliphs of Cordova. They have left their monuments behind them in Spain, in the marvellous architecture of their Alhambra and Alcazars, in their Giraldas and in mosques converted into cathedrals, where

the worshippers thread their way through forests of columns in an infinite variety of exquisite designs. And they found their kinsfolk who gave them a welcome into Africa scarcely behind them in learning or in the luxuries of architecture. There are mosques in Fez and Morocco at the present day which certainly date from the fourteenth century, and which are believed to be in no degree inferior to that of Cordova, though no Christian is permitted to pass the portals. So there is a lingering romance about the name of Moor, though much of it vanishes on more intimate acquaintance. Even when visitors are received with the outward pomp of hospitality, the sense of danger is always present, and the grotesque comedy of their everyday life may turn at any moment to a tragedy. You make your entry guarded by soldiers, through scowling and sullen mobs, under gates adorned by the heads of victims who have been summarily executed. The horsemen who are told off for your escort would willingly shed your blood and cast lots for your property were they not restrained by peremptory orders. The palace in which you may be housed is secured by a guard of honour; but it is only under the rose that you are permitted to show yourself on the roof, which commands a view of the domestic arrangements of your neighbours. For the terraces are set apart to the use of the ladies, and the unhallowed gaze of the infidel guests might sully the purity of the lights of the harem should it fall on their unveiled figures. The dignitaries who received you with stately courtesy are perhaps the most accomplished hypocrites on the face of the globe. With the pride of the place to which accident has elevated them, they are as bigoted as the lowest of their townsfolk, whom they may order to summary execution. What would be gratuitously horrible crimes, according to European ideas, are the unconsidered actions of everyday routine with them, and nothing can be more deceptive than external appearances. The most prepossessing of countenances in its serene self-assurance of dignity may be merely the mask which covers exceptional refinements of cruelty. By the way, we have a very striking illustration of that in the interesting volume which Messrs Hooker and Ball published on 'Morocco and the Great Atlas.' They had been most favourably impressed by the Governor of Shedma: even Sir Joseph Hooker, who had been taught by experience a well-founded distrust of oriental plausibility, had been greatly taken by that noble old man. He was "of venerable aspect, with remarkably fine features, and his conversation displayed a happy union of dignity and frankness." The surprise was the greater when, in discussing him with our vice-consul at Mogador, they learned that this seeming incarnation of respectability was in no way superior to his class. Only the year before his cordial reception of the English travellers, he had poisoned a couple of friends of the vice-consul's under specially infamous circumstances. And the manners and customs of the semi-barbarous Arabs who live in the *duars* or *tschars*—villages of canvas or of stone—are as picturesque as the wild scenery of the Atlas or of the oases scattered through the solitudes of the southern deserts, which are irrigated from the fountains that spring under their date-palms. Of course their hand is against every man—unless, indeed, the stranger comes to their tents under a guarantee they do not dare to disregard. Otherwise, even the rights of desert hospitality weigh lightly against the temptations of the

most paltry booty. Gerhard Rohlfs learned that to his cost, when he had been entertained by an Arab sheikh under circumstances of almost affectionate cordiality. In an evil hour he betrayed to his "friend and brother" his modest store of silver dollars. The sheikh speeded the parting guest, sending him forward under the guidance of a trusty companion; and the German *savant* was awakened from his next bivouac in the wilderness to see his worthy host standing over him with a smoking matchlock in his hand. He was slashed and stabbed repeatedly, robbed, and left for dead; and yet a couple of peasants who found him, on the third day after that, tended him with the tenderness of the Good Samaritan. They bound up his wounds and lacerated limbs as best they could, and carried him to the poverty-stricken hovel of their sheikh, who could not offer him even a change of clothes, but who stinted himself and his family of their scanty food, while they nursed and stuffed him into convalescence.

Morocco is pre-eminently the country of contrasts; and its natives experience that even more strikingly than strangers. The negro slave from the Soudan, who has been bought for a dozen of dollars, may be liberated to be the minister of ministers, and the *alter ego* of the Sultan; though more probably he may fall a victim to some caprice of his master, and die of his sufferings in a dungeon to which his servitude was paradise. The irresponsible governor of a province who disposes of his subjects and their property as he will, knows that he is only a sponge to be squeezed sooner or later. The courteous invitation to pay a visit to the capital comes to him like the bowstring to the Turkish pasha; and if he does not prudently deprecate his doom by the absolute surrender of his ill-gotten gains, in place of being received in the audience-hall of the palace, he will be consigned to the tender mercies of the tormentors. We can have no more striking proof of the strength of the lust for power and the love of money, than the way in which these men will intrigue for office, and commit atrocities for the wealth which so rarely profits them. As for the Jew, he lives and grows rich in Morocco on the terms of an even more precarious toleration than those under which he practised his usury among the European chivalry of crusading times. Not a few of the peculiar people are known to have amassed considerable fortunes, and possibly immense wealth. Although oppressed, and from time to time outraged and plundered, yet, in consideration of their usefulness as the brokers of commerce, they seem seldom to be absolutely stripped, like the governors who stand immeasurably above them. But they are not only confined like lepers to their quarters, as was the practice in some of the chief cities of Italy till the other day, but they dare only go abroad on their business in the meanest clothing. Their women, though often gorgeously dressed in their homes, hide the jewellery they cannot resist carrying about them in the bosoms of their dresses; and when one liberal-minded Sultan permitted the men to wear slippers in the streets, the populace nullified the concession by a series of murders. With all classes beneath the great officials, domestic comfort conceals itself within the most unpromising exterior. So soon as a man is getting into easy circumstances he begins to make greater parade of poverty; ostentatious magnificence is set off by surroundings of almost inconceivable filth and squalor; offensive uncleanliness and unwholesome diet

counteract the influences of this magnificent climate and the admirable hygienic teaching of Mohammedanism. The dignitaries who inherit sanctity as their birthright are sensualists and semi-sceptics on the sly; the popular saints are lunatics and idiots; and the character of the people changes with each district and its mode of government: while in the absence of either law or justice, there is nothing but military terror to keep the population in check.

There are three ways by which recent travellers have been able to penetrate into the interior of this remarkable country. The first, by going as private individuals, but on the recommendation of the agents of one of the great Powers, and in a pseudo-official character. The second, by declaring themselves proselytes to Mohammedanism, and adopting the habits and dress of the natives. The third, by attaching themselves to one of the special embassies which of late years have been occasionally accredited to the Sultan. The first is undoubtedly the least satisfactory, both for the travellers themselves and for those who read their books. It is true that the late Dr Leared, and Sir Joseph Hooker and Dr Ball, have written interesting volumes abounding in valuable information. That, men of intelligence and observation, gifted, moreover, with literary skill, could hardly fail to do. But at every turn you feel that they were hampered by the restrictions imposed by dislike and suspicion. Thus, Sir Joseph Hooker and his companions obtained from the Emperor an authorisation to travel through the intervention of our Foreign Office. Our influential envoy, Sir Drummond Hay, did everything in his power to forward their views. But the English Minister could not accompany them in person; and as they were merely protected by documents in place of the visible pomp and circumstance of strong military escorts, the local authorities, though civil, were passively obstructive almost everywhere. Even the officers in command of the handful of soldiers in attendance did their utmost to balk their employers' wishes. In the city of Morocco itself, at the instigation of the chief civil and military authorities, they were cavalierly treated and poorly housed, till they took the resolute tone which imposes on orientals, and made use of the name of her Britannic Majesty. The fact being, that until firmness brought them to their bearings, the Moors felt they might show with comparative impunity the repugnance they felt to Christian intrusion; nor in the cause of the travellers' journeys in the interior, did they concede to them an inch more than they could help. Moreover, the greater part of Messrs Hooker and Ball's volume is devoted to the botanical researches which were the object of their expedition, and consequently is caviare to the general reader.

It is far otherwise with that of Gerhard Rohlfs; and his book, from the first page to the last, has all the fascination of a romance. He had no companion. He had no papers, except a scrap or two that compromised him, when on one occasion he was seized and searched; although at his start from Tangiers, and once afterwards, he had the good fortune to obtain advice and assistance from Sir Drummond Hay. He had no money save the trifle he earned in the course of his peregrinations by his practice of medicine and rough-and-ready surgery. But he had any amount of enterprise, enthusiasm, and resolute determination, and he succeeded in passing several years in familiar intercourse with Moorish society, besides exploring those regions to

the south of the Atlas which had seldom or never been visited by Europeans. Though Dr Rohlfs was honoured with the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society—an honour his enterprise had well deserved—we fear we must add to his other qualifications for Moorish travel that of unscrupulousness. An unprotected Christian, as we have said, could not go beyond hearing of the guns on the batteries of Tangiers without being waylaid and robbed or murdered. Dr Rohlfs followed the example of other daring European adventurers who have slipped through the religious barriers of Mohammedan countries by adopting the dress with the tenets of Islam. He made no pretence of being a born Mussulman; for in the first place he felt that his inexperience would betray him, and in the next place, when he first began his wanderings, he knew barely a dozen words of the language. But in his character of renegade and converted Christian, he was bound to show a double portion of fervour; completing his sentences, when at a loss to express himself, with these pious religious ejaculations that are *de rigueur*. Possibly the quick-witted and suspicious natives estimated his zeal for his new faith at its true value. More than once he nearly attained at the hands of a bigoted mob, or by the sentence of fanatical judges, what would hardly in his case have been the honours of martyrdom. But from adventure to adventure, threading danger after danger, he made his way across the length and breadth of Morocco; and his adventures, marvellous as they were, bear the unmistakable stamp of veracity. They might make matter for the *Hadj* or pilgrimage of a German-Moorish Gil Blas; and are in themselves an epitome of the grotesque and perilous romance, which makes a period of travel and residence among the Moors read like a story from the 'Arabian Nights.'

Honoured after a fashion, and living in luxury to-day, he was a penniless and lonely wanderer on the morrow. Now he had a villa-palace assigned to himself at Fez, where the river, meandering along under the shade of the orange-groves, reminds one of the cool sylvan charms of the Genarilife at Granada, or of a *kiosque* in its gardens on the Tigris in the days of Haroun Al Raschid. Now he was trudging on foot in the train of a caravan, carrying a beggar's wallet slung to his shoulders—breaking his fast on a handful of dates with water, and claiming hospitality for the night from some villager. For a year or two he was the body physician and boon companion of the Grand Sherif, who is not only the greatest landowner in the empire, but who is the religious superior of the Sultan himself, and who covered the convert with the mantle of his own sanctity. Again, he was attached, by command of the Sultan, to the service of some powerful *kaid* or governor, and at one time he was in the household of the Sultan himself. In the course of unreserved conversation he listened to weighty secrets of state, any of which was a dangerous burden to carry. His medical knowledge introduced him into the harems, bringing him into contact with unveiled beauties who gladly welcomed his visits as distractions, and with whom he might very easily have been compromised. In administering his drugs, he had the fear before his eyes of being suspected of poisoning should the case end fatally, and of being punished for the death he had failed to prevent. All the time, indeed, his life was as much in danger as when he was travelling alone in the wild districts that are raided habitually by robber bands. A

sudden caprice of his patron for the time, a story whispered against him by some envious companion, and he might have been sentenced, executed, and buried out of sight. Though habit and firm nerves may have helped him, the sense of that perpetual tension must have been terrible. Even when treated with most regard, he knew himself to be only a prisoner at large. An open application for leave to depart would probably have consigned him to a dungeon. And it is characteristic of his nerve and iron resolution that when, by dexterous and rather deceitful diplomacy, he did obtain permission to go beyond the reach of surveillance, he should have persevered in his intention of pressing on into the interior. When he arrived at one of the seaports on the western coast, and saw a squadron of merchantships from Europe riding at their moorings in the roadstead, we should have fancied that he must have been irresistibly tempted to embark, leaving the land of violence and horrors behind him. That natural idea never appears to have occurred to him. Thoroughly appreciating the pleasure of civilised intercourse, and even the Christian luxuries of knives and forks, he declined the hospitable invitations of the English consul, in the fear of being compromised by going under his roof. Deliberately turning his back on the door of retreat, though he had already done enough to make himself a reputation, he travelled south-eastwards into the deserts that lie beyond the outskirts of even Moorish law. From Agadir he passed by Tarudant, over the range that may be called the Southern Anti-Atlas, to the Draa Oasis, which is the outpost and *entrepôt* of the extensive trade carried on with the negro States to the southward. From thence, turning northward to the oasis of Tafilet, famous for some of the finest date-palms in the world, he met with the suggestive adventure we have already alluded to, escaping from it with life by a miracle, though it left him grievously maimed. Then dragging himself north-eastward, along the confines of the desert, he finally reached the French fortress of Géryville, where, with the remark that all his troubles were at an end, he tells us how he revelled through a confinement of many weeks in the comparative luxuries of the garrison hospital. And we may be sure that his Moorish patrons of the towns would not have left him to the chances of being assassinated in the desert had they known that they had "a chiel amang them takin' notes," with the full intention of going home to print them.

Signor Edmondo de Amicis,* whose picturesquely written and beautifully illustrated volume suggested to us the idea of the present article, needed to make no pretence of concealing his literary intentions had the Moors cared to inquire into them. A publicist by profession, he obtained leave to attach himself to a mission from the King of Italy, as correspondent of an Italian newspaper. Travelling as he did, with every available comfort, in extremely agreeable society, and in all imaginable security, we fancy that few men could have been better fitted for the task. Starting in Gerhard Rohlfs's circumstances, if we are to believe himself, he would certainly have turned back on the road that led from Tangiers to Tetuan, where Rohlfs's companion disappeared with the bundle containing all his worldly property,

* Morocco: its People and Places. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by C. Rollin-Tilton. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co., London.

which he had kindly volunteered to carry. But Signor de Amicis is a humorist; and we suppose we must take what he says of himself *cum grano.* He tells us that he selected the mule he was to ride, more with regard to its peaceable demeanour than to its spirit, paces, or staying powers. He affects to experience nervous tremors when he is accidentally separated, for an hour or two, from the body of the caravan; and when his eye is caught by the streams of blood trickling down one of the gates of Fez, he dare not raise his eyes to the newly-decapitated heads that indicated the latest act of "justice." But whether the Signor's timidity be real or assumed, we could desire no more lively companion; and possibly we may be indebted to the quickness of his sensibilities for the graphic freshness of his impressions. A couple of professional artists accompanied the expedition; but we take it for granted, from the intimation on the title-page, that the clever illustrations are done by the author himself; and if that be the case, we can compliment him as being as much a master of his pencil as of his pen. The picturesque varieties of the life and manners, as of the scenery and architecture of such a country as Morocco, can be best conveyed to us in telling sketches. We can follow the course of the author's journey, and realise the sights that surprised and entertained him during his city residence, by running the eye rapidly over his pages. We have types of the various nationalities that make up the mixed population, with the quaint and impressive characteristics of their graceful garb. There are the wealthy Moors in all the pomp of their flowing *haiks* and voluminous turbans—rank impostors they must be, according to all accounts, with their airs of false benevolence and dignity; though not a few of them, in their thick lips and flattened noses, show the unmistakable signs of the slave-blood in their veins. There are the Jews, with keen intelligent features, but with the obsequious bend in their stooping shoulders imposed on them by long centuries of oppression. Then comes a group of the savage mountaineers of the Riff coast, with sullen scowl and truculent bearing, carrying long matchlocks on their shoulders in cases of scarlet leather. True to their prowling habits in their native hills, they always, as we are informed, move about in small parties, making no secret of the sentiments with which they regard the stranger. There are troops of the wild horsemen from the country districts, dashing about on their fiery undersized steeds in games of mimic warfare. There is the caravan, with its horses, mules, and camels, and a straggling train of luggage-men on foot, winding its weary way across the burning desert. There is the rickety ferry-boat, newly caulked up with clay for the passage, that is to transport its freight of men and heavily-laden animals across the stream of some rapid river. On one page we have an illustration of the primitive system of agriculture — a pair of draught-oxen, or a goat yoked with a donkey to a "plough" that scratches the surface of the soil; on the opposite one, "the punishment of the bastinado," unpleasantly suggestive of the sufferings of the victim, and of the sublime indifference of the stalwart executioners. And by way of a change to softer or more sensational scenes, we have a group of the beauties in some aristocratic harem, where the flowers have been culled from a variety of climates; or glimpses into the interior of such shady courtyards as the *patios* of Seville or Cordova have been modelled after; or imposing pieces of municipal archi-

tecture, like that magnificent gateway at Mequinez, which seems to have been toned down rather than injured by time, though it must have been executed by the best art of the middle ages.

Signor de Amicis naturally prefaces his narrative by an account of the country and the people among whom he was to travel; and as his sketch is brief and comprehensive, we can hardly do better than quote it:—

"This country, shut in by the Mediterranean, Algeria, the Desert of Sahara, and the ocean; crossed by the great chain of the Atlas; bathed by wide rivers, opening into immense plains; with every variety of climate; endowed with inestimable riches in all the three kingdoms of nature; destined by its position to be the great commercial highroad between Europe and Central Asia,—is now occupied by about 8,000,000 of inhabitants—Berbers, Moors, Arabs, Jews, Negroes, and Europeans—sprinkled over a more vast extent of country than that of France. The Berbers, who form the basis of the indigenous population—a savage, turbulent, and indomitable race—live in the inaccessible mountains of the Atlas in almost complete independence of the imperial authority. The Arabs, the conquering race, occupy the plains—a nomadic and pastoral people, not entirely degenerated from their ancient haughty character. The Moors, corrupted and crossed by Arab blood, are in great part descended from the Moors of Spain, and, inhabiting the cities, hold in their hands the wealth, trade, and commerce of the country. The blacks, about 500,000, originally from the Soudan, are generally servants, labourers, and soldiers. The Jews, almost equal in number to the blacks, descend, for the most part, from those who were exiled from Europe in the middle ages, and are oppressed, hated, degraded, and persecuted here more than in any other country in the world. They exercise various arts and trades, and in a thousand ways display the ingenuity, pliability, and tenacity of their race, finding in the possession of money torn from their oppressors a recompense for all their woes. The Europeans, whom Mussulman intolerance has, little by little, driven from the interior of the empire towards the coast, number less than 2000 in all Morocco, the greater part inhabiting Tangiers, and living under the protection of the consular flags."

The present Sultan is by no means illiberal in his ideas, if we may take his language for the expression of his thoughts. He explained, in the audience he granted to the Italian envoy, that he was quite disposed to move with the times, though unfortunately it was impossible that he should move quickly; nor could anybody who had the opportunity of making acquaintance with his subjects refuse to admit the validity of the excuse. Notwithstanding that, we can easily believe that he shares his subjects' disinclination to the intrusion of foreigners; and the more enlightened the ruler may be, the less can he like inquisitions into the eccentricities of his maladministration. It must be admitted, however, that when he consents to receive a guest he does not do things by halves. According to popular renown he is immensely wealthy; and both Rohlfs and De Amicis listened to marvellous accounts of the amounts of coin stored away in the cellars of his treasure-house at Mequinez. The Italian gentlemen were informed in a hushed voice, and with mysterious gestures, that it contained five hundred millions of francs; that they were stored in a palace within a palace, lighted only from the roof, and approached by vaulted passages, strongly defended by grated doors; that the subterranean treasury is beneath a grand central hall; that three hundred negroes, four times in the year, shovel in the gold and silver sent by the Sultan; and that those slaves who are intrusted with the dangerous secrets

are kept close prisoners in the palace. Once ordered within its fatal gates, they never pass them again till carried out for burial. Some part of the legend is no doubt true; but it is a natural enough notion of the superstitious Moors to put their treasure under the care of restless spirits, by condemning its guardians to imprisonment and death. The buccaneers did precisely the same thing when they concealed their booty on the "Keys" of the Spanish main. In spite of the expenses of recent wars, and the lavish prodigality of some of his predecessors, the present Sultan is believed to be rich; and rich as he is, he can afford to be liberal in his hospitality, since his manner of practising it costs him comparatively little. He furnished the animals, the escort, and the tent-equipment for the train of the envoy; and all was on the most sumptuous and liberal scale. There were forty-five horses, and upwards of seventy mules,—all the animals intended for riders being well appointed and caparisoned. There were tents and pavilions of all dimensions, some of them large enough to contain twenty persons —all of them from the private establishment of his Moorish Majesty, who is in the habit of shifting his residence among the three capitals, attended by hundreds of his wives and concubines. There was a guard of his Majesty's regular soldiers, under the command of one of his generals. Yet, from the first, in all that appearance of generosity the stranger could detect symptoms of the abuses of a shabbily-managed administration. Most of the horses were in wretched condition, for the miserably-paid grooms in charge of them had converted the best part of the forage into cash. The special and permanent escort from the capital was slender, being swelled on the successive stages of the journey by a more numerous muster provided by each province; while the provisions which were supplied in lavish profusion were levied as a special tax on the country-people in the neighbourhood of the successive halting-places.

The *mouna* or *muna*, like the *dustar* of the Turcomans of Central Asia, is one of the most characteristic features of Moorish travel. To do the Moors simple justice, the practice of hospitality is of universal observance among them. With the exception of the *fundas* or caravanseras in the cities, there are no places of public entertainment in the country; and a man claims to-day, as matter of right, the food and shelter he will offer to-morrow. So much, indeed, is that regarded as a right, that, as Rohlfs tells us, if a guest considers himself shabbily treated, he will have no hesitation in abusing his entertainer. But while an obscure wayfarer like Rohlfs sought his billets in the nearest house or hovel, the gentlemen who were travelling under the protection of the Emperor were received with very different ceremony. Even Messrs Hooker and Ball, in the valleys of the Atlas, though kept under unpleasantly strict surveillance, were supplied almost beyond the capacities of their attendants, who did their best to gorge themselves several times in the day. Moreover, such costly imported luxuries as French wax-candles and fine-flavoured Pekoe were not unfrequently added for the use of the Englishmen. It may be imagined, then, on what a magnificent scale were the *munas* that were offered to the flying column of the great Italian embassy. On the first occasion, the *muna* came as a surprise to them. The tents had been pitched in a barren valley, near a miserable hamlet of hovels built of stubble, and half hidden in the

scrub of the prickly pear; when a soldier came running in to announce the *muna*, and forthwith it was introduced in a solemn procession. A long string of Arabs, followed by the hungry soldiers of the escort and the servants of the legation, defiled before the ambassador, depositing their burdens at his feet. These consisted of coal, eggs, sugar, butter, candles, bread, poultry, and eight sheep. Stuffing the guest, in oriental courtesy, is invariably a mark of extreme civility; and though the provincial dignitaries of Morocco seemed sometimes to push this vicarious hospitality to excess, yet probably they gauged by experience the illimitable voracity of their countrymen. On one occasion, after a most ample *muna*, a governor, conscious of some breach of courtesy to repair, sent a second immediately afterwards on his own account. Yet we do not hear that there was any difficulty in disposing of it, although the camp must already have been crammed to satiety; and though it was certain that their next repast would be provided in the ordinary course.

The reliefs of the local escorts of cavalry were as regular as the appearance of the *muna*. The governor of the one province, or his deputy in command, saw the strangers nearly to the limits of his territory; when sooner or later, over some rise in the rolling landscape, or emerging from a cloud of dust on the expanse of the sandy plain, appeared the fresh body of horsemen who were to take them over into charge. Doubtless there were reasons of prudence and policy for not bringing the mounted neighbours face to face: for the different districts, peopled by men of different races, are often at war; raids and robberies are of constant occurrence, and standing blood-feuds must be not unfrequent. Here is the description of one of those imposing relays, when, turning the corner of a gloomy gorge and suddenly emerging into the sunshine, the caravan found itself in front of a striking spectacle: "Three hundred horsemen, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and scattered in a sort of grand disorder, came towards us at full speed, with their muskets held aloft, as if they were rushing to the assault. It was the escort from the province of Laracce, preceded by the governor and his officials, coming to relieve the escort of Had-el-Garbia." Wild-looking as all those bodies of horsemen were, they exhibited very different degrees of savagery, and varying shades of morality and respectability. In the country of such a tribe as the Beni-Hassan, for example, although the question, *quis custodiet custodes?* must have been perpetually presenting itself unpleasantly to the protected, it was the more necessary to be under the formal guardianship of the chief who answered for the behaviour of his followers. "What kind of people are the Beni-Hassan?" demanded De Amicis of the interpreter. "Thieves and murderers; faces from the other world; the worst crew in Morocco," was the far from reassuring answer. And naturally the Signor's curiosity was excited to the uttermost when they were expecting the arrival of their robber-escort.

"The faces from another world were not long in coming. We saw in advance a great cloud of dust, and in a few minutes were surrounded by a throng of three hundred mounted savages in green, yellow, white, violet, and scarlet, ragged, dishevelled, and panting, as if they had just come out of a fray. In the midst of the thick dust they raised, we could discern their governor—a long-haired, black-bearded giant, who, followed by two hoary vice-governors, all armed with muskets, approached the ambassador, pressed his hand, and then disappeared. Immediately, the usual firing, charging,

and yelling began. They seemed frantic. They fired between the legs of our mules, over our heads, and close to our shoulders. Seen from a distance, they must have looked like a band of assassins assailing us. They were formidable old men with long white beards, all skin and bone, but looking as if they might live for centuries; and young men with long locks of black hair flying like manes. Many had their chests more or less bare, turbans in tatters, and red rags twisted round the head: *caics* torn, saddles broken, bridles made of cord, old sabres and poignards of strange forms. And such faces! 'It is absurd,' said the commandant, 'to suppose that these people will be capable of the self-sacrifice of not killing us.' Every one of these faces told a story of blood. They looked at us as they passed, out of the corners of their eyes, as if to hide the impression of their glance."

The manner and morals of this unpleasant people by no means belied their villanous looks. Theft is their avowed profession, and they take rank according to their dexterity in it. The boys are put in training from their most tender ages; and the youth are told off to particular departments, according to the capabilities they develop. They go to work like an organised gang of London burglars on circuits far beyond their immediate beat. They are in the habit of lying in wait in the towns to attack the Jews, who are compelled by law to go unarmed, and who are generally worth plundering. Like mounted Indians, they go great distances on horseback to make sudden descents on unsuspecting *duars*. They will dismount, and, like some of the low-caste Hindoos, strip to the skin, soap themselves all over, and slip within the precincts of the village, for the dogs will not bark at a naked man. "They glide upon the ground like snakes, covered with grass, with straw, with leaves, dressed in sheepskins, disguised as beggars, as madmen, as saints, as soldiers. They will risk their lives for a chicken, and go ten miles for a dollar. They will even steal a bag of money from under the head of a sleeping man." In short, they are the very subjects for a thrilling local criminal romance in the *genre* of Mr Harrison Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard;' and we have dwelt on their methods of proceeding at some length, because they admirably illustrate the misrule of Morocco. They terrorise the surrounding country far and near, levying heavy contributions of black-mail on the villages that derive exemption from their depredations. It may be said, no doubt, that it is not so very long since gentlemen caterans like Rob Roy drove a flourishing business in Scotland. But, at all events, Rob Roy was proscribed and hunted down; and he had his headquarters in the fastnesses of a remote Highland district: while those Moorish robbers thrive on their ill-gotten gains in a country open to the irregular cavalry, of which their Emperor has so many in his pay; and their bands infest the roads between the court and his capitals, which are habitually travelled by his caravans and treasure-trains.

Next to the savage bearing of so many of the inhabitants, what struck the embassy most on their inland march was the unpeopled and uncultivated condition of the country. Agriculture, as we have said, is still in its infancy there; or rather, perhaps, it may be said to have fallen back into its second childhood — since doubtless the Moorish farmers of the middle ages were more intelligent, if not more industrious, than their descendants. We hear of the long marches over broken ground, "covered with dwarf palms, broom, and wild plums and fennel;" through a succession of green valleys, monotonous in the sameness of their beauty,

and whose banks were clothed with the aloe and wild olive. As the caravan rose and passed each successive ridge, so far as the eye could reach, it rested on no sign of habitation. Occasionally they would come to a point where the scattered herds of cattle intimated that there must be some dwelling in the neighbourhood. Again, as the track emerged from the labyrinths of a natural shrubbery, they would enter "on a vast plain, all covered with flowers, violet and yellow." That rough luxuriance of unreclaimed nature was interspersed, no doubt, with broad stretches of barren sand, on which, by the way, they suffered horribly from the heat, on the return march from Fez in the month of June. But the general impression was that of immense natural wealth, rarely turned to profit, and generally running to waste; and of a country that should make the fortunes of agriculturists and merchants, were it only blessed with a tolerable Government.

The entomologist, too, might make himself happy there, if his enthusiasm rose superior to the weaknesses of the flesh; though it must be confessed that the locusts would be a scourge to the farming interest. As Signor de Amicis and his companions happened to have no taste in that way, they suffered and complained bitterly. Exhausted as they were with heat and hard riding, the anxiously expected noonday siesta too often became a matter of form. "Hardly had we stretched ourselves upon the ground, when we were assaulted, tormented, stung upon every side, as if we had chosen a bed of nettles; caterpillars, spiders, monstrous ants, hornets, and grasshoppers, big, impudent, and determined, swarmed about us. . . . Close by them was a monstrous spider's web, spread over some bushes, like a sheet hung out to dry." In other places they had warnings of the evils to come, in the ominous buzzing from the long grass. "The ants were moving in long black lines, beetles were in bunches, and grasshoppers were as thick as flies." It was impossible to secure the tents from the intrusion of monstrous spiders and lizards, and of centipedes half a foot long; while the ordinary domestic bug abounded, and was extraordinarily voracious. Snakes and scorpions were so common everywhere, that it seems a marvel that no one of the party was bitten by them. As for the locusts, with their innumerable hordes, the account of their periodical visitations is appalling. One of the ambassador's attendants described them to the Signor with animated eloquence; and from what we gather in confirmation from prosaic Western authorities, it would be difficult for even an oriental to exaggerate their horrors. "A black cloud! You can hear the noise from afar off. They have their sultan, the Sultan Jerad, who guides them. They cross roads and fields, houses, *duars*, and woods. The cloud grows and grows, and comes and comes, and eats and eats and eats, passes rivers, passes walls, passes fields; destroys grass, flowers, leaves, fruit, grain, bark of trees, and goes and goes." And what De Amicis asserts seems to be an ascertained fact,—that the horrible effluvia from the myriads of the dead, have been known on one occasion to breed contagious epidemics, and at least a terrible pestilence.

As the novelty of their sensations wore off, and the picturesque effects began to pall on them, the travellers wearied for the end of the tedious march, and looked wistfully for the sight of the minarets of the capital. But Fez lies low: the circuit of the castellated walls is in no way striking; their first impressions of the interior were decidedly disen-

chanting, and were only confirmed on closer acquaintance. The existence of wealth and splendour may be surmised, but the signs of poverty and human degradation are more conspicuous; and the people, who took no pains to conceal their hate, were in appearance the reverse of prepossessing.

"The first impression is that of an immense city, falling into decrepitude and slowly decaying. Tall houses, which seemed formed of houses piled one upon the other, all falling to pieces, cracked from roof to base, propped up on every side, with no opening save some loophole in the shape of a cross; long stretches of street, flanked by two high bare walls like the walls of a fortress; streets running up hill and down, encumbered with stones and the ruins of fallen buildings, twisting and turning at every thirty paces; every now and then a long curved passage, dark as a cellar, where you have to feel your way; blind alleys, recesses, dens full of bones, dead animals, heaps of putrid matter; the whole steeped in a dim and melancholy twilight. In some places the ground is so broken, the dust so thick, the smell so horrible, the flies are so numerous, that we have to stop to take breath."

But Morocco, as we observed already, is the country of contrasts, and these external appearances were to some extent deceptive. The embassy were agreeably surprised by the comfort of the quarters assigned to them; and the description of the interior of this palace gives a good idea of the residences of the wealthiest Moorish dignitaries.

"The house was a princely mansion in the purest Moorish style, with a small garden shaded by parallel rows of orange and lemon trees. From the garden you entered the interior court by a low door, and thence into a corridor large enough for only one person to pass. Around the court were twelve white pilasters, joined by as many arches of a horse-shoe form, which supported an arched gallery furnished with a wooden balustrade. The pavement of the court, gallery, and chambers was one splendid mosaic of little squares of enamel of brilliant colours; the arches were painted in Arabesque, the balustrade carved in delicate open work; the whole building designed with a grace and harmony worthy of the architects of the Alhambra. In the middle of the court there was a fountain, and another one with three jets of water was in a carved and ornamented niche in the wall."

The law that forbids the admission of Christians to the celebrated mosques of El-Caruin and Muley-Edris, are not relaxed for the members of the Mission. Yet, looking in from the street through the open doors, it could be seen that, though fallen from their high estate, they still retained much of their early magnificence. Meantime, while awaiting the presentation to the Emperor, the Italians were treated with all courtesy by his ministers. Chief of these, and the most remarkable, is Sid-Moussa, who speedily sent them an invitation to a breakfast of ceremony. His rise from the dregs of Central African society to the exercise of almost absolute power, reads almost like a fairy tale even in the East, and could hardly have been possible out of Morocco. Nor even in Morocco could he have climbed so high, and kept his place so long, had he not had extraordinary natural abilities. When he received the Mission, he occupied much the same position there as Prince Bismarck in the new German Empire. His was the master-mind that governed the Sultan and his fellow-ministers, and which was supposed really to direct the policy of the State, so far as the central authority reaches. Yet Sid-Moussa was brought up as a slave, and could have had few of the advantages of even a Moorish education. His appearance, if De Amicis does not exaggerate its peculiarities,

must have been as strange as his checkered career and his fortunes.

"A man of about sixty; a dark mulatto of middle height, with an immense oblong head, two fiery eyes of a most astute expression, a great flat nose, a monstrous mouth, two rows of big teeth, and an immeasurable chin; yet in spite of these hideous features, an affable smile, an expression of benignity, of voice and manners of the utmost courtesy."

The features and figure of the great minister, whose nearest kinsfolk were probably sweating under the stick in the rice-fields of their native Soudan, might have served as a foil to those of his autocratic master. The one might have passed for the hideous monster of fable, set to guard the approaches to some enchanted beauty; the other for the incarnation of princely fascinations, who was destined to break the charm. We can hardly help suspecting that Signor de Amicis has thrown in some touches for effect, when we turn to his dazzling portrait of the Sultan. The day came when his Majesty deigned to receive the Mission; and a great surprise awaited them. They had figured to themselves a bloated and truculent despot: they saw "the handsomest and most charming young fellow that had ever excited the fancy of an odalisque." He had soft eyes and delicately-cut features, with "a noble face, full of sadness and gentleness." Young, handsome, and light-hearted, it seemed an effort to him to preserve the gravity indispensable to an occasion so solemn; but they gathered an idea of his dignity and immeasurable power, from the profound veneration of his subjects who encircled him. "He seemed not a monarch, but a god." And who can wonder that such a country is misgoverned, when all depends on the character of an absolute despot, who is surrounded by slavish and venal counsellors, who is brought up to believe himself the sun of his system, and who can seldom hear the truth by any chance? Muley-el-Hassan must have been one of the most favourable specimens of his dynasty, yet Morocco was as miserably misgoverned as ever. Nevertheless the omnipotent monarch was affable, and he entirely won the hearts of his guests.

As they passed the troops of his body-guard under inspection, the Italians had some opportunity of judging of his military power. It is certain that the Moors showed great bravery in their campaigns with the French and Spaniards, defending their positions with dogged determination in spite of the wretched inferiority of their weapons; and occasionally making desperate charges, in which they fell, with the ferocious courage of fanaticism. But it is probable that it was the more sturdy levies from the country districts who were the bone and sinew of the Moorish army. Nothing could be more ludicrously discreditable than the show of the regiments at Fez, though they may be supposed to have been the crack corps of the service; and Gerhard Rohlfs reports no better of them in his day. They were of all ages and sizes; some wore uniforms, and many were in rags; "they came from the desert, from the coast, and the mountains;" while a large proportion of the rank and file were boys who looked like vicious street *gamins*.

Notwithstanding their eagerness to reach Fez, a little of that city went a long way with the Mission, and their lively curiosity was speedily sated. It was the cooking, even more than their dread of the heat, on the return journey to Tangiers, that made them desire to hasten their departure. Rohlfs, who half denationalised himself, was far less

particular; but more fastidious travellers, like Messrs Hooker and Ball, plead guilty to precisely similar feelings. Everything was supplied to the Englishmen in superabundance, but they found no nourishment in the mutton and fowls, while the native "made-dishes" turned their stomachs. The succession of formal banquets, where they were forced to stuff, and denied the wine that might have helped digestion, were terrible ordeals to the Italians. Here is the *menu* of Sid-Moussa's State breakfast, as given by Signor de Amicis, and with that we shall close our notice of his experiences and adventures in Morocco:—

"We seated ourselves, and were served at once. Twenty-eight dishes, without counting the sweets! Twenty-eight immense dishes, every one of which would have been enough for twenty people, of all forms, odours, and flavours; monstrous pieces of mutton on the spit, chickens (with pomatum), game (with cold cream), fish (with cosmetics), livers, puddings, vegetables, eggs, salads, all with the same dreadful combinations, suggestive of the barber's shop; sweetmeats, every mouthful of which was enough to purge a man of any crime he had ever committed: and with all this, large glasses of water, into which we squeezed lemons that we had brought in our pockets; then a cup of tea, sweetened to syrup; and finally, an irruption of servants, who deluged the table, the walls, and ourselves with rose-water."

We should say, in fact, that travel in Morocco, notwithstanding the many objects of interest, is one of the things that are more enjoyable in the retrospect than in reality. But if it still pleases the Moors to keep strangers at arm's-length, it is satisfactory to reflect that the changes of time have put an end to the intercourse they used to force upon Europeans. One shudders to think of the fate of the Christians condemned to perpetual slavery with such a people, in the days when the famous Sallee rovers were the terror of all the neighbouring coasts; and should the country ever accept the blessings of civilisation, it is certain that the philanthropists will have their work cut out for them.

RUSSIA AND NIHILISM IN THE NOVELS OF M. TOURGÉNIEF.

M. Tourgénief has taken the first step towards immortality—such immortality as can be achieved by the minstrel of modern times, the social historian and prophet, whose revelations take the form of fiction. He has known how to please, as the French say, the critical class, the guides of public opinion. In France and England and America he is the fashion. Those who reckon themselves for something in the world—the leading intelligences, the intellectual lights of society—have placed themselves at his feet. This cult is a kind of test among the many tests by which the *illuminati* recognise each other. "We know of several excellent critics," says Mr Henry James, "who, to the question, Who is the first novelist of the day?" would reply, without hesitation, "Ivan Tourgénief." The University of Oxford, at its last annual celebration, bestowed its crimson robes and highest honorary degree—an honour, so far as we are aware, not offered to either Thackeray or Dickens—on the great Russian novelist (to be sure, when a yearly list has to be made out, celebrities must run short occasionally). Thus the highest

certification of value that can be given has been given in the case of M. Tourgénief. The popular voice has not yet, however, been added to that of those high-placed witnesses—and in England, at least, the general reader knows little of him but his name. So far as we are aware, only a few of his works have been translated into English, and these have been received more as studies of a society entirely unknown to us, and in manner and thought extremely unlike our own, than as works of genius worthy of the highest consideration on their own merits. But these remarkable stories have all been done into French, that universal language, which, though it may have lost of late something of its practical ascendancy on the Continent as the universal medium of communication, still remains the courteous interpreter of all far-away and unknown tongues in literature. At the present moment, when Russia affords an interesting and curious spectacle to all the world, any means of arriving at a just conception of the country which alone of all the great modern empires still remains unknown to ordinary travellers, is important; and we know of none so likely to convey a clear idea of the inner life of that mysterious nation, than those careful pictures of her families and manners which have secured the approval of the Russian public before coming to our hands. Here we find the Russian noble in all his varieties, from the prince with vast domains and tribes of serfs (but not much of him), to the smallest landed proprietor, with estates consisting, according to the old computation, of not more than a dozen or twenty souls; and the Russian peasant, emancipated and unemancipated, from the familiar and kind retainer to whom the interests of his lord are entirely his own, and who has been trained from his childhood to an affectionate and not very onerous service, to the suspicious and greedy cotter, and the bitter village tradesman, bitten by Nihilism, religious and political, who believes neither in God nor the Tzar.

Writers less able than M. Tourgénief, and at the same time less natural, have drawn for us *à plusieurs reprises*, the picturesque figure of the great Russian princess, the finest production of a barbarous age, with her despotic Tartar nature hid behind the most exquisite veil of modern civilisation, and with something of the large and grand qualities of power, as well as the cruel superiority to human suffering which so often accompanies it. Such a personage is to be found in many French novels and sketches of contemporary life, though not often in our own literature. She flourishes in the later works of Madame Augustus Craven, in which she appears with all the repetition and minute exactness of a portrait from the life; and we are now well acquainted with this *bizarre* and picturesque mixture of the old and the new, the gross and the refined, and with the elegant free-thinking toleration and philosophy which have not the least modifying effect upon the brutal directness of action of which she is capable when the occasion requires. The grand-seigneurial life of which such a woman may be the head, was put on the French stage not long ago with great success in the otherwise not very original play of the "Danischeffs." But there are few instances of the character in the works of Tourgénief. His profounder acquaintance with his subject, and more complete understanding of the life of the nation to which he belongs, has led him to scenes still more original than those in which

the Russian princess of fiction lives and reigns. He opens to us the humbler houses of Russian gentlefolks—those smaller potentates who, though absolute masters and lords over so many souls, were still no more important than the little squires of English rural society: and in some cases not very different—save in so far as that grand particular of power made them—from the serfs over whom they held absolute sway. It is in this class that he finds his favourite subjects, just as in England the same low level of aristocracy furnishes us with our most congenial studies of life and manners. Princesses soon pall upon palates not accustomed to high flavours, but the smaller proprietors—curiously translated in French "*seigneurs terriers*"—afford to the Russian novelist, in all their varieties, scope and range enough for many a curious scene. M. Tourgénief carries us with no sweep and grandeur of seigneurial equipage, but in *tarantass* and *telega*, across the long monotonous steppes, or through the vast flats of cultivated country, to the remote villages, each one with its little great house, in bare and lonely dignity among the cottages, with a little crowd of dependants surrounding the reigning family; the little homely king and queen, living in unbounded and kindly familiarity, yet arrogant despotism, amid their obsequious court; the sons arriving from Moscow or Petersburg full of new ideas, making a hundred petty revolutions in every district, and sapping every foundation of the old *régime*—even its lingering belief in itself. The glimpses of extraordinary relationships, of which we now and then become aware, the wild theoretical freedom with which these young philosophers profess to disregard all legal ties, scarcely touch the purity of the general atmosphere. Soft morning leisure, fresh and idyllic; cool and dewy evenings, quaint family interiors, pervaded by the warmth of that invariable *samovar* which is so curiously unlike, yet so identical with, the English tea-urn of Cowper's day, now totally gone out of fashion,—abound throughout all those varied dramas. But the general effect is sad. The sky lies low and grey over the great flats; the air responds more naturally to the sighs of human dissatisfaction than to any happier sound. When happiness is attained at all, it is at the cost of misery somewhere. The only thing stirring is a restless spirit, not so much of thought as of thinking—the commotion of discontent, the feverish movement of intelligences which know nothing more than that everything that is, is bad, and rest not to be found anywhere in heaven or earth.

Apart from the power which is in these books as expositions of human life, this special revelation of Russian society is of the highest interest at the present moment, when Nihilism, uncomprehended even in its own country, appears to us at this distance in still more mysterious confusion,—whether as a real spirit of majestic and terrible import, or as a bogy turnip-lantern with a red light of vulgar accidental crime stuck into it for the moment, it is difficult to tell. In almost all Tourgénief's books there is more or less allusion to the excited state of the Russian intelligence; and in some of them this is the chief subject. The last of his works, and one of those which has been translated into English, is almost wholly occupied with it. The heroes and heroines of 'Virgin Soil' are, indeed, all Nihilists, of an imaginative and romantic kind;

and the personages opposed to them —the representatives of the more solid Conservative element — are placed at the strongest disadvantage, and represented in a very unfavourable light. Yet we can scarcely say that the tendencies of the writer are towards the new and mysterious sect to which he affiliates these young and ignorant and hapless neophytes, since nothing can be more clearly set forth than the pitiful confusion of ideas and crudeness of theories among them, and the fatal influence which their opinions have upon their lives. A dull and inscrutable web of conspiracy, coming to nothing — no one very well knowing what it is meant to come to; a tyranny of mysterious chiefs and aims; a despairing confusion and sense of failure on the part of the victims,—in short, all the usual consequences of hasty and half comprehended revolutionary schemes upon the innocent enthusiasts who pay the cost of them, make up the painful picture of Nihilism as M. Tourgénief represents it. Yet all that he opposes to it is more miserable than itself. The representatives of order are servile and arrogant, displaying all the worst qualities of a tyrannical system—those of cringing humility to the superior oppressor, and of cruel despotism, in their turn, over those below them; while the mass of the population, on behalf of which the young revolutionaries are ready to throw everything — principles, affections, life, and honour itself — to the winds, look on with stupid, narrow eyes of incomprehension, as little touched by the heart, and still less sympathetic in the intellect than their lords. This is a picture so painful that we shrink from dwelling upon it. And it is the termination, so far as Time and our author have gone, of the drama. It will be better, however, for the reader, who is not acquainted with Tourgénief, to give him a glimpse first of some of the earlier works, in which the novelist sets Russia itself before us, and human nature as shaped and varied by national character, before we come to the latest, in which all the painful fermentations of the national mind are painfully checked, and brought to a bewildering end.

The first work which made him known to the world was the 'Souvenirs d'un Chasseur;'—detached sketches, scarcely to be called stories, of Russian rural life, such as a wandering sportsman might encounter by night and day, in the chance lodgings in which he found himself when belated or sheltering from an unexpected storm. In these all classes of the peasantry figure—from the well-to-do countryman, whom a kind master has permitted to flourish and grow rich, but who declines to buy his emancipation, and shows himself entirely contented with his lot; and the comfortable freedman and peasant-proprietor, whose position is like that of an English yeoman: through all the lower classes of the village hierarchy, to the swarming servants of the seignorial house, subject to all the caprices of the master and mistress. It is said that these sketches influenced the Czar in the emancipation of the serfs,—a noble effect to be produced by the first preludes of a new writer, unaccustomed as yet to the instrument upon which it was his gift to play. From these sketches the reader will learn more about the state of Russia before the emancipation than from many elaborate volumes. The *gros paysan*, simple, rustical, and ignorant, yet cunning as any serpent, full of wiles and acquisitiveness; the intendant who screws him to the last farthing, and at the same time cheats the master in whose interest he is supposed to pinch the

vassals; the seigneurs themselves, scarcely more happy, — the old among them, harassed and pushed into ways unknown to them by the presence of new ideas; the young embarrassed by the very force of these new ideas, not knowing how to put them into practice, and offending the populace whom they mean to conciliate; — all this is spread before us in the panorama of existence which slowly rolls out under the narrator's hands. We are not sure that it is not among the latter class of subjects that M. Tourgénief is most happy; but here is a brief sketch of the possibilities always hanging over an unfortunate peasant in the anti-emancipation era, which is as striking as any episode of a tyrannical system which we can remember to have seen anywhere. It is taken from a curious and not very attractive story, called 'Pounine and Babourine,' * and is told as a common incident enough in the life of a peasant—one which might happen at any moment.

"My grandmother loved order and exactness in everything; even our garden had to be kept with the greatest order and nicety. For this end a troop of poor peasants—retainers too old for service, or who had fallen into disgrace —were let loose in it from time to time, in order to clear the paths, to put the flower-beds in order, to sow, and fill the vases and baskets, &c. One day on an occasion of this kind my grandmother went down to the garden, taking me with her. On all sides—across the lawn, among the trees—were to be seen the costumes of the peasants, white, and red, and blue; on all sides was to be heard the scraping of rakes, the heavy sound of mould falling over a slope into the vases prepared for it. When passing near one band of labourers, my grandmother, with her eagle eye, remarked that one of them put less energy in his work, and took off his hat with less obsequious zeal than the others. This was a lad still young, but with a worn countenance and hollow eyes, his nankin caftan, ragged yet full of patches, scarcely covering his narrow shoulders.

"'Who is that?' asked my grandmother of Philippitch, who followed her on tiptoe.

"'I beg a thousand pardons. Madame wishes to know——' stammered Philippitch.

"'Fool! I ask who is he who looks at me like a wolf—that one there who is not working?'

"'That one—oh yes, Madame—that is—that is Ermil, the son of the late Paul Afanassief.'

"This Paul Afanassief had been two years before the major-domo, and my grandmother had been particularly well disposed towards him; but having fallen suddenly into disgrace, from major-domo he sank into cowkeeper, and from thence continuing his downward course, running down like an exhausted top, he had at last been exiled in one of the poorest cabins of the village with a *poud* of flour for his monthly allowance, and there had died of paralysis, leaving his family in extreme wretchedness.

"'Ah, ah!' said my grandmother, 'it is easy to see of what stock he comes; but we must take decided measures with this fellow. I will have nobody about me who looks at me so.'

"My grandmother went indoors and took her measures. Three hours after, Ermil, completely equipped, was led under her window. The unfortunate lad was setting out for Siberia. On the other side of the hedge, at a few steps' distance, was stationed a poor little *telega* [country cart] charged with all his humble belongings. This was how things were done in those times. Ermil stood barefooted, without a hat, a pair of boots tied together by a cord hung over his shoulder; his face, turned towards the house, expressed neither despair nor grief, nor even astonishment; a stupid smile wavered about his discoloured lips; his dry eyes were turned obstinately to the ground. My grandmother was told that he was there. She rose from her sofa and walked to the window, her dress rust-

* Collected under the title 'Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe.' Hachette.

ling, adjusting on her nose a double eyeglass mounted in gold, through which she examined the new exile."

This curious scene is interrupted by an irrepressible and impassioned appeal from Babourine, the hero of the tale, a clerk employed in the management of the estate, which is received with scorn and instant dismissal of the intercessor; after which—

"'What is Ermil waiting for?' she added, turning to the window. 'I have seen him;' and she made a gesture with her handkerchef in the direction of the window, as if to drive away a troublesome fly."

This, as the author has said, is how things were done in those times. The young spectator, however, had already been awakened to the wonder of such proceedings, which probably the previous generation would have regarded with calmness as a matter of course. And one of the most remarkable features in M. Tourgénief's work is the way in which he indicates this, showing how unconsciously, involuntarily, a new life had begun to rise under the very wing of the old, and how that perennial spectator and mute critic, the child, looking on with astonished eyes at occurrences so cruel, had already begun an uneasy revolution and rebellion. This sense of revolt against a state of things impossible and at variance with every law, and even every prejudice, of the rest of the world, out of Russia, is in every page of the work before us. And it is scarcely necessary to add that such a universal unsettling of the foundations affords such scope for fantastic opinion and wild theory as no other community of recent days has had—not even the French. Modern beliefs were not so well established in the time of the French revolution, though even then there was a certain amount of indignant youthful force dissatisfied with the old *régime*, and groping towards a better, before the tempest of blood and fire burst forth which swept all slower processes of reformation away. But the Russ, as he appears in the pages of M. Tourgénief, is, superficially at least, the most sympathetic and the least self-confident of men, thoroughly timid and doubtful of his own wisdom—still more doubtful, as is natural, of the wisdom of his father. It requires an effort of the mind to recollect that our own contemporaries were brought up to man's estate under a system which permitted such an incident as that above related—the sudden sending off from home and friends for no fault, except that his look happened to displease his mistress, of an unfortunate peasant. What sending "to Siberia" means in such a case we are unable to say. We had supposed this to be an imperial measure, resorted to only in the case of political offenders. But the group above set forth—the wretched, helpless rustic, without hope or power of appeal, the obsequious steward on tiptoe, the imperious lady to whom the ruin of such a miserable being seems the inevitable and unquestionable recompense of the crime of having displeased her—with, on the other side, the stammering protest made, at the risk of his bread, by the clerk, of whom a little education and an independent spirit have made a revolutionary, and the alarmed observation of the boy, too young to be quite sure what it all means,—contain, as in a nut-shell, all the elements which are still surging in Russia. Between the half-enlightened, half-furious rage of impotent resistance to wrong of the one, the stupid endurance of the other, and the wondering and frightened disapproval of the third, we have every principle of revolution. The swiftness of human living and

thinking nowadays, so much accelerated in the recent generations, leaves no time for the slow and gradual working out of inevitable changes. And we who are always rejoicing to have got our own troubles of this kind over so long ago, can scarcely refuse at least our interest to the extraordinary spectacle.

After the 'Sportsman's Tales,' M. Tourgénief seems at once to have sprung into his full strength as a writer. The remarkable story called 'Fathers and Sons' was, we imagine, the first of his works which attracted attention in England. We think we have met with an English translation, but of that we cannot be sure. It is perhaps the most powerful picture of that unnatural—and yet not unnatural, often inevitable—divergence between the younger and the elder generation—it would be incorrect to say between youth and age—which so often embitters the life of parents and injures the character of children, which we remember to have met with anywhere; and in this point it is not merely as a revelation of Russian life, but of humanity, that it claims our attention. The first of the Fathers to whom we are introduced is Kirsanof (Nicolas Petrovitch), an amiable and gentle Russian squire, with "a property of two hundred peasants," upon which, "in conformity with the new regulations, he had established a farm of about two thousand *deciatines*,"—something over four thousand acres. At the beginning of the narrative he is awaiting the return of his son from Petersburg at the end of his university career—part of which time the tender and anxious father has spent with him wistfully making acquaintance with the comrades of his only child, and training himself to what sympathy was possible with their new ways of thinking. How little he has succeeded in this we are soon made aware when the son appears, accompanied by a friend as yet unknown to Kirsanof, a rude and powerful figure, full of disdainful science and a frankness all but brutal,—a young materialist, who believes in nothing, and sallies forth on the morning of his arrival to find frogs for vivisection. This strange personage, Bazarof by name, is by much the most remarkable figure in the book. He is the emblem of the positive in the new generation, just as Paul Kirsanof, the brother of our first acquaintance, a fine and acute gentleman of the military order, is its representative in the old. But it must be remarked, that in the first duel of these two opposing forces there are none really old. The controversy between age and youth is of a different kind—it is a losing battle, hopeless from the beginning, yet more pathetic than bitter; but when the young man stands opposite a father of forty-five, and it is mature manhood that is the opponent of juvenility, the conflict is far more hard, and attended by bitterer wounds. The attention of the reader is soon, however, diverted from the gentle Kirsanof with his special embarrassment (which is of the most remarkable kind), and his amiable son Arcade, to Paul Petrovitch and the visitor. The former presents himself in "an English suit of dark-coloured clothes" (translated in the French *un swit Anglais*), "a low cravat in the last fashion, and varnished boots," and with manners and ideas in conformity with his appearance; while the latter is one of the big careless slovens of fiction, large in mind as in body, perfectly indifferent to everybody's opinion, rudely sensual and disdainful, with no reverence for anything, yet at the same time possessed of some mysterious attraction which directs the reader's eyes to him in all circumstances, as it draws to him in the

narrative the first interest of all surrounding him. Arcade Kirsanof is the pupil, the disciple, the admiring chorus of this young bear—a mild young hero who means no harm, and who, even when he condescends to his father, and makes the best of everything with amiable superiority, has at bottom a consciousness of cutting a somewhat ridiculous figure in his pretended elevation. Here are the first impressions of Bazarof conveyed to his friend on the evening of their arrival at Arcade's home:—

"'Your uncle is a queer fish,' said Bazarof, seating himself on Arcade's bed and smoking a short pipe. 'What elegance in the country! it is a sight to see. And his nails! They ought to be sent to the Exhibition.'

"'You don't know,' said Arcade, 'that he has been a *lion* in his day. I must tell you his story some time. He was a lady-killer, and turned all the women's heads.'

"'So—so; he can't forget those fine times. But, unfortunately, there are no conquests to make here. I cannot take my eyes off him. What collars! they are like marble; and how perfectly shaved he is. Arcade Nikolaïtch, do you know all that is very absurd?'

"'Be it so: but all the same he is an excellent man.'

"'An antiquated dandy. As for your father, he is an honest soul. His love of poetry is absurd, and he can't be much of an agriculturist, I suspect; but he is a good fellow.'

"'My father is an exceptional man.'

"'Have you noticed how shy and timid he is?'

"Arcade raised his head as if he were not at all timid himself.

"'How ridiculous,' said Bazarof, 'are those grey-headed romanticists!'"

This freedom of criticism is carried on with great skill and art, until Bazarof, without ever losing a certain hold upon the reader, manages to irritate and perplex the two brothers who are at the head of the house almost beyond bearing. His endless dogmatism and good-humoured brutality are admirably contrasted with the little outbursts of the gentle Arcade, who copies him, and crows now and then in feeble imitation, but always with a sensible pull back of finer sentiment, which his rough comrade has no conception of, and is totally uninfluenced by. The following scene shows the whole party engaged, and though somewhat long for our space, will give the reader a very good idea both of the questions at issue and the manner in which they are here treated:—

"Paul threw up his hands. 'I do not understand you at all,' he said. 'You insult the Russian people. I cannot comprehend how it is possible to set aside all principles, all rules. What is there, then, to direct you in life?'

"'I have already told you, uncle,' said Arcade, 'that we recognise no authority.'

"'We act in view of that which we consider useful,' added Bazarof: 'at present it appears to us useful to deny, and we deny.'

"'All?'

"'Absolutely everything.'

"How? not only art, poetry, but still more—I hesitate to say——'

"'Everything,' replied Bazarof, with inexpressible calm.

"Paul looked at him fixedly: he did not expect such an answer. Arcade blushed with pleasure.

"'Pardon me,' said Kirsanof, 'you deny everything, or, to speak more exactly, you destroy everything. But it is also necessary to reconstruct——'

"'We have nothing to do with that—in the first place, all must be cleared away.'

"'The condition of the people requires it,' said Arcade, with a grave air. 'We must fulfil this duty: we have no right to give ourselves up to the satisfactions of personal egotism.'

"This last phrase was not to Bazarof's mind. It smelt of philosophy—that is to say, of romanticism, for he gave to both the same name; but he judged it best not to contradict his young disciple.

"'No, no,' cried Paul, with sudden energy. 'I will not believe that you form a just opinion of the Russian people, that you express what they desire—their secret wishes. No; the Russian people is not as you represent it. It has a holy respect for tradition; it is patriarchal: it cannot live without faith.'

"'I shall not attempt to contradict you,' said Bazarof. 'I am even ready to acknowledge that this time you are right.'

"'But if I am right——'

"'That proves absolutely nothing.'

"'Absolutely nothing,' repeated Arcade, with the assurance of an experienced chess-player, who, having foreseen a move which his adversary thought dangerous, appears quite unaffected by it.

"'How does that prove nothing?' cried Paul, stupefied. 'Then you separate yourselves from the people?'

"'What if we did? The people believe that when it thunders, the prophet Elias is driving his chariot in the heavens. Must I partake its opinion on that point? . . . My grandfather held the plough,' said Bazarof, with superb pride; 'ask the first comer among the peasants in which of us, you or me, he recognises his countryman best. You don't know even how to talk to him.'

"'And you who can talk to him, you despise him!'

"'Why not, if he deserves it? . . . We never preach; it is not one of our customs. We begin by calling attention to the corrupt officials, to the want of roads, to the absence of trade, to the manner of administering justice.'

"'Yes, yes, you are the denouncers, the *divulgers;* that is the name you bear, or I deceive myself. I agree with you in a great number of your criticisms, but——'

"'Then we have not been slow to acknowledge that it was not enough to talk of the wounds which consume us—that talk led only to platitude and theorism. We perceived that our advanced thinkers, our *divulgers,* were good for nothing; that we busied ourselves with follies, such as art for art, the creative power—a power which is not aware of its own existence—parliamentarianism, the need of advocates, and a thousand other absurdities: when what we wanted was daily bread, while we were still crushed by the most gross superstition, while all our joint-stock companies became bankrupt for want of honest men, and while even the liberty of the serfs, of which the Government has thought so much, can produce nothing good, because our peasant is ready to rob himself in order to be able to consume the poisonous drugs of the cabarets.'

"'Well!' said Paul—'well! you have discovered all that? and nevertheless you have decided to undertake no serious enterprise?'

"'Yes, we have so decided,' said Bazarof, brusquely. He reproached himself for having said so much.

"'And you confine yourself to abuse?'

"'We employ abuse when it is needful.'

"'And that is what is called Nihilism?'

"'That is what is called Nihilism,' repeated Bazarof, but this time in the most provoking tone."

We cannot add the rest of this conversation, in which the gentle Arcade declares that the new sect, when it does act, will destroy, "because we are a force"—and because "strength has no account to give of what it does," and in which Paul taunts the young men with their self-sufficiency. "They tell me that at Rome our painters never enter the Vatican," he says; "they consider Raphael an idiot because he is made an authority of. They are themselves weakness personified—but you think a great deal of them, I suppose." "As for me," says Bazarof, "I would not give a penny for Raphael, and I don't suppose they are worth more than he." Bazarof then defies Paul to instance one institution which is worth preserving; and when the other mentions "the family," concludes the discussion as follows:—

"'That is a question, it appears to me, which you would do well not to

examine too closely. Take my advice, Paul Petrovitch; give yourself two or three days of reflection. Pass in review all our claims, one after the other—during this time Arcade and I——'

"'Will turn all into derision,' said Paul Petrovitch.

"'No; we will dissect frogs. Come, Arcade.'

"The two friends went out. Paul and his brother remained alone, and contented themselves for the first few minutes with exchanging looks in silence.

"'This, then,' said Paul at last, 'is our youth. These are our successors.'

"'Our successors,' said Kirsanof, with a deep sigh. He had been on thorns all the time of this discussion, and had done nothing but cast a melancholy glance from time to time upon Arcade. 'Brother,' he said, 'do you know what recollection this brings back to me? I once had a discussion with my mother. She cried out and would not listen to me, and I ended by saying, "You cannot understand me; we belong to two different generations." These words wounded her greatly; but I said to myself, "What can one do? the pill is bitter, but it must be swallowed." It is our turn now—and our successors may say to us also, "You are not of our generation—the pill must be swallowed."'"

When the scene changes to the home of Bazarof—a much more humble house—the interest becomes still deeper, and the situation more affecting. His father is an old regimental doctor, retired upon a little estate belonging to his wife, a simple old woman of the antique mode, old-fashioned, uninstructed, but full of love and tenderness. The anxious joy with which the son and his companion are received, the eager and tremulous solicitude of the father to foresee and arrange everything, his wistful deference to all the young man's wayward ways, his anxiety to conceal his own emotion and attribute all the tears and thanksgivings to his wife,—make a most pathetic picture—one of those which go to the heart. The mother is passive, doing little but weep and gaze at the son whom she has not seen for three years; but the anxious babble of the father, his fussy and nervous cares for everything, the adoration which he does his best to cover under an air of light-hearted hospitality and full understanding that a man will naturally be bored by too much demonstration of love, is in the highest degree affecting and natural. In comparison with this, the rude indifference and impatience of the son, who is so much out of place in the humble little house, between the speechless emotion of his mother and the old man's anxious yet timid officiousness, is admirably kept up. Bazarof was at the moment in a bad vein for such a trial; and for this cause we excuse him a little. He had come from the elegant palace of an elegant lady, the true Russian type of delicacy and intellectualism and a grave and perfectly irreproachable coquetry, who has captivated him, detester of poetry, scorner of aristocracy, enemy of romance as he is, turning his head completely, but wounding his enormous self-love by what is as good as a rejection. Miserable and vexed and humiliated to start with, he looks at the little house in which he was born, with rough impatience, declining to permit any softening of association. "What a queer fellow he is," this respectful son cries when his father leaves them. "He is as absurd as your father, though in a different way." "Your mother seems an excellent woman," says good Arcade. "Oh, there is no harm in her," replies her son. When the old man, stimulated by the superiority of the visitors, does his best to prove that he too is not without instruction, and keeps up with the march of the times, Bazarof remarks, brutally,

that he sees a medical journal lying about—the sting of the sarcasm being that the publication is a stupid one, and the specimens visible are four years old.

"'One of my old friends sends it to me,' said Vassili Ivanovitch, hurriedly. 'But we have some ideas of phrenology, for instance,' he added, addressing himself chiefly to Arcade, and pointing out above the bookcase a little plaster bust, the head of which was marked with a host of divisions. 'The names of Schönlein, of Radcmacher, are not unknown to us.'

"'Then there are still people in the Government of X—— who believe in Rademacher?' said Bazarof.

"Vassili Ivanovitch began to cough. 'In the Government of X——,' he said. 'No doubt, gentlemen, you ought to know better than we do. We need not dream of catching you up. You are destined to replace us. In my time I remember that the humourist Hoffman, and Brown with his *vitalism*, were a great joke to us, though they had made noise enough in their day. Some new philosopher may have replaced Rademacher, and you may have adopted him—but it is possible that in twenty years he may be laughed at in his turn.'"

While the son thus impatiently snubs and confuses the father, the little house is entirely turned upside down for the visitors. Every day the man-of-all-work is sent out on the search for delicacies for the table. The old doctor is never still. He talks his best, with all kinds of allusions, classical and historical, and discusses Napoleon and the events of the time with the civil young guest, who will listen to him, while his son interrupts with cruel carelessness, and makes a jest of his little vanities. At the same time, though Bazarof is brutal, the perpetual anxious fears of the poor parents, their wistful watch of his every look, the tears of the mother, the father's ceaseless nervous attempt to make himself agreeable, are so clearly set before the reader that, though his sympathies are entirely with the old people, he cannot but perceive the likelihood that all this may prove too much for human endurance. When he has borne it for three days, Bazarof throws off the yoke. "I must get away from here," he says to Arcade. "I am bound. I want to work, and here I can't work. . . . My father tells me over and over again, 'You may use my cabinet; no one will disturb you there'—but himself. He never leaves me alone. . . . My mother is almost as bad. I hear her sighing in her room, but when I go to her, I have nothing to say to her." The announcement of their speedy departure, however, entirely overwhelms the poor old father. "I almost forgot to tell you," says Bazarof, hurriedly, "you must send horses on to-morrow for the relay."

"Vassili Ivanovitch stood stupefied. 'Is M. Kirsanof going to leave us?' he said at last.

"'Yes; and I go with him.'

"'Vassili Ivanovitch recoiled stupefied. 'You are going to leave us?'

"'Yes; I have business. Be so good as to send the horses.'

"'So be it,' stammered the old man—'for the relay. Only, only—is it possible?'

"'I must go back to Kirsanof's for a few days. I will soon come back.'

"'Yes? for a few days. Well; very well.' Vassili Ivanovitch took out his handkerchief and used it, bending almost to the ground.

"'Very well. So be it. It shall be done; but I thought that you—— longer than this. Three days! After three years' absence, it is not—it is no great things, Eugene.'

"'I tell you I will soon return, and that it is indispensable——'

"'Indispensable? Very well; duty must go before everything. You wish me to send the horses? Very well. We did not expect it, Arina and I! But there is nothing more precious than freedom. We must not weary

people out. We must not'—Vassili Ivanovitch became silent all at once, and turned to the door.

"'We shall meet again very soon, father, I promise you.'

"But Vassili Ivanovitch did not turn round; he went out with a wave of his hand. When he went into his bedroom, he found his wife already asleep, and began to say his prayers in a very low voice, that he might not disturb her: however, she awoke. 'Is that you, Vassili Ivanovitch?' she said.

"'Yes, my good wife.'

"'You have just left Enioucha? I am afraid that he is not comfortable on that sofa. I told Anfisoucha to give him your mattress and the new cushions. I would have given him our feather-bed, but I think I remember that he did not like to lie too soft.'

"'That is of no consequence, my dear; don't disturb yourself. He is quite comfortable. Lord have pity upon us sinners!' he added, continuing his prayer. Vassili Ivanovitch said no more: he would not tell his poor wife a piece of news which would have disturbed her rest."

A still more touching scene follows next morning when the young men go away. The old doctor has regained his manhood in the meantime. He has lectured his poor old wife into so much self-command that she does nothing but weep in silence; and for himself, he recovers his courage, talking more loudly than usual, and perpetually in motion. But when all is over, he can contain himself no more.

"When it became useless to look after them any longer, when even the dust had all fallen, when the two old people found themselves once more alone in their house, which seemed to have grown smaller and older, Vassili Ivanovitch, who a few minutes before had waved his handkerchief so energetically from the doorway, threw himself into a chair and let his head drop on his breast. 'He has forsaken us,' he said with a trembling voice; 'he has forsaken us! He was weary of us. And now I am alone—alone' he repeated, over and over again. Arina Vlassievna went up to him, and leaning her white head upon the white head of the old man, she said, 'What then, Vassili? A son is a thing which goes from us; he is a young falcon; he chooses to come, and he comes; he chooses to go away, and takes his flight; and we two, you and I, we are like two little mushrooms in the hollow of a tree: side by side we stay here for ever. I alone wilt never change for thee, as thou wilt never change for thy old wife.'

"Vassili Ivanovitch uncovered his face which he had hidden in his hands, and embraced his wife, his companion, more closely than he had ever done, even in his youth. She had comforted him in his trouble."

This is the truest and tenderest strain of domestic tragedy—the poetry of our day which is not involved in great catastrophes or alarming events, but which finds in the commonest incidents of life all those elements of pity and of terror which the poet requires. What more common, indeed, than the son who finds his old home—so contracted and small from what it once seemed to be—a place of weariness, where sentiments are required from him which exist no longer, and where he has to make a perpetual effort to be pleased with trifles which have long ceased to interest him; or the disappointment of the old parents mortified in all their simple pride, and wounded to the heart by the unkindness for which, at the same time, they can find so many pathetic excuses? But it requires the insight of true genius to find in these heartrending simplicities an interest more intense than that which is conveyed in the most thrilling story of youth and love. There is no better test of real power.

Perhaps this wonderful story is too painful ever to be largely popular; but there can be no ques-

tion of its great power. We beg the innocent English reader not to be discouraged by the extremely embarrassing confession which the gentle Kirsanof has to make to his son in the beginning of the book. The episode of Fenitchka altogether is too much out of our range, and springs out of circumstances too completely national to be considered on the ordinary ground of morality,—and it is the only thing in the book of which the strictest moralist could complain. The story, indeed, is of so much less importance than the characters that we are apt to overlook the interest in it. There are, however, two or three strands of love-making. Bazarof loses the heart which he scarcely believed himself to possess to a beautiful young widow altogether beyond and above him; while Arcade finds a mate in the same fateful visit. And while the tragedy of one episode reaches a very high level of poetical conception, all goes well with the good people; the course of gentle, true love between the right young couple runs with delightful smoothness, and the story proper ends with the orthodox peal of marriage bells, — the amiable father and the good son both being made happy. The only thing we object to in this is that Paul Petrovitch, the refined and graceful relic of an older age, the gentleman Anglomane and cosmopolitan, with his *swit Anglais* and his chivalrous soul, should be made to banish himself from the domestic circle on account of a fancy so unworthy of him; but he was happier at Baden, no doubt, where many a traveller has admired his beautiful manners, and taken him for an example of that model of universal adaptability,—the fine Russian citizen of the world.

We confess to caring a great deal less for M. Tourgénief's beautiful lady than for any other of his creations. Madame Odintsof in this book is a typical personage, and one with whom we are too well acquainted. The beautiful young widow who, in perfect armour of her own purity and fundamental self-containedness (if we may be allowed so awkward a word), throws even such a direct and positive nature as that of Bazarof entirely off its balance, and sets his life all wrong for him without herself yielding to more than a pleasureable vibration of feeling — even though she rises for a moment to a semi-tragic height of remorseful generosity when he is on his death-bed—is infinitely less interesting, as she is less natural, than the simpler beings around her. The bad and impassioned siren who leads the young men altogether away from their duty, and ruins, or just fails to ruin them, is scarcely more distasteful than this elegant conversationalist, and gentle free-thinker. That it is almost impossible to enter into society, in any at least of its Continental centres, without encountering her, is scarcely a justification of the great artist who suffers himself to be led astray like his own hero by this purely artificial personage. Falseness is nowhere more entirely embodied than in fact. To be sure, it was poetic justice that the rude scoffer at all poetry, beauty, and sentiment should make shipwreck upon the first piece of smooth loveliness and fictitious feeling that came in his way.

In the novel called 'Fumée,' we are carried into a class totally different from those country magnates and rustic circles which illustrate Russia—an unexplored and natural world unknown to us; and are thrown into the confused and fantastic society of the Russians abroad —a class, or rather a whirlwind of

classes, which give as little insight into their country as the corresponding rabble of fine and vulgar Americans, who *flânent* like them all over Europe, and who have lately made irruption into fiction with such persistency and plenitude. Perhaps it is because 'Fumée' presents itself to us as the real inspiration of most of those clever and agreeable sketches of Mr Henry James, which have introduced so many elegant Americans to the English reader, that the similarity between the two races in their aspect abroad is so clearly apparent. Mr James's last book, which he calls 'Confidence,' bears as much resemblance to 'Fumée' as a reflection in the water, slightly broken in outline and wavering in substance, does of the object reflected. The same groups, the same talks, the same motive, run through the one and the other. To be sure, there is no guilty sinner, and no silly lover led away in the American gentleman's work; but there is just enough approach to these possibilities to indicate the extraction of the later from the former production. America, however, has no such living source of agitation, and, consequently, no such excuse for fictitious excitement as Russia possesses; and the sketches of the Muscovite groups have a force and vigour of life, of which our elegant Transatlantic *dilettantes* are incapable. The story of 'Fumée' is neither original nor attractive. M. Tourgénief himself has treated it, or at least a variety of it, before in 'Les Eaux Printanières.' In both stories, his chief object seems to be the illustration of the weakness of the Slav nature, its openness to suggestion, and the readiness with which it is beguiled even from the matters most dear to its heart by any very urgent and determined influence. The hero, Sanine, in the later book, is carried away from his allegiance to a girl whom he really loves, by the coarse provocations of a woman whom he encounters suddenly — a half-savage Russian peasant converted into a princess — rich, beautiful, vicious, and entirely without scruple or modesty, who in two or three days seduces him, binds him to her chariot wheels, and carries him off in triumph from the much more beautiful and delightful creature to whom he is betrothed, and who has all his affections. The hero of 'Fumée' is not quite so weak or so hopeless, and his subjugation is more excusable; for it is the love of his youth whom he encounters when on the eve of marriage with the sweet and tranquil domestic angel to whom he has given a chastened affection after his early heart-break; and he is man enough to emancipate himself from the siren's sway at last, and after years of penitence accomplishes his better purpose, and is pardoned by the good Tatiana whom he had forsaken. In neither case, however, is the story a pleasant one. The hero is seduced by the female *roué*, exactly as the confiding unfortunates of the other sex used to be seduced in novels of fifty years ago—thank heaven the fashion has passed a little!—but with more rapidity; and it is the man, and not the woman, who is overwhelmed with shame after his fall, and who becomes the slave and dependent of the seductress. Weakness of character, that constitutional defect in which some moralists find the root of all evil, and which so often furnishes to family affection a despairing apology for undeniable faults, is here made responsible for the most extraordinary failures. We are familiar enough with it, heaven knows, in other forms! When an unfortunate lad turns his back upon all the traditions in which he has been bred, and all the goodness of his youth, and plunges into the mire of youthful vice against all arguments and entreaties, in the

face of punishment, indifferent to approaching ruin, indifferent to family grief—it is said to be weakness of character which is the cause of his determined adhesion to his own way—though, when the way he chooses is a good one, the terms are reversed, and it is his strength of character which we applaud to the echoes. But M. Tourgénief's representation of this defect is more trenchant. It is, he thinks, the radical evil in his countrymen. In individual life it leads to moral ruin, such as appears in the two stories above described (though, by the way, the woman, the siren, is represented as possessing will and passion and energy enough); and in public life it delivers the nation to incessant deceptions and perpetual nullity. Here is a conversation between the young hero of 'Fumée' and a sort of philosophical spectator touching the influence of a certain Goubaref who has attained a prominent position as the leader of a political and philosophical coterie:—

"'Tell me to what you attribute his incontestable influence? Is it to his talents or his qualities?' asks Litvinof.

"'He has none.'

"'It is, then, his character?'

"'He has no character; but he has much will, which is the thing wanting among us Slavs. M. Goubaref has taken it into his head that he will be chief of a party, and he has become the chief of a party. What would you have? Government has delivered us from serfage, all thanks to it; but the habit of servitude is too profoundly rooted in us to be easily got rid of. In everything and everywhere we want a master. In general, this master must be a person, but sometimes it is a tendency. . . . The important thing however is, that a master we must have. We are true serfs; our pride and our humility are alike servile. As soon as the new master appears, down with the old. Yesterday it was James, to-day it is Thomas. Quick, away with James; prostrate yourself before Thomas! Recall to your mind all that has taken place in this way. We take pride in contradiction, but in place of giving the lie, like a free man fighting with a sword, it is like a lackey, able to use nothing but his fists, and these only so far as the master permits. We are a boneless people; it is not difficult to lead us. This is how M. Goubaref has got to the top of the ladder. He strikes always at the same place, and he has managed to make a hole at last. When we see a man who has a high opinion of himself, who has faith in himself, who commands—that is the essential thing. He must be right, and we must listen to him. All our sects have been founded thus. The first who takes a stick in his hand is right."

The society which Litvinof finds in the house of this Goubaref affords a curious scene. The leader himself is a heavy individual, mumbling a few incoherent sentences now and then, surrounded by a crowd of admiring but noisy disciples,—"officers on leave, taking a run over Europe, and seizing the opportunity to amuse themselves among clever people, even if it should be a little dangerous, but without for a moment forgetting their colonel and their advancement,"—students, one or two men of weight, a voluble woman, who is the most conspicuous figure. The curious fermentation of all minds, the political aspect of the busy gossip, the universal suspicion and vague revolutionism which keeps the group together, is very well shown. Here is a specimen of the talk:—

"The lady (her name was Madame Soukhantchikof; she was a widow, without children, and without fortune) resumed her narrative with singular volubility. 'He presented himself at the prince's house, and said, "Excellence, you are in a situation to relieve my distress. Deign to consider the purity of my intentions. Is it possible, in our age, that a man should be persecuted for his sincere convictions?" And what think you,

the prince, a statesman of the highest civilisation, did?'

"'What did he do?' said Goubaref, lighting his cigarette with a dreamy air.

"The lady drew herself up, and extended her bony hand. 'He called his lackey, and said to him, "Take off this man's greatcoat, and take possession. I make you a present of it."'

"'And the lackey took it?' asked Bambaéf, clapping his hands.

"'He took it off and appropriated it. This is what Prince Barnaoulof did,—the great seigneur, the man of fortune, the minister plenipotentiary. After that, what is there to hope for?'

"'It is a thing that cries for vengeance,' exclaimed Bambaéf. 'There is no punishment terrible enough for it.'

"'Hm—hm—from the head to the foot all is rotten,' said Goubaref, without raising his voice. 'It is not punishment that is wanted, but another principle.'

"'But is it true?' said Litvinof

"'True!' cried Madame Soukhantchikof. 'It is impossible to doubt it.' She pronounced this impossible with such energy that she bent herself almost in two. 'I have it from the most truthful of witnesses. You know him, Etienne Nikolaïtch—it is Hélistratof Capiton who had it from eyewitnesses of the scene.'

"'What Hélistratof?' asked Goubaref. 'He that was at Kazan?'

"'The same. I know there was a rumour that he took bribes from the brandy-farmers there; but who said it? Pélikanof, whom nobody can believe—who is known to all the world to be simply a spy——'

"'No; pardon me, Matrena Semenovna,' cried Bambaéf; 'Pélikanof is a friend of mine; how could he be a spy?'

"'Yes, yes; he is a spy—a spy, a spy!' cried Madame Soukhantchikof.

"'But no, listen to me,' shouted, in his turn, Bambaéf.

"'A spy, a spy!' repeated the lady.

"'No, no; if you spoke of Tenteléef, it would be another affair,' cried Bambaéf. Madame Soukhantchikof was forced to take breath. Bambaéf took the advantage.

"'I know, from a certain source, that when he was sent for to the secret office, he threw himself at the feet of the Countess Blasekramff, whimpering, "Save me, save me!" Pélikanof was never guilty of such baseness.'

"'Tenteléef,' murmured Goubaref, 'I must make a note of that.'

"Madame Soukhantchikof shrugged her shoulders with ineffable disdain.

"'Nice fellows, both,' she said; 'but I know a still better story about Tenteléef. He was, you know, a horrible tyrant, though he took upon him the airs of an emancipator. One day he was in a drawing-room in Paris, when Madame Beecher Stowe came in, you know,—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Tenteléef, who was excessively vain, begged the mistress of the house to introduce him to Mrs Stowe; but she, as soon as she heard his name, addressed him as follows: "How dare you present yourself before the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? Decamp this moment!" and lo, she gives him a box on the ear! Tenteléef took his hat and disappeared, hanging his head.'

"'That is perhaps exaggerated,' said Bambaéf. 'She said "Decamp," there is no doubt about that, but she did not give him a box on the ear.'

"'She gave him a box on the ear. Yes, she gave him a box on the ear,' Madame Soukhantchikof repeated convulsively. 'I am not in the habit of telling stories. Ah! so these people are friends of yours.'"

The young hero withdraws disgusted, with a headache, from the noisy assembly, the centre of which is occupied by this group, with its string of injurious stories. In a corner of the room a silent observer has been seated, with whom he afterwards makes acquaintance, and into whose mouth is put the remarks upon the Russian weakness of character which we have already quoted. This spectator of the drama, by name Potoughine, fills the strangest place in the story. A clear-headed and philosophic looker-on at everything, he is himself the hopeless and unrecompensed slave of the Siren, seeing her behind the scenes in all the evil qualities of

her nature, yet following her everywhere, and going on her errands—even such an errand as that of inducing her old lover to put himself once more under her spell—with abject subjection, yet perfect understanding, both of her and himself. Potoughine is nobody's dupe, not even his own. He sees through the noisy company of revolutionaries, and the vulgar and stolid force of their leader; he sees through the woman who has enslaved him, and the pitiful position in which he stands: yet goes on all the same, glad of a hearer to whom he can discharge his reflections upon these strange scenes, yet incapable of withdrawing himself from them—a melancholy and impartial observer, with too much sentiment to be cynical, and too much wisdom to be deluded. Potoughine is the chorus of the drama, entirely passive in his own person, scarcely even warning the unfortunate whom he is made to lead into danger, though seeing every step of the peril—yet always sympathetic, never malign, looking on, if with a kind of fatalistic certainty of the catastrophe to follow, yet with no pleasure in it. No doubt M. Tourgénief intends this more subtle and complex study of the man, to whom not even an experienced and critical mind can give the power of self-emancipation, as another instance of the weakness of the Sclavonic race.

But if he is bold in his treatment of the advanced philosophers and reformers of the German pleasure city, he is still more bold in his sketch of the other part of Russian society—the fashionables, the fine society collected round *l'arbre Russe* in the public gardens, "dressed in the most elegant bad taste," bursting forth into grateful laughter at the poor jokes of a French buffoon, "recognising involuntarily the superiority of foreign genius, and their own complete incapacity to invent anything amusing." Here is a powerful and bitter sketch,—far more scathing in its satire than any of our feeble little skits, though we are so fond of making them, upon the English abroad. Litvinof, tired of a succession of visits from his compatriots, has gone out into the woods, and is just about to return home refreshed, when the solitude is invaded by a great arrival, and three carriages full of ladies and gentlemen speedily disgorge upon the scene.

"Litvinof immediately recognised them to be Russians, although all spoke French, or rather because they spoke French. The ladies' toilettes were of the most exquisite description. The men had black coats of the newest, fitting closely, which is not very usual at the present day, grey trousers, and lustrous hats. A black cravat, very low, concealed the neck of each, and the manners of all had something military about them. They were all soldiers, in fact. Litvinof had stumbled upon a picnic of young generals—persons of the best society and of great importance. This importance disclosed itself in everything,—in their artificial simplicity, their smiles majestically affable, their looks at once affected and *distrait*, their manner of squaring their shoulders, of swaying at the waist, of lightly bending the knees; it revealed itself in the sound of their voices, which seemed always to thank the subordinate beings with a mixture of condescension and disgust. All these warriors were perfectly washed and shaved, impregnated with it would be hard to say what odour, of the boudoir and the staff, mingled with the smoke of the best cigars and the most authentic patchouli. They had all aristocratic hands, white, long, terminated by nails like polished ivory; waxed moustaches, brilliant teeth, a fine skin, red on the cheeks, a little blue on the chin. Some were gay, others meditative, but all bore the same seal of the most exquisite *comme il faut*. Each of them appeared profoundly convinced of his own value, of the importance of his future *rôle* in the state; though for the moment a slight tinge of that petulance and thoughtlessness to which

one naturally abandons one's self in a foreign country, modified the excess of that conviction."

These fine gentlemen talked—at too great length for us to follow—with a *mélange* of languages which, indeed, we could beat out of any English fashionable novel. Here is a short specimen of their conversation:—

"'I cannot understand,' began the general of the song, 'what need Paul had to justify himself, to explain his reasons. He squeezed a merchant and made him disgorge. What of that? he must have had his motives.'

"'He was afraid of the criticism of the newspapers,' grumbled some one.

"The irascible general took fire. 'Oh, that is the last thing I should think of. The newspapers! the critics! If I had the management of them, I should permit the newspapers to publish nothing but the prices of meat and bread, the advertisement of sales of furs and boots.'

. . . . .

"'What are you talking about?' said all at once the robust general, who evidently was the spoilt child of the society. 'Always on the newspapers, on the scribblers? Let me tell you a wonderful anecdote of what once happened to myself. I was told that a pamphleteer had written a libel on me. I had him brought to me directly under a good guard. When the pigeon arrived: "So you amuse yourself, friend scribbler, in writing libels," I said; "you are on fire with patriotism, I suppose?" "I am on fire," he replied. "And money," I asked, "pamphleteer, do you like money?" "I love it." Here, gentlemen, I put under his nose the handle of my stick. "And that—do you like that, my angel?" "No," said he, "I don't like it." "Smell it well; I have clean hands." "That is enough; I don't like it." "Very well, my fine fellow, I adore it—only not on my back. Do you understand that allegory, my treasure?" "I understand," he said. "Very well; henceforward pay attention, be well-behaved—do you hear, my dear? Now here is a rouble: go and pray for me night and day." And the scribbler took himself off.'

"The general laughed, and all the rest echoed save Irène, who did not even smile.

"The obliging general shook Boris by the shoulder. 'You have invented all that, my dear fellow. You will never make me believe that you threatened some one with your cane. . . . But that is not the question. I have just said that we must turn back. Understand me. I am not an enemy of what is called progress; but all those universities, seminaries, popular schools; those students, priests' sons, plebeians,—all those small fry, the bottom of the sack, the small proprietors, worse than the rabble' (the general said all this in the most languid tones),—'these are what frighten one. . . . Don't forget that none of us ask for anything, or claim any of their so-called rights. *Self-government*, for example, does any one want it? Do *you* wish for it? or you, ladies, who not only govern yourselves, but make us do whatever you wish? . . . Dear friends, why should we copy the hare, which plunges into danger in order to avoid it. The democracy is satisfied with you, for the moment it burns incense to you, it is ready to follow you; but it is a two-edged sword. The old system is better, and far more sure. Don't let the rabble reason; trust to the aristocracy, which alone is a power. I certify you that everything will succeed better. For progress, I have absolutely nothing to say against progress. Only, don't give us advocates and juries, and let military discipline alone: be as free as you like, on the other hand, to build bridges, and quays, and hospitals; and I see no reason why the streets should not be lighted with gas.'

"'They set fire to the four corners of Petersburg—that is what they call progress,' cried the irascible general.

"'I see you bear malice,' said the big general, swaying his figure about. 'As for me, with *Orphée aux Enfers* progress has reached its height.'"

There are the opposing parties in the national drama. It would not seem that the writer who displays them has much more hope of them than his own Potoughine. When his hero flies from the power of the fatal woman who has thrown

a blight upon his life, the scenes he has gone through pass before him flying like a phantasmagoria of vanity and pain. "Fumée!" he cried, smoke-vapour that appears for a little and then vanishes away; "his own life, the life of his country, all that is human, and especially all that is Russian," seems to him no better than a mist. The fine people on the one side; the "generals," all oiled and curled, the shabby and noisy talkers on the other. "Smoke and mist, smoke and mist," he says to himself. Litvinof, however, has the benefit of a postscript, and recovers himself at home in the energy of the new country life, and makes it up at last with the good Tatiana, and is left happy at the end, which is a better fate than happens to most of M. Tourgénief's heroes.

All these studies of the origin and of the unreality of the revolutionary principles which are surging in Russia come to a melancholy climax in 'Virgin Soil.' It is not the nation itself—notwithstanding that all these chapters of contemporary history are chronicles of her new start in life, and the effect of modern ideas and principles upon an old country, which, in her inexperience, is still virgin soil to all the theorists—so much as the young minds developed into uneasy action by the change of everything about them, and by the failure of all these changes, to produce anything absolute and grand—which form the *Terres Vierges*, of which we are called on to mark the early sowings, and the fatal premature harvest. The other books are sad enough, but this is from beginning to end a tragedy of that helpless and hopeless kind which deals not with great acts and overwhelming fate, but with the petty failures of one uncertain and irresolute soul, foredoomed to disaster. The Russian Hamlet, as Nejdánof is repeatedly called, is a very small version of that hero of modern times so dear to all of us. If it is indeed irresolution that is the chief feature in the royal Dane (which is by no means our own conception of his character), then the thin and slight young spirit of the modern Slav may be accepted as his local representative; but while irresolution is grand in Hamlet, and chimes in with all the highest mysteries of nature, in the poor little Petersburgian hero, it is a feeble misery, a dreary self-scepticism and doubt on all points, which reduces the situation to its pettiest proportions, and makes of the central figure the lowest, not the highest, light in the picture. This is the great difference between the one unapproachable Hamlet and all the studies and sketches of a similar conception with which literature abounds, that the royal Dane, irresolute and feeble in action, as we are all taught to believe him, dominates the whole shrinking, wondering world around him, where the more energetic personages are as wasps buzzing about the noble sadness of his greater figure. But in our later attempts the position is reversed, and the men of action are (naturally) quite superior to the awkward sickly doubters whom they brush out of their way. Nejdánof irritates and wears out everybody with his feebleness, his disconcerted silence broken now and then by weak vehemence of speech, and his inability to be sure of anything, either what he ought to do, or if there is anything to be done. We are introduced to him at a poor lodging in St Petersburg, where he straggles in, somewhat ill-tempered, and in harmony with nobody, upon two business-like conspirators—a man and a woman—equally ignorant of what is the use

of the propaganda they suppose themselves to be carrying on, but quite sure that it is a very fine business, and that "They" know the mysterious chiefs who send them about from place to place. "A letter has come from Vassili Nikolaïvitch at Moscow," these two people say; "she and I must go." No explanation is ever given as to who this Vassili Nikolaïvitch may be, except the following description, given at a later period in answer to an inquirer:—

"'Tell me, have you ever seen Vassili Nikolaïvitch?'

"'I have seen him twice for a moment.'

"'Is he a remarkable man?'

"'What shall I say? He is the chief now, and directs everything. In our cause we cannot do without discipline. We must obey.' (And *that* is all nonsense too, thought Nejdánof.)

"'What is he like in person?'

"'A short, stout, dark man. A bony Kalmuck-face — a coarse face; but his eyes are very bright.'

"'And how does he speak?'

"'He does not speak so much as command.'

"'How did he become chief?'

"'Because he is a man of character; recoils before nothing. If necessary, he will kill a man: and so people are afraid of him.'"

Thus M. Tourgénief insists once more upon his favourite theory—that with the Slav, who is without any will of his own, the man of decision, the man of will, is supreme. No further light is thrown upon the irresponsible chief, but the two conspirators with whom the book opens, Ostrodúmof and the woman Mashúrina, circulate vaguely through it, appearing and disappearing, always on some mysterious mission, inquiring whether this or that district is "ready," adjuring inquirers mysteriously to "wait" till "They" send instructions, and pursuing this routine with dull and faithful pertinacity, and a sense that what they are doing is something noble, though nobody seems to know how. Mashúrina, for instance, on one occasion, is sent to Geneva to present an unknown person with the half of a card, upon which something is written, and a sum of money—and does this solemnly without a doubt or a question. Nejdánof, however, is not so entirely under the mysterious "direction;" and the whole action of the book turns upon his acceptance of the post of tutor to the son of a rising official—a trim, and clean, and perfumed gentleman (M. Tourgénief dwells very much upon these characteristics of the class of "generals," as he calls them elsewhere)—in whose house he meets a strange, wild, visionary girl, named Marianna, to whom he is drawn by some mysterious affinity, and who is on the tiptoe of eagerness to hear the new doctrines, and affiliate herself to the society. What either of these visionary young people want, it seems, however, very difficult to understand. Their longings never take any positive form, like the agitations among ourselves. The peasants are to be roused; they are to be awakened to the duty of insurrection; they are to be stimulated to strike a blow for their rights: but further than this no one goes; nor does any one apparently understand the rights for which they are to strike this blow. The company which Nejdánof finds in the country-house of his employer is of a very different kind. The master of the house himself, Sipiágin, is politely and judiciously in accord with the new theories of emancipation and liberality; but this is on the surface, and a bitter opposition to all "progress" and new ideas is in the mind of the official and landed classes as represented in his house. Among them, however, there appears suddenly one who is not of them—a neighbouring proprietor, the brother of the lady of the house,

who makes himself known to Nejdánof, and proves himself a revolutionary of the more romantic type, full of idealism and feverish energy. "With his eyes sparkling, as he gnawed his moustache, he began to speak, in a hollow and agitated voice, of the iniquities which were being perpetrated, of the necessity for immediate action, saying that everything was ready, and that only cowards would hesitate; that a certain amount of force would be necessary, as is the stroke of a lancet on an abscess, however mature that abscess may be." But even Markélof, this passionate revolutionary, thinks it will be as well not to interfere with the peasants on his brother-in-law's estate, who, he cannot deny, are rude and ignorant: there is, however, he says, a manufactory on the estate on which all efforts should be concentrated. "Give a dig there with your spade; it will be all on the move at once." On the other hand, the engineer at the head of another manufactory, who is himself one of "ours," and in all the confused secrets of the party, makes a condition, when sending out his friend to his vague revolutionary work, that nothing is to be attempted among his men. "I see you have some pamphlets," he says. "Give them away where you will, but not in the factory!" This double limitation of the propaganda is very significant.

The narrative varies between the fine house and table of the Sipiágins, where all is elegant and wealthy, and where the talk is of an enlightened patrician kind—the lady of the house frowning upon a fine gentleman, who declares himself to believe in nothing but "the knout and Roederer," as of *très mauvais gout*—and the excited talkers, and controversies carried on in the poor old manor-house of Markélof, among the little revolutionary party, consisting of the passionate, disappointed poor noble, the visionary and discontented student, and various village politicians of a coarser kind. The only sensible and solid person among them is a certain inquirer called Solómin, who has lived in England, and knows how to restrain himself and keep out of contact with the law. Whether M. Tourgénief means to approve of this cautious person it is difficult to say; but he is the fortunate hero of the little drama, and gets the good things, while Nejdánof has all the risks and sufferings. Here is an example of the mental struggle, the heat of the fanatics, the coolness of the people. After an evening of excitement, the hero wakes to find his friend gone out to some trifling piece of agricultural work.

"Nejdánof felt strangely fatigued in his mind. The day before, so much had been said as to the impossibility of further delay, the necessity for immediate action. But what action, and how could it be immediate? It was no use asking Mashúrina: she knew no hesitation; she had no doubt as to what she was to do—viz., to go to K——. Further than that she did not look. Nejdánof did not know what to say to her; and, having drunk his tea, put on his hat, and walked towards the birch-wood. On the road he met some peasants, Markélof's former serfs, who had been carrying manure to the fields. He talked with them, but did not get much out of them. They, too, seemed tired, but with an ordinary physical fatigue, not in the least like the feeling from which he was suffering. Their former master, they said, was a straightforward gentleman, only a bit queer. They prophesied that he would ruin himself, for he did not know how to set about matters—not like his fathers. 'Then he is so learned at times; do what you will, you can't understand him. But good enough for all that!' Nejdánof proceeded, and came on Markélof himself. He was walking along surrounded by a crowd of labourers.

Nejdánof saw from afar how he explained something to them, talked about it, then made a hopeless gesture, as much as to say, 'I give it up.' By his side walked his manager, a short-sighted young fellow. He incessantly repeated 'As you please, sir,' to the great disgust of his master. Nejdánof walked up to Markélof, and saw expressed on his face the same mental weariness which he felt himself. They said good-morning, and Markélof immediately began speaking, though briefly, of the questions they had discussed the day before, of the approach of a revolution—but the expression of fatigue did not quit his face. He was very dusty and hot; his clothes were covered with chips of wood and green moss; his voice was hoarse. The people round him were silent, a little from fright, a little because they were laughing at him. . . . As he walked homewards with Nejdánof, he literally staggered with fatigue. 'What is the matter?' asked Nejdánof.

"'I am dead beat,' said Markélof, savagely. 'Say what you will to those people, they understand nothing, and will not do what they are told. They don't even understand Russian. They know what the word "part" means, but to "take part" they don't understand. But, devil take it! it's good Russian; isn't it? They think I want to give them a part of the land.'

"Markélof had been trying to explain to the peasants the principle of co-operation, and to introduce it, and they were resisting."

A little later, however, the visionary recovers himself.

"Markélof accompanied them to the door, and said that he would soon send for Nejdánof again, and that (he brightened up, and seemed to take courage afresh) then they would settle matters finally. Solómin would come: he himself was only waiting instructions from Vassili Nikolaïvitch, and then for immediate action, as 'the people' (that same people who did not understand the word 'to take part') would wait no longer."

When Nejdánof, in his turn, tries to "gain the confidence" of the peasants, he meets with no more success, and is disgusted with the "æsthetics" of his own education, which prevent him from understanding them. His languid yet uneasy consciousness that he is doing nothing for the propaganda of his political faith, but only painfully extending his acquaintance with specimens of human nature, is very carefully and powerfully described. Even when he tried to write tracts for them he found "his abominable æsthetic nature" equally in his way. "Everything that he set down on paper gave him the impression of being false—strained and unnatural in tone and language; and twice, oh, horror! he unwittingly found himself writing verse on his own personal sceptical feelings." The only thing he could do was to communicate his creed, such as it was, to Marianna, a creature full of the practical energy so wanting in himself, and in every way disposed to rebellion; and nothing could be more curious than the picture thus presented to us of this wild ferment and agitation going on under the smooth surface of life, and embracing the most unlikely persons. It explains in some degree the constant occurrence of the names of women and young girls among the arrested and condemned Nihilists. Marianna is the very stuff of which the Vera Sassulitches must be made.

While things were going on thus, the house of the Sipiágins was naturally getting too hot to hold the revolutionary tutor, whose pupil seems to have had the smallest possible share of his attention; and at last it is determined between Marianna and himself that they shall go away together. They love each other, yet with a curious sympathetic comradeship, rather than love; and it is Marianna's eagerness about what is going to be done, about the important mission confided to Nejdánof (charged to put himself in-

to communication with Markélof, Solómin, and a certain "wealthy dissenting merchant," but with nothing more dangerous as far as we can see), and about the cause generally, which seems to be her chief inducement. That there is any sort of treachery and ingratitude in the proceeding, or that the Sipiágins, who have been very kind practically to both parties, have the least reason to be respected or cared for, never seems to have struck M. Tourgénief himself, let alone the young revolutionaries who treat these elegant people with the most absolute dislike and disdain from first to last, we cannot quite say why. But our author has no pity for the caste of "the generals." Good Russian as he is, it is evident that he adopts Talleyrand's (was it Talleyrand's?) sharp saying, "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare,*" in its fullest sense,—so far as the official race is concerned. However, nothing could be more remarkable than the austere political elopement of this Nihilist young man and young woman. They are taken in and hidden in a couple of unused rooms by the engineer Solómin; and as soon as they have arrived, Marianna, who has by this time gained some insight into her companion's character, announces to Nejdánof her readiness to marry him at a moment's notice, "when you tell me as an honest man . . . that you love me with that love—well, that love which gives one a right over the life of another person." "Nejdánof grew red and turned away his head." He loved her as well as he knew how—but he could not assert any such resolute sentiment as this. And accordingly, the two live side by side in the relations of brother and sister; Marianna, seeing through the visionary and feeble character of her companion more and more clearly every day, yet faithful to her condition, and with unfailing affection for him, though the love does not seem to be any stronger on her part than his. In the meantime, they put themselves into peasant costume at once, for the purposes of disguise, and to "simplify" themselves, as the process is amusingly described by a peasant-woman in their confidence. Nejdánof is absurd in his "long yellow caftan," whereas Marianna is beautiful in her peasant dress; and while the poor Hamlet feels the mockery of the masquerade, she adapts herself to her new life steadily, though longing "to begin." What she wants to begin Marianna knows as little as the rest. The engineer, who is a sane and reasonable person, the man who forbade Nejdánof to distribute revolutionary tracts among his work-people, gives her a hint as to his view of the matter in the following scene:—

"'So, Marianna, you have begun at last.'

"'Begun, Vassili Fedolitch? Do you call this a beginning? I feel very ill at ease now. Alexéi was right. We seem to be playing a sort of comedy.'

"Solómin sat down again. 'But, Marianna, how did you imagine you were going to begin? By building barricades with a flag on the top, and hurrah for the republic? That is not a woman's business. No: to-day you may teach some Lukeria or other something useful—and it will be no easy task, for Lukeria has a slow comprehension, and is afraid of you; besides which, she imagines she has absolutely no use for what you want to teach her: and after a few weeks you will torment yourself over another Lukeria, and meanwhile you will wash a child, or teach him his alphabet, or give a sick man medicine. There is your beginning for you.'

"'But Sisters of Mercy do that, Vassili Fedolitch. If that is all, what is the good of all this?' Marianna pointed to herself and all round her with a vague movement of her hand. 'I dreamt of something more.'

"'You wanted to sacrifice yourself?'

"Marianna's eyes sparkled. 'Yes—yes!'

"'And Nejdánof?'

"Marianna shrugged her shoulders. 'What of Nejdánof? We will go together, or I will go alone.'

"Solómin looked steadily at Marianna. 'Do you know,' he said, 'excuse the narrowness of my expression,—but according to me, to comb the hair of a filthy child is a sacrifice—a great sacrifice—of which not many are capable.'

"'But I do not shrink from that, Vassili Fedolitch.'

"'I know you do not. Yes, *you* are capable of it: and meantime you can do that; later on you may have something else to do.'"

We are again a little surprised morally that M. Tourgénief permits this entirely reasonable and judicious person, who will not have his workmen tampered with, and suggests to the young female revolutionary so mild a career, to encourage the wild and fatal romance of the others, and be one of "ours," specially associated with them. The author does not seem to see any anomaly in it.

In the meantime, poor Nejdánof, like a lamb led to the slaughter, has gone out "to begin." And half mad with the fervid passion of the doctrines he does not believe in, makes a despairing rush at the "work" which he supposes it is his duty to do. Seeing a group of peasants on the road, he hurries up and begins to harangue them. "The words, 'Freedom! forward—advance boldly!' could be heard amid a torrent of unintelligible language." The peasants stared in consternation, but listened. "Whether they understood anything is more doubtful, because, when he marched away after a final cry of 'Freedom,'" one of the sharpest of them shook his head doubtfully and said, "How severe he is!" A second remarked, "Some official, eh?" Whereupon the sharp man replied, "We know what! He won't give himself a sore throat for nothing. Our money will have to weep for this." Nejdánof, however, maddened by his own eloquence, thinks that "perhaps after all this is the way," though he cannot help adding, "Heavens, what nonsense!" and in front of the tavern in the village street begins again.

"Pával tried to hold back Nejdánof; but he had already thrown himself headlong out of the cart, and with a shriek of 'Brothers!' had rushed into the crowd. It opened for him, and Nejdánof again began his speech. . . . But here the result was other than with the peasants in the granary. A gigantic young fellow with a beardless but ferocious face, in a short greasy sheepskin, high boots, and lambswool cap, went up to Nejdánof, and slapping him on the shoulder, cried in a piercing voice, 'Capital, my fine fellow! But wait a bit; you know a dry spoon scrapes one's throat. Come along, it is much better for talking in here;' and he dragged Nejdánof into the tavern: the rest of the crowd poured after them. 'Mikhéitch,' he cried, 'look sharp! the ten-kopek stuff; my favourite! I am treating a friend. Who he is, of what folk, or people, devil knows! but he lays it on to the masters capitally. Drink!' he roared, turning to Nejdánof, and handing him a heavy glassful of liquor, all dripping as if with sweat: 'Drink, if you are really for helping us poor peasants.' Nejdánof caught up the glass (he seemed half mad) and calling 'To you, my boys!' drank it at a draught. Ugh! He had drunk it with the same wild impulse with which he would have rushed on a battery or a row of bayonets. But what poison was this? Something seemed to shoot down his back and legs—to burn his throat, his chest, his stomach—to bring tears to his eyes. A shudder of aversion passed all over him, and he could hardly control himself. He cried out with all his might to keep the nausea from rising. The dark room of the tavern seemed suddenly to grow hot and close: what a crowd there was in it! Nejdánof talked and talked, shouted angrily, fiercely,—had to shake many broad palms, hard as horn, and kiss many unsavoury beards. And again, oh

heavens! some one shouted, Drink! —and again Nejdánof drank that horrible poison."

The end is that the poor preacher of revolution—the pot of porcelain crushed between these pots of iron—is carried home drunk, humiliated, the laughing-stock of the crowd whom he had intended to lead to some impossible victory. He comes to himself to see plainly what he suspected all along, that all was folly and vanity—and to read in Marianna's looks that though ready to marry him, she no longer even supposed herself to love him. She had never cared for his poems, nor the tender sentimental side of his nature, and he had proved himself incapable to cope with the other side of life. Living altogether, in short, had become impossible. The little Russian Hamlet shoots himself under the apple-tree which he had gazed at out of his window for all these confused and painful days, and all is over. Marianna marries Solómin; the other visionary Markélof, makes a similar attempt to raise his own peasants, and is taken into custody by them, and goes to Siberia. Thus all who have acted from enthusiasm, from high ideal motives, come to a painful end, while the indifferent crowd looks on stupidly, not even sympathising, though glad to think that perhaps at the end "the masters" may be done away with and the land become their own. The deceived visionaries all vanish; but at the very last we have a glimpse of the permanent revolutionary—or tool of revolution, to speak more correctly—the hard-working practical Mashúrina, disguised under a false name, who, plodding away as usual at the commonplace incendiarism, crosses the scene to make some last inquiries after Nejdánof. She is the only soul that has really cared for and been faithful to him.

"'Are you still acting under the orders of Vassili Nikolaïvitch?' she is asked; 'or is it, then, some one else, —Sidór Sidórovitch, perhaps?'

"Mashúrina made no reply.

"'Or is the direction anonymous?'

"Mashúrina was crossing the threshold. 'It may be anonymous,' she said."

Thus ends this curious and painful study. It does not throw much light, the reader will perceive, on the Nihilism which haunts the footsteps of the Tzar. But it sets before us with extraordinary force the fermentation of dissatisfied minds, the vague mysterious trouble and dissatisfaction which is boiling up throughout all Russia. There is little doubt that the bitter and miserable Markélof, or still more the practical, obedient, stolid Mashúrina would have been capable of any fanatical enterprise; and Marianna, inexperienced, ignorant, and innocent, and believing in the new uncomprehended doctrine of freedom as in a gospel, might very easily have been trained to shoot generals and scheme explosions. In every aspect of the question, while it is shrouded in so much darkness, the taper of M. Tourgénief is perhaps the best light we can get, by which to examine a subject which is life and death to a great empire.

The reader who is acquainted with these brilliant novels, will recognise how many there are to which we have not been able to call attention. As works of pure literature, the qualities of most of them are high. We have been led by the interest of the crisis to dwell upon one special feature of M. Tourgénief's works, which does not by any means exhaust their claim upon the critic. But to our own thinking his genius has never displayed itself so powerfully as in his 'Fathers and Sons,' to which we have endeavoured to do something like justice.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.—PART VI.

XVII.—THE LAND-FEVER—RALF COSGROVE RETURNS TO THE COLONY.

THE next three years of John West's life passed with a rapidity unequalled in his former experience. Trusted and esteemed by his friend Fitzgerald, he set his mind to work on the one great object of making himself useful to his employer, and of fitting himself to play his part in life; and so thoroughly did he succeed, that he soon learnt to manage the station as well as the young squatter himself. He soon became a good judge of stock, and an excellent bush-rider, if not a first-class rough-rider—for there were few horses he dared not back with a fair chance of remaining in the saddle.

Emigration had in these years immensely increased the population of the colony; and the eager desire to become landowners on the part of all who had saved enough to take advantage of the very liberal terms which the land laws of the country offered, had caused most of the squatters to exercise their pre-emptive privileges largely, and Fitzgerald found himself obliged to sink all his available capital in the purchase of those lands which were his pride and boast, and of which hitherto he had only been a leaseholder. The same reason, and the high price which wool had maintained so long, caused the eyes of the Queensland squatters, and of those of the still more crowded-out southern colonies, to turn to the great unexplored and unoccupied lands of the far west and north, and exploring parties were being constantly organised and sent out.

Among the explorers none had done better than our old friend Stone. His push and reckless cheery nature, joined to an unusual development of the organ of locality, fitted him especially for the work of a pioneer. It was fortunate for him also that his exploring fell in the comparatively early days of the land-fever. Under the Crown Land Regulations which then existed, it was possible for any one riding over land which had never before been occupied, to obtain a lease of it from the Government on giving a rough description of the boundaries, and paying a trifling rent. This lease was sufficient to secure the tract of land, no matter the extent, against the intrusion and claims of all others; and explorers having taken up much country in this manner, found the sale of some of it to stock-owners in search of "pastures new" a most profitable business.

Stone had been down staying at Betyammo once during the last three years, and during his visit, which lasted several months, had managed to secure the affection of pretty lively Bessie, among other pieces of good fortune. He had again gone out on an expedition towards a river, on whose banks he was under the belief that magnificent country was to be met with, and he intended securing some of it for himself and his future father-in-law, if possible.

John would sometimes ride over with Fitzgerald to Betyammo for a day's amusement, or to spend Christmas; but the other was so much engaged with difficulties about land and his business generally, that his recreation time was limited. Occasionally John would chaff his friend quietly about his feelings towards Phœbe; but it was plain that, much as he liked her and the rest of

the Betyammo party, he had never thought seriously of her as a wife. He had clearly never looked down into the depths of that transparent and pure nature, nor had he the slightest idea that Phœbe regarded him in any other light than that of an old friend—almost, indeed, a brother,—for, despite his many advantages of person and station, Willie Fitzgerald was not a vain man. Meantime the Cambaranga station had received a temporary addition to its staff.

This was Ralf Cosgrove, the scapegrace son of John's unprincipled guardian, who had at last been sent out by his father to the colony, but who spent more of his time in the congenial atmosphere of fast life in Sydney than in looking after business on the Cambaranga run. Although still little more than a lad, he had been initiated in England into the ways of "flash" society. He had felt it indeed an honour to be on familiar terms with some of those celebrated individuals whose evil fame rested upon an ability to maintain a balance, with one foot on either side the line which divides the square from the cross sections of humanity. He slapt with pride the shoulder of Jack Pelham (who was credited with having several times "got at" horses before the race they were entered for came off) on the back, and taking a drink with him; and he was on the best of terms with "Captain Poole," the notorious billiard-player, whose success had estranged all his old companions.

He gratified his father by picking up a betting intimacy with Lord De-la-Turf and the Hon. Mr Ringbone, the latter of whom speedily managed to ease him of £1000 at one fell swoop, which his father, with many conflicting feelings of anger and pride, paid, and for some months afterwards walked about with the stump of the cheque in his pocket, as a proof of the pluck his boy had exhibited in gambling with a real nobleman.

It was not long, however, before claims of a similar sort showered in on all sides—for Ralf, taking a one-sided view of the case, looked upon all gains as being exclusively his own, while his debts were as entirely his father's.

His father's stable-boy still continued, as he always had been, his most favoured companion. Mr William Cane had long ago discarded that profession as being unworthy of his genius, and had adopted the more congenial one of living on what he could pick up in general, and from Ralf in particular, who was cajoled and sneered at, bullied, and coaxed or flattered, as best suited the purposes of the leader under whose guidance his career in vice had been fostered and furthered. In outward appearance there was much dissimilarity between the two. Ralf, about two or three years the younger, was of the middle size, slight in figure, with sharp features, and a long prominent chin; his forehead was low, and he wore his straight black hair long. Cane, on the other hand, was stout and broad, rather short, with a thick bullet neck, a remarkably heavy, lowering expression of countenance, and a square, thick jaw. His manners had acquired a certain amount of polish from contact with his betters, but his vulgarity and brutality of speech and mind clung to him like a garment.

As may be imagined, the elder Cosgrove found that this drain on his purse was by no means desirable. In vain, however, he stormed and swore,—the calls became only the more urgent. Debts privately accumulated, to be found out when their magnitude no longer permitted concealment, and at last he decided

upon sending his son back to Australia, hoping that station life and new duties would induce him to adopt a more sober style of living.

One of the chief objects which Mr Cosgrove had in view in shipping his son back to his native country was to break the various connections which the young man had formed. And he was so far successful. Even Mr William Cane, who was at that time much immersed in business (having two or three good lays on hand), suffered his patron and dupe to depart unheeded.

Arrived in Sydney, young Cosgrove at once plunged into the same sort of society as that from which he had emerged in the mother country; and he found the capital of New South Wales so much to his taste, that it was not until his money was spent, and further advances from Messrs Bond and Foreclose became necessary, that these gentlemen were able to persuade him of the propriety of paying a visit to his father's station.

At Cambaranga, Ralf did not increase his popularity. He avoided Fitzgerald and John, and sought congenial society in the little township of Yering, where he managed to while away a few days in the company of Mr Dowlan, the sub-inspector of white police stationed there.

Dowlan was an Irishman, rather well set up in figure, but with a coarse vulgar face, and a snobbish, sneaking nature. He fawned on any one who was possessed of money or influence, and felt no more shame in turning his back on those to-day whom he had helped to drain dry yesterday, than he did in filling himself with drink at the expense of any one fool enough to pay for it. Even Ralf soon got sick of his fulsome toadying and constantly repeated yarns, and at last, on the plea of ill-health, once more took his departure for Sydney, where he entered upon a lengthened career of dissipation.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AN IMPUDENT INTRUDER.

Some six or eight months after this, on a hot afternoon, several horsemen, with a number of pack-horses, arrived at Cambaranga. They looked like gentlemen, and as Mr M'Duff and Graham were from home, the woman in charge of the cooking department went out to meet the new-comers, and ask them inside. By their dress and inexperienced ways they seemed late arrivals in the colony, and a good deal of fuss and bustle was the immediate result of their unsaddling and unpacking.

People living in the Bush get quickly into the habit of forming a very correct idea of the breeding and social status of those applying for hospitality, from outward appearance and manner; and the kitchen-woman soon settled in her own mind that one at least of the strangers did not come up to the mark. His habiliments, &c., were the same as the others', though perhaps a trifle more *outré;* still she was accustomed to such variety of style, that her attention was more attracted by his contemptuous, overbearing manner. He had remained sitting on his horse, and on seeing her approach, struck an attitude meant to convey an idea of much dignified authority, and asked—

"Hi say, mistress, his M'Duff hin?"

"No, sir," replied the woman,

resenting a little the familiar address, "Mr M'Duff is not at home. Who shall I say has called?"

"Never you mind, hold girl; 'ere, take hoff my saddle" (alighting).

"Me take off your saddle!" said the woman, feeling her dignity much hurt. "No, sir; ladies doesn't do sich things in this yer country."

"—— your —— pride! Tell the groom to come hand hunsaddle my 'oss," he continued, marching coolly past her into the house, whence he issued shortly afterwards, and invited the rest of the party to walk in and make themselves at home.

The "haughty stranger" was our former acquaintance, Mr William Cane, who, having been engaged in professional business, which, while it filled his pockets considerably, at the same time imperatively demanded that he should, for some time at least, relieve the mother country of his valuable presence, had turned his attention towards the home of his friend and pupil.

On board ship he had given out that he was the part-owner of a considerable station in the Bush,—and the scraps of information which he had picked up from Ralf, and his knowledge of horse-flesh, materially assisted in the lie.

Some of the greenest youths, on their way out to the land of promise, admired and courted this knowing man of the world, and paid for their admiration accordingly—for Mr Cane understood tricks of cards and dice, as well as other descriptions of gambling. He had heard nothing of Ralf since parting with him, but determined to go to Cambaranga on the chance of finding him there, or, at any rate, of getting reliable information as to his whereabouts.

A short stay in Brisbane impressed him with the dignity and importance of the larger squatters. He found that Mr Cosgrove was a considerable personage in the colony, and accordingly his own influence over Ralf induced him to take quite an authoritative interest in the Cambaranga station. There was only a superintendent there, while he was the intimate friend and tutor of its heir. He had some intentions of managing the place himself. He might perhaps, for convenience sake, retain the old manager as overseer, but that would depend on circumstances. Such was the general purport and tone of his meditations and conversation to all who would listen. It afforded amusement to those who knew the true state of things; but the boundless arrogance of the man deceived himself as well as some admiring greenhorns. On the whole, he made a considerable sensation, and at last started up country, in company of a few young friends who were *en route* for their various destinations, and who were invited by him to "spell" a few days at Cambaranga. Mixing worldly shrewdness with the most consummate ignorance, blending the grossest vulgarity with a certain experience of manner, something of a coward, yet not without a kind of bull-dog pluck and ferocity, he was by turns admired, laughed at, and feared; but on the whole, as a man of influence in the country, his fellow-travellers regarded him with deference.

No one appearing to unsaddle his horse but an old black gin, who had not as yet mastered the art of undoing a buckle, Mr Cane was forced to do the degrading work of taking off his horse's accoutrements himself, relieving his feelings by swearing volubly at the ancient black female, who kept begging "toombacco" in the most pertinacious manner.

Re-entering the house, and ringing the bell, he demanded that dinner should be prepared; and as the

servant banged out of the door by no means pleased with the liberties taken by the stranger, he called after her—

"Hi say, you, what's yer name? Mother Igh-an-mighty, 'oose 'ouse is that one hover there?"

"If 'ee speaks civil, sir, I'll answer 'ee; but I ain't agoin' to put up with imperence from 'ee or any other pusson, I ain't, and so I just tell 'ee," replied the woman, indignant at being "called out of her proper name."

"Well, don't go hand get yer back hup hover it. Hi'll 'ave a look myself. Hi'm at 'ome 'ere you know,"—and so saying, he marched over to the large house and entered M'Duff's room.

"Ah! 'ere we har', what's this? Hold boy's papers, rubbish; my eye, what a lot of hold 'ats hand 'elmets! I think a 'elmet just suits me" (trying one on and looking at himself in the glass). He then amused himself by tumbling the various simple toilet articles over, snapping the Colt's revolver which lay on the table, and suddenly observing a bath, decided upon indulging in that luxury, which the state of his cuticle rendered highly necessary. With his usual free-and-easy habits, he helped himself to two or three different towels, leaving them lying on the floor when done with, and also coolly exchanged his own tarnished socks for a fresh pair, the soiled articles keeping the used towels company. He next proceeded on a search for liquor, and in one of the toilet drawers came upon a key which opened a small closet in the room containing M'Duff's private store—for, as may be imagined, Mr Cosgrove was not the man to supply any luxuries free of charge to those employed by him. While engaged in this manner, the kitchen-woman came over to see what he was about, and she could hardly believe her eyes when she met the stranger carrying out some bottles from the sacred store—for M'Duff was a perfect autocrat on the place, and his room forbidden to all.

"Doan't 'ee take they bottles, sir," she cried; "they be Mr M'Duff's; he woan't like 'ee touching 'em."

"Now mother Igh-an-mighty, clear out o' this, or maybe you'll get the sack, and M'Duff *too*. Hi'm agoin' to be master 'ere. Hi'm Mr Cosgrove's friend."

The astonished woman, not being able to do otherwise, therefore allowed the audacious stranger to pass, and he was soon the centre of a thoughtless and boisterous circle.

Just before dark M'Duff rode up. The travellers were gathered in a group outside, and his authoritative manner at once intimated who he was, and even Cane felt a little awe of him. Bronzed, weatherbeaten, and "bearded like the pard," he dismounted from a very noble looking steed, which he commenced unsaddling, after bidding a cheerful good evening in his gruff voice to the strangers,—for he rather liked the prospect of hearing the news of what was going on down below. Advancing with as dignified an air as he could assume, Mr Cane opened conversation with a remark about the horse.

"Hi say, mister, that's a right 'un. 'As 'e hever *done* hanything?"

Now M'Duff knew quite well that the question referred to his horse's performances on the turf; but taking on the appearance and measuring the experience of the group at a glance, he pretended innocence, and replied simply, "Oh yes."

"Ah! wot 'ave 'e done?"

"He has carried me for the last ten years," answered the bushman, chuckling, as he bore his saddle

past into the harness-room, and then made for his own apartment. Amazed at its condition, he called the female attendant, who volubly described what had happened. Keeping his temper, although much enraged, M'Duff was about returning to his guests, when he once more was accosted by his cool visitor.

"Hi say, mister, perhaps you don't know 'oo hi ham?"

M'Duff now had a shrewd guess, for in several letters the elder Cosgrove had warned him to keep a look-out for his son's acquaintances. Nevertheless, he shook his head, not trusting himself to speak.

"Hi thought has much. Well, hi am a most peticklar and very hintimate friend of your master's, hand hi hexpex you to show me hevery hattention."

The grim Super's choler was only kept down at this stage by the bitterness of the surprise with which he meditated overwhelming the self-sufficient snob.

"Oh, indeed, sir; I beg your pardon. You have not given me the honour of your name."

"My name his Cane—Mister Cane."

"Very good, Mister Cane, we'll attend to you," said the Boss, walking over to the bachelor's quarters, followed by the "peticklar friend."

Graham shortly afterwards came in, and was surprised at the comedy which was being enacted before him. A coarse, vulgar-looking, youthful stranger was doing host, entertaining his audience with stories of his intimacy with celebrities of doubtful reputation, and patronising M'Duff, who seemed determined to allow things to take their course.

This strange farce was carried on until bedtime, when M'Duff, whose fierce rage had nearly choked him, got up and proposed to retire. All rose to prepare, with the exception of Cane, who, pouring out another glass of spirits, asked—

"Where ham hi to be disposed?"

"Come here," said M'Duff, gently, and leading him to the door before the company, he pointed to the bright moon and the dusky bush. "There," he said—"there is your candle, and that is your bed."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised youth.

"I mean this," said M'Duff in determined tones, "that you don't sleep under this roof, and that you had better never show yourself here again, if you don't want to be arrested on a charge of housebreaking."

A scene now ensued, Cane furiously indignant, cursing and swearing, protesting his influence, and at last offering to fight everybody. Every one, however, supported grim old M'Duff, who adhered to his policy of the moon and bush.

"Hi can't sleep there," expostulated at length the mortified and humbled boaster.

"Then you may go to the blacks' camp, where you will find society to suit you," growled out the ruffled "old man," as he assisted Mr Cane outside.

Whether he passed the night there, or caught his horse and rode away, none of them learnt; but next morning no traces of him were to be found, and considerable amusement resulted from a comparison of his speeches and the real state of the case. Cane found his way down to Sydney, where he was not long in discovering his friend among the associates they both delighted in, and soon the old influence reasserted itself stronger than ever.

Mr Cosgrove, senior, still remained at home. His crafty counsels, together with M'Duff's vigorous management, and a favourable state

of the wool market, contributed to keep his affairs in a prosperous state. He had got into a kind of society which he enjoyed—money-making sporting-men, among whom the possession of money and worldly experience gave him a position.

He had never married again. He did not care for domestic life, and his step-daughter Ruth saw but little of him. Nevertheless he was fond of her in a way, and always left some means at her disposal. Perhaps it was the memory of her gentle mother; perhaps the cold, unscrupulous man sometimes felt a sting of remorse when he remembered the bitter agony of that passing spirit leaving behind her the unprotected little one. Whatever it was, he never was unkind to his step-daughter, who would willingly have loved him in return had he given her the opportunity. She had grown exceedingly pretty, and promised a further development of loveliness; but her chief charm lay in her gentle composed manner. Early thought and suffering had much to do in bringing out the better part of her self-reliant nature, and the lady under whose tuition she was placed had skilfully trained that which she found so ready to bend to her will. She had few companions, and the greater part of her time was occupied with work and reading.

It was a great relief when her step-brother Ralf took his departure for Australia. His irregularities and coarse ways distressed her, and the scenes between him and his father often rendered the house unpleasant. Her thoughts often reverted to the happy hours she had passed with John, but she had never heard anything about him since he left, except through Mr Cosgrove, who had mentioned his safe arrival at the station, and his having heard once or twice from him. After a time he replied to her inquiries rather gruffly, that John had behaved very ungratefully, and had taken his departure from the station. Since then his whereabouts had been hid from her, and she feared to ask her step-father further; but the memory of John's gentle brotherly attention and manly kindness were among her most cherished recollections. She much wondered that he had never written to her. She would have done so herself, but she feared he would think her forward. Yet she was not without hopes of seeing him again; for often when he received reports of his son's unsteadiness, Mr Cosgrove would threaten a return to Australia.

XIX.—A CHAPTER ON EXPLORING.

It has been mentioned that John's old friend, and Bessie's accepted lover, Charley Stone, was absent on a second exploring expedition. The experience and confidence which he had gained during his frontier life had determined him to make the next trip on a less extensive scale than the immediately preceding one, for several reasons. One of these was, that he did not care to go out again under the leadership of the chief who had had command of the former party, and who was also preparing to start; the next and most potent being that he was exceedingly anxious if possible to reach the country, and secure the pick of it before the rival expedition, which was being fitted out with the express purpose of doing the same, could arrive there.

The previous party, of which

Stone had made one, started from the newly-formed township of Rockhampton, which was then considered the *ultima Thule* of civilisation. There were six members in all, each providing a certain number of horses, and contributing his share towards the purchase of rations sufficient to last them during the period they expected to be away. Two blackboys accompanied them—one being the boy which Stone had taken with him from Betyammo. All were well armed, and a leader was chosen whose orders the rest agreed to obey, under pain of expulsion from the expedition. It was further agreed upon, that every piece of good pasture country they came across, suitable for a run, should be examined, and have trees marked upon it, its landmarks noted, and general description written down, in order that leases might be applied for at the Crown Lands Department; and to prevent jealousy, and allow each a fair chance, these pieces of country were to be balloted for on their return journey.

Accordingly they started, the cavalcade consisting of nearly forty horses, of which number about twenty-four were packed with flour, tea, sugar, dried beef, coffee, plums, and currants, &c., &c.; medicines, ammunition, tents, blankets, clothes, and tomahawks, and other necessaries. The leader, with his blackboy, rode some distance ahead, then followed two of the party, after whom were driven the spare and packed horses. The distance travelled each day, until they got quite clear of all civilisation, was about fifteen miles, after which they moved according to the discretion of the leader—sometimes remaining camped in one spot for two or three days, while country in the neighbourhood was being examined and marked off; and at others, making a march of ten, or twenty, or even twenty-five miles. Each one was told off for some special duty. For instance, the worst bushmen had to undertake the charge of the camp, cook the provisions, and look after the horses, during the absence of the rest on flying excursions. It was especially necessary that this particular charge was in qualified hands, for the natives were both numerous and, in some instances, hostile, and made more than one attempt to burn the camp and stores by setting fire to the long grass. The country through which they passed, though here and there good, did not come up to expectation; still they managed to make up in quantity for what was deficient in quality; and the knowledge that a great demand was about to spring up for pasture-lands, which they believed would cause almost any kind to sell, kept them in good spirits. It was, however, almost impossible that they could live in familiar intercourse with an almost despotic leader without having disagreements and causes of complaint. Continual daily little annoyances begot pettishness of temper, and there were some who took advantage of a more intimate acquaintance with the chief to shirk the more disagreeable parts of the work and shift it on to others. This Stone especially disliked, and rebelled against; and being in all respects as good, if not a better pilot and bushman than the leader, he became the chief of the opposition in the little wandering community, in which heartburnings and jealousies were as bitterly felt about trifles as they were in greater circles about matters of more importance. It thus happened that whatever Stone advised or proposed, the leader and his backers objected to; and although in point of numbers the party was equally divided, yet the

opposite faction, having authority on their side, always carried the day.

When the explorers had been out about four months, and were thinking of returning, in following up a river, the country on whose banks was by no means first-class, they came upon the junction of a large tributary with it, and from the description of dead timber which its waters during previous floods had carried down with them, Stone was of opinion that, by tracing it up for some distance, they might expect to discover better country than they had yet seen. All hands shared in this view; and an attempt to carry it out was decided on, and some progress made.

In a day or two's time the scrub which lined the banks of the river became so thick and dense, that half the party were employed in cutting a track through it for the pack-horses, who often tore off their now greatly diminished loads against the trees. Before long it was evident that the leader was against further advance, and the arguments which he used had certainly much to recommend them.

"The rations were running short, and for some time back the whole party had been on half allowance only. They were a long way out, in a country swarming with natives, owing to which game was both scarce and shy. The season was a most unusually dry one; the grass was withered or burnt by the bush-fires which raged around them; and, most serious of all, the water in the river which they were following up was very scanty, and might fail them altogether."

In vain Stone pleaded an advance of three or four more days. The leader was inexorable. Whether convinced that the safety of his expedition depended on a speedy return; or whether, as Stone privately conjectured, he was desirous of returning and securing to himself and his own friends at a more favourable season the fair land of promise, of the existence of which he was probably convinced, it was hard to say. He had his way, however, and the little band turned their horses' heads homeward. The night before they struck occupied country. they drew lots for the already discovered and marked pieces of country, and Stone found himself remarkably well off.

It now became necessary to proceed at once to Brisbane, and send in the descriptions to the Crown Lands Office, together with an application for leases; and these arrangements having been successfully concluded, most of the adventurers found ready purchasers for them. Among the rest, our friend Stone parted with his share of the spoil, and made his way up to Betyammo with a considerable credit to the joint account of Mr Gray and himself.

XX.—CHARLEY STONE'S EXPEDITION.

Our exploring friend stayed with the Grays at Betyammo during the remainder of the season, and the end of the following wet weather found him once more at Rockhampton, arranging matters with the two companions of his former journey, whose confidence he had secured. Rockhampton at that time was, although very small, by no means a dull place of abode. Situated on the banks of the "Fitzroy River," and within easy reach of Brisbane and Sydney by steamer it formed the depot of supplies for the country which was being taken

up and stocked all around. It had also been the port for a "diggings" in the neighbourhood, to which false report had lured thousands some time before, and which, turning out a failure, had caused much distress and misery among those who flocked there, depending on what they could extract from the earth. Just now it was swarming with young men belonging to the new stations which had been formed in the neighbourhood, and who had come down to port to see about supplies or engage teams or men. Others there were who, having been out exploring, and having discovered country, were waiting in town until the Crown Lands Commissioner, who resided there, should have leisure to accompany them back to these wilds, and report upon them for Government information. Many young men had driven mobs of horses overland for sale; others had travelled up with large herds of cattle, or flocks of sheep, to stock country previously secured, and had, for convenience' sake partly, and partly from ignorance of a more direct route, taken Rockhampton on their way. Crowds of shepherds, stockmen, drovers, bullock-drivers, shearers, bushmen, &c., &c., were spending their hard-won cheques; and swarms of loafers hung about sponging on their more manly brethren. Besides these, the little town had its own complement of Government officials, bankers, merchants, store-keepers, publicans, &c., who were all more or less known among the pioneers. Money was exceedingly plentiful, and business both brisk and sound.

The young men, who for various reasons were doomed to a certain period of enforced idleness, contributed much to the evil notoriety which the youthful city had acquired for rowdyness. Being mostly high-spirited, reckless men, drawn together by a special fitness for undergoing hardship, and surmounting the dangers and difficulties of an outside life, it was to be expected that they should possess an unusual amount of vitality, and consequently the aspect of the town was an exceedingly lively one. Drinking, fighting, practical joking, blowing (that is, talking loudly and boastingly on any and every subject), horse-racing, and gambling at all hours of the day or night without let or hindrance, intermixed with business matters, formed the occupation of the inhabitants; and Stone was not sorry when, his arrangements having been concluded, he slipped away quietly, having managed, as he thought, to keep his destination a secret.

Their journey was of an uneventful character until reaching the spot where they had turned back on the previous expedition, the only break to the general monotony being an accident which happened to one of the little party, and which they had reason to be thankful turned out a slight one. The horse ridden by the gentleman in question, a very fiery and rather vicious animal, having had the misfortune, in passing through some bushes, to disturb a large nest of wasps, which had there founded a colony, became so maddened and ungovernable under the stings of his assailants, that, unable to throw his rider by fair means, he dashed himself furiously to the ground, crushing the unfortunate young man beneath him. Horror seized upon the rest. Rushing up, they succeeded in restoring suspended animation, but it was some time before they ascertained whether or not the thigh-bone was intact. Mercifully this proved to be the case. At such a distance from medical aid, an accident of this nature meant a lingering and painful death. The sufferer, however,

was able, after two or three days' rest, to renew the journey on a quieter steed.

Just before reaching the large scrub through which they had been cutting their path previous to retracing their steps formerly, they came upon several mobs of natives. It was Stone's endeavour, if possible, to avoid a collision with the aboriginals, and they had therefore frequently to camp without lighting a fire, in order to remain as unobserved as possible. Having one night come upon a little plain surrounded by dense scrub, they ventured on making a small blaze, in the belief that the thick vegetation would prevent the glare of the flames from being observed. Merrily they ate their frugal supper, and all were enjoying the solace of that sweet "soother," the evening pipe, and speculating as to the whereabouts of the other expedition, when Stone's blackboy, who had been gazing fixedly in the distance for some time, suddenly pointed to a light on the edge of the scrub, about one hundred and fifty yards away, and excitedly asked in a low tone, "Issay, Missa 'Tone, you think that one fire-'tick?" The question—especially coming from the blackboy, experienced in all the ways of his treacherous brethren—naturally caused a start. There was a bright steady little light moving slowly in the direction pointed out, just about the size of the glowing end of lighted bark, which natives invariably carry by night. Were there blacks about? All knew that some natives have the habit of tracking up their foes at night by the aid of fire-sticks.

Another now joined the first, and the doubt of the travellers was fast merging into certainty, when one of the lights slowly rose in the air and floated upwards, followed at a little distance by the other. Now they sank, and again they rose, chasing each other through the silent night—wandering fires in the "blackness of darkness."

All breathe more freely. The blackboy burst into a laugh. "My word, me been think black fellow come up. What for pireply walk about, gammon you and me like it that?" * But the alarms were not yet over. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, and the tired bushmen were thinking of turning in, when one of the party uttering rapidly the warning, "Look out!" seized his carbine, and drooped on his knees behind a large tree close to which he had been lying. The effect was magical. In less than a minute each one had done the same, each grasping a weapon. Nothing now could be seen of the little group which, a moment before, were quietly lying and chatting together. The small spot, illumined by the light of the fire, was now empty. Dead silence reigned, amid which could be heard footsteps stealthily approaching. Click, click, click, click, went the hammers of as many carbines. An instant more, and a fitful gleam from the fire has thrown a dim uncertain light on an approaching black figure, discovering its legs, breast, and eyes, with a white mark on the forehead, after the manner of the aboriginals; and in the same moment, Stone, who is nearest, shouts, "Hold on, boys! don't shoot. It's the old mare's black foal!" and so it was. The creature, whose maternal parent was grazing in the vicinity, had (attracted by the fire) approached cautiously, sniffing curiously as it advanced; and the start it had occasioned now caused many a

* Why do the fireflies travel about, deceiving you and me thus?

hearty laugh from the much-relieved little band, each detailing his own personal feelings during the crisis.

About a week's hard work enabled them to pierce the dense scrub, and the sight which then met their eyes was in itself a sufficient reward for their determination and perseverance. Apparently limitless downs, clothed with the richest grasses and herbs, rolled away before them. A range of noble, curiously-shaped peaks and hills stretched away on their right, while every few miles they crossed running brooks of clear water. They had indeed discovered a land, the existence of which would prove not only a mine of wealth to themselves, but also to the colony at large. Mounting a high hill near their camp, they gazed with enraptured eyes on the far-stretching plains melting away in the distance, until they were lost in the hazy sky-line, crossed by belts of timber and intersected by streams, little knolls crowned with clumps of scrub varying prettily the undulating downs and swelling timbered ridges. How their souls bounded! Oh the glory of being the first white men to tread what might be the future home of thousands of their race! It was a moment worth living for. All was theirs. From the blue mountain-peaks here, where the thin, grey, spiral signal-smoke of the wild man curled away aloft to the far horizon, ay, and for hundreds of miles beyond (for who could predict its limits?) —all was theirs.

Setting to work briskly now, they surveyed roughly the features of the land, and daily became more aware of the importance of their discovery. They appeared to have struck the rich country at its junction with a poorer tract—what seemed also the index of a vast extent of country of a similar character. Several large runs had been measured off in the usual manner, when, as they were proceeding one day to commence on fresh ground, they were astonished to come upon the tracks of shod horses. There were a large number, evidently being ridden and driven, and going in the direction they had come from. All stopped aghast. It was without doubt an exploring party. On that soft virgin soil no horse's foot had ever before trodden down the succulent grasses. A shower of rain which had fallen here rendered it difficult to determine the precise age of the tracks; but ten days had already elapsed since then, and it was possible that a fortnight or three weeks had passed since they were made. It was not to be supposed that their own tracks could have remained unnoticed, and already their rivals might be straining their horses in the endeavour to reach the settlements, and forward their applications for the country.

It was a great blow to the plucky little company. The direction they came from puzzled them most. When refusing to proceed further during the former expedition, the thought of an easier and more expeditious track into the unseen country must have occurred to their leader. Doubtless he had found it on the other side, and probably was as much surprised to see their tracks as they were to find his. Had they met, they might have made a compromise; but, under existing circumstances, each party's thought must be how to turn matters to their respective advantages. But what was to be done? Hastily returning to camp, a special council was [illegible] Everything depended on g[illegible] down before the others. I[illegible] true that their rivals had h[illegible] time to make such a survey [illegible]

country as they had done, but to their experienced leader nothing was easier than to take the bearings of the most remarkable points from some unmistakable spot, and define vaguely the boundaries of runs by compass, which would answer his purpose almost as well. Their hopes of reward hinged upon getting their applications into the office, and marked with the day and hour of their receipt, before the others could arrive. How was this to be effected? A stern-chase is proverbially a long one, and the members of the other expedition were quite as alive to the necessity for haste as they themselves were. It was maddening to think that they should be deprived of what they had undergone so much to secure.

They could not remain to look for other country. The ration supplies would not admit of a protracted stay; besides which, many different parties were out; and without information as to the routes taken by these, they might only incur a similar mischance.

At last Stone broke silence. "I think," he said, "I know a way to manage—that is, if they have not got too much the start of us."

"What's your idea?" eagerly asked the other two.

"Well," he returned, "down on the sea-coast, straight down from here, there is a Bêche-de-mer fishing-station. I know the men well; they have two or three fast-sailing whale-boats. What I propose is to push down there, and offer a fifty-pound note, or a hundred, if need be, for a passage to Rockhampton, and chance finding a steamer from there. It is our safest plan. I will go with the blackboy. You two can start down overland. I do not think it possible, should they have started, that you can overtake them; still something may occur on the road to delay them; and we must neglect no opportunity. I won't promise," continued he, "that I can get down from the Bêche-de-mer station, for their boats may be absent, or the men may be away on the 'ketch' which they belong to. All I will say is, that if there, for old acquaintance' sake and a good cheque, they may be induced to go."

After some deliberation this plan was adopted; and a couple of hours later saw Stone commence his journey. It was by no means an easy task which he had set before himself, and it was fraught with hazard to both him and his boy. He had the knowledge that a Bêche-de-mer fishing-station existed somewhere near the mouth of a large river, the estuary of which he had observed a considerable time before, during a short cruise which he had made along the coast: but no one knew the country inland; and so many rivers took their rise on the coast-range, that it was quite possible he might follow down the wrong one to the sea-coast, and then get entangled in a labyrinth of salt-water inlets, mangroves, and vine-scrubs. He had only taken one fortnight's rations; but this he intended to spin out by putting himself and his faithful attendant on half-rations, in case the worst should happen.

He must succeed. He shut his eyes resolutely to the dangers which a well-equipped party might escape, but which were magnified a hundred times in his case; and equally cheerful and determined was his companion. Each leading a spare horse, they pushed on until darkness compelled them to stop. Guided partly by compass, and partly by that curious and infallible instinct which some men possess in so very remarkable a degree, they made their way at considerable

speed until they arrived at the high coast-range. In doing so, some country was passed over which, with an explorer's eye, the white man mentally resolved should be examined on a future occasion; at present, time did not permit.

From the range, the sight of the hazy sea, at a distance of seventy or eighty miles, cheered them; and Stone fancied that he recognised the towering peak of an island near their destination.

After descending the coast side of the range, the grass became longer—reaching, indeed, sometimes over their heads on horseback. It was armed with a barbed seed nearly half an inch in length. These grass-seeds, being ripe, adhered in such profusion to their persons that they felt like immense porcupines; and the seeds, working into the flesh in a thousand directions, also caused acute pain and irritation. The great size of the seed enabled them to extract them more easily than the smaller and infinitely more troublesome kinds which grew inland; but nevertheless the annoyance was extreme. The horses also suffered much in forcing their way through the long wiry grass, which, cutting their fetlock-joints, caused each step to be made in pain.

The tarantula spiders—heavy, fat-bodied, horrid creatures, almost as large as small birds, with legs fully two inches long—spread their webs everywhere between the trees; and, in their haste and preoccupation of mind, the travellers frequently ran into the snare, their heads getting covered with the strong, sticky structure, like a veil. The disgust was enhanced by feeling the hateful architect run swiftly across their faces as he made his escape. Millions of flies and insects of all kinds were sheltered and protected by the long grass. The common fly covered their persons, seemingly enjoying the pleasure of travelling on horseback. Little groups of them buzzed in front of the travellers' eyes, alighting on the corners of them, and renewing their attacks, when driven away, with a pertinacity only to be overcome by death. The well-known blight-fly intimated his unwelcome presence by stinging the blackboy in the eye, the lids of which instantly swelled to the size of a hen's egg, and remained so for the next two or three days, causing intense irritation. Tiny sand-flies swarmed in myriads about the horses' ears, or sat in patches over their bodies, goading them to distraction; and at night the mosquitoes united in one continual hum of joy as they pursued their philanthropical investigations.

Pushing along, they came at last to the banks of a broad river, which, from its size, Stone felt assured must be the one which debouched into the ocean near the spot he was desirous of attaining. The top banks were nearly 100 feet above the level of the water. About half-way between the water and the highest banks a broad terrace ran, forming a second band. Along the water's edge, noble ti-trees, whose drooping branches swept the stream, formed a fringe, the dark green of their thick foliage being relieved now and then as the white cockatoos flew among their branches, or rose in a vast cloud of spotless purity but unearthly noise.

The river's bed is full of large sandbanks, upon which alligators may be seen lying motionless with widely distended jaws. Native "companions," and brilliantly plumaged cranes and herons stalk about in the shallow water. Pelicans with huge beaks sail about majestically, surrounded by smaller fry of all sorts. New descriptions of water-fowl are met with here and

there. A little distance further on they come to a camp of flying-foxes. The huge trees on both sides of the river are actually black with them. The great bats hang by their hooked wings to every available branch and twig, squealing and quarrelling. The smell is dreadful. The camp extends for at least three miles. There must be millions upon millions of them. Wild figs grow plentifully, as also do the beautiful plum-trees covered with fruit, and flowering vines twine themselves gracefully round their stems. Sometimes groups of natives are seen fishing in the river. They must be numerous about here. The trees bear the frequent marks of their stone tomahawks, and little beaten paths lead down to the water's edge. They have hitherto, as far as the travellers are aware, evaded being seen by them. They each watch half through the night. The blackboy is invaluable from his cool courage; and on one occasion, when Stone's excited fancy led him to believe that he actually heard the rustling of the grass as the savages stole up, he remarked with a grin, alluding to the clouds of mosquitoes and the naked skins of the aborigines, "Supposing black fellow come, you hear him like it that," slapping his own shoulder at the same time, in the act of killing a mosquito, which, from their numbers, he probably did.

They have now to cross the river, and succeed, after being nearly swallowed up in the treacherous quicksands of which it is full. Now they approach the sea, and the cycas-palms so common on the coast-range disappear. The iron-bark and gum-trees are mixed with stunted ti-trees, grass-trees, and curious weird-looking pandanus-trees. Impenetrable vine-scrubs line the river-banks at intervals.

Hurrah! a salt-water creek. The travellers rejoice; they feel they are approaching their destination, but still their troubles are not over. The salt-water creeks are numerous. They are slimy gulfs of oozing mud when the tide is out, and alligators lurk in their sluggish depths when in, and crossed they must be. Mangrove-swamps must be got round. The white man is to be pitied who gets lost in one of them. They are the home of alligators, poisonous reptiles, leeches, frogs, &c., &c.—a bottomless pit of stinking deep slime, swarming with sand-flies, mosquitoes, centipedes, and scorpions. Now they ride down to the beach, passing by a platform erected on four tall forks, on which lie exposed to the wind and sun the dried remains of some dark warrior, and they eagerly gaze for a sign of the presence of white men.

Some distance down the coast Stone joyfully recognised his island, and they pushed along the sandy beach until evening, when, to their great relief and delight, they found themselves at the fishing-station which it had been their object to reach.

The hardy sailors were no less surprised than glad to welcome their old acquaintance at their out-of-the-way home, and readily agreed to take Stone down in a whale-boat, and allow the boy to remain at their camp with the horses until he could be sent for. They were engaged in smoking a large haul of "tit" fish which they had made on a neighbouring reef. Their ketch was beached high and dry near the camp; and, on the whole, they had very comfortable quarters.

That evening the boat was got ready to start, and long before day broke she had left the hospitable camp far behind her, and was running free before a favouring breeze, with Stone sound asleep (the first time in security for many months),

wrapped in a spare sail. A good rest refreshed him greatly, and the invigorating sea-breeze, together with his successful trip, emboldened him to hope for a favourable termination to his enterprise. The whale-boat cut along merrily, never shipping a sea. Oh the mercy of the open ocean breeze, and the companionship of his own people after his late sufferings! The sapphire sea, out of which rose innumerable little fairy islands, some clothed with dark cedars and pines to the water's edge, others mere spots of emerald sward, washed a silver beach-line. Piercing the clear waters, the eye could discern forests of branching coral, through which the fish darted in shoals, or fed motionless on their marine pasture. Now and then a sea-snake is passed, coiled with his head erect on the top of a crested wave; or the fin of a shark is seen as it cruises after its prey; or a little bark-canoe darts from one island to another, and is lost to view among its verdure.

But what pen can describe the glorious beauty of evening, when the setting sun, amid a blaze of gold and purple, dipped beneath the waters of the Pacific, gilding far and wide the glowing sea and the dark mountain-tops? or the tropical beauty of the night, its stillness broken only by the roar of the fire-flashing breakers as they boomed on the sunken coral ledges, or rolled in waves of light towards that unknown shore? They had a capital run; and as they approach the entrance of the Fitzroy, the black smoke of a steamer making her way down from the "fleets" is seen above the trees. This is indeed a piece of luck. It is the Australian Steam Navigation Company's steamer the Boomerang, bound south. Another half-hour, and it would have been too late for another week. She stops; and as the whale-boat runs alongside and lowers her sail, Stone, who is standing in the stern-sheets, recognises many a familiar face and voice among the throng who lean over her side looking down on them.

His own rough appearance for a time protects his identity. His hair and beard have grown long, the wide brim of his soft felt hat has lost its stiffening, and hangs limply on his shoulders; his shirt and trousers have become of no particular hue, and bear the mark of many a thorny struggle; while his revolver, carbine, and red blanket impart a picturesqueness not uncommon in these parts.

Bidding a hearty good-bye to his friends in need, and handing them a handsome cheque, he climbed up the ladder. The little whale-boat filled her sail and stood away for Rockhampton, where her crew will yet be in time to get a skinful of grog before night.

Once on board, he is surrounded by friends. Naturally he is asked whence he comes from; and he has barely given a vague account of his journey, when he is informed of the wonderful discovery which has been made by his rivals, whose party was about arriving when the steamer left. His hopes, so bright a while ago, sink. He asks why none of them are on board, and is informed that the mail-man to the few stations on the other side of Rockhampton has brought in the news, having out-travelled the explorers.

He breathes once more. No doubt their applications are with the mail the vessel carries. Should he present his own before the delivery of the steamer's letters, the victory will yet be his. A friend supplied him with the necessary outfit; and when the old Boomerang makes fast to the Australian Steam Navigation Company's wharf on the

Brisbane river, he hurries off to the Crown Lands Office, which is fortunately open, and, presenting the papers which he has had time to make out on board, has the satisfaction of learning that no other applications for country have arrived from that quarter.

He has gained the day. Hurrah! Nothing like push. Back to the steamer. Champagne all round. He tells his story. Hurrah for the north! More champagne. Away up to "Braysher's" now. What a huge town Brisbane looks after the wild, solitary bush! It is a kind of London. One can never tire of walking up and down Queen Street watching one's fellow-creatures, and staring at the shops. The sight of so many human beings causes a wild excitement, heightened at night when the lamps blaze and glitter. It is not altogether to be wondered at that the "bushman" should commit excess after his silent life of rigorous self-denial and privation.

How strange is the feeling of walking up-stairs and viewing one's figure in a pier-glass! How glorious is the return to a land of plenty—a land of fresh vegetables and properly cooked food! One looks upon the black-coated waiter with a kind of respectful awe, and feels quite thankful when he quietly pockets his tip without upbraiding one with an attempt to purchase his sympathies. The dark, bronzed face, and the rough hands, mark one out to the store-keepers and other leeches as proper prey; but never mind; what's the odds? It is not every day one sees a town.

Every bushman has experienced these feelings on his return to civilisation after a long absence, and so also did Stone, his delight being much increased by his triumph. He had, however, a stronger attraction at Betyammo, whither he hastened as soon as possible.

The following mail took back the welcome intimation to his companions, one of whom returned to the Bêche-de-mer station and brought home overland the horses and boy, whose arrival was hailed with much rejoicing by his tribe, and with no less cordiality than sincerity by his master.

— —

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.

You blame me that I cannot love
  As you can love, my friend;
You call me heartless,—light of faith,—
  Because my fancies end!

I do not say it is not true;
  Oh no! your words are right:
But you who love, and I who laugh,
  Which gains most in the fight?

And why, if you were seeking love,
  Should you have turned to me?—
I, who of all who meet your gaze
  Have sworn inconstancy!

Go further yet, poor heart, and seek
  For one who still can give;
Or, if your heartbreak prove too sharp,
  Curse me, my friend,—and live.

Yes! Once I cursed,—and lived. Alas!
  'Tis better far to die,
Hands meekly clasped and prayerful
  Eyes upturned to the sky.

I loved too well,—as you, my friend,
  Are loving me this hour;
Such loves die hard, are cursed, we know,
  With overwhelming power.

My love went out,—as yours will do,—
  But after many years;
And in those years I was not glad,
  And bitter were my tears.

My love was like your love, my friend,—
  It met with no return,
In spite of passionate appeal,
  In spite of words that burn.

But you who love, and I who laugh,
  May part at least in peace;
One day you'll thank me for my words,
  One day your pain will cease.

THE REIGN OF BUNKUM.

A LETTER TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

In that enlightened Journal which reflects the "sweet reasonableness" of the Scottish Radical —a journal, John, with which you are possibly unfamiliar,—the leading article on the third day of the campaign—by which time it was known that the English boroughs had deserted Lord Beaconsfield, and gone over to the enemy—contained one really memorable sentence. "The majority against the Government grows *like an avalanche.*" The fiercest Tory could not have selected a fitter figure of speech to describe a sinister catastrophe. Gladstone at the head of the democracy!—an avalanche in mid-career—and nothing less. And it must be mighty pleasant for you to know, my friend, that it is your own wilful folly which has loosed and set in motion this destructive and incalculable force.

The situation, as you begin to see by this time, is sufficiently serious; but after all, it is possible to over-rate the gravity of the disaster at the polling-booths. To Lord Palmerston, among others, is attributed the saying, that nothing is so unreliable as figures — except facts. So let us take the figures first, and have done with them,—we shall come to the facts by-and-by. It was among the provincial boroughs that the chief gains and losses of the campaign were to be looked for,—the key to the position was to be found there. Before the election took place, I had occasion to consult the last edition of the 'Parliamentary Companion,' and, for my own information, tabulated what, from the experience of 1874 and subsequent years, might be called the doubtful constituencies among the provincial boroughs. These were of three classes: 1st, the constituencies where the Tory majorities in 1874 were small; 2d, the constituencies where the Liberal majorities were small; and 3d, those where the representation was divided. I did not include in my list, I think, any constituency where the majority had exceeded 200 or 250; and the result was that, of the doubtful seats, 52 were held by the Tories, 65 were held by the Liberals, and 40 were divided between the two parties. Now, at the general election, upwards of 40 of the seats which had been held by Tories, and the whole of the seats in the divided constituencies (with the exception of four), were secured by the Liberals. On the other hand, the Tories succeeded in securing only 14 of the seats held by Liberals; nor did they gain a single seat in the divided constituencies, —although it is true that in nearly every case the Radical garrison had enough to do to hold its own. Thus, the Liberals retained a seat at Dungannon by 2; at Tewkesbury by 9; at Youghal by 13; at Denbigh by 15; at Boston by 17; at Maldon by 18; at Kirkcudbright by 21; at Taunton (Sir Henry James) by 29; at Pembroke by 33; at Abingdon by 42; at Newport by 58; at Macclesfield by 66; at Bewdley by 68; at Carmarthen by 110; at Stockport by 230; at Shrewsbury by 262; and at Bristol (where 10,070 voted for the second Liberal, and 9395 for the first Tory) by 675. It is obvious that these seats were held with difficulty: save for the gust of popular feeling

at the moment, they would certainly have been lost. Luck is a lord; and while a vast deal of bad luck attended the Tory assault on the Liberal position, even worse luck appears to have attended his defence of his own. What I mean is, that the majorities by which a large number of the English boroughs were lost to the Tories were absurdly small, — "absurd," I say, in view of the vast interests that hung in the balance. Not less than fifty seats were won by the Liberals during the first three days of the campaign by inconsiderable majorities. The majorities in six boroughs were under 10; in seventeen boroughs under 60; in twenty-four boroughs under 100. In other words, 93 additional votes would have retained eight seats for the Tories, 584 would have retained nineteen seats, 997 would have retained twenty-four,—twenty-four votes counting forty-eight on a division! As showing the persistent ill-luck which has dogged the Tories throughout this election, the subjoined table, which contains the seats lost by them where the majority in each case was under 100, is peculiarly instructive.*

I do not wish to make too much

* *Seats lost by Tories where the majorities were under* 100.

Constituency.	Number of Electors.	Liberal Majority.	Constituency.	Number of Electors.	Liberal Majority.
South Norfolk,	7,421	1	South Warwick,	6,414	43
Colchester,	3,516	2	South Northumberland,	8,800	43
Rye,	1,364	7	St Ives,	1,260	48
Buckingham,	1,156	8	Ipswich,	7,307	49
Evesham,	788	9	Stamford,	1,210	50
Worcester,	6,315	9	Southampton,	7,265	51
Oxford,	6,085	10	Brecon,	843	59
Roxburgh,	1,928	10	Monmouth,	5,026	61
Wigtown,	1,337	12	Berwick,	1,418	62
Isle of Wight,	4,841	13	Christchurch,	2,361	68
Bute,	1,333	17	Dumfries,	3,108	72
Wicklow,	3,379	21	County Armagh,	6,937	84
Plymouth,	5,551	22	Petersfield,	814	86
Huntingdon,	1,038	25	King's Lynn,	2,762	90
Knaresboro',	761	26	Montgomeryshire,	5,212	91
Peebles,	1,127	32	Coventry,	8,526	97
Shaftesbury,	1,387	34			
Wareham,	1,083	35	Total seats, 35,	20,889	1,489
Wallingford,	1,225	41			

That is to say, that thirty-five seats, counting seventy on a division, were lost to the Tories by less than fifteen hundred votes. Then a seat at Dublin was lost by 201 (12,607 electors); at Cork by 168 (4626 electors); at Bath by 341 (5611 electors); at Ashton by 380 (5913 electors);—and so on.

Since this article was in type, it is announced that through the kindly co-operation of certain Tories of easy political virtue, Dr Lyon Playfair has been enabled to retain his seat for the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews (electors, 5738) by the narrow majority of 74. The extraordinary speech made by Dr Playfair, on the declaration of the poll, to the effect that a section of his party (the all-powerful section?) viewed with much displeasure the enfranchisement of the Universities, and that the recent contests in the Scotch academic constituencies had placed those seats in great danger in the event of any future redistribution of the franchise, has been the subject of much comment among university men. The relentless intolerance of the Radical frame of mind for every form of opinion which does not square with its own, has seldom, indeed, received a more characteristic illustration. It may be said, with perfect truth, that almost the sole constituencies in Scotland where a Tory had a fair chance at the late election were the two which comprise the *élite* of the universities; and one would have fancied, looking to the enormous Tory minority throughout Scotland which is practically disfranchised, that even a "scientific" Radical would have seen the political fitness of retaining one or two seats through which its most highly educated opinion would have a chance at least of making itself heard.

of these figures; but it is difficult to explain away their weighty import. It appears that some fifty seats were lost to the Tories in the early days of the campaign by nominal majorities. During the same period five-and-twenty Radical seats at least were saved by majorities as narrow. At the time I write, about 25 seats in all have been lost by the Liberals, and 126 by the Tories, leaving a net Liberal gain of over 100. Lord Beaconsfield had a majority in the late Parliament of from 50 to 55, or, excluding the Home-Rulers, of about 110. If the 75 seats of which I have spoken had been retained or won by the Tories, the net Liberal gain would have been 26,—so that, excluding the Home-Rulers, the Tories would still have been, numerically even, and certainly in political force, the strongest party in the House. But this is not all. The urban constituencies, as a rule, were polled on the first three days of the election. It must be admitted, John, that we are an imitative people,—following each other like a flock of sheep,—or geese? *That* may be a virtue when we are on the right path; but when the road leads direct to the precipice —what then? And just consider, John, how any worthy "body" belonging to the tribe of trimmers must have felt when, on his way to the polling-booth, he heard that in two days Lord Beaconsfield's majority had been wiped out! How many seats otherwise tolerably safe were lost by these early defections, cannot of course be known; but the Liberal exultation and the Tory dismay were equally efficacious, we may be sure, in contributing to the later losses.

Is it wise or politic at any time, and especially at a time when the country is called upon to decide a question of imperial interest, that the terms of the momentous verdict should be virtually settled by a bare majority of electors in some fifty or sixty boroughs? Would a prudent general confide the key of the position to the keeping of a handful of men? In whatever way this question may be answered, it is clear, at least, that in so far as these boroughs on this occasion decided the issue submitted to the people, the Liberal victory was more or less of a "fluke," and liable, therefore, to be reversed at any moment. We have lost fifty seats that were doubtful by narrow majorities; we have failed to win nearly as many by majorities as narrow. The loss of a doubtful seat by a bare majority is at worst a piece of bad luck only; and though there may be a run of luck for a brief season against a particular player, experts tell you that in the long-run the chances of the game are even. With regard to the other gains and losses of the campaign, there is not much to be said. It would appear that on the 1st of April of this year the vast democracies of the northern towns were, as a rule, Radical to the bone. This is the unpleasant feature of the election,—the fanatical impulsiveness of the great northern

"It comes to this, therefore," a correspondent of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' remarks, "if the educated and most thoughtful constituencies venture at any crisis, in the history of their country, to regard with some alarm the devastating policy of a violent and discordant party, they may, on the advent to power of such a party, expect a happy despatch,"—the superior enlightenment of the artisan and the ploughman being duly recognised in the redistribution of seats.

The whole number of seats now held by Liberals where the majority did not in any case exceed 97 is sixty-four. Sixty-four seats are held by an aggregate majority of 2688 votes. Had these 2688 votes been placed to the credit of the Tories, there would have been at present 304 Tories and 286 Liberals in the House of Commons.

democracies. Not that in the populous constituencies the Radicals have been able to carry everything before them: the City of London is sounder than ever; the rapid growth of Toryism in the metropolitan, as well as in several of the great provincial boroughs, such as Sheffield and Birmingham,* is undeniable; the English counties, in spite of the battle being virtually lost before they were engaged, have proved fairly loyal; the total vote all over the country cast for Conservative candidates is largely in excess of the vote of 1874; and yet, John, I fancy that at the present moment not more than 240 Tories are members of the House of Commons. We have been defeated; and though the extent of the disaster at the polling-booths may be easily exaggerated, it does no good to shut our eyes to the fact. We had expected to win; we have lost heavily; and no lover of the monarchy, no lover of the Church, no lover of constitutional freedom, can regard the situation without grave anxiety.

This anxiety is easily accounted for. England is still in her sober senses; but she knows that the strain of the situation becomes daily more tense. She has to deal, on the one hand, with the Puritanic fanaticism of Scotland, and on the other, with the communistic anarchy of Ireland,—surely a difficult enough position for your poor country, my dear John. But the worst of your troubles is the last. You might manage to soothe the susceptibilities of the Irish patriot; you might manage to induce the Scot to keep his sumptuary laws and his inclement Calvinism for his own use; but who can manage Gladstone? You cannot disguise the fact that the popular "star" with the democracy at this moment is a planet whose erratic orbit it is impossible to calculate. The democracy leads or is led by a man—sometimes it is the one, sometimes it is the other—who is as imperious, as impulsive, as incalculable as itself. An ominous conjunction!

Let them give us time, indeed, and we may yet save the Church and the monarchy. But will they give us time? That is the question.

A greater farce than Mr Gladstone's pilgrimage to the north with the view of converting Scotland to Radicalism, was never played. The "grand old man," as they call him up there, would have occupied his time to better advantage in carrying coals to Newcastle.

Well, John, age is no doubt a fine thing in its way; and an old man, softened and mellowed like good wine by years, makes a delightful friend and companion—as some of us have reason to know. But "threescore and ten," when no mellowness has come with the years; when the wine has failed to ripen, and day by day grows more bitter and acrid, sourer on the tongue and more unwholesome on the stomach,—what are we to say of *that?* Lord Palmerston was a genial foe to the last; but the utter lack of any true generosity or chivalry of sentiment (undashed by sneer or innuendo) to his political opponents in Mr Gladstone's Scotch speeches, is

* Compare, for instance, the Birmingham of '68 with the Birmingham of '80.

1868.	1880.
Dixon, Liberal, 15,098.	Muntz, Liberal, 22,969.
Muntz, Liberal, 14,614.	Bright, Liberal, 20,070.
Bright, Liberal, 14,601.	Chamberlain, Liberal, 19,544.
Lloyd, Tory, 8,760.	Burnaby, Tory, 15,735.
Evans, Tory, 7,061.	Calthorpe, Tory, 14,208.

symptomatic of the acrid poverty of the soil. It is true, as you may have noticed, John, that when, by the unsparing use of fierce and unscrupulous invective, he had gained his end (having in the meantime exhausted the vocabulary of the Old Testament in denouncing our wickedness, our immorality, and our infamy),—it is true that *then*—save the mark!—he observed, with pious unction, that he was prepared to forgive us. John, we will have none of his forgiveness. This pharisaic turning up of the eyes does not impose upon us. The weapons that have been used against us are illegitimate in political warfare; the sympathy is more nauseous than the hostility; and, with the electors of Middlesex, we respectfully decline to accept his olive-branch.

Of the singular circumstances which preceded his arrival in Scotland this is not the place to speak. It has been occasionally suggested, you are aware, that Scotsmen are incapable of appreciating a joke; and the funereal gravity with which the solemn repudiation of any connection with the firm of Gilbey & Co. was received by the Scotch Radical, will tend to confirm the impression. A flourish of trumpets heralded his departure. Here was a new Jason or Theseus about to undertake a new heroic adventure! The stronghold of the bold and bloody Buccleuch was to be stormed; the Hydra of Toryism was to be bearded in its den. There were no Tories, of course, in the neighbouring counties of Sussex or Middlesex to assail; it was necessary to go all the way to Scotland to unearth the poisonous reptile. A labour of Hercules!—and the Marylebone Rads swarmed down to the shore to see the hero embark; or, to speak more correctly, they took possession of the station at King's Cross, and delayed the departure of the train.

> "Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
> And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name." *

Pensive speeches were made; solemn vows were interchanged; a few manly tears were shed by the more effusive of the petticoated politicians on the platform. . . . My dear John, the whole heroic adventure was the veriest bounce, the merest bunkum! It is true, indeed, that the Duke of Buccleuch has a place in Mid-Lothian, where he lives a modest and useful life—a generous ally of the Universities, a munificent patron of the *Arts*, a sound and discriminating philanthropist; but *that*, I believe, was the one word of truth in the whole of this monstrous myth. If our mature Don Quixote took to tilting with windmills by mistake, let us hope, at least, that he was as simple-minded and as unconscious of the deception as the knight-errant of Cervantes. Mid-Lothian is *not* a hunting-ground of the bloody Buccleuch. It belongs mainly to a race of very harmless and inoffensive country gentlemen, many of whom were steady Whigs till their leader bolted; the farmers are pretty equally divided in opinion; and there is, moreover, a powerful suburban and village element in the constituency, which gives it at all times a keen tincture of Radicalism. Far from being a ducal preserve, the electors have hitherto distributed their favours pretty equally between the rival parties; and though the ingenuous honesty and modest manliness of Lord Dalkeith had won him many friends in

* Dryden (after Rosebery).

his native county, it was quite on the cards (even before the advent of Mr Gladstone) that he would lose his seat at the general election. In 1868 Sir Alexander Maitland had beaten him easily; and though the seat was retaken after a severe fight in 1874, the Tory majority (135) was ominously small.* It is generally believed that if, instead of Mr Gladstone, a popular county Whig had been brought forward, he would have won with greater ease and by a larger majority; for the wantonness of the assault had alienated the Liberal gentry, and only the tag-rag and bob-tail of the party consented to be dragged through the mud. Had Lord Beaconsfield's majority been maintained in the English boroughs, there can be no earthly doubt that Mr Gladstone would have had to beat an ignominious retreat across the Border. The Scotch county elector is a very shrewd fellow in the main, who loves to swim with the tide, and who knows very well on which side his bread is buttered. Why, John, it has been conclusively established that the false report, industriously circulated by the Liberal Committee, that Mr Herbert Gladstone had been returned for Middlesex (where, in point of fact, after no end of domestic endearments transacted in public, he was beaten badly by 4000), determined a score of the Mid-Lothian electors to break at the last moment their plighted troth to Lord Dalkeith.

It is strange, John, that even in your benighted country it should not have been generally known that for half a century Scotland has been viciously Radical. In 1868, for instance, out of the sixty representatives assigned to her by the wisdom of a Parliament which probably believed that it was possible to have too much of a good thing, only seven were Tories; and although, during the memorable reaction of 1874, thirteen seats were regained, the majorities were seldom more than nominal. It seemed, indeed, absolutely certain to most people that (even in the absence of its High-priest) Bunkum would, at the earliest available opportunity, regain its habitual ascendancy. But even supposing that fifteen or eighteen Scotch Tory members had been returned, do you believe, on your conscience, that *that* would have been an undesirable or unreasonable number? Is Toryism such a malignant disease that it is necessary to disfranchise every Tory in Scotland? A sound and sober Liberal (if any such are left) cannot surely witness this damnable iteration, this wearisome sameness of opinion, throughout an entire, province, without, a feeling of discomfort and dismay. When a whole people march like a regiment and vote like a machine; when a military monotony of sentiment takes possession of them, and whatever is eccentric, or original, or independent in religious or political life, is coarsely and stupidly repressed,—are you not tempted to inquire how far the influences which have produced such results, and the culture to which they are due, can be regarded as liberal? One might have fancied, at least, that any man with the instincts of a statesman would have seen that there was already enough and to spare of the stereotyped Radical from Scotland, and that a certain variety in the local colouring was to be encouraged rather than repressed. Whether Mr Gladstone considered that there was

* In 1868, when about 2000 electors voted, Sir Alexander Maitland had a majority of 241; in 1880, when nearly 3000 voted, Mr Gladstone's majority was 211 only.

sufficient diversity of opinion in his own ranks to satisfy the most exacting taste, is a matter on which I have no information; but at all events, a political *jehad* was preached against the miserable Tory remnant who had found a precarious shelter in the remoter places of the north, and stringent orders were issued to hunt them down without mercy. But where was the "labour of Hercules" in all this? where the malignant monsters who would yield to no meaner weapon than the silver spear of your long-winded Apollo? Bounce and bunkum, John,—bounce and bunkum, my friend.

You will say, of course, that I have done scant justice to the motives which prompted Mr Gladstone to visit Mid-Lothian, seeing that he went there not merely to communicate a slight tincture of Radicalism to a community where the virtues of that new patent drug had been hitherto unknown, but as a prophet of righteousness, an expounder of the moral law, a modern Moses. It is true that he flung his decalogue at us in season and out of season; but as admission to the conventicles where the entertainments came off was strictly reserved —the tickets being mainly retained by the Liberal committees for their own use—and as any "heckling" of the grand old man was presumed to involve a spice of impiety (for which you got your head punched, and — serve you right), — it was rather difficult to learn what the new moral code exactly amounted to. Seen from a safe distance, indeed, some of the commandments had rather the air of being invented for the occasion. That a grievance has no chance of being redressed until you blow up a jail and murder a policeman, is, in its essence and substance, by no means a novel doctrine; though, considering the number of fanatical crotchet-mongers in the new House of Commons, it might have been prudent, in the present dearth of policemen, to keep it somewhat in the shade. But when this illustrious champion of the Decalogue in its personal and political applications virtually recommended the Scotch elector to "say one thing and do another," it must be admitted that he "struck ile" at last, as the Yankees say, on his own account. It was handy, no doubt, to be able to refer to Sir Walter Scott; for Sir Walter belonged in a manner to the Buccleuchs — being indeed the Bard who, on their return from their English raids with great store of southern sheep and cattle, celebrated their bloody exploits while enjoying their barbarous hospitality. Minor moralists, indeed, had sometimes remarked that the incident (more or less apocryphal, I suspect) involved one of those nice points of casuistry about which the less said the better; but then you see, John, these timid critics lived before the days of the ballot-box, when the moral obligation to speak the truth had not yet been suspended or superseded by the legal obligation to hold your tongue. This new application of the moral law, as qualified by a Yankee "notion," may prove so permanently useful to those of us who belong to the party of progress, that I must give you the benefit of it in its inventor's own words:—

"I think it is desirable to remind you of the importance of conveying to the mind of every elector the security that he enjoys, unless it be his own fault, in regard to the secrecy of his vote. . . . There is not a bad story told about the secrecy of the vote—there is a story not inappropriate told about Sir Walter Scott when he was asked if he wrote the Waverley novels; and he is said to have replied, 'No, I did not; and if I had written them, I

should have made you precisely the same answer.' *I do not think any one can say that a person who gave that answer was guilty of any act of deceit.* He said, 'No, I did not, and if I had written them I should have made you precisely the same answer.' Consequently the answer was, 'No, I have not,' with the fair notice that on the supposition that he had written them that would have been his answer. I do not see how they can contend that they had been deceived; but every man in Scotland knows how to make an answer for himself. He is not bound to make any answer at all. Nobody has a right to press him, and any one who attempts to press him for an answer makes himself a public nuisance; and I myself shall not be at all sorry if *the law shall make it an offence to annoy and worry voters who do not wish to declare their intentions into declaring them against their will.* Whether that ought to be done depends upon practical considerations."

Such was the advice tendered to the Mid-Lothian rustic by the inflexible and unsparing moralist who had come all the way from London to teach him the difference between right and wrong. The voter who had resolved to vote for Mr Gladstone was to state as distinctly as possible that he proposed to vote for Lord Dalkeith! The advice, you will not be surprised to learn, was widely acted on,—not in Mid-Lothian alone. It is true that 250 of those who had voluntarily undertaken to vote for Lord Dalkeith voted for Mr Gladstone; but this was a mere drop in the bucket; —in Perthshire, for instance, not less than 700 of Colonel Moray's men, they say, going over in a body to the enemy—bag and baggage.

As a sound and modest Whig of the old constitutional school, you may be somewhat startled and scandalised by this new version of the Decalogue. But don't allow yourself to be unduly alarmed, for the question will shortly cease to be one of practical politics. The statute 43 and 44 Vict., cap. 1, making it an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment "to annoy and worry voters who do not wish to declare their intentions into declaring them against their will," will be one of the earliest achievements of the new Government. Mr Lowe may protest as loudly as he likes against the merciful exception; but Mr Gladstone will take care that one class of his countrymen is left unmolested, —the Liberal voter must not be "worried."

And as the Liberal voter is to be protected by law from vulgar curiosity, so the Liberal candidate is to be protected by law from impertinent opposition. It is "monstrous" that Liberal candidates in Scotch constituencies should be exposed to Tory competition, and Parliament will be asked to declare that such competition is "frivolous and vexatious." It is not said what the penalty is to be; but it is suggested that the "parliamentary precedent" should be followed, and that the luckless Tory, after being hunted and hooted, and pelted and pummelled, should be made to pay all round.

The address issued by Mr Gladstone to the electors of Mid-Lothian on the evening of the contest was calculated, we are told, to exercise a peculiarly soothing influence on those who had been wicked enough to differ from him, and against whom the venom of his animosity had been incessantly discharged during the past eighteen months. What angelic meekness! what apostolic charity! what saintly self-restraint! You are a different man, John, from what you used to be, if this pestilent cant does not turn your stomach. We know that we have been beaten; we have had experience of the weapons by which

an ignoble victory has been won; and when we are ingenuously informed by Mr Gladstone in his softest accents that he "rejoices in the cessation of a controversy always on the verge of bitterness," we can only maintain an astonished and incredulous silence, — meanwhile devoting that "period of reflection" which he has so bountifully provided for us to renewing our acquaintance with the immortal Pecksniff. "A controversy always on the verge of bitterness"! If we are only as yet on the *verge* of bitterness, how the dickens, John, is it possible to cross the border? One would like to know, as matter of simple curiosity, to what acrid heights a speech by Mr Gladstone which fully and fairly embodies his conception of bitterness may be expected to rise. But as a really bitter speech might possibly hurt the feelings of a political foe, *that*, of course, is a luxury in which the grand old man never indulges.

So much for Mid-Lothian, John: let us now take a more general view of the ingredients in this nice kettle of fish which Mr Gladstone has prepared for you.

The political puritanism of Scotland, of which I have spoken, is an altogether unlovely manifestation. Narrow in sympathy, ungenerous in temper, fanatical in doctrine, inquisitorial in practice, it is prone, nevertheless, to take an active part in secular politics, and in the intrigues of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The heroic fire of the old Covenant was long ago extinguished; and the busy and illiterate emissaries of the Liberation Society retain nothing of the ancient spirit of Scottish piety except its vindictiveness. Every crotchet of a spurious Liberalism finds shelter in the conventicle; the congregations are nests of acrid political theorists and bitter theological inquisitors; they are ready any day to abolish Church and State, as the bagman said, "on the basis of religion and philosophy;" and they are now preparing to carry their Jewish observances and their sumptuary laws across the Border. You had better mind what you are about, John; else (in Heine's words) you will find a beadle going up a high ladder every Sunday morning to take down the sun.

If the Scotch members are unpleasant bed-fellows, the ragged regiment from Ireland is not calculated to increase the comfort of your household. A few years of a just Lord-Deputy "with full powers" might have given peace and prosperity to the Emerald Isle; but you took to governing it according to "Irish ideas," and a pretty mess you have made of it. Anarchy, and communism, and a fanatical hatred of the Saxon, are the evil spirits which you have raised. You have destroyed the Irish Church; you have destroyed the Irish landlord; and what else you will destroy, after the Radicals have been a year in office, God only knows.

Charles Kingsley's prophecy, that some of us would live long enough to see a new war of religion begun, was ridiculed by men who believed that war as well as religion had become an antiquated and obsolete superstition. With the forces at work around us, however, have we any assurance that he will prove a lying prophet?

But the prospect abroad is still more discouraging. Europe armed to the teeth, and the one strong man among us driven out of office by the mob! We shall have lots of rose-water sentimentality and maudlin philanthropy from the new men—and much good may they do you; but we shall be regarded with contemptuous suspicion by every Court in Europe, except

those which are eager for revolution. What was the crime for which you impeached Lord Beaconsfield? That he had divined, with the instinct of a master-mind, that the hungry despotism of Russia was a menace to the safety of the empire and to the liberties of Europe. He kept the Czar out of Constantinople; he secured the gates of India; he made the English name a tower of strength and a pledge for peace in every quarter of the globe. England had once more taken her place in the great Council of the Nations; her voice was listened to again as it had not been listened to since the days of Pitt. And all this you have with fatal recklessness undone,—to gratify the vindictiveness of a rival, to satisfy the sacred rage for office, and—because trade was a trifle dull.

Yet not all undone: of that Lord Beaconsfield in his retirement may rest assured. Anxious as you may be to traverse the masterful policy of a masterful mind, you dare not undo it. You may strive to be meanly insular and parochial; but the scorn of Europe, the scorn of your own countrymen, the scorn of your own party even, will not suffer you to be consistent. The Czar has been kept out of Constantinople,—let him enter it at your peril. The road to the East has been acquired,—lose command of it at your peril. The gates of India have been secured, —unbar them at your peril. No, John, you dare not *openly* undo it.

Yet do not fancy, John, that I was one of those politicians who entered on the contest with a light heart. On the contrary, I have suspected for many months that the electors were listening with open ears to the craven counsels of the Opposition. I noticed the other day that 'Maga' (that admirable periodical, John, to which, with excellent judgment, in spite of political backslidings, you still continue to adhere) hit, as it seemed to me, the right nail on the head. The English democracy, she observed, was on the very verge of utter calamity; and this not merely because it basely worshipped success, but because it had become fatally impatient of failure. It was no longer a strong, silent, modest, patient, reticent people. It had lost the capacity for bearing evil fortune with dignity and moderation,—a hysterical shriek going up from a partisan press whenever half-a-dozen men were worsted in an obscure skirmish; whenever an Irish landlord was fired at by a lazy blackguard of a tenant; whenever a penny in the pound was added to the income-tax.

There, John, you have in a couple of sentences the key to the situation. England has become a democracy; and the curse of Reuben is upon democracies. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. What could Lord Beaconsfield expect? Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Coleridge, you recollect, vividly depicted the invariable incidents of democratic rule, — "The inconsistencies, the weaknesses, the bursts of heroism followed by prostration and cowardice, which invariably characterise all popular efforts." True as gospel every word, as we are learning to our cost to-day. But what words would Coleridge have used could he have foreseen that the English democracy in the year of our Lord 1880 would have Gladstone in command?

Many minor causes, no doubt, have contributed more or less to bring about the catastrophe. By the curious irony of circumstance, the most timid and cautious of English statesmen has at this supreme moment in the life of the nation lost his head. What is

there in common between this icy and unfanatical noble and the flightiest of political sentimentalists? Then the mutinous High Church divine, dreaming on the road to Rome of an *ecclesia Dei* from which Lord Penzance is excluded, has cast in his lot with a revolutionary movement at which Rome stands aghast. Ireland, moreover, is a perennial difficulty; and it is the policy of the Irish leaders at this moment to make any semblance of strong and steady government in England impossible. I have shown you that a few thousand votes turned the fortune of the day against us,—is it too much to assume that these four or five thousand votes came from the disaffected Irish who swarm in all our cities? And it must be admitted that otherwise we have not been fortunate. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and a succession of inclement summers has tried the patience and emptied the purse of the English agriculturist. The disasters in trade, moreover (the evil fruits of an over-sanguine finance under Liberal rule), overtook us when Lord Beaconsfield was at the helm. One can hardly wonder, after all, that a people who had suffered so much should have been hungry for change.

But the chief mischief-maker, above and beyond all other disturbing influences, has been—Gladstone. When the passion of the hour is spent, and the historian from the seclusion of his study surveys the reign of Victoria, I venture to anticipate that the passionate sophistry and the ferocious unfairness which misled a people will be judged with Tacitus-like severity. The more we consider the tactics which have been adopted, the more inexcusable, the more unstatesmanlike, do they appear. To lash a democracy into madness is an easy task for a demagogue. But surely even the most reckless and unscrupulous of demagogues ought to draw the line somewhere. It has hitherto been held in this country—it is the unwritten law of our political life—that the foreign policy of the nation should be directed exclusively by the responsible ministers of the Crown. It is difficult—nay, impossible—to explain to a popular assembly the nice and delicate combinations on which the art of the diplomatist is employed to preserve the general peace. These difficulties are recognised in the most democratic communities; and, with perhaps a single exception, Mr Gladstone is the only man who has held high office in England by whom they have been wantonly disregarded. But observe, John, when a politician deliberately disowns the traditional conventions of our statesmanship, what an enormous advantage he possesses! The English democracy is profoundly ignorant of foreign politics; and yet within the last twenty years the democracy has been made —wisely or unwisely—the supreme depositary of political power. A man with Mr Gladstone's gifts, if he is not restrained by any prudent scruples from bringing foreign politics within the range of party warfare, may say very much what he chooses without any risk of detection. Italy and Egypt, and the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, are far-away sounds in our ears; and the political sophist who evolves out of his inner consciousness a picture of despotic rule in Austria, and of constitutional government in Russia, cannot be brought to book by his audience. And if the picture is presented to them with a passion which is contagious, and the persuasiveness of consummate oratory, what can they do but yield? The indictment against Lord Beaconsfield has been submitted to an

ignorant jury by a bitter and unscrupulous advocate; and upon my honour, John, it appears to me that we were greater fools than the jury to look for a different verdict.

Why, John, the man himself admits that the educated class—the class alone capable of judging—is against him. His "solemn impeachment" (solemn twaddle, John!) is avowedly submitted to the arbitration of the mob, and of the mob alone. In his latest speech—the last of an interminable series—he observed: "I am sorry to say that we cannot reckon upon the aristocracy, or upon the landed interest, or upon the Established Church in England or Scotland; we cannot reckon upon the rank and wealth or sectional interests of the country,—on none of these can we place our trust—they are among our most determined foes. But, gentlemen, above all these, and behind all these, there is something greater than these—there is the Nation itself." The nation? But then if you withdraw the aristocracy, and the gentry, and the clergy, and the wealth, and the culture—in short, the educated class—what do you leave? The nation? No, Mr Gladstone, not the Nation, but the Mob.

See, John, how history repeats itself. We are listening at this moment to a new version of "Absalom and Achitophel." On the one hand we have the fierce and fickle democracy,—

"God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,
No king could govern nor no God could please;"

and on the other the impulsive and imperious tribune,—

"Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
. . . . . .
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke."

The large air of Dryden is unsuited, perhaps, for our modest age; still there are certain touches in that picture which most of us can recognise.

Yes, history repeats itself—even to modes of expression and tricks of gesture. The very forms of speech which our adversaries employ were familiar to Shaftesbury and to Oates. *They* are the children of light; *we* are the children of darkness. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon has been drawn from its scabbard, and the chosen people are smiting the Amalekites.

Bunkum, John, bunkum! The New Crusade is at best a very poor and dishonest counterfeit. The spirit which animates it is not the crusading spirit—for there was some chivalry in the Crusades; it is not even the spirit of the fanatical Anabaptist—for Praise-God Barebones was true as steel to his narrow convictions: it is a spirit that speaks in the name of Eternal Morality, and yet does not hesitate to resort to the basest shifts; it is a spirit that appeals to the Most High while shrewdly alive to the main chance; it has the voice of Milton, but the soul of Pecksniff. Elevating a tax into an article of faith, and the tax-gatherer into a minister of religion, or denouncing the critic who cuts a joke at its expense, and the elector who acquires a property for political purposes (except in North Lancashire, where Lord Hartington's two thousand "faggots" proved handy), in language borrowed from Jeremiah and Ezekiel,—it shows no sense of humour, no sense of proportion—no horizon, as the artist says. I

am far from maintaining that the peculiar people are conscious hypocrites. They have worked themselves into rhetorical hysterics. But a deception is none the less a deception because it sometimes imposes on itself; and there is no more radical or mischievous deceitfulness than the self-deception of the adroit and unscrupulous ecclesiastical zealot.

Civilisation has banished the use of explosive bullets from the secular battle-field; but in a war waged by a Prophet of the Truth, any sort of weapon of offence may, I presume, be legitimately used?

How comes it that Mr Gladstone, in common with the Ritualistic parson, has cast in his lot with the Revolution? How comes it that he sympathises with insubordination in the political world, while the exclusive theories of an imperious theocracy have an irresistible fascination for his mind? There can be no doubt that in foreign as in domestic politics, though an incalculable, he is on the whole a revolutionary force; but then how does it happen that among a mob of iconoclasts he retains the garb of the cloister?

One fact is more or less clear (especially to his secular allies), that, in spite of reckless advance, he has made no real progress. His career has been a series of spasmodic leaps and jumps. His mind to-day is as narrow and dictatorial as it was when he published his first volume. The sophistical exaggeration of the plainest facts, the inability to take a straightforward view of anything, the unrealities of the rhetorical schoolman, which Macaulay so vigorously exposed, are as patent now as then. In this incurable habit of mind—in this combination of the sophist, the rhetorician, and the priest—an accomplished Radical, in a series of bitter and brilliant epistles which recall Junius at his best, has sought an explanation which may or may not be satisfactory to you, but which, in its direct incisiveness in this year of Bunkum, is decidedly refreshing to the carnal mind.

"Through many changes of place and time, his passionate policy has had one prevailing purpose—the exaltation of ecclesiasticism. It is at the root of his devotion to the most crushing despotism that perhaps the world has seen,—that of Russia, whose Church has always been after his own heart. It led him for some two decades of public life to cling with stubborn tenacity to the test system. And he is now, like many other Churchmen, who are half-without and half-within the Roman pale, persuaded that the policy of the Church (like that pursued with unfortunate success in the middle ages) is to ally herself with the populace against the State."

This, and much more to the point by one of Oxford's most trenchant thinkers, I would respectfully commend to your better judgment, whenever, recovering from your political debauch, you can snatch a brief "period of reflection" for a sober survey of the situation.

There are some of us, to be sure, who take what may be called a more classical or pagan view of the motive of the play. Ecclesiasticism, Panslavism, and all that sort of thing, was a mere accident; the determining force has been a good, sound, steady, vigorous vindictiveness. To eject a rival from office, it was necessary to set Europe in a blaze! Well, John, it cannot be disputed that the introduction of such a figure gives to our humdrum political life a certain Homeric vividness of interest. The kings and chiefs of the infant world, who scolded each other with a leisurely verbosity which Mr Gladstone has seldom surpassed, never thought of fighting for what are called now-

adays "the interests of the public." I take it, John, that there was very little of a public of any kind in that earlier age of heroic legislation,—"enlightened public opinion" not having been invented as yet, and the people existing mainly to enable their lords and masters to put an obnoxious rival out of the way, and the prettiest of his slaves into their households. It was about such tangible objects that Homer's heroes fought; and it communicates, as I say, a fresh interest to our musty politics to learn that the old heroic recklessness is not dead. . . . And so the great sophist ascends the tribune, and the stale story is repeated, with ever-increasing vehemence,—how liberty has been betrayed, how Europe has been convulsed, how our soldiers have behaved like bandits, and our statesmen like pickpockets,—until the fickle democracy is lashed into ungovernable fury; and the temples are wrecked, and the palace is plundered, and the hated rival is banished, and there is a general smash.

And all for what, John? Why, one of the most ardent admirers of Russia said to me the other day, "I am thankful that the Liberal party with Mr Gladstone have been out of office during this Eastern mess, for we know that, in office, they would have done, or tried to do, exactly what Lord Beaconsfield has done."

It is unnecessary, however, to speculate too curiously in the region of motive; for (whatever the determining force) the mischief has been done, and the floods are out. *We are face to face with Revolution.*

It is possible, indeed, that the revolutionary wave has spent much of its force, and that the tide will ebb sooner than we expect. The reign of the Saints may be mercifully abridged,—not, let us hope, by the saturnalia of a Restoration. And it is certain that the ferocious unfairness with which the fight has been fought will leave a sense of soreness in the hearts of the vanquished which has hitherto been, happily, rare in the annals of our political controversies. A victory may be bought too dearly and pushed too far, as Germany knows to her cost. We too, John, have our Alsace to redeem; and though, before we pull ourselves together again, a few more historic institutions may be wrecked and plundered, it is just possible that something may be saved out of the fire.

Meantime, it seems, we are to have a "strong Government,"—there being 347 good "Liberals" in the House of Commons. But we all know, John, that the term "Liberal" is a dishonest and elastic euphemism, invented to cover every variety of opinion. Such a party may be strong for attack. When they are "out," the divine hunger for office supplies a common inspiration, and they present for the time being a false and spurious show of unity. On the other hand, when office has been attained, they cease to exist as an organic body, in any intelligible sense of the word; and, as the anarchy of an army is more dangerous than the anarchy of a regiment, numbers then become the cause, not of strength, but of weakness. The bigger a mob is, the more unmanageable it grows.

There is, to be sure, one comfort for us, John. We shall hear no more tirades about Imperialism, personal rule, and the degradation of constitutional government. That rubbish has served its end. Yet the mischief is, that you cannot shriek against a Government for four years as being essentially unconstitutional, imperialistic, and inhuman, without producing some

unlooked-for effects on the minds of ignorant idiots. Mr Gladstone, of course, will be ready with his glib and sophistical limitations. The treaty-making power of the Crown is a valuable privilege when exercised by a Liberal Minister,—nay, when a Liberal Minister is in office the Royal Prerogative may be habitually resorted to without danger to the public liberties. But the rude sense of the democracy will fail to appreciate his fine-spun limitations; and the agitation for which he is responsible will have far other issues than merely putting him in power. Not the Church only, but the Monarchy, has been shaken by his destructive sophistry. The wanton recklessness which, to win a trumpery triumph, induced him to produce arguments and to handle weapons of the most far-reaching destructiveness, is a spectacle for gods and men. He has a giant's strength; and he uses it like a spoilt child. There is a delightful German story which I read somewhere the other day about the gambols of a baby Brobdingnagian among merely human boys and girls. It was, in very truth, a terrible infant. This nursery Hercules upset all the ordinary data of nursery experience. Its very caresses were alarming,—the slightest exercise of its unknown and undisciplined impulses was attended with the most disastrous consequences. The Chinaman who burned down his house that he might enjoy roast-pig in perfection, was to a certain extent a responsible and reasoning being; for the means he employed were more or less adapted to the end in view. But the Baby Giant was incalculable; it had neither conscience to direct, nor will to restrain, its irresponsible and irresistible strength. It is possible that the author did not propose to enforce any ulterior moral; yet, as I read John, I could not help reflecting upon the Demos of all times, and upon the Demagogue of our own.

And now, my friend——room for the New Dictator!

Yet in these days the whirligig of Time brings round its revenges with undreamt-of swiftness; and the greatest of our statesmen may wait for the atoning hour with full confidence in his cause. Only we must be true to him and to ourselves; for despair is as unwise as it is unmanly. We know that fanaticism is uncongenial to the English temperament, and that the reign of the Saints has been hitherto shortlived. Let us look forward cheerily to a happier future! There will be cakes and ale again in Merrie England, or we are much mistaken. We have found how good a thing it is, in Burns's words, to be "respeckit like the lave;" and, for a moment's whim, we will not permanently abdicate the peaceful ascendancy which we have won:—

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The mighty years in long procession ran;
Once more the godlike David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

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THE 42D ANNUAL MEETING WAS HELD ON 31ST MARCH—

EDMUND BAXTER, Esq., Auditor of Court, in the Chair.

MR THOMAS NELSON, Publisher, brought up the Directors' Report, of which the following is a summary:—

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No. DCCLXXVI.

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DR WORTLE'S SCHOOL.—PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR ASKS HIS QUESTION.

The Doctor, instigated by the Bishop, had determined to ask some questions of Mr Peacocke as to his American life. The promise had been given at the Palace, and the Doctor, as he returned home, repented himself in that he had made it. His lordship was a gossip, as bad as an old woman, as bad as Mrs Stantiloup, and wanted to know things in which a man should feel no interest. So said the Doctor to himself. What was it to him, the Bishop, or to him, the Doctor, what Mr Peacocke had been doing in America? The man's scholarship was patent, his morals were unexceptionable, his capacity for preaching undoubted, his peculiar fitness for his place at Bowick unquestionable. Who had a right to know more? That the man had been properly educated at Oxford, and properly ordained on entering his Fellowship, was doubted by no man. Even if there had been some temporary backslidings in America, — which might be possible, for which of us have not backslided at some time of our life?—why should they be raked up? There was an uncharitableness in such a proceeding altogether opposed to the Doctor's view of life. He hated severity. It may almost be said that he hated that state of perfection which would require no pardon. He was thoroughly human, quite content with his own present position, anticipating no millennium for the future of the world, and probably, in his heart, looking forward to heaven as simply the better alternative when the happiness of this world should be at an end. He himself was in no respect a wicked man, and yet a little wickedness was not distasteful to him.

And he was angry with himself in that he had made such a promise. It had been a rule of life with him never to take advice. The Bishop had his powers, within which he, as Rector of Bowick, would certain-

ly obey the Bishop; but it had been his theory to oppose his Bishop, almost more readily than any one else, should the Bishop attempt to exceed his power. The Bishop had done so in giving this advice, and yet he had promised. He was angry with himself, but did not on that account think that the promise should be evaded. Oh no! Having said that he would do it, he would do it. And having said that he would do it, the sooner that he did it the better. When three or four days had passed by, he despised himself because he had not yet made for himself a fit occasion. "It is such a mean, sneaking thing to do," he said to himself. But still it had to be done.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that he said this to himself, as he returned back to the parsonage garden from the cricket-ground, where he had left Mr Peacocke and the three other ushers playing cricket with ten or twelve of the bigger boys of the school. There was a French master, a German master, a master for arithmetic and mathematics, with the allied sciences, besides Mr Peacocke, as assistant classical master. Among them Mr Peacocke was *facile princeps* in rank and supposed ability; but they were all admitted to the delights of the playground. Mr Peacocke, in spite of those years of his spent in America, where cricket could not have been familiar to him, remembered well his old pastime, and was quite an adept at the game. It was ten thousand pities that a man should be disturbed by unnecessary questionings who could not only teach and preach, but play cricket also. But nevertheless it must be done. When, therefore, the Doctor entered his own house, he went into his study and wrote a short note to his assistant:—

"My dear Peacocke, — Could you come over and see me in my study this evening for half an hour? I have a question or two which I wish to ask you. Any hour you may name will suit me after eight.—Yours most sincerely,

"Jeffrey Wortle."

In answer to this there came a note to say that at half-past eight Mr Peacocke would be with the Doctor.

At half-past eight Mr Peacocke came. He had fancied, on reading the Doctor's note, that some further question would be raised as to money. The Doctor had declared that he could no longer accept gratuitous clerical service in the parish, and had said that he must look out for some one else if Mr Peacocke could not oblige him by allowing his name to be referred in the usual way to the Bishop. He had now determined to say, in answer to this, that the school gave him enough to do, and that he would much prefer to give up the church; although he would always be happy to take a part occasionally if he should be wanted. The Doctor had been sitting alone for the last quarter of an hour when his assistant entered the room, and had spent the time in endeavouring to arrange the conversation that should follow. He had come at last to a conclusion. He would let Mr Peacocke know exactly what had passed between himself and the Bishop, and would then leave it to his usher either to tell his own story as to his past life, or to abstain from telling it. He had promised to ask the question, and he would ask it; but he would let the man judge for himself whether any answer ought to be given.

"The Bishop has been bothering me about you, Peacocke," he said.

standing up with his back to the fireplace, as soon as the other man had shut the door behind him. The Doctor's face was always expressive of his inward feelings, and at this moment showed very plainly that his sympathies were not with the Bishop.

"I'm sorry that his lordship should have troubled himself," said the other, "as I certainly do not intend to take any part in his diocese."

"We'll sink that for the present," said the Doctor. "I won't let that be mixed up with what I have got to say just now. You have taken a certain part in the diocese already, very much to my satisfaction. I hope it may be continued; but I won't bother about that now. As far as I can see, you are just the man that would suit me as a colleague in the parish." Mr Peacocke bowed, but remained silent. "The fact is," continued the Doctor, "that certain old women have got hold of the Bishop, and made him feel that he ought to answer their objections. That Mrs Stantiloup has a tongue as loud as the town-crier's bell."

"But what has Mrs Stantiloup to say about me?"

"Nothing, except in so far as she can hit me through you."

"And what does the Bishop say?"

"He thinks that I ought to know something of your life during those five years you were in America."

"I think so also," said Mr Peacocke.

"I don't want to know anything for myself. As far as I am concerned, I am quite satisfied. I know where you were educated, how you were ordained, and I can feel sure, from your present efficiency, that you cannot have wasted your time. If you tell me that you do not wish to say anything, I shall be contented, and I shall tell the Bishop that, as far as I am concerned, there must be an end of it."

"And what will he do?" asked Mr Peacocke.

"Well, as far as the curacy is concerned, of course he can refuse his licence."

"I have not the slightest intention of applying to his lordship for a licence."

This the usher said with a tone of self-assertion which grated a little on the Doctor's ear, in spite of his good-humour towards the speaker. "I don't want to go into that," he said. "A man never can say what his intentions may be six months hence."

"But if I were to refuse to speak of my life in America," said Mr Peacocke, "and thus to decline to comply with what I must confess would be no more than a rational requirement on your part, how then would it be with myself and my wife in regard to the school?"

"It would make no difference whatever," said the Doctor.

"There is a story to tell," said Mr Peacocke, very slowly.

"I am sure that it cannot be to your disgrace."

"I do not say that it is,—nor do I say that it is not. There may be circumstances in which a man may hardly know whether he has done right or wrong. But this I do know,—that, had I done otherwise, I should have despised myself. I could not have done otherwise and have lived."

"There is no man in the world," said the Doctor, earnestly, "less anxious to pry into the secrets of others than I am. I take things as I find them. If the cook sends me up a good dish, I don't care to know how she made it. If I read a good

book, I am not the less gratified because there may have been something amiss with the author."

"You would doubt his teaching," said Mr Peacocke, "who had gone astray himself."

"Then I must doubt all human teaching, for all men have gone astray. You had better hold your tongue about the past, and let me tell those who ask unnecessary questions to mind their own business."

"It is very odd, Doctor," said Mr Peacocke, "that all this should have come from you just now."

"Why odd just now?"

"Because I had been turning it in my mind for the last fortnight whether I ought not to ask you as a favour to listen to the story of my life. That I must do so before I could formally accept the curacy I had determined. But that only brought me to the resolution of refusing the office. I think,—I think that, irrespective of the curacy, it ought to be told. But I have not quite made up my mind."

"Do not suppose that I am pressing you."

"Oh no; nor would your pressing me influence me. Much as I owe to your undeserved kindness and forbearance, I am bound to say that. Nothing can influence me in the least in such a matter but the wellbeing of my wife, and my own sense of duty. And it is a matter in which I can unfortunately take counsel from no one. She, and she alone, besides myself, knows the circumstances, and she is so forgetful of herself that I can hardly ask her for an opinion."

The Doctor by this time had no doubt become curious. There was a something mysterious with which he would like to become acquainted. He was by no means a philosopher, superior to the ordinary curiosity of mankind. But he was manly, and even at this moment remembered his former assurances. "Of course," said he, "I cannot in the least guess what all this is about. For myself I hate secrets. I haven't a secret in the world. I know nothing of myself which you mightn't know too for all that I cared. But that is my good fortune rather than my merit. It might well have been with me as it is with you; but, as a rule, I think that where there is a secret it had better be kept. No one, at any rate, should allow it to be wormed out of him by the impertinent assiduity of others. If there be anything affecting your wife which you do not wish all the world on this side of the water to know, do not tell it to any one on this side of the water."

"There is something affecting my wife that I do not wish all the world to know."

"Then tell it to no one," said Dr Wortle, authoritatively.

"I will tell you what I will do," said Mr Peacocke; "I will take a week to think of it, and then I will let you know whether I will tell it or whether I will not; and if I tell it, I will let you know also how far I shall expect you to keep my secret, and how far to reveal it. I think the Bishop will be entitled to know nothing about me unless I ask to be recognised as one of the clergy of his diocese."

"Certainly not; certainly not," said the Doctor. And then the interview was at an end.

Mr Peacocke, when he went away from the rectory, did not at once return to his own house, but went off for a walk alone. It was now nearly midsummer, and there was broad daylight till ten o'clock. It was after nine when he left the Doctor's, but still there was time for a walk which he knew well

through the fields, which would take him round by Bowick Wood, and home by a path across the squire's park and by the church. An hour would do it, and he wanted an hour to collect his thoughts before he should see his wife, and discuss with her, as he would be bound to do, all that had passed between him and the Doctor. He had said that he could not ask her advice. In this there had been much of truth. But he knew also that he would do nothing as to which he had not received at any rate her assent. She, for his sake, would have annihilated herself, had that been possible. Again and again, since that horrible apparition had showed itself in her room at St Louis, she had begged that she might leave him,—not on her own behalf, not from any dread of the crime that she was committing, not from shame in regard to herself should her secret be found out, but because she felt herself to be an impediment to his career in the world. As to herself, she had no pricks of conscience. She had been true to the man,—brutal, abominable as he had been to her,—until she had in truth been made to believe that he was dead; and even when he had certainly been alive,—for she had seen him,—he had only again seen her, again to desert her. Duty to him she could owe never. There was no sting of conscience with her in that direction. But to the other man she owed, as she thought, everything that could be due from a woman to a man. He had come within her ken, and had loved her without speaking of his love. He had seen her condition, and had sympathised with her fully. He had gone out, with his life in his hand—he, a clergyman, a quiet man of letters—to ascertain whether she were free; and finding her, as he believed, to be free, he had returned to take her to his heart, and to give her all that happiness which other women enjoy, but which she had hitherto only seen from a distance. Then the blow had come. It was necessary, it was natural, that she should be ruined by such a blow. Circumstances had ruined her. That fate had betaken her which so often falls upon a woman who trusts herself and her life to a man. But why should he fall also with her fall? There was still a career before him. He might be useful; he might be successful; he might be admired. Everything might still be open to him,—except the love of another woman. As to that, she did not doubt his truth. Why should he be doomed to drag her with him as a log tied to his foot, seeing that a woman with a misfortune is condemned by the general voice of the world, whereas for a man to have stumbled is considered hardly more than a matter of course? She would consent to take from him the means of buying her bread; but it would be better,—she had said,—that she should eat it on her side of the water, while he might earn it on the other.

We know what had come of these arguments. He had hitherto never left her for a moment since that man had again appeared before their eyes. He had been strong in his resolution. If it were a crime, then he would be a criminal. If it were a falsehood, then would he be a liar. As to the sin, there had no doubt been some divergence of opinion between him and her. The teaching that he had undergone in his youth had been that with which we, here, are all more or less acquainted, and that had been strengthened in him by the fact of his having become a clergyman.

She had felt herself more at liberty to proclaim to herself a gospel of her own for the guidance of her own soul. To herself she had never seemed to be vicious or impure; but she understood well that he was not equally free from the bonds which religion had imposed upon him. For his sake,—for his sake, it would be better that she should be away from him.

All this was known to him accurately, and all this had to be considered by him as he walked across the squire's park in the gloaming of the evening. No doubt,—he now said to himself,—the Doctor should have been made acquainted with his condition before he or she had taken their place at the school. Reticence under such circumstances had been a lie. Against his conscience there had been many pricks. Living in his present condition he certainly should not have gone up into that pulpit to preach the Word of God. Though he had been silent, he had known that the evil and the deceit would work round upon him. But now what should he do? There was only one thing on which he was altogether decided;—nothing should separate them. As he had said so often before, he said again now,—"If there be sin, let it be sin." But this was clear to him,—were he to give Dr Wortle a true history of what had happened to him in America, then must he certainly leave Bowick. And this was equally certain, that before telling his tale, he must make known his purpose to his wife.

But as he entered his own house he had determined that he would tell the Doctor everything.

CHAPTER V.—"THEN WE MUST GO?"

"I thought you were never going to have done with that old Jupiter," said Mrs Peacocke, as she began at that late hour of the evening to make tea for herself and her husband.

"Why have you waited for me?"

"Because I like company. Did you ever know me go to tea without you when there was a chance of your coming? What has Jupiter been talking about all this time?"

"Jupiter has not been talking all this time. Jupiter talked only for half an hour. Jupiter is a very good fellow."

"I always thought so. Otherwise I should never have consented to have been one of his satellites, or have been contented to see you doing chief moon. But you have been with him an hour and a half."

"Since I left him I have walked all round by Bowick Lodge. I had something to think of before I could talk to you,—something to decide upon, indeed, before I could return to the house."

"What have you decided?" she asked. Her voice was altogether changed. Though she was seated in her chair and had hardly moved, her appearance and her carriage of herself were changed. She still held the cup in her hand which she had been about to fill, but her face was turned towards his, and her large brown speaking eyes were fixed upon him.

"Let me have my tea," he said, "and then I will tell you." While he drank his tea she remained quite quiet, not touching her own, but waiting patiently till it should suit him to speak. "Ella," he said, "I must tell it all to Dr Wortle."

"Why, dearest?" As he did

not answer at once, she went on with her question. "Why now more than before?"

"Nay, it is not now more than before. As we have let the before go by, we can only do it now."

"But why at all, dear? Has the argument, which was strong when we came, lost any of its force?"

"It should have had no force. We should not have taken the man's good things, and have subjected him to the injury which may come to him by our bad name."

"Have we not given him good things in return?"

"Not the good things which he had a right to expect, — not that respectability which is all the world to such an establishment as this."

"Let me go," she said, rising from her chair and almost shrieking.

"Nay, Ella, nay; if you and I cannot talk as though we were one flesh, almost with one soul between us, as though that which is done by one is done by both, whether for weal or woe,—if you and I cannot feel ourselves to be in a boat together either for swimming or for sinking, then I think that no two persons on this earth ever can be bound together after that fashion. 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'" Then she rose from her chair, and flinging herself on her knees at his feet, buried her face in his lap. "Ella," he said, "the only injury you can do me is to speak of leaving me. And it is an injury which is surely unnecessary because you cannot carry it beyond words. Now, if you will sit up and listen to me, I will tell you what passed between me and the Doctor." Then she raised herself from the ground and took her seat at the tea-table, and listened patiently as he began his tale. "They have been talking about us here in the county."

"Who has found it necessary to talk about one so obscure as I?"

"What does it matter who they might be? The Doctor in his kindly wrath,—for he is very wroth,—mentions this name and the other. What does it matter? Obscurity itself becomes mystery, and mystery of course produces curiosity. It was bound to be so. It is not they who are in fault, but we. If you are different from others, of course you will be inquired into."

"Am I so different?"

"Yes;—different in not eating the Doctor's dinners when they are offered to you; different in not accepting Lady de Lawle's hospitality; different in contenting yourself simply with your duties and your husband. Of course we are different. How could we not be different? And as we are different, so of course there will be questions and wonderings, and that sifting and searching which always at last finds out the facts. The Bishop says that he knows nothing of my American life."

"Why should he want to know anything?"

"Because I have been preaching in one of his churches. It is natural;—natural that the mothers of the boys should want to know something. The Doctor says that he hates secrets. So do I."

"Oh, my dearest!"

"A secret is always accompanied by more or less of fear, and produces more or less of cowardice. But it can no more be avoided than a sore on the flesh or a broken bone. Who would not go about, with all his affairs such as the world might know, if it were possible? But there come gangrenes in the heart, or perhaps in the

pocket. Wounds come, undeserved wounds, as those did to you, my darling; but wounds which may not be laid bare to all eyes. Who has a secret because he chooses it?"

"But the Bishop?"

"Well,—yes, the Bishop. The Bishop has told the Doctor to examine me, and the Doctor has done it. I give him the credit of saying that the task has been most distasteful to him. I do him the justice of acknowledging that he has backed out of the work he had undertaken. He has asked the question, but has said in the same breath that I need not answer it unless I like."

"And you? You have not answered it yet?"

"No; I have answered nothing as yet. But I have, I think, made up my mind that the question must be answered."

"That everything should be told?"

"Everything,—to him. My idea is to tell everything to him, and to leave it to him to decide what should be done. Should he refuse to repeat the story any further, and then bid us go away from Bowick, I should think that his conduct had been altogether straightforward and not uncharitable."

"And you,—what would you do then?"

"I should go. What else?"

"But whither?"

"Ah! on that we must decide. He would be friendly with me. Though he might think it necessary that I should leave Bowick, he would not turn against me violently."

"He could do nothing."

"I think he would assist me rather. He would help me, perhaps, to find some place where I might still earn my bread by such skill as I possess;—where I could do so without dragging in aught of my domestic life, as I have been forced to do here."

"I have been a curse to you," exclaimed the unhappy wife.

"My dearest blessing," he said. "That which you call a curse has come from circumstances which are common to both of us. There need be no more said about it. That man has been a source of terrible trouble to us. The trouble must be discussed from time to time, but the necessity of enduring it may be taken for granted."

"I cannot be a philosopher such as you are," she said.

"There is no escape from it. The philosophy is forced upon us. When an evil thing is necessary, there remains only the consideration how it may be best borne."

"You must tell him, then?"

"I think so. I have a week to consider of it; but I think so. Though he is very kind at this moment in giving me the option, and means what he says in declaring that I shall remain even though I tell him nothing, yet his mind would become uneasy, and he would gradually become discontented. Think how great is his stake in the school! How would he feel towards me, were its success to be gradually diminished because he kept a master here of whom people believed some unknown evil?"

"There has been no sign of any such falling off?"

"There has been no time for it. It is only now that people are beginning to talk. Had nothing of the kind been said, had this Bishop asked no questions, had we been regarded as people simply obscure, to whom no mystery attached itself, the thing might have gone on; but as it is, I am bound to tell him the truth."

"Then we must go?"

"Probably."

"At once?"

"When it has been so decided, the sooner the better. How could we endure to remain here when our going shall be desired?"

"Oh no!"

"We must flit, and again seek some other home. Though he should keep our secret, — and I believe he will if he be asked,—it will be known that there is a secret, and a secret of such a nature that its circumstances have driven us hence. If I could get literary work in London, perhaps we might live there."

"But how,—how would you set about it? The truth is, dearest, that for work such as yours you should either have no wife at all, or else a wife of whom you need not be ashamed to speak the whole truth before the world."

"What is the use of it?" he said, rising from his chair as in anger. "Why go back to all that which should be settled between us, as fixed by fate? Each of us has given to the other all that each has to give, and the partnership is complete. As far as that is concerned, I at any rate am contented."

"Ah, my darling!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Let there be an end to distinctions and differences, which, between you and me, can have no effect but to increase our troubles. You are a woman, and I am a man; and therefore, no doubt, your name, when brought in question, is more subject to remark than mine,—as is my name, being that of a clergyman, more subject to remark than that of one not belonging to a sacred profession. But not on that account do I wish to unfrock myself; nor certainly on that account do I wish to be deprived of my wife. For good or bad, it has to be endured together; and expressions of regret as to that which is unavoidable, only aggravate our trouble." After that, he seated himself, and took up a book as though he were able at once to carry off his mind to other matters. She probably knew that he could not do so, but she sat silent by him for a while, till he bade her take herself to bed, promising that he would follow without delay.

For three days nothing further was said between them on the subject, nor was any allusion made to it between the Doctor and his assistant. The school went on the same as ever, and the intercourse between the two men was unaltered as to its general mutual courtesy. But there did undoubtedly grow in the Doctor's mind a certain feverish feeling of insecurity. At any rate, he knew this, that there was a mystery, that there was something about the Peacockes, —something referring especially to Mrs Peacocke,—which, if generally known, would be held to be deleterious to their character. So much he could not help deducing from what the man had already told him. No doubt he had undertaken, in his generosity, that although the man should decline to tell his secret, no alteration should be made as to the school arrangements; but he became conscious that in so promising he had in some degree jeopardised the wellbeing of the school. He began to whisper to himself that persons in such a position as that filled by this Mr Peacocke and his wife should not be subject to peculiar remarks from ill-natured tongues. A weapon was afforded by such a mystery to the Stantiloups of the world, which the Stantiloups would be sure to use with all their virulence. To such

an establishment as his school, respectability was everything. Credit, he said to himself, is a matter so subtle in its essence, that, as it may be obtained almost without reason, so, without reason, may it be made to melt away. Much as he liked Mr Peacocke, much as he approved of him, much as there was in the man of manliness and worth which was absolutely dear to him, —still he was not willing to put the character of his school in peril for the sake of Mr Peacocke. Were he to do so, he would be neglecting a duty much more sacred than any he could owe to Mr Peacocke. It was thus that, during these three days, he conversed with himself on the subject, although he was able to maintain outwardly the same manner and the same countenance as though all things were going well between them. When they parted after the interview in the study, the Doctor, no doubt, had so expressed himself as rather to dissuade his usher from telling his secret than to encourage him to do so. He had been free in declaring that the telling of the secret should make no difference in his assistant's position at Bowick. But in all that, he had acted from his habitual impulse. He had since told himself that the mystery ought to be disclosed. It was not right that his boys should be left to the charge of one who, however competent, dared not speak of his own antecedents. It was thus he thought of the matter, after consideration. He must wait, of course, till the week should be over before he made up his mind to anything further.

"So Peacocke isn't going to take the curacy?"

This was said to the Doctor by Mr Pearson, the squire, in the course of those two or three days of which we are speaking. Mr Pearson was an old gentleman, who did not live often at Bowick, being compelled, as he always said, by his health, to spend the winter and spring of every year in Italy, and the summer months by his family in London. In truth, he did not much care for Bowick, but had always been on good terms with the Doctor, and had never opposed the school. Mr Pearson had been good also as to Church matters,—as far as goodness can be shown by generosity,—and had interested himself about the curates. So it had come to pass that the Doctor did not wish to snub his neighbour when the question was asked. "I rather think not," said the Doctor. "I fear I shall have to look out for some one else." He did not prolong the conversation; for, though he wished to be civil, he did not wish to be communicative. Mr Pearson had shown his parochial solicitude, and did not trouble himself with further questions.

"So Mr Peacocke isn't going to take the curacy?" This, the very same question in the very same words, was put to the Doctor on the next morning by the vicar of the next parish. The Rev. Mr Puddicombe, a clergyman without a flaw, who did his duty excellently in every station of life, was one who would preach a sermon or take a whole service for a brother parson in distress, and never think of reckoning up that return sermons or return services were due to him, —one who gave dinners, too, and had pretty daughters;—but still our Doctor did not quite like him. He was a little too pious, and perhaps given to ask questions. "So Mr Peacocke isn't going to take the curacy?"

There was a certain animation about the asking of this question by Mr Puddicombe very different

from Mr Pearson's listless manner. It was clear to the Doctor that Mr Puddicombe wanted to know. It seemed to the Doctor that something of condemnation was implied in the tone of the question, not only against Mr Peacocke, but against himself also, for having employed Mr Peacocke. "Upon my word I can't tell you," he said, rather crossly.

"I thought that it had been all settled. I heard that it was decided."

"Then you have heard more than I have."

"It was the Bishop told me."

Now it certainly was the case that in that fatal conversation which had induced the Doctor to interrogate Mr Peacocke about his past life, the Doctor himself had said that he intended to look out for another curate. He probably did not remember that at the moment. "I wish the Bishop would confine himself to asserting things that he knows," said the Doctor, angrily.

"I am sure the Bishop intends to do so," said Mr Puddicombe, very gravely. "But I apologise. I had not intended to touch a subject on which there may perhaps be some reserve. I was only going to tell you of an excellent young man of whom I have heard. But, good morning." Then Mr Puddicombe withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.—LORD CARSTAIRS.

During the last six months Mr Peacocke's most intimate friend at Bowick, excepting of course his wife, had been one of the pupils at the school. The lad was one of the pupils, but could not be said to be one of the boys. He was the young Lord Carstairs, eldest son of Earl Bracy. He had been sent to Bowick now six years ago, with the usual purpose of progressing from Bowick to Eton. And from Bowick to Eton he had gone in due course. But there, things had not gone well with the young lord. Some school disturbance had taken place when he had been there about a year and a half, in which he was, or was supposed to have been, a ringleader. It was thought necessary, for the preservation of the discipline of the school, that a victim should be made;—and it was perhaps thought well, in order that the impartiality of the school might be made manifest, that the victim should be a lord. Earl Bracy was therefore asked to withdraw his son; and young Lord Carstairs, at the age of seventeen, was left to seek his education where he could. It had been, and still was, the Earl's purpose to send his son to Oxford, but there was now an interval of two years before that could be accomplished. During one year he was sent abroad to travel with a tutor, and was then reported to have been all that a well-conducted lad ought to be. He was declared to be quite worthy of all that Oxford would do for him. It was even suggested that Eton had done badly for herself in throwing off from her such a young nobleman. But though Lord Carstairs had done well with his French and German on the Continent, it would certainly be necessary that he should rub up his Greek and Latin before he went to Christ Church. Then a request was made to the Doctor to take him in at Bowick in some sort as a private pupil. After some demurring the Doctor consented. It was not his wont to run counter to earls

who treated him with respect and deference. Earl Bracy had in a special manner been his friend, and Lord Carstairs himself had been a great favourite at Bowick. When that expulsion from Eton had come about, the Doctor had interested himself, and had declared that a very scant measure of justice had been shown to the young lord. He was thus in a measure compelled to accede to the request made to him, and Lord Carstairs was received back at Bowick, not without hesitation, but with a full measure of affectionate welcome. His bedroom was in the parsonage-house, and his dinner he took with the Doctor's family. In other respects he lived among the boys.

"Will it not be bad for Mary?" Mrs Wortle had said anxiously to her husband when the matter was first discussed.

"Why should it be bad for Mary?"

"Oh, I don't know;—but young people together, you know? Mightn't it be dangerous?"

"He is a boy, and she is a mere child. They are both children. It will be a trouble, but I do not think it will be at all dangerous in that way." And so it was decided. Mrs Wortle did not at all agree as to their both being children. She thought that her girl was far from being a child. But she had argued the matter quite as much as she ever argued anything with the Doctor. So the matter was arranged, and young Lord Carstairs came back to Bowick.

As far as the Doctor could see, nothing could be nicer than his young pupil's manners. He was not at all above playing with the other boys. He took very kindly to his old studies and his old haunts, and of an evening, after dinner, went away from the drawing room to the study in pursuit of his Latin and his Greek, without any precocious attempt at making conversation with Miss Wortle. No doubt there was a good deal of lawn-tennis of an afternoon, and the lawn-tennis was generally played in the rectory garden. But then this had ever been the case, and the lawn-tennis was always played with two on a side; there were no *tête-à-tête* games between his lordship and Mary, and whenever the game was going on, Mrs Wortle was always there to see fair-play. Among other amusements the young lord took to walking far afield with Mr Peacocke. And then, no doubt, many things were said about that life in America. When a man has been much abroad, and has passed his time there under unusual circumstances, his doings will necessarily become subjects of conversation to his companions. To have travelled in France, Germany, or in Italy, is not uncommon; nor is it uncommon to have lived a year or years in Florence or in Rome. It is not uncommon now to have travelled all through the United States. The Rocky Mountains or Peru are hardly uncommon, so much has the taste for travelling increased. But for an Oxford Fellow of a college, and a clergyman of the Church of England, to have established himself as a professor in Missouri, is uncommon, and it could hardly be but that Lord Carstairs should ask questions respecting that far-away life.

Mr Peacocke had no objection to such questions. He told his young friend much about the manners of the people of St Louis,—told him how far the people had progressed in classical literature, in what they fell behind, and in what they excelled youths of their own age in England, and how far the college

was a success. Then he described his own life,—both before and after his marriage. He had liked the people of St Louis well enough,—but not quite well enough to wish to live among them. No doubt their habits were very different from those of Englishmen. He could, however, have been happy enough there,—only that circumstances arose.

"Did Mrs Peacocke like the place?" the young lord asked one day.

"She is an American, you know."

"Oh yes; I have heard. But did she come from St Louis?"

"No; her father was a planter in Louisiana, not far from New Orleans, before the abolition of slavery."

"Did she like St Louis?"

"Well enough, I think, when we were first married. She had been married before, you know. She was a widow."

"Did she like coming to England among strangers?"

"She was glad to leave St Louis. Things happened there which made her life unhappy. It was on that account I came here, and gave up a position higher and more lucrative than I shall ever now get in England."

"I should have thought you might have had a school of your own," said the lad. "You know so much, and get on so well with boys. I should have thought you might have been tutor at a college."

"To have a school of my own would take money," said he, "which I have not got. To be tutor at a college would take—— But never mind. I am very well where I am, and have nothing to complain of." He had been going to say that to be tutor of a college he would want high standing. And then he would have been forced to explain that he had lost at his own college that standing which he had once possessed.

"Yes," he said on another occasion, "she is unhappy; but do not ask her any questions about it."

"Who,—I? Oh dear, no! I should not think of taking such a liberty."

"It would be as a kindness, not as a liberty. But still, do not speak to her about it. There are sorrows which must be hidden, which it is better to endeavour to bury by never speaking of them, by not thinking of them, if that were possible."

"Is it as bad as that?" the lad asked.

"It is bad enough sometimes. But never mind. You remember that Roman wisdom,—'Dabit Deus his quoque finem.' And I think that all things are bearable if a man will only make up his mind to bear them. Do not tell any one that I have complained."

"Who,—I? Oh, never!"

"Not that I have said anything which all the world might not know; but that it is unmanly to complain. Indeed I do not complain, only I wish that things were lighter to her." Then he went off to other matters; but his heart was yearning to tell everything to this young lad.

Before the end of the week had arrived, there came a letter to him which he had not at all expected, and a letter also to the Doctor,—both from Lord Bracy. The letter to Mr Peacocke was as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I have been much gratified by what I have heard both from Dr Wortle and my son as to his progress. He will have to come home in July, when the Doctor's school is broken up,

and, as you are probably aware, will go up to Oxford in October. I think it would be very expedient that he should not altogether lose the holidays, and I am aware how much more he would do with adequate assistance than without it. The meaning of all this is, that I and Lady Bracy will feel very much obliged if you and Mrs Peacocke will come and spend your holidays with us at Carstairs. I have written to Dr Wortle on the subject, partly to tell him of my proposal, because he has been so kind to my son, and partly to ask him to fix the amount of remuneration, should you be so kind as to accede to my request.

"His mother has heard on more than one occasion from her son how very good-natured you have been to him.—Yours faithfully,

"BRACY."

It was, of course, quite out of the question. Mr Peacocke, as soon as he had read the letter, felt that it was so. Had things been smooth and easy with him, nothing would have delighted him more. His liking for the lad was most sincere, and it would have been a real pleasure to him to have worked with him during the holidays. But it was quite out of the question. He must tell Lord Carstairs that it was so, and must at the moment give such explanation as might occur to him. He almost felt that in giving that explanation he would be tempted to tell his whole story.

But the Doctor met him before he had an opportunity of speaking to Lord Carstairs. The Doctor met him, and at once produced the Earl's letter. "I have heard from Lord Bracy, and you, I suppose, have had a letter too," said the Doctor. His manner was easy and kind, as though no disagreeable communication was due to be made on the following day.

"Yes," said Mr Peacocke. "I have had a letter."

"Well?"

"His lordship has asked me to go to Carstairs for the holidays; but it is out of the question."

"It would do Carstairs all the good in the world," said the Doctor; "and I do not see why you should not have a pleasant visit and earn twenty-five pounds at the same time."

"It is quite out of the question."

"I suppose you would not like to leave Mrs Peacocke," said the Doctor.

"Either to leave her or to take her! To go myself under any circumstances would be altogether out of the question. I shall come to you to-morrow, Doctor, as I said I would last Saturday. What hour will suit you?" Then the Doctor named an hour in the afternoon, and knew that the revelation was to be made to him. He felt, too, that that revelation would lead to the final departure of Mr and Mrs Peacocke from Bowick, and he was unhappy in his heart. Though he was anxious for his school, he was anxious also for his friend. There was a gratification in the feeling that Lord Bracy thought so much of his assistant,—or would have been but for this wretched mystery!

"No," said Mr Peacocke to the lad. "I regret to say that I cannot go. I will tell you why, perhaps, another time, but not now. I have written to your father by this post, because it is right that he should be told at once. I have been obliged to say that it is impossible."

"I am so sorry! I should so much have liked it. My father would have done everything to make you comfortable, and so

would mamma." In answer to all this Mr Peacocke could only say that it was impossible. This happened on Friday afternoon, Friday being a day on which the school was always very busy. There was no time for the doing of anything special, as there would be on the following day, which was a half-holiday. At night, when the work was altogether over, he showed the letter to his wife, and told her what he had decided.

"Couldn't you have gone without me?" she asked.

"How can I do that," he said, "when before this time to-morrow I shall have told everything to Dr Wortle? After that, he would not let me go. He would do no more than his duty in telling me that if I proposed to go he must make it all known to Lord Bracy. But this is a trifle. I am at the present moment altogether in the dark as to what I shall do with myself when to-morrow evening comes. I cannot guess, because it is so hard to know what are the feelings in the breast of another man. It may so well be that he should refuse me permission to go to my desk in the school again."

"Will he be hard like that?"

"I can hardly tell myself whether it would be hard. I hardly know what I should feel it my duty to do in such a position myself. I have deceived him."

"No!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; I have deceived him. Coming to him as I did, I gave him to understand that there was nothing wrong,—nothing to which special objection could be made in my position."

"Then we are deceiving all the world in calling ourselves man and wife."

"Certainly we are; but to that we had made up our mind! We are not injuring all the world. No doubt it is a lie,—but there are circumstances in which a lie can hardly be a sin. I would have been the last to say so before all this had come upon me, but I feel it to be so now. It is a lie to say that you are my wife."

"Is it? Is it?"

"Is it not? And yet I would rather cut my tongue out than say otherwise. To give you my name is a lie; but what should I think of myself were I to allow you to use any other? What would you have thought if I had asked you to go away and leave me when that bad hour came upon us?"

"I would have borne it."

"I could not have borne it. There are worse things than a lie. I have found, since this came upon us, that it may be well to chose one sin in order that another may be shunned. To cherish you, to comfort you, to make the storm less sharp to you,—that has already been my duty as well as my pleasure. To do the same to me is your duty."

"And my pleasure; and my pleasure,—my only pleasure."

"We must cling to each other, let the world call us what names it may. But there may come a time in which one is called on to do a special act of justice to others. It has come now to me. From the world at large I am prepared, if possible, to keep my secret, even though I do it by lying;—but to this one man I am driven to tell it, because I may not return his friendship by doing him an evil."

Morning school at this time of the year at Bowick began at half-past seven. There was an hour of school before breakfast, at which the Doctor did not himself put in an appearance. He was wont to tell the boys that he had done all that when he was young, and that

now in his old age it suited him best to have his breakfast before he began the work of the day. Mr Peacocke, of course, attended the morning school. Indeed, as the matutinal performances were altogether classical, it was impossible that much should be done without him. On this Saturday morning, however, he was not present; and a few minutes after the proper time, the mathematical master took his place. "I saw him coming across out of his own door," little Jack Talbot said to the younger of the two Clifford boys, "and there was a man coming up from the gate who met him."

"What sort of a man?" asked Clifford.

"He was a rummy-looking fellow, with a great beard, and a queer kind of coat. I never saw any one like him before."

"And where did they go?"

"They stood talking for a minute or two just before the front door, and then Mr Peacocke took him into the house. I heard him tell Carstairs to go through and send word up to the Doctor that he wouldn't be in school this morning."

It had all happened just as young Talbot had said. A very "rummy-looking fellow" had at that early hour been driven over from Broughton to Bowick, and had caught Mr Peacocke just as he was going into the school. He was a man with a beard, loose, flowing on both sides, as though he were winged like a bird,—a beard that had been black, but was now streaked through and through with grey hairs. The man had a coat with frogged buttons that must have been intended to have a military air when it was new, but which was now much the worse for wear. The coat was so odd as to have caught young Talbot's attention at once. And the man's hat was old and seedy. But there was a look about him as though he were by no means ashamed either of himself or of his present purpose. "He came in a gig," said Talbot to his friend; "for I saw the horse standing at the gate, and the man sitting in the gig."

"You remember me, no doubt," the stranger said, when he encountered Mr Peacocke.

"I do not remember you in the least," the schoolmaster answered.

"Come, come; that won't do. You know me well enough. I'm Robert Lefroy."

Then Mr Peacocke, looking at him again, knew that the man was the brother of his wife's husband. He had not seen him often, but he recognised him as Robert Lefroy, and having recognised him he took him into the house.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS.

I AM in the unfortunate position of being the fourth son of an impecunious peer. My eldest brother went into the Guards, my second into the Church, my third into the Navy, and I into—the City. I might, if it were not for the scrupulous regard for truth which characterises me, have said, into business; but although my avocations take me a good deal into the City, I don't do much business there, in the strict sense of the term. My wants are small, and I manage, thanks to the handle to my name, and an unusual allowance of mother-wit, to pick up about a thousand a-year out of the financial street-sweepings. It is not necessary for me to describe exactly how I do this—partly because I don't want to reveal my methods to other young men in my own needy circumstances, and partly because I am a victim to horrible doubts as to whether those methods are strictly right and honourable. The fact is, that my second brother and I mistook our vocations in life. I have been tortured from infancy with an extremely sensitive conscience—an article of the greatest possible value in the Church, but decidedly in the way in the City. My brother, the Honourable and Reverend Sydney Lyesant, who is known amongst us familiarly as "the Hon. and Rev.," was born, if I may so express it, with a slight obliquity of moral vision, which would have been of the greatest service to him in the City, but which, to a certain extent, tends to impair his usefulness as a parish priest. I do not for a moment wish to insinuate that he is not an excellent, hard-working, and devoted ecclesiastic; on the contrary, he is a slave to his parishioners, and most punctilious in the performance of his duties; but there is a casuistry about his way of putting things,—and I may even say of doing things,—calculated to inspire distrust, and which lays him open to attacks from the Low Church rector of the neighbouring parish, of which the latter is not slow to avail himself—the more especially as my brother is a Ritualist.

There are only two or three others besides my brother who know my methods. I determined to consult him in regard to them, because I felt if I could obtain his sanction to them as a priest, I should be easier in my mind. Moreover, as he considered it his duty to confess a large proportion of his flock, especially the feminine section of it, I hoped that the peculiar turn of his mind, combined with his habit of dealing with difficult cases of conscience, might induce him to take a favourable view of my proceedings. I therefore carefully explained my methods to him, and propounded my difficulties. To my astonishment, he said that they did not involve a question of morals at all, but points of law, and that the right person for me to apply to was not a clergyman, but a solicitor. Now I had already done this; for when my methods first occurred to me, I was afraid, if discovered, they might render me liable to legal penalties. I therefore, to make sure, took counsel's opinion. Some of the points were so delicate that my legal adviser took three days to consider, and then gave it as his opinion that there was no law in existence by which I could be touched. I then asked him whether, although my methods might be legally safe, he considered

them morally right. He said he was paid to give his opinion on questions of law, and not on questions of morals,—and with that politely bowed me out. It was under these circumstances that I applied to the Hon. and Rev.; and on my explaining the result of my interview with my lawyer, he said that the questions of morals and of law were so inextricably involved that he could not possibly give an opinion without being familiar, not merely with the legal bearings of the case, but with the custom which prevailed in the City, as much would depend upon the moral standard which was recognised by City men. He said that morals in matters of finance were relative, differing in different countries, and that it was impossible to fix an arbitrary standard to be applicable in all cases. In France, for instance, it was considered dishonourable for the son of a deceased bankrupt not to strain every nerve to pay off his father's creditors; but this obligation was not deemed so binding in England, though it was occasionally done —the difference being that in one country it was thought highly meritorious to do it, and in the other extremely discreditable not to do it. In the same way, the moral standard of New York in questions relating to finance was totally different from that of London; and a transaction which was considered legitimate and fair in one of those great commercial marts might be reprobated as sharp practice in the other. To make a long story short, I got no satisfaction out of either the lawyer or the divine, so I thought of consulting one or two eminent bankers. The first I applied to was much interested in my methods, and thought them perfectly legitimate; indeed I have since suspected that he may possibly avail himself of some of the hints he obtained from me. The second, on the other hand, appeared rather shocked, described them as being more ingenious than moral, and advised me to give them up; and here I may incidentally remark that the first banker I consulted was a modern financier, and a director of a limited liability concern, while the second was the leading partner of an old-established private firm. I merely mention this by the way, as indicating that there seems to be a difference between the modern standard in these matters and that of a generation or two ago. I was somewhat reluctant to adopt the old-fashioned standard, as I should be incontinently rendered a beggar if I did; so I tried another test. I thought over all my acquaintances, and wondered how many of them, if they knew my methods, would consider them legitimate, and how many would, on principle, abstain from employing them. As nearly as I could calculate, I found, on carefully estimating the characters of the men, that about eighty per cent would employ them if they knew them, and about twenty per cent would abstain from doing so on principle. Of course I could not be sure of the exact proportions; but I felt perfectly certain that if not twenty, still a large percentage, would disapprove of them, and that was enough to make me miserable. Why should this percentage have a different standard from their neighbours, and possibly be compelled to make great sacrifices of money, fame, or position, in order to maintain it? It was the eighty per cent, and not the twenty per cent, who formed public opinion on the matter. If they amassed fortunes by methods which the minority disapproved, the only result would be that the minority would be considered fools, and the members of the majority who succeeded, would be respected just in propor-

tion to the amount of fortune which they had amassed. It is only when a man becomes rich by methods which the majority disapproves, that he runs any risk of forfeiting their respect; and even then, if he has a pretty wife, and knows how to entertain, he can live it down.

These reflections made me very unhappy. I was perpetually haunted by the idea that I ought to be one of the minority; and yet, after all, their sense of right and wrong might be unduly strained, or why did it differ from that of the majority? Meantime I continued to derive a comfortable little income from my methods, pursued by a morbid fear that some day or other they would be discovered, and that then I should be considered lacking in principle by the minority, while the majority would adopt them, and they would cease to be valuable. Moreover, I still retained a sort of inherited superstition in respect to the class to which I belonged. No doubt it was not a high or noble sentiment, because it tended to imply that one's moral standard was to some extent conditioned on one's rank in life. But when I thought of my great ancestor, Sir Guy de Lyesant, whose spotless chivalry procured for him the proud device of "Honneur luisant," or "Honour bright," while it was at the same time a challenge to those who bore the name, I trembled to think that possibly I was even now tarnishing it; and the reflection that I was not the first who had done so, was but poor consolation.

It was a tradition in our family that the first Lyesant who ever told a lie was my great-grandfather; and this was attributed to the fact of his father having married the daughter of an alderman. Whether this be the case or not, there can be little doubt that a sensible moral deterioration has taken place during the last three generations, and that the instinct of *noblesse oblige*, which so eminently characterised the Lyesants of a former time, has now almost died out. By one of those hereditary freaks well known to natural philosophers, it seems to have been reproduced in me to its full extent; indeed there is even a strong physical resemblance between my lineaments and those of the great Sir Guy, after whom I am called, and whose portrait hangs in Lyesant Castle. Often have I gazed on it, and wondered whether, if he was alive now and in my position, he would consider it consistent with his honour to operate on the Stock Exchange and employ my methods.

From all which it would appear that I was craving for moral—indeed it would not be too much to say, for spiritual—counsel and advice in the difficult problems which beset my path in life. I was led by them into a vein of philosophical reflection; and it is by way of an introduction to the results at which I have arrived that I have been induced to bring my own insignificant personality before the reader. He will now understand how my own experiences have forced upon me the conclusion that a great moral vacuum exists in these modern days, which, as nature abhors a vacuum, needs to be filled: and if I venture to make a few suggestions which may seem bold, and even to some extent revolutionary, in their character, I wish the public to understand that I only timidly throw them out as hints; and that if once the principle be admitted, I should only be too happy to see modifications introduced which might improve my own crude ideas. It may be objected that I am treating a very grave and serious subject too lightly, and indeed with an ap-

parent flippancy. To this I would reply that I am treating it in the most serious and effective manner at my command. I am not by nature a grave person. I make my livelihood in the City in an airy and superficial manner. My companions at the West End are frivolous and volatile. The clubs to which I belong are considered fast. But yet I am a human being with a soul and a conscience, and aspirations and doubts, and cravings and difficulties; and I don't know where to go to get comfort and consolation, and advice, and guidance, and solutions, and satisfaction. I have tried the Church, and I have tried the law, and I have tried men of business, and I am still just as much at sea as ever.

Instead of objecting that I treat a serious subject lightly, people who are interested in the welfare of their fellow-creatures should only be too thankful to see so flippant a person as I am, by my nature and surroundings, treat a serious subject at all. Let me assure them I don't consider it by any means a joke. I am leading a life which is perfectly miserable, grinning through a horse-collar all the time; and let me also tell them that there are scores of other men exactly in the same plight with myself. They don't go about talking about it. What is the good of talking about it? They want to lead higher lives and better lives than they are leading, but they don't see how. The fact is, modern civilisation has developed a quantity of new vices in all ranks, and classes, and occupations in life, for which no provision seems to have been made morally in theology.

Mr Ruskin many years ago wrote a pamphlet on 'The Construction of Sheepfolds.' Now what occurs to me is, that they want reconstruction; and with the greatest possible diffidence I would suggest how something might be done. People are very apt to say, when one complains of the inadequacy of old existing institutions to meet the requirements of the age, "It is all very well to find fault; only propose something better." Now, with all humility, I am going to find fault, because I am personally a sufferer from the insufficiency of one of the most venerable of those institutions—an institution, indeed, worthy of the highest respect—to meet the wants of my own case; and I don't want to lay myself open to the charge of not proposing something which, I think, will be an improvement. At the same time, if my suggestion does not seem practical, it may at any rate induce wiser heads than mine to consider seriously whether some means ought not to be devised to meet the spiritual necessities which have sprung out of the advanced state of civilisation in which we live. Modern writers bear universal testimony to the fact that the country is undergoing a great moral revolution. Mr Escott, in his remarkable and comprehensive work on 'England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits,' has given forcible expression to this fact when he says that "old lines of social demarcation have been obliterated, ancient landmarks of thought and belief removed, new standards of expediency and right created. We have made for ourselves strange gods, and we live in a state of transition to a yet unknown order." If it be true that new standards of expediency and right have been created, what I would ask is, What share has the Church taken in creating these new standards, and what is it doing to wean us from those strange gods which we have made for ourselves? Surely all this is an especially ecclesiastical affair? It is time to

ask whether the Church has moved on with the age? whether it has recognised the fact that the tremendous development of the power of money-making which has taken place during the last half-century, and the habits of luxury which have been engendered thereby, have given rise to a totally new set of social, commercial, and, I may even say, of political moral problems, which the ethical teaching of a former generation fails altogether to grapple with? Indeed, from all I can learn, the ethical teaching of the last generation was not of any very great value any way. But as I did not live then, I don't know much about it; perhaps if I had, I might even then have proposed my scheme of ecclesiastical reform. It is with the requirements of the present that we have to deal, and these I shall endeavour to point out. I have conversed on the subject with my brother, the Hon. and Rev., and I asked him once why he did not find out the special vices of the members of his congregation, and denounce them from the pulpit. He declares they resent being preached at, and says that if you don't want to disgust your flock you must keep to generalities; that people are very sensitive on this point, and that neither individual men nor women like to feel after a sermon that the other members of the congregation think that certain of your remarks applied specially to them. They know they are "miserable sinners," and are not particularly ashamed of publicly saying so, provided they are all miserable together; but nobody likes to be considered an especially miserable sinner, nor to have his particular sin pointed out. Now this I can quite understand—indeed I to a great extent sympathise in it. If, when I was down in the country, my brother was to preach a sermon against doubtful methods of making money in the City—which, by the way, he would be the last man to do—I should not like it at all, because the squire, and the attorney, and the doctor, and the rustics of the parish, would know that his observations could be directed to nobody but me. Moreover, as my brother himself confessed — and most clergymen would probably feel the same difficulty—his familiarity with the subject was not sufficient to enable him to treat it effectively. The same remarks apply to certain modern social and political developments which are rarely, if ever, dealt with from the pulpit, but which are producing a serious national demoralisation. Now the only way, it seems to me, to obviate any appearance of invidious preaching, and at the same time to insure a treatment of the subject adequate to its requirements, would be by a redistribution of the cures of souls, if I may so express myself; that is, instead of having the country only territorially divided for ecclesiastical purposes, I would have it spiritually divided as well—in other words, divided according to the special moral requirements of large classes and groups of individuals, and adapted to their occupations and positions in life. Why, for instance, should there not be a properly qualified ministry set apart to instruct the laity as to the economic relations which should subsist between man and man? What an admirable thing it would be, for example, to institute a Bishop of Finance, with a Dean and Chapter, and a body of clergy, established principally in London and at the large commercial centres, under his jurisdiction, whose business it should be specially to preach sermons on financial morality, and to advise applicants on all matters of conscience connected with business.

They might be subdivided into separate branches. Thus, there might be a special "cure" for the Stock Exchange. All the clergy connected with this department should be carefully trained in the laws, rules, and regulations affecting that body, and should be qualified to explain to their stock broking and jobbing congregations how far it was morally incumbent to comply with those laws, rules, and regulations, and in what particulars they should not take advantage of the facilities which they might offer for swindling. There can be no doubt that sermons might be preached on "rigging" and "cornering," treating the subject in a masterly and comprehensive way, and on broad general principles, which would be most valuable. To judge from the highly honourable men who engage in these operations, there is no doubt a great deal to be said in their favour, on moral grounds. But then, again, there can be no question that they sometimes give rise to opportunities of gain which are of extremely doubtful morality, and that a conscientious man frequently finds himself in a position of extreme difficulty. If, on such occasions, he could have recourse to his bishop, who was deeply versed in every mystery connected with "making a market," and could at once tell you when it was right to be a "bull"—not financially but morally right I mean—and when it was wrong, what a comfort it would be! How interesting, too, to listen on the Sunday to his lordship's eloquent discourse on the great "bear" movement of the week! Those large metropolitan churches which now present a lamentable array of empty benches would speedily fill under such an influence. It is a mistake to suppose that there is not an earnest desire to have financial matters placed upon an honest and sound basis among City men. Sermons on "rigging," "cornering," and so forth, would draw immense congregations of men engaged in these operations, who would be only too thankful to the Church for boldly assuming the responsibility, which indeed belongs to it, of telling them what is right and what is wrong in their methods of conducting business. I believe, if the experiment was tried, that the rogues would be found to be in a minority, and that thousands of men who are now looked upon as sharp practitioners would be grateful for a definite moral standard sanctioned by the Church, and which everybody would be compelled to adhere to, under the moral penalty, if he did not, of being considered a scoundrel. Again, while one branch of the financial diocese should occupy itself with the Stock Exchange, another branch should be devoted to joint-stock companies, whose "cure" should be directors, and who would act as spiritual advisers to the board. Why, considering that there are chaplains in the army, and that every good-sized man-of-war has a chaplain, every large company should not have a chaplain as well, passes my comprehension, especially considering that every year several large corporations come to grief, evidently for the simple want of this most useful functionary. When a "watering" operation is proposed at the board, for instance, and five directors are opposed upon moral grounds to the other five, who take a different moral view of the question, how much better it would be, instead of trusting it to the casting vote of the chairman, who may be devoid of all moral principle, to refer it for final decision to the chaplain! This would be making the Church practically influential in the economic questions of the hour;

and considering how frequently unfortunate shareholders are victimised by the directors, there would not be the slightest difficulty about providing him with an ample salary. They would be only too glad to subscribe. The chaplain, of course, should be thoroughly versed in the financial management of companies, and have the right, whenever he pleased, to examine the books of the company to which he was attached, besides being present at every meeting of the board. Had such a functionary been connected with the City of Glasgow Bank the other day, we should have been spared the horrible disclosure of hypocrisy and dishonesty, and the widespread ruin, which resulted from it.

The extremely mixed composition of congregations now makes it necessary for the preacher to deal in generalities which shall apply to all classes, and he is thus precluded from special definitions. The duchess and the petty tradesman listen to the same discourse, but it is evident the nature of their temptations are very different, and only the broadest moral axioms apply to both. For instance, what a useful sermon might be preached to a congregation consisting largely of grocers on the text, "Thou shalt not commit adulteration"! while one which should apply to a congregation of fashionable ladies would be somewhat different. There should certainly be a "Trades Diocese," probably several, where the bishops and clergy should specially instruct themselves in the forms of fraud; or even without going so far as to say fraud, let us call them the tricks of the trade, employed by dealers, wholesale and retail. This would be a far better way of dealing with them than by co-operative stores—to each of which, by the way, a chaplain should be attached.

The "Dioceses of Fashion" would be of the most vital importance. Of these, one should be exclusively for men and the other for women. Every West End club should have a chaplain versed in questions of honour, to whom all quarrels and disputes should be referred. No women should be admitted to the churches of the young men of fashion, where the vices peculiar to them should be exposed and denounced in the most uncompromising manner. I doubt whether they would attend in any large numbers in the absence of the ladies, and probably one place of worship would be found sufficient to afford all the accommodation required; but it should at least be supplied for those who are anxious to improve their mode of life. It is not unlikely that experience might prove that most good could be done by the personal influence of the clergy who devoted themselves to this "cure." And for this branch of the ministry it would be desirable to select men as young as possible, and who had themselves been fast, and become reformed characters, as they would more easily enter into the trials and temptations of their flocks, and their former experiences would supply them with counsel and advice of a practical kind. It is evident that the greatest care should be taken in the selection of those to whom was intrusted the "cure" of the fashionable women of society. While an aristocratic connection would be desirable in the case of these clergy, a profound knowledge of the world and of human nature would be indispensable. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they should all be married, and tolerably well on in years. They would often be called upon to deal with domestic and social problems of extreme delicacy, and their work would be so varied and arduous, that it would

probably be found necessary to divide it into distinct branches. Thus there would be, first, the orthodox unmarried girls; second, the unorthodox and philosophical unmarried girls; third, the married women who were unhappily married; fourth, the married women who were no longer received in society; fifth, the married women who ought not to be any longer received in society, but were still very popular in it; sixth, the married women who had become sceptical, and were teaching their little daughters the theory of evolution; seventh, dowagers and elderly fashionable women who were struggling to reform; eighth, the same class who were not struggling to reform. It is evident that to preach faithfully to all these classes of women in the presence of men would be quite out of the question. For instance, a very useful course of sermons might be preached upon what style of conversation with the other sex is proper and what is improper, what allusions may be made and what allusions avoided —with illustrations. This is very urgently needed, as considerable confusion of ideas seems to exist as to "how far you may go," and what is *risqué*. This is a subject upon which the Church ought to lay down a very definite line. If a corresponding course was being preached by the young men's chaplain in the same parish, it is not impossible that a very general improvement might be effected in the social tone generally. Indeed the closest relations should be maintained between the fashionable clergy ministering to the two sexes, as the most delicate questions affecting their male and female flocks would be found to be inextricably interwoven, which it would require the most consummate spiritual diplomacy, if I may venture on such an expression, to unravel. It may be objected that this savours of the confessional, and of the undue interference of the priesthood in private relations. No one is more opposed to that practice than I am; nor should I suggest that a clergyman should ever ask prying questions, or worm out confidences, or suggest sins by prurient cross-examination: but if, by his faithful preaching, he should awaken a dormant conscience in some member of his congregation, and he or she should apply to him for counsel and advice, then I think it desirable that he should be placed by the Church in the very best position to give it effectively, and to render the applicant practical assistance. It is worse than useless to throw a poor woman in dire difficulty and distress a moral axiom which she knew already. Something more than that must be done to get her out of the scrape; and as it is most probable that she cannot apply to her husband for the purpose, she ought to feel that she has the friend in need in a priest, chiefly skilled in the solution of such problems, especially if he first aroused by his preaching remorse or aspirations.

There will be no fear of the women not going to church to hear themselves preached at, as in the case of the men. No matter how faithfully the preacher puts the points on the *is*, they will flock to listen to him. They like it. The harder he hits, the more they will go. They all have consciences, and it produces a sort of pleasurable pain to have them rudely shaken. An able disquisition on dress would attract crowds. The preacher might discourse on *tourneurs*, denounce the fashion of *sans manches*, and enter even into more minute details of underclothing, suggesting additions and so forth, with the

best possible effect. He should make himself acquainted with their especial vanities, with the ruses to which they resort to attract men, with their envyings and jealousies, with the uses they make of one another as decoys, with the schemes of match-making mammas, with their methods of obtaining social distinction and securing admiration, and expose them mercilessly. The only trouble is, they would all end by adoring him; that is why it is essential that he should be old, and have a wife and large family. If my suggestion is adopted by Parliament, and the Church is reorganised upon my system, I shall give up the City, marry, and offer myself as a candidate in this field of labour. I should be rather young, but I am certain I could do an awful amount of good; I have had so much experience. It quite grieves me to see things going from bad to worse, and no remedy being attempted. I really don't know what society is coming to. From the position I occupy in it, and the opportunities I have for knowing things, I could make revelations that would astonish even the "social weeklies." I am so sorry I can't raise my literary style to the height of the occasion, and always write as if I was joking; but upon my word I am not. I do implore the Church to take this matter up. I feel sometimes, if somebody does not do something to try and make things better, I shall get desperate, and go down to Mid-Lothian, and all about the country, and lecture and speechify on high moral grounds against everything and everybody.

And this reminds me of a field of labour at present sorely neglected, and demanding immediate and judicious treatment. I need scarcely say that I allude to the field of politics, and especially to the Houses of Parliament. We have the highest authority for saying that within the last two or three years moral problems have been imported into the region of politics to an extent unknown in the history of the nation, and affecting its reputation and character for respectability before the world at large. We have reason to be deeply grateful for the fact that we have at all events one eminent statesman who seems to have directed his attention exclusively to this aspect of the question; and it is highly gratifying to me to think that my scheme will necessarily have the support of his great authority. I have, moreover, the satisfaction of feeling that the juncture at which it is proposed is eminently opportune. The well-known and clearly-expressed views of that statesman on the subject of Disestablishment will naturally lead him to entertain any project which has for its object the reconstruction of sheepfolds; or, in plainer language, a redistribution of dioceses which shall be better adapted to the wants of the time. How the newly-organised institution is to be paid is a matter on which I confess I have bestowed no attention whatever. I felt from the beginning that it was beyond me; but I have no apprehension on this score,—only let the principle be adopted; when the measures connected with Disestablishment are brought before the House by the greatest exponent of religion and morality who has ever occupied a seat in it, I leave, with the utmost confidence, to that great financier, the trifling detail of how the bishops and clergy are to be pecuniarily provided for. It will be seen from this that I am no lukewarm supporter of that eminent man, but have long since ranged myself in that band of thick-and-thin adherents, out-and-out adorers, and

blind and uncompromising worshippers, with whom it is at once an intense personal satisfaction and a great moral duty to be connected. What I do regret is, that our exalted leader should not be in holy orders, and be available to be elected —if the appointments of bishops are to be made in that way—Bishop of the Diocese of Politics. It is one for which, all will agree, he would be eminently qualified. At present his sphere of usefulness is limited, and the value of his moral dicta is impaired, from the fact that, being the leader of a political party, nobody attaches the slightest importance to them except the members of that party; while his enemies, destitute of the rudimentary principles of morals, and animated only by a desire to regain the office from which they have so righteously been ejected, are base enough to insinuate that his morality is mere cant, which he uses as dust to be thrown in the eyes of the ignorant and impulsive masses, and which he has imported into the region of politics in order the more effectively to carry out the ambitious designs by which he is animated. If, in an episcopal capacity, he was elevated above all party considerations, and therefore above the possibility of any such unworthy imputations, there would literally be no limit to his reformatory capabilities. Instead of being compelled to present to the world, as "one of the most intricate and perplexing of the moral problems that life continually presents to us," the inexplicable fact that "there are many men of great intelligence, of great ability, and of the highest public and private qualities," who differ from him on the subject of national morality, he would be in a position to grapple satisfactorily with that problem, and with persuasive dignity to bring his sacerdotal influence privately to bear upon these intelligent and able men, in a manner which would prove irresistible,—until at last all conscientious voters, even including Jews, throughout the United Kingdom, would recognise the fact that in all questions of political morality he was the supreme authority, and that he alone was in a position to judge between right and wrong. By these means we might hope ultimately to arrive at a sort of theocratic system of government. Meantime I do not altogether abandon the hope that he may yet become a bishop of some kind. And this is the more to be desired, because, so long as he is an exceptionally moral layman, and at the same time an exceptionally good Churchman, there is something incongruous in his implication that all the Tory Bishops in the House of Lords, who voted with the late unprincipled Premier, are deficient in a delicate sense of morality. I can well imagine the torture of mind which must be occasioned by this problem; in fact, it is another strong argument in favour of Disestablishment. As the questions now before Parliament are no longer political but moral ones, it is an unseemly spectacle to see the Church in the Upper House divided against itself on what is morally right and what morally wrong. It is evident that bishops should be removed from this sphere of contention altogether, and be authorities on morals, and not political partisans in regard to them. Doubtful points of political morality should not be treated by the politicians themselves, but by a class specially appointed for the purpose, elevated above the influence of politics, and who could be most useful as counsellors and advisers. Again, there can be no doubt that individual members of both Houses are often extremely

puzzled on moral grounds to know how to vote—they are perpetually being called upon to balance the claims of conscience against the claims of party. I would therefore largely add to the number of chaplains, and widely extend their functions. In the House of Commons, for example, they should not be limited to a prayer, which members avail themselves of, not for purposes of worship, but of securing a seat for the impending debate. Political chaplains should be skilled in estimating the necessities of party warfare and the requirements of conscience; and such men are especially needed in view of possible great party changes, for I regret to say that it seems not unlikely that a split may at no distant date take place in the Liberal party, and a section of it may, from what seems to me a distorted moral sense, decline to follow the eminent statesman to whom I have alluded. Here chaplains would be invaluable as guides and advisers,—for it may be considered certain that the great man will not put the question to his party as a question of politics or of expediency, but as a question of morals; and all those who decline to adopt his view, and who secede from the party, will of necessity be immoral. Now, although I have a strong opinion myself, having entirely abandoned the old traditions of the Lyesants, and adopted the modern view of political as well as of commercial morality, I am not prepared to say what advice an impartial chaplain might give at such a crisis; but it is clear that if he should happen not to think such secession immoral, it would be an immense comfort to the seceders to feel that they were supported in this great moral question by the authority of the Church. And so, again, in the matter of what are termed extra-parliamentary utterances, recent experience has proved that some restraint should be placed by the Church on the too free use of invective; on the reckless imputation of base, interested, or unpatriotic motives; on angry incriminations; on garbled quotations; on the loose and inaccurate statement of fact; on misrepresentations, and incorrect—I may even go so far as to say false—assertions. It would probably be found advantageous, on the Sunday before a great public meeting for a political purpose was held in any large town during the recess, for one of the clergy attached to the Diocese of Politics to preach a sermon defining the legitimate limits of political discussion. It is needless to remark that during a general election the duties of this branch of the ministry would be extremely arduous. Their consolation would be, that they would not be of long duration, and that a great deal of good might be done in a short time. The question of the morality of fagot-voters is one which would deserve their attention. They would need to be uncompromising in their denunciation of bribery and all unworthy methods of obtaining votes, and extremely active and intelligent in their detection of all such methods. They would definitely settle the new problem, how far an elector is justified in pledging himself to one side and voting for the other. Services of a specially applicable character should be held in all the constituencies before, during, and after the elections. By these means there can be little doubt that a great deal of wrong-doing would be checked; and it is to be expected that a tone of purity and a moral elevation would thus be introduced into her politics, which would make England a pattern of constitutional propriety to the world at large.

Brotherly love and gentleness would take the place of party strife and bitterness; and it might even be possible, if the Roman Catholic Church saw fit to co-operate in this beneficent idea, that some effect might ultimately be produced upon the Home-Rulers and Irish members generally.

It has been impossible, in the narrow limits of a magazine article, to do more than broadly indicate the outline of this great scheme of reform. I must leave it to the intelligent and appreciative reader to fill up the details. Besides the primary divisions of finance, commerce—wholesale and retail—fashion, and politics, to which I have adverted, there are other subdivisions which will readily suggest themselves. The press, and literature generally, for instance, stands in need of a moral infusion. There would be fewer libel cases if the social weeklies were supervised by chaplains, who should also explain from the pulpit the extent to which the details of domestic and family life might legitimately be accounted public property. At the same time, it is to be hoped that the labours of the ministry in the field of fashion would so reduce the number of those episodes which now adorn their pages, that their occupation and circulation would in a measure cease to exist. There might, in fact, be a "Diocese of Miscellany," which should be composed of clergy with gifts for specialties; and in addition to them, a body of consulting chaplains, to whom any one having a peculiar case of conscience not falling directly within the cognisance of any of the general dioceses, might apply. They would not give advice to the patient—if I may so term the moral invalid—themselves, but would recommend him or her to the clergyman whose specialty it was to treat such cases, or whose preaching was peculiarly adapted to the spiritual needs of the applicant. In a word, I would venture, with the greatest diffidence, to submit that society should be thoroughly analysed by the Church from a moral basis, and treated systematically, and not on the broad and general lines which were applicable to a bygone age, and to moral, social, economic, and intellectual conditions which have long since passed away.

I am aware that in making these suggestions I lay myself open to the charge of presumption, and possibly even of disrespect. I would most earnestly deprecate it, and insist that I am animated only by a sincere desire for my own highest good, and that of my fellow-creatures. It is just because I entertain the most profound respect for the authority of the Church in matters of morals, that I would wish to see that authority extended, and made to permeate more in detail every rank and condition of life. In these days, when Positivists and Social Scientists, if I may be allowed to coin the word, seem inclined to claim a monopoly of the loftiest motives of action, and the most disinterested love of humanity, it seems to me that their jargon should be met by a well-organised attack upon the vices which their philosophy condemns, but fails to grapple with practically. It would be a terrible thing for the Church if this whole school stopped theorising and writing, and began to practise: they might even be struck with the merits of my scheme, and might try to adapt it to their system, and then engage in a sort of atheistic crusade against special vices, which might lead to results impossible to predict. I shrink from pursuing this train of

thought any further; in fact, the bare suggestion of what it might involve appals and confuses me. There are so many people in the same perplexed state of mind as I am in as to what is right and what is wrong nowadays, and there is such an absence of active interference—in fact, such a dead silence on the part of the Church on the intricate problems of daily conduct—that any unauthorised persons might rush in and occupy the ground, and start a propaganda in favour of scrupulousness of motive and of life, and a higher moral tone generally, setting themselves up as reformers and arbiters; and all these poor straying sheep, in their eagerness to find shepherds, would flock to them without looking to see whether or not they had the right sort of crook. It is with the view of anticipating any unfortunate catastrophe of this sort, that I have ventured to call attention to my own necessities and those of my fellows. The patient who suggests to his doctor a more strenuous mode of treatment because he feels the need of it, does not on that account reflect either upon the ability or the skill in the healing art of his medical attendant; he merely describes symptoms which it is necessary the latter should know, in order to apply a proper remedy. In like manner I have been describing a few social symptoms tending to a general demoralisation, which do not seem to have been sufficiently brought to the notice of our spiritual physicians: but we who suffer from them may surely apply for treatment, and even suggest how it may best be administered, without any disrespect towards those whose special function it is to provide it.

At all events, my conscience—and I have alluded to the suffering it gives me—not only entirely acquits me of any levity of motive in writing as I have done, but thoroughly approves of it, and with its approval I must rest content.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PRAIRIES.

A TRANSATLANTIC EFFORT AT UNIVERSITY LEGISLATION.

In the very centre of North America lies the small but compact territory forming the province of Manitoba. Its position is, roughly speaking, midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Bounded on the south by the states of Dacotah and Minnesota, on the east by the new Canadian territory called Keewatin, north and west stretches the "Great Lone Land" of yesterday, but which now, under the somewhat vague name of the North-west, to-day is receiving into it thousands and thousands of settlers. Ten years have just passed away since Manitoba became a province of the Dominion, but the tide of emigration, wave on wave, coming in from the older British American provinces, the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and even from Iceland, bids fair to make it populous and prosperous so very soon, that the rush to Australia during the gold fever, or to California, will be paralleled,—with this difference, that in the case of the last mentioned, the population was ever fluctuating, and the majority of immigrants did not permanently settle; while in this youngest province of Canada there seems to be no ebb in the tide. Winnipeg, the "jumping-off place," its capital, which in 1870 consisted of a few houses grouped about Fort Garry, one of the trading centres of the Hudson's Bay Company, is now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, and their number is being added to constantly. In that year the whole population of the Red River Settlement (it was better known under that name at the time) was about 13,000, of which half were Roman Catholics of French descent, and the rest Protestants, many of whose forefathers had belonged to the original Selkirk Settlement. It is not easy to say with accuracy what the population of the territory now is, as no census has been taken lately, but it is probably about 100,000. Everywhere upon the glowing and fertile prairies of Manitoba rises the settler's homestead; here and there villages are springing up, to become in a few years "empire cities," maybe with colossal populations and many industries. Upon her rivers and lakes now sails a goodly fleet of steamships. Last year, by the construction of a branch line of the Canada Pacific Railway, complete communication was established with St Paul, and thence to any part of the United States or Canada. Private enterprise holds out, also, good hope that railways will be built passing through the principal parts of the country; and further, by the construction of bridges over the Red River at Winnipeg and elsewhere, travelling will be greatly facilitated. Besides, the main line of the great Canada Pacific Railway will be in running order, at furthest, ten years hence, and a wholly Canadian road from ocean to ocean—from the maritime provinces on the Atlantic seaboard to British Columbia on the Pacific—in operation. It will pass through Manitoba and that vast fertile belt from which it is prophesied the wheat-supplies of the world are to come.

But it is not with any intention of directing notice to Manitoba *per se* that this paper is written. We

only wish to show how thoughtful men, who are the leaders of its people, knowing well the need for higher education that there surely would be in the coming years, have striven at the very outset wisely and well to anticipate the demand, and to lay its foundations broad and deep. That those to whom Manitoba and the adjacent territories are still *terræ incognitæ*, the wilderness-homes of the red man and the buffalo, may think the establishment of a university there a step far in advance of the time, is not unlikely; but certain it is that the people themselves most concerned are trying to make it what they call, in picturesque Western phrase, "a live thing."

To start with, Manitoba has been singularly fortunate in the matter of education. It has always possessed excellent schools, presided over by competent men. These gentlemen, previous to the "transfer" (*i.e.*, the handing over to Canada of Manitoba and the North-west territories by the Hudson's Bay Company, in terms of the Rupert's Land Act of 1868), were generally clergymen of the Church of England, — the schools, with scarcely an exception, belonging to her communion, in the Protestant parts of the land. Of course, the Roman Catholics had their own schools. But now the national school system, in force throughout Canada and the United States, prevails. There are two or three collegiate schools, intermediate between these common schools and the State University established in 1877. They are in connection with the colleges forming the University, and are destined to occupy the same place in Manitoba as the public schools of England, or the high and grammar schools of Scotland, do in Britain. One of them is modelled on Westminster, as far as possible. The colleges themselves are St John's College, St Boniface College, and Manitoba College, and they have severally been incorporated by statutes of the Provincial Assembly. They have all grown from schools, and were primarily intended as theological training-colleges. The first belonged to the Church of England, the second was Roman Catholic, the last Presbyterian. Missionaries trained by these colleges are now doing good and noble work far away on the frozen Mackenzie; in the arctic zone; on the shores of Hudson's Bay; among the Rocky Mountains; on the wide-stretching plains of the Saskatchewan; in the valley of the Peace River; ministering to the Eskimo on the east, as well as to the Tukudh on the west, of the ice-bound sea; speaking to Cree and Ojibway, Saulteaux and Sioux, in their own tongue, of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of men.

These colleges, however, were independent of one another, and it was felt that it would be for the general advantage if there was some union between them. The University of London, in its broad and generous appreciation of what was common in all educational institutions, showed, by its connection with its various affiliated colleges, a bright example of what might be done. Accordingly it was resolved to found a University having these three, or other colleges, in affiliation with it. Besides, these colleges had not been empowered to confer degrees; and as men were actually going to MacGill College in Montreal, and Toronto University, long distances away, on this very account, the disadvantage of this state of affairs was recognised. In Canada and the United States collegiate bodies had been multiplied, many of which conferred degrees and granted diplomas that, to say the

best of them, had only a local value. Care had to be taken that, however insignificant in point of number at first the graduates of the new University should be, their studies should be real studies; and that the degree should be a guerdon gained by honest labour, and a certificate to all the world of the attainments and education of its possessor.

In the local legislature of Manitoba, "an Act to establish a Provincial University" was passed, and assented to by the Lieutenant-Governor, in February 1877. Its preamble sets forth the desirability of founding "one University for the whole of Manitoba (on the model of the University of London), for the purpose of raising the standard of higher education in the province, and of enabling all denominations and classes to obtain academical degrees."

There are many noteworthy features about this University: the general reader, as well as the educationist, will be interested in finding how, in this young country—full of a struggling but vigorous life—many difficult questions, which have, directly or indirectly, been a source of perplexity and failure elsewhere, have been boldly met and successfully grappled with. The uses of a University are manifold; but its aim is education in the broadest sense, and its purpose evidently is to train the best men for occupying the best, or indeed any, positions. A recent writer* has distinguished between the Scotch and English Universities as follows: "The Scotch Universities aim to train students to make a thousand a-year by the application of cultivated intelligence. The English Universities are content to teach men how to spend a thousand a-year with that dignity and usefulness which follow a good mental culture." *Beati illi*, say we. But is it not the case that there are hundreds of men, both at Oxford and Cambridge, who will become clergymen, barristers, and so forth, who will have to make this thousand a-year before they can spend it with the desiderated dignity and usefulness? This by the way.

This new University, however, if it adheres to its programme, as no doubt it will, opens its gates to all in the truest spirit of democracy—a spirit, we have observed, that is about as much a rarity in republican America as elsewhere. It is possible for the poorest and meanest, who have the heart to bear, and mind and ambition equal to the endeavour, to enrol themselves among its members, and to acquire the same academic standing as the most fortunate of their fellow-students. That this is the true platform on which a State University should stand, seems incontrovertible. Nor is this statement rendered a dead letter by any cumbrous machinery or heavy fees in connection with the University. All the statutes and ordinances relating to it are marked by extreme simplicity and a refreshing absence of technical detail. Poor students—and there must necessarily be many such in the condition of the province for some time to come—are on the same level as the rich. Again, the teaching is purely unsectarian; but of this later on.

The Act passed by the Provincial Legislature provides that the corporation of the University shall consist of a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and a Council composed of seven representatives, to be selected by each of the incorporated colleges, and by any other colleges that

* Dr Lyon Playfair.

might afterwards be associated with the University. In addition to these, three gentlemen were to be appointed by a convocation consisting of all graduates of any generally recognised University who should be resident in the province at the time. It is interesting to note the different Universities represented by this convocation. Its membership is made up of graduates of Cambridge, Dublin, Paris, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen; of Laval, MacGill, Toronto, Kingston, — a somewhat cosmopolitan assembly. The State Board of Education also were to elect two members—one to represent the Protestant, the other the Roman Catholic divisions of this Board. Thus the Governing Council consists of 21 members from the three colleges, 3 from the Convocation of Graduates, 2 from the Board of Education—making, with the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, 28 in all. The eighth section of the Act provided further, with regard to all convocations after the first, that they should consist of their former members, as well as the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, the Council, and any one who should become a graduate of the University. The appointment of the Chancellor rests with the Lieutenant-Governor, and is tenable for three years. The Bishop of Rupert's Land, an Episcopalian, who had taken a warm interest in the subject, and who had devoted much time to the educational advancement of the province, was nominated to the Chancellorship, and his acceptance of it was received by all denominations with gratification. The Vice-Chancellor for the first year was appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, but in future the nomination rests with the Council, and is annual. The gentleman selected was an influential Roman Catholic and a member of the Government. Finally, the Lieutenant-Governor for the time being was made Visitor. While there is much in this that is common to all Universities, there is also something that is novel,—such, for example, as the introduction of the representatives of the Education Board, and also the recognition of all men of any pretensions to learning and of a knowledge of higher educational teaching as embodied in the Convocation of Graduates.* What is absolutely unique is the representation of the denominational colleges. As we said above, they were respectively Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian. Not unnaturally they sent seven Episcopalian, seven Roman Catholic, and seven Presbyterian representatives respectively to the Council. The captious critic may be inclined to ask, Will there not be seven Swedenborgians or seven Mormons on the Council when Manitoba possesses a Swedenborgian or Mormon college? But this is only an experiment, is merely tentative, and so far has succeeded admirably. The only rivalry yet shown has been produced by a laudable desire to bring forward the most and best students; and in the glorious strife of academic emulation there has been a suppression of all sectarian feeling and prejudice creditable in every way.

With regard to the functions of the University, the tenth section of the Act provided:—

"There shall be no professorship or other teachership at present in the University; but its function shall be limited to the examining of candidates for degrees in the several faculties, or

* It will be noticed that there is only *one* University in the country by the terms of the Act,—the *State* University.

for certificates of honour in different branches of knowledge, and to granting of such degrees and certificates, after examination in the manner hereinafter mentioned."

The course extends over three years, and during that period there are three examinations—the Preliminary or Entrance; the Previous, at the end of the first year; and the Final, on the satisfactory passing of which the degree of B.A. is conferred and a certificate granted. Collegiate students—*i.e.*, students of the affiliated colleges—may escape the Preliminary, the warden or head of the college testifying to the ability of each particular student to pass that examination. The order and names of these examinations will at once carry the English reader to the Senate House and Guildhall at Cambridge. Evidently its University has been the model chosen, and the day may come when the budding Manitoban freshman may talk like any Cantab of his Little Go.

It has been stated above that the three associated colleges were at first theological; but as the theological course also took in arts and mathematics to some extent, "these bodies" have easily adapted themselves to the new conditions in which they are placed. Lectures are regularly given in all the subjects required for the pass and honour work, except in medicine and law. As these travelled beyond the province of the existing colleges, the twenty-seventh section of the Act provides—

"For the purpose of granting the degrees of bachelor of medicine, licentiate and doctor of medicine, and for the improvement of medical education in all its branches, as well in medicine as in surgery, midwifery, and pharmacy, and for the purpose of granting the degrees of bachelor of laws, licentiate of laws, and doctor of laws, respectively, the said members of Council shall from time to time report to the Lieut.-Governor, through the Provincial Secretary, which appear to them to be the medical schools and institutions, or the law schools and institutions of the province, whether corporated or unincorporated, from which either singly or jointly, with other medical or law schools or institutions in this province, or in any province of the Dominion of Canada, or in any other part of her Majesty's dominions, or in foreign parts, it may be fit and expedient to admit candidates for degrees in medicine or in law; and, on approval of such report by the Lieut.-Governor in Council, the Council of the University shall admit any person to examination as a candidate for the respective degrees of bachelor of medicine, licentiate of medicine, or doctor of medicine, bachelor of laws, licentiate of laws, or doctor of laws, in the said University, on his satisfying the members of the Council that he has attended in one of such schools or institutions during such period, and that he has gone through and completed such course of instruction as the statutes of the Council determine; provided, however, that any person shall be entitled to become a candidate for the first or any of the degrees aforesaid who is proven to be already a graduate from any University in her Majesty's dominions."

It may be doubted if it would not have been better to have delayed action as to medical and legal studies, till either the present colleges were in a position to take them up or other institutions had been formed for the purpose. The experiment is rather a bold one, but probably it seemed the only way out of a difficulty; and, in fairness, judgment must be suspended until it is seen whether it will succeed or not.

With regard to conferring degrees in divinity, it has been arranged that each college shall have an independent theological faculty of its own, with power to confer the

degrees of B.D. and D.D. on the passing of certain examinations. It is at once evident that these degrees are not on the same footing as those given by the State University. An important result, however, has been gained, for the *odium theologicum* has been eliminated to some extent; at any rate, up to the present time, the gentlemen representing the various religious bodies have worked together with great harmony. The Board of Studies—a committee formed by the Council for the appointment of examiners and the general regulation of examinations—represents very fairly the different denominations. The examiners for the University are chosen impartially without regard to creed.

Another point—unique we think, in regard to universities—in every way noticeable, is that both English and French are the recognised languages of the University of Manitoba. The University of Oxford, for example, has English for its recognised language, Paris has French, Heidelberg German, and so forth. But the statutes of this Transatlantic University provide, in consideration of the French element in the population of the country, and of St Boniface College being a French college, that examination papers shall be printed in French and English, and that the answers may be given in in either language as the student pleases. In addition to this, French is obligatory on every student to some extent. The English-speaking students must be able to translate some standard French author, and to put English into French. On the other hand, it is postulated that every French student translate an English classic, and be able to render his language into English. This will be seen from the papers quoted further on. The need for both languages rises naturally enough from the special history of Manitoba. The earliest pioneers who penetrated into and settled in it were Frenchmen. There is a resident French population of about seven or eight thousand, and their number is being ever increased by immigration from Quebec and other parts. Many important parishes are entirely peopled by them. In the local legislature French is recognised as well as English, and laws are printed in both languages, as is also the case in the Dominion Houses of Parliament. And so the undenominational State University of Manitoba recognises both languages. However, apart from all this, there is much in the arrangement itself to recommend it, as a knowledge of foreign languages is so indispensable in liberal education.

In this connection there is another interesting point. The Mennonites who have expatriated themselves from south-western Russia on account of their religious objections to war and their refusal to submit to any conscription, have settled in the province to the number of some thousands, and have become an important element in its population. It may be confidently expected that they will desire some day to take advantage of the University, and thus a German college may be added to those already associated together. This, however, is only a possibility. Of course, the multiplication of languages in which a University would examine is open to serious objections, arising from the inconvenience examiners might be put to, and the expense which would necessarily be entailed. But it is evident that the State must provide for its various constituents, and that something of the kind must be done so long as there is

only one University for the whole country.

Two other features may be noticed before we go on to say what success has attended the venture. It was provided that non-collegiate students might go up for the examinations, satisfactory evidence of good conduct being given, but in every case they had to pass the Preliminary. Lastly, the Act provided that normal schools for the training of teachers might be affiliated to the University.

So much the Government of the province did for the University; what has the University done for itself?

The gentlemen who composed the Council lost no time in beginning work. Committees were formed and statutes were drawn up specifying the various subjects for examination. Nothing will better show the breadth of the University's teaching, if the expression may be used, and how it has adapted itself to its surroundings, than its published statutes. No doubt the subjects will become more numerous and difficult as time goes on. Those at present appointed for the Preliminary Examination are:—

1. *Latin*—
   (*a*) One of the Latin Prose Classics.
   (*b*) One of the Latin Verse Classics.
2. *Greek*—
   One of the easy Greek Prose Classics.
3. *Modern Languages*—
   (*a*) A selected English Poem, with an easy French Prose Classic; or
   A selected French Poem, with an easy English Prose Classic.
   (*b*) Assigned subjects in History.
   (*c*) Geography.
4. *Mathematics*—
   (*a*) Arithmetic.
   (*b*) Algebra—The Elementary Rules, including Algebraical Fractions, to the end of Simple Equations.
   (*c*) Euclid—Definitions and Book I.

There are six papers set in this Examination, for each of which three hours are assigned—namely, one paper in each of the following subjects: Latin, Greek, Modern Languages, History and Geography, and two in Mathematics.

The subjects for the Previous Examination for the B.A. degree are:—

1. *Latin*—
   (*a*) One of the Latin Verse Classics.
   (*b*) Two of the Latin Prose Classics.
   (*c*) One or more passages in either English or French, for translation into Latin Prose.
2. *Greek*—
   (*a*) One Greek Prose Classic.
   (*b*) One Greek Verse Classic.
3. *Modern Languages*—
   (*a*) A selected English Poem with a French Prose Classic; or
   A selected French Poem, with an English Prose Classic.
   (*b*) Composition—including one or more subjects for an Essay in English or French, with History of English Literature, or Principes de Littérature.
   (*c*) Assigned subjects in History.
4. *Mathematics*—
   (*a*) Arithmetic.
   (*b*) Algebra, to the end of Quadratic Equations, not including Indeterminate Equations.
   (*c*) Euclid—Definitions, and Books I., II., III., IV.
5. *Natural Science*—
   The Rudiments of one of the Natural Sciences.

There are twelve papers set in this Examination, for each of which three hours are assigned—namely, three papers in Latin, two in Greek, one in Modern Languages, one in Composition and Literature, one in History, three in Mathematics, and one in Natural Science.

The subjects for the Final Examination for the ordinary B.A. degree are—

1. *Latin*—
   (*a*) One of the Latin Prose Classics.
   (*b*) One of the Latin Verse Classics.
2. *Greek*—
   A Greek Play.
3. *Mathematics*—
   (*a*) Algebra—namely, Ratio, Proportion and Variation, Arithmetical, Geometrical, and Harmonical Progression, the nature and use of Logarithms, and easy Algebraical Problems.
   (*b*) Euclid—Definitions, Book V., Book VI., Book XI., Propositions 1—12 inclusive, Book XII., Propositions 1, 2; or the same Propositions as proved by any French author.
   (*c*) Plane Trigonometry, as far as the solution of Plane Triangles.

(*d*) Elementary Statics—namely, the Composition and Resolution of Forces acting in one plane at a point, the Mechanical Powers, and the Properties of the Centre of Gravity.

(*e*) Elementary Hydrostatics—namely, the Pressure of Non-Elastic Fluids, Specific Gravities, the Properties of Elastic Fluids, and the principal instruments and machines whose action depends on the properties of Fluids.

4. *Natural Sciences*—
   (*a*) Inorganic Chemistry.
   (*b*) The Rudiments of one of the Natural Sciences.
5. Assigned subjects in *Logic*, *Metaphysics*, and *Ethics*.

There are eleven papers set in this Examination, for each of which three hours are assigned—namely, one in Latin, one in Greek, one in Algebra, one in Geometry, one in Trigonometry, one in Statics and Hydrostatics, two in Natural Science, and three in Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics.

The examiners arrange in order of merit all the candidates, who have been declared to pass the Examinations, in three classes, and these classes are sent by the examiners to the Registrar, and are published by him after the Examinations.

Such is the course prescribed for the ordinary B.A. degree. It will be admitted that he who gains it has some pretensions to education. It will be observed that while classics and mathematics are duly prominent, modern languages receive great attention, nor does natural science fail to find appropriate place. The concluding examination at least postulates some acquaintance with ancient and modern philosophy. It might, perhaps, be wished that history occupied a more important position; but the words, "assigned subjects in history," are elastic enough, and may mean a good deal. The assigned subjects for the Previous in May of last year were English history as far as the death of Queen Elizabeth, or Drioux's History of France.

We now proceed to consider the Honour course. Any student may take his degree by going out in Mathematical, Classical, or Natural Science Honours. He must first, however, have passed the Previous Examination satisfactorily, obtaining in the Greek, Latin, and Mathematical papers 40 per cent of the marks. In addition to the purely Honour work, he must satisfy the examiners in the Final that he has sufficient knowledge of Plane Trigonometry, Elementary Statics and Hydrostatics, Inorganic Chemistry, Logic, and Ethics. The Mathematical Honours Examination lasts for six days; and it is specially provided that none of the subjects in the first three days shall be treated by the Differential or by the methods of Analytical Geometry. These are Euclid, Arithmetic, and Algebra, with Logarithms, Plane Trigonometry, Conics, Statics, Dynamics, the Principia, Hydrostatics, Optics, and Astronomy. Of the eight subjects mentioned last, the questions are on the more elementary parts—*e.g.*, the first, second, and third sections of the Principia are read. During the last three days, higher Mathematics are gone into, such as the Theory of Equations, Plane and Solid Analytical Geometry, Differential and Integral Calculus, Geometric Optics, Dynamics of a Particle, and so on. Any one satisfying the examiners in the first part is entitled to Mathematical Honours; but of course the position of the successful candidates is determined by the aggregate marks in both parts together. There are three classes in the Honours list. The Classical Honours Examination is also divided into two parts, in the same way as the Mathematical—another novel feature.

"There are set in the first part four papers in translation into English or French, with questions from selected Greek and Latin authors; one paper in

Latin and Greek grammar; one paper in Greek and Roman history; one paper in translation of English or French into Latin prose; and one paper in translation of an easy passage of English or French into Greek prose.

"The selected authors for this part are Cicero (the philosophical works), Cicero (Orations), Livy, St Augustine, Horace, Ovid, Virgil (the Æneid), Xenophon (the Memorabilia), Herodotus, St Chrysostom, Homer (Iliad), Homer (Odyssey), Lucian, Plato (the Republic); and one of the three dramatists—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

"There are set in the second part four papers in translation into English or French, with questions from selected Greek and Latin authors; a higher paper in Latin grammar or Latin verse; and a higher paper in Greek grammar or Greek verse.

"The selected authors for this part are Plautus, Terence, Virgil (the Georgics), Tacitus, Juvenal, Tertullian, Pliny, two of the three dramatists—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; Aristophanes, Theocritus, Aristotle (Ethics), Aristotle (Rhetoric), Demosthenes, Thucydides.

"Any candidate satisfying the examiners in the first part is entitled to Classical Honours; but the position of the successful candidates is determined by the aggregate marks in the two parts."

We do not intend to give any detailed account of the Natural Science Honours Examination: it is on the same general plan as the other Honours Examinations. But here, again, another new feature is introduced—students being permitted to pass the first part of this examination at the end of their second year, the second part at the end of their last year—the aggregate marks of both parts being taken.

There seems to us to be one obvious defect in these Honours Examinations—the omission of an English Honours Examination. This would be particularly serviceable in America, where our language is departing somewhat, to put it mildly, from classical models. The University of Manitoba, however, may allege the custom of the great Universities of England in its favour. Professorships of Anglo-Saxon have indeed been established in the latter, but there is nothing to induce any number of students to attend their lectures. An English tripos seems very desirable. At present the best English grammars as well as the best history of English literature are German.

Such then, briefly, is a sketch of this Transatlantic attempt at University legislation. Will it succeed? As yet it offers no prizes; has no fat fellowships to bestow upon its students; gives nothing but the glory of academic distinction—nothing but the earnest, useful, and thoughtful life its teaching is well calculated to produce. Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-General of Canada, speaking at Winnipeg in the autumn of 1877, paid a warm tribute of praise to the men who had initiated the movement, and so far had carried it on with spirit and success, and pronounced a panegyric on their work. Meanwhile it is a success at present. Last year about twenty students came up for examination. When the population of the province is taken into account, this number is not unimportant or small. Proportionately it will compare favourably with the numbers attending universities in countries blessed with these for centuries. The transition state of Manitoba must be remembered; nor must it be forgotten that a considerable percentage of its present population consists of young men, whose children, twenty years hence, will reap the benefit of this legislation. There is much in the University's *curricula* that sounds of the Old World. It will be interesting to note how such an institution, modelled so much on Cambridge, will stand the easy freedom and go-aheadedness of Western American life. *Floreat!*

SUICIDE.

Most of us regard suicide in its impious aspects only. We see in it a religious crime; and its criminality against Heaven seems to us so thorough that it blinds us to the other features of the subject. Habit produces its usual effect in the matter; we have grown accustomed to one single view of self-murder, and we shrink instinctively from any other. Yet it is an act which, by its nature and history, most certainly deserves wider and more philosophical consideration. However inexcusable it may appear to us, religiously, it merits less prejudiced treatment than we commonly accord to it. It is not simply a sin; it is something else besides. It has always played, and is still playing, a part amongst us which entitles it, incontestably, to be classed amongst moral phenomena. The causes which produce it are unceasingly at work; a number of suffering minds are always tending towards it; it is, in civilised countries, an inevitable malady; it is, within certain limits, a matter of automatic average—like rain or inflammation of the lungs; it has to happen; it is a social resultant rather than an individual act. Buckle says that "suicide is merely a product of the general condition of society," and that "in a given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life." Quetelet goes further still. He proves his belief in the natural inherence of suicide amongst us, by asserting that "it is society which prepares the crime: the guilty man is only an instrument of execution." And many other writers express the same ideas in similar language. If, then, suicide is as inevitable as forgery, or whooping-cough, or hunger; if it is immanent in our natures, we should be wise to imitate the example which some other nations set us—to count it as a form of disease rather than as a shape of guilt, to regard it with pity rather than with horror, and to cease to seek the remedy for it (if any remedy there be) in either punishment or public scorn. It is idle to turn away from it with dread, and to call it shocking. That sort of way of dealing with it does not stop it; on the contrary, in the face of our British feelings of repulsion, it has been increasing all over Europe, during the last hundred years, with strangely augmenting speed.

But let it be at once added that antipathy to self-killing, on religious grounds, constitutes, all the same, the only effective bar to it which has thus far been discovered; and that, as we shall see presently, it is precisely the diminution of religious antipathy which explains the recent large extension of suicide. In suggesting that a larger and more general popular view might usefully be taken of the subject as a whole, we strongly insist, at the same time, on the practical usefulness and healthy effects of the purely religious objections to self-murder. They alone have controlled it in the past; they alone seem capable, so far as we can at present judge, of holding it in the future. No other regulating force appears to be available. Human advice is powerless. All the piles of books which have been written about suicide; all the moral, philosophical, legal, medicinal, statistical, and devotional treatises which have been composed—in all languages—with respect to it, have failed to exercise the faintest effect

upon it: even laws of barbarous severity have been insufficient to stop it. And why? Not only because it is "a social resultant" —not only because it is a chronic need—but also, and still more, because it is one of the forms of the pursuit of happiness; because it is an outburst of the universal appetite for calm; because every man who wilfully terminates his life does so, necessarily, with the idea of improving his condition. Therein lies the natural explanation of suicide. For the man without religion it is the most active fashion of bettering himself which the world has yet invented. "Happiness," as Pascal says, "is the object of all the actions of all men—even of those who kill themselves;" but the happiness sought for in the voluntary suppression of existence is of an altogether special kind, apart from and beyond all else. It stands by itself, alone; it is the most exclusively personal of all the forms of gratification. No other deed is so intensely individual or so profoundly selfish; no other act is so restively independent or so inquisitively experimental.

For these reasons we ought to contemplate it as something else and more than a purely religious iniquity. We ought to remember that our particular views about it are not held in other lands with the same rigour as amongst ourselves. In many neighbouring countries suicide has almost lost the character of a sin. In several of them it has ceased to be a civil crime. And we should also remind ourselves that, wrong as we consider it to be now, it has not always been wrong. The impression that it is wicked is relatively modern. There is not one single word about it in the Bible; the ancient legislations made no clear sign against it; our actual ideas upon it had no place either in the Old Testament, or in the Gospel, or in the Oriental theologies, or in the Pagan codes; —they are, comparatively, young notions. Nobody objected seriously to suicide in the old days. Even Plato and Socrates, whom we take to have been wise men, contented themselves with expressing a few vague reservations on the matter, the sole effect of which was to reduce it to a question of opportunism. And as to Moses, it is an altogether gratuitous assumption to pretend that the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill" applies necessarily to one's self as well as to other people. The truth is, that self-murder is no more forbidden in the Bible than polygamy is; and a good many notable Jews profited by the absence of interdiction to act for themselves in the matter, apparently on the principle that "what is not prohibited is permitted." The "Non occides" may or may not have meant, "Thou shalt not commit suicide;" but it did not say so, and therefore it left the matter open. Josephus, it is true, does imply that self-killing was contrary to the Law; but that is only second-hand testimony: the Bible, the one source of Protestant conviction, is dumb. Objections to suicide did not take public form until Christianity had acquired strength, and was becoming the master of opinions as well as the guide of consciences. These objections were amongst the developments of the new faith; but they were never heard of as general propositions until the new faith had become solidly established, and they are scarcely recognised, even now, outside Christianity. Mohammedanism alone has copied them from us. Consequently, let us remember that these objections are not human but Christian; and furthermore, that they are not Christian by the teaching of the

Bible, but solely by the teaching of the Church. The Church filled up that chasm in the Bible, as it made good a quantity of other gaps in the sacred book. It trained minds into a new groove on the subject: under its guidance suicide gradually assumed, for the first time in history, a mixed character of mutiny, stupidity, and horror. We English people of to-day have learned to see in it not only a monstrous self-indulgence, but also an atrocious crime and an idiotic cowardice. We deny its pretension to be a grasp at peace and a declaration of liberty; we proclaim it to be a grasp at the unknown and a declaration of revolt. Our present theory is that a sufferer is bound to live out his life, like Job, and has no right to put an end to it because it is not worth having, like Cato of Utica.

Now, the fact that there has been so utter a change of feeling about suicide supplies it with an additional claim to our attention. Until a few hundred years ago the whole earth regarded voluntary death as a natural resource in moments of difficulty: no proceeding was more worthy of a gentleman. A due sufficiency of cause was insisted on only by a small minority of philosophers, who liked to see a good reason for all things that happen, and who delicately thought, with Cicero, that "the deity which exercises a sovereign power over us does not allow us to quit life without his permission; but when he awakens in us a just desire of death, then the true wise man ought to pass with pleasure from these shades to celestial brightness." Seneca, on the contrary, did not think it worth while to wait for the divine inspiration of "a just desire." In his eyes death was a purely human solution, to be adopted as soon as it became "stupid to live." He said, "If I suffer from disease, I should not kill myself to escape from pain, for that would be an act of cowardice; but if I perceive that my disease is incurable, I should end my life, because the disease would deprive me of all which can render life worth having. It is cowardly to die to escape suffering; it is stupid to live in order to suffer." But notwithstanding this difference of view as to justifying causes, both Cicero and Seneca regarded suicide as the natural remedy for the annoyances of existence; and they would probably have pitied posterity if they could have foreseen that what seemed to them to be a self-evident corrective for the ills of life, would afterwards become converted into one of the blackest iniquities that men can commit. Their sole consolation would have been to notice that the change came very slowly. The recognition of the merits of voluntary death was so universal that time was needed to stamp it out. It was felt so keenly in the Roman empire, that the maxim "mori licet cui vivere non placet" was invented to express it. The Germanic and the Celtic races were all full of it; and in Asia it was perhaps still more deeply rooted. Even now it is not eradicated there; for Brahminism has imposed it, in many forms, as a religious act, while Buddhism has not forbidden it. Mohammed alone, of the founders of the great Eastern faiths, has spoken out against it. China still respects and practises suicide; and Japan has given it up, as an officially organised institution, within the last few years only, on the ground that it is in contradiction with the spirit of progress which now animates her.

In the face of such a world-wide usage the Church was obliged to move with prudent tardiness. Suicide was not canonically pronounced

to be a mortal sin until the Council of Arles in 452; and a hundred years more went by before it was declared, at the Councils of Bragues and Auxerre, that Christian sepulture should be refused to the bodies of persons who killed themselves. But even then, after this example had been given by the ecclesiastical authority, civil legislation was in no hurry to follow. Down to the time of Charlemagne, reluctances still showed themselves; it was not until the great Emperor was buried that the Codes began (under pressure from the Church) to confirm the refusal of prayers in cases of suicide. This helped to conquer hesitations: the feeling on the matter began to grow in every Christian land; it became, by degrees, intensely bitter; and at last self-killing got to be regarded as a hideously criminal offence, and became punishable with all the ferocities that the inventive cruelty of the middle ages could devise. Before 1270, St Louis prescribed the confiscation of the property of all persons who made away with themselves, and in this way associated their families in the disgrace and the punishment of their act. And then, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, a tide of still intenser fierceness began to mount, and nations set to work to compete with each other in the contriving of new barbarities and of fresh contumelies. In some countries the bodies of self-murderers were dragged through the streets face downwards, on a hurdle, and thrown on to the public dirt-heap, or else hung up to rot; in others they were buried in a highway with a stake driven through them; in others, again, they were not allowed to be brought out at the door of the house, but were pulled through a hole dug under it on purpose. Michélet tells us, in his 'Origines du Droit Français,' that "if a man stabbed himself, a piece of wood, with the dagger in it, was stuck into the ground at his head; if he drowned himself in the sea, he was buried on the shore five feet from the water; if he drowned himself in a well, he was interred on a hill, with three stones on him—one on the head, one on the chest, and one on the feet." The practice of trying corpses for self-murder grew largely into use—which was but natural; for what more convenient fashion of obtaining money could a seigneur employ than to seize the inheritance of a dead man? Why, Dangeau declares that the ladies of the Court of Versailles used to augment their pin-money by wheedling the king into giving them grants of these strange legacies! The treatment of the dead grew so outrageous that Montesquieu exclaimed, "The laws are furious against those who kill themselves; they are forced, as it were, to die a second time. It seems to me that these laws are very unjust."

Other people thought so too. The philosophers of the eighteenth century began to attack this cruel legislation. Beccaria followed them: he said, with infinite force and truth, in his admirable treatise on crime and punishment, "Suicide is an offence which is not susceptible of any punishment, properly so called, for punishment can fall only on a lifeless body or on innocent heirs. But punishment enforced on the lifeless remains of a convict is much like whipping a statue; while its application to an innocent family is odious and tyrannical, for there is an end of liberty if punishment ceases to be purely personal." All these arguments were, however, useless. It was not until the Revolution that this monstrous jurisprudence was suppressed in France, and, by her example, throughout almost

all the rest of Europe successively. As has been already said, suicide is no longer a civil crime in several Continental countries. The Code Napoléon takes no notice of it. In Germany some of the local laws still forbid religious burial for suicided persons, while others are silent on the subject; no fixed rule exists there—unless indeed the new Empire has recently introduced uniformity of action. In England legislation contradicts itself on this subject, as on so many others: suicide is murder, but the attempt to commit it is only a misdemeanour; so that, in our hands, the legal gravity of the act lies, not in the intention, but in success.

With such a fluctuating history as this before us, we ought in fairness to regard with patience the opinions contrary to our own which so many of our predecessors have held on the question, and which so many of our contemporaries still entertain. However certain we may be that our view is the only right one, we ought, on the undeniable principle that "every feeling really felt is true in the person who feels it," to contemplate without too angry blame the unlucky people who are impelled to kill themselves. And we ought to do this all the more because of the generalised character and universal action of suicide—because of its application in all classes as well as in all time. Historically, of course, it presents the aspects of a luxury; for history talks only of the examples of it which have been supplied by the rich, the learned, and the high-placed. But in reality it has always been, and still is, essentially a poor man's remedy; it has prompted the vulgar more than the delicate, the rough more than the polished. It admits no exclusions from the ranks of its victims. Furthermore, it is not always easy to determine what is suicide and what is not. There are scrupulous persons who might imagine that Samson put himself within it when he pulled down the columns of Gaza upon his head; or that Regulus ran too closely to the wind when he went back to Carthage on purpose to be murdered. People, indeed, might not impossibly be found who would go further still,—who, captiously and censoriously, would ask whether a sailor has a right to blow up his ship rather than haul down his flag, or a soldier to refuse quarter rather than be taken prisoner,—and who would deny that the particular emotion called patriotism can take away the stain from these forms of voluntary death.

It has been already remarked that a signal revival of suicide has occurred during the last hundred years. Its rate, calculated as an average on the entire population of Europe, without distinction of nationality or of local variations, seems to have more than quintupled since the middle of last century. Exact returns are not obtainable from every country, but the information is sufficiently complete to enable us to perceive that Europeans are now killing themselves at an average annual rate of one in five thousand; and that, consequently, a total of somewhere about 60,000 persons are dying by their own hand each year on the Continent and in the British Isles. One fourth of them, in round figures, are mad; the rest act knowingly, with a view to some presumed advantage. And it must not be forgotten that the numbers are constantly and regularly increasing, and also that they include only the suicides which are officially known and those which succeed; neither those which are concealed by families nor the unsuccessful attempts are counted anywhere.

Consequently, if we wish to correctly value the force of the present distinctly-marked reawakening of the suicidal tendency, we must add a good deal for undetected cases and for failures. Ineffectual ventures especially would seem, from private information, to be considerably more abundant than is commonly imagined. It would probably be quite safe to suppose that these two unappended elements increase the European annual total by one half, so carrying it to about 90,000.

The rates vary, however, very largely in different countries, with local conditions, with race, with latitude, with education. The figures are immensely higher, as a general rule, in the North (excepting only Russia) than in the South, and in towns than in the country. It is not easy to collect absolutely reliable returns for each separate land; but if we may trust M. Maurice Block, who is about the safest statistician of our time, the Danes kill themselves the most, and the Portuguese the least, the difference between these two extremes reaching the scarcely credible proportion of 35 to 1. Saxony, Prussia, France, and Norway follow next to Denmark, and after these come successively Bavaria, England, Belgium, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain. Throughout the Continent, with few exceptions, the rate of suicide diminishes with latitude. The causes of this unconformity have been keenly discussed, and, as we shall see presently, their main outlines have been approximately traced; but the subject is so full of complications, of details, and of intermixing and counteracting agencies, that we are still far from a complete general view of the laws which guide it. We do know positively that climate has nothing whatever to do with it, but that is only a negative discovery. No author has yet collected data as to the comparative influence on the suicidal disposition of the special conditions of life, of health, of character in each district of Europe, so as to enable him to point with certainty to the precise reasons why a good many of the inhabitants of one province should elect to kill themselves, while almost all those of another province should prefer natural deaths. There is a curious and interesting investigation to be made here: it is possible that the information exists already, locally, and that it only needs to be agglomerated; but, thus far, no one has undertaken the task of drawing it together, and we must continue for the present in ignorance of the principles which regulate the geographical distribution of suicide in Europe.

But if we cannot see our way yet with precision on this part of the question, we are better informed as to the causes of the prevalence of suicide in towns as compared with the country. We know, for instance, very exactly, why one inhabitant in eighteen hundred kills himself each year in Paris; and we can judge approximately, from that example, of the state of things in other cities. No insight into the sufferings and the desperations which may exist unseen in dense populations can be more instructive or more impressive than that which is offered to us by the detailed list of the motives of the eleven hundred yearly suicides of Paris. All the habitual forms of desolation and hopelessness are enumerated there; and if their stranger and more unwonted shapes are not included too, we may be sure that the sole reason is, that no official denomination exists for them in the technical language of police offices; they operate

—but they operate unnamed. The catalogue is, however, long enough and sad enough as it is; it amply sets forth the miseries which are generated by life in crowds, and the crimes which those miseries entail. And as these miseries act mainly on the labouring classes, it is natural that the great majority of the suicides should be found amongst the poor: five-sixths of them, in round figures, are shown by the registers to be committed by working people. But it should be at once added that this proportion is in no way special to Paris, or indeed to any town or any land; it is approximately the same everywhere. In no case do the upper classes or the liberal professions constitute more than a fifth or a sixth of the published totals; and that is why allusion was made just now to the generalised character of suicide, and to its dissemination amongst all the strata which compose societies.

But the quantities of poverty, of misery, and of crime which show themselves in cities do not alone explain the numerical preponderance of the suicides which occur there. Other causes are at work as well. Mere suffering, mere degradation, do not alone suffice to lead surely to suicide, for there is a depth of ignominy which seems to go below the desire of death. Neither convicts nor prostitutes kill themselves in any appreciable proportions; they seem to grow indifferent to either shame, or fear, or exasperation, and to have acquired the faculty of living on in callous calm under any infamy whatever. But in great towns the conditions are of a different kind. The preponderance of suicides in them is not exclusively a product of the greater suffering which they contain in comparison with the country, but also, and quite as much, of the lesser disposition to support that suffering. It must be remembered that the inclination to rebellion is almost always greater in thick condensations of people than in sparse communities; that bad examples are more abundant and that good counsels are more rare; that the action of public opinion on each individual is less direct; and that the strange form of solitude which is obtainable nowhere but in crowds is able to exert its peculiarly saddening and enfeebling influence. There is more misery and more despondency, with less encouragement and less restraint. It is from the association of these positive and negative causes, from an increase of the conditions which habitually lead to self-killing, and from a simultaneous diminution of the surroundings which usually deter from it, that the rate of suicide in the richest and most virtuous of large towns is never less than five times higher than in villages, and that in the denser and more immoral capitals it reaches thirty times the average of rural districts. And the working of these leverages is not limited to the towns themselves; it stretches far away across the grass around them, with such marked effect that, in every land, the rate of provincial suicide (which is generally low) increases in almost regular degrees as the capital is approached. The tendency to put an end to life stains out beyond the walls and infects the purer air a hundred miles away.

In addition to these great essential causes, certain other relatively smaller pressures are unceasingly at work augmenting or decreasing the inclination to die. Both age and sex have a good deal to do with it; the spread of education unmistakably develops it; imitation and hereditary propensities are some-

times traceable in it; and though climate does not seem to exercise any effect upon it, the seasons, on the contrary, do most manifestly influence it considerably. Each of these agencies does its own particular work; each of them is worth looking at.

That age does really exert a perceptible action in the matter has been occasionally denied; but all the more recent publications seem to agree that the evidence is conclusive, and that the number of suicides, in proportion to the population, grows steadily, through all the periods of life, from childhood to old age. People go on killing themselves, between nine and ninety, in a constantly increasing progression. The popular theory that we hold more and more to life as we approach its natural conclusion, is entirely contradicted by the present statistics of suicide, which show that white hair brings with it, in many cases, a disgust of existence which renders those affected by it too impatient to wait till death comes to them of its own accord. It appears to be considered now that, rateably to the total of individuals of each age, suicides are about twice as frequent above seventy as they are between twenty and forty; so that all the talk about "the age of the passions" and its damaging influences would seem to be based on nothing, so far as suicide is concerned. The middle of life, with its excitements, its emotions, and its exhaustions, is not, proportionately, the great suicidal period: we do not reach that epoch until we are really old; there are fewer of us left, at that time, to kill ourselves, but such of us as remain do so with particular abundance. And if we go on suppressing our existence with regularly progressive zeal until the end of our time, we also begin doing so very early at the commencement of it. The number of children under sixteen in the list is, as yet, comparatively small, but it is swelling rapidly, and is already large enough to indicate that the disposition to suicide may lay hold of us almost in babyhood. Nearly two thousand boys and girls are now yielding to it every year in Europe. Thus far they do not seem to begin before they are nine; that is the moment, apparently, at which the pains of life become unbearable to them, as happened to the little boy who drowned himself for grief at the loss of his canary. From thirteen, however, motives grow to be more stupendous, as was shown in the case of the young gentleman (he was French) who hanged himself at that age, after making a will in which he was good enough to declare that he "bequeathed his soul to Rousseau, and his body to the earth." Chatterton—who was, however, a very precocious person—waited until he was eighteen before he took arsenic, because he had exhausted existence. These three examples indicate how inducements change with years: and they go on changing; for young men and women kill themselves a good deal for love, middle-aged persons for money and ambition, and old people from disappointment and weariness.

But real as the influence of age may be, that of sex is infinitely more evident and more extensive; for where three men kill themselves, only one woman follows their example. The returns from all Europe prove this as a prevailing rule. There is but one apparent exception to it, in the case of domestic servants, amongst whom suicides are about equally distributed between the sexes. This exception however is of no value; for as there must be at least three times more women servants than men, the true

proportion comes out about the same. And it is but natural that women should kill themselves less than their husbands and brothers, for they are habitually better behaved and quieter; they have more religion, more obedience, more resignation, and a stronger directing sentiment of duty. In other terms, they possess precisely the dispositions of both temperament and teaching which best withhold from voluntary death. So, as a consequence, only one quarter of the suicides of Europe are committed by them. Now this is a fact of interest and importance, not only in itself, but still more in its bearing on the question as a whole, and on the means employable for struggling against the contemporaneous reawakening of self-murder.

Professions do not predispose to suicide, but instruction does. No man kills himself because of his trade; but a good many men kill themselves because of their knowledge. Not only has the revival of suicide almost exactly coincided, in time, with the modern extension of schooling, but suicide is now most abundant, in place, in the very regions in which schooling is most expanded. The records establish this beyond all doubt. The inhabitants of countries in which every one can read are precisely those who kill themselves the most. Now this supplies another indication that people do not always make a good use of reading. We knew that fact already, it is true, but we scarcely expected that additional proof of it would be supplied in this strange form. That reading conduces to suicide is a new view of reading, but it is incontestably an exact one —within limits. We could perhaps have imagined, if we had thought about the matter at all, that certain occupations might possibly pave the way, under unfavourable circumstances of health, to thoughts of suicide; we could have wildly guessed, for instance, that newly enlisted recruits, or lighthouse-keepers, or exiles, or public executioners, lead lives in which the self-killing tendency might receive a morbid development; but never, in our senses, should we have supposed that village-schooling is, indirectly, the most fertile of all the actual origins of suicide. And yet it seems to be so. And if it is not, what is? We have all of us heard so much of "the suppression of crime by education" that we have insensibly acquired the unreasoned belief that education is the one natural cure for moral evils. So, perhaps, it ought to be. And—to repeat the question—if it is not, what can be? But evidently, as regards this particular evil, education appears to be a provocative rather than a remedy—at least in the form in which we have hitherto applied it. The books which are now being published about suicide on the Continent are all deploring, with consternation, the simultaneity of the spread of the alphabet and of voluntary death, and are asking, anxiously, what can be the connexity between them. They seem indeed to be almost expecting that, if we go on as we have begun, we shall soon see suicide officially recognised by Governments as an inevitable result of study (like headaches and spectacles), and placed naturally, all over Europe, under the supervision of the inspectors of schools.

Imitation has, in all time, acted fitfully as a disposing cause; but, in our day, its power appears to have almost disappeared. We still see that if a man jumps off a column, somebody else will probably do the same a few days afterwards; but we no longer observe any epidemics of suicide, any par-

oxysms of imitative communicative killing on a large scale. The girls of Miletus who strangled themselves by hundreds, the Egyptians who drowned themselves in processions, even the religious enthusiasts who have so often sought death in groups, are not adopted as models now.

Hereditary influences, on the contrary, are still continuing in certain cases to reveal their curious force. Whole families have died out recently from suicide. Two cases are on record (one in Saxony, the other in the Tyrol), in each of which seven brothers have hanged themselves one after the other. The examples of repeated suicides amongst relations are almost frequent in the medical books on the subject, especially in France. It is true that the proportion of such cases to the general total is infinitely small; but still their number is sufficient to remove all doubt as to the occasional transmission of the suicidal tendency from parents to children. And after all, it is natural enough that such a donation should be possible; for as religion, courage, parsimony, and all sorts of other characteristics are distinctly heritable, there is no reason whatever why suicide should not be a patrimony too.

Next we come to climate. It is only recently, since careful observations have been established everywhere, that the old prejudice about the relationship between suicide and fog has at last been dissipated. What Sauvages called the "melancholia Anglica" may or may not be a property of our race; but every one proclaims to-day that it is totally independent of our clouds or our smoke. In the comparative catalogue of national suicide which has been already given, England stands below the middle of the list; her average is therefore a very good one. But Norway is high up in the table, while Russia is low down in it; and yet the climates of these two countries present such analogies that, so far as regards their action on the character of the people, they may be taken to be identical. The Esquimaux do not kill themselves at all, neither do the Falkland Islanders; yet the climate in which they live may not unjustly be described as worse than ours. It is not, therefore, in climate that an explanation is to be found of the present localisation of abundant suicide in certain countries rather than in others. We have already put our hand on its primary cause—the misuse of spreading education. The question is, of course, full of entanglements and complications; but the main answer to its riddles is to be found in the emancipated character of popular aspirations, as modern schooling is shaping them.

If, however, climate has nothing to do with suicide, the seasons, on the contrary, do really exercise a great effect upon it. Here we get once more to precise figures; for as the statistics are now usually set out in monthly divisions, we see in them, at a glance, that instead of cold and wet being encouragements to suicide, it is, in reality, in fine weather that Europeans kill themselves the most. The returns indicate, with glaring distinctness, that spring and summer are everywhere the great suicidal periods; that November is about the most innocent month in the year; and that May, June, and July are the worst—so much the worst, indeed, that twice as many suicides habitually happen in each of them as in any winter month. The average rises, almost regularly, from November to May, and goes down again, in equivalent degrees, from July to November. Why? Because though

people slaughter themselves very little in the hotter countries of Europe, heat does really seem, by a curious contradiction, to be an incentive to self-murder amongst natives of the cooler climates. In Algeria, for instance, where a good many French soldiers kill themselves from home-sickness, it has been remarked that the moment ordinarily chosen by them for the purpose is when the south wind blows, and brings up from the desert its scorching, irritating dryness. Where, then, is the supposed fertilising action of damp on suicide? What a mistake Montesquieu unconsciously made when he started the theory that we English kill ourselves from fog! He had an excuse, however; there were no statistics in his time: and furthermore, he was ignorant of an odd but somewhat incomprehensible little fact which has been noticed everywhere of late—that most of the people who put an end to their lives prefer to do so by daylight, that suicides at night are relatively rare, and that, consequently, the long days of summer afford the most temptation for them. Montesquieu was unaware (as a good many other people are even now) that neither darkness nor rain conduce to suicide, and that, on the contrary, in Northern and Central Europe, its best friends and stimulators are sunlight and warmth. So let us cordially forgive him for having blundered about us, especially as he was singularly right in most of the other things he said.

In addition to this knowledge of the causes which lead to suicide, the registers of to-day place also at our disposal very complete information as to the means employed to provoke death. They have carried their analytical investigation into all the corners of the subject, and show its inmost details to us with much accuracy of description.

It was observed, a long time ago, that though there is only one way of being born, there are a good many ways of dying—the latter, indeed, are, as a French writer superbly puts it, "as numerous as the diverse physical and chemical agents which are capable of destroying the vital principle." Yet, true as this is, the means habitually employed to produce voluntary death are not only singularly few in number, but are utilised and re-utilised each year with a recurrent regularity of proportion which would be astonishing if we did not recognise that suicide is guided by laws just as much as other moral events are. In every country we find an approximate repetition, in each successive annual table, of the same applications of the same shapes of self-destruction. There are variations between different countries as to the choice of agencies, just as there are international distinctions in the local quantities of spontaneous mortality. But each land preserves its own routine of averages; the totals progress unflinchingly, but their proportionate composition remains almost identical, from year to year, in all its details. Age, sex, the state of health, the nature of the daily occupations of the victim, exercise some influence in the selection of means; many persons employ, unconsciously perhaps, the instruments which their trade may place at their disposal. But a great mark of the present revival is, that we evidently want to kill ourselves without pain, and that we consequently avoid, as a rule, such death-processes as entail suffering. In the old days, people generally were less particular about torment; but as we have grown more careful of ourselves in all our ways, it is but natural that

we should be less rough in this matter of suicide. Such of us as happen to be vigorous, are still somewhat inclined to employ violent expedients; but the mass of the self-killers go the other way. Women especially, as might perhaps have been expected, shrink steadily from blood or mutilation, and seek, almost unanimously, for a gentle agony. It has indeed been remarked, with an appearance of truth, after a study of the forms of killing employed by women, that while "men choose suicide, women merely consent to it."

Poisoning is an example of this change of views. There used to be a good deal of it once; a large proportion of the ancient suiciders seem to have utilised it. But we have given it up now. Notwithstanding the discoveries of the committee on poisons which sat, after Actium, under the chairmanship of Cleopatra — and which appears, if Plutarch tells the truth, to have established, by a long series of varied experiments, that a viper's bite produces the most agreeably lethargic and sweetly comatose of all possible deaths—we have abandoned serpents altogether, and have almost excluded other poisons from our service. We fancy that their action is not quite certain, and we know that they are usually painful. So they have gone out of fashion; scarcely any one but doctors, chemists, or washerwomen use them now, and they, according to their calling, swallow opium, arsenic, Prussian blue, or salts of copper. What a falling off from the days of hemlock!

Neither is stabbing, nor indeed any form of perforation, as frequent as in times past. There are the same objections to it as to poison. It hurts, and it may not kill. Even throat-cutting, which is a modern innovation resulting from the invention of razors, is relatively rare. Swords are not used a hundred times a-year in all Europe. Doctors still kill themselves occasionally by a scientifically placed prick, but they are the only people who do so, the reason being that a knowledge of anatomy is necessary in order to succeed in that form of action. The old piercing operations—which, in spite of their frequent use, were certainly most clumsy—have been advantageously replaced by shooting with firearms; about one-seventh of our present suicides are performed by the latter process: but it must be at once added that it is almost exclusively employed by men, and that women scarcely utilise it at all. Men use guns and pistols in about equal proportions; but women, when they do shoot themselves, seem to prefer pistols. Firearms have the double merit of being almost certain in their effects and (as they usually kill at once) of suppressing pain. Most people aim at their heads; very few fire at their hearts. This evidence shows that, in suicide as well as in war, gunpowder has driven out steel; indeed, if it were not for the razor, which continues to be utilised in about two per cent of the cases, sharp edges would scarcely be perceived at all in the modern lists.

But the great, main solution—asphyxia—remains in use as actively as ever. Hanging and drowning are still, as they always were, the chief keys to voluntary death. Each of them counts for about one-third of the general total. The French have added suffocation by charcoal; but that is a local process, scarcely ever imitated in other countries, and which, even in France, is principally limited to Paris. Hanging has the reputation of being almost an agreeable proceeding; it does not repel like poisoning or cutting. One enthusiastic

author says of it that, "at the moment when the pressure of the cord begins, a sentiment of pleasure is felt; then the eyes cease to see—blue flames dance before them; and suddenly consciousness disappears." The detail of the "blue flames" has a necromantic aspect which gives a special character to hanging. Drowning also has a particular merit of its own, which accounts, in part, for the largeness of its selection. Not only is it said to suffocate without much suffering, but often it puts the body out of sight for ever, and in that way conceals the death. It is, therefore, the natural resource of such persons as shrink from publicity, or who, from any motive, are desirous of hiding the fact that they have killed themselves. Drowners, however, have their caprices. They do not all put themselves into the water in the same way. In country districts, for instance, the men jump into rivers and ponds, while the women appear to have a predilection for throwing themselves down wells. But whatever be the procedure applied, nearly all the actors keep their clothes on.

Leaping from cliffs, or out of windows, or off a monument, is a rare form of suicide. It is not employed in more than two per cent of the cases. Smashing the skull against a wall is a coarse process, utilised only by prisoners who have no other means at their disposal. Throwing one's self under a railway engine is a totally new but decidedly growing fashion.

And there ends the catalogue. It is a singularly short and simple one. Hanging and drowning account, by themselves alone, for nearly seventy per cent of the cases; fifteen belong to shooting; while the remainder are composed of a mixture of cutting, stabbing, poisoning, springing from heights, and various unspecified killings. The contrasts with the ways of the ancients, the suppression of the heroic sword and of the baneful cup, the substitution for them of the cartridge, the shaving-blade, and the express train, are, after all, only natural consequences of the changes which have occurred in life and character and habits. If we had done no more than that in our recent dealings with suicide, there would have been nothing particular to complain of; we should only have shown that, even in killing ourselves, we have become softer than our fathers were. But we have done more than that—a good deal more. The Western world had arrived, under the combined constraints of an irresistible religious domination and of a monstrous civil legislation, at a diminution of suicide to what we may reasonably call a minimum; for there is reason to suppose that, a hundred years ago, the annual self-murders in all Europe did not probably exceed five or six thousand, which would give about one in thirty thousand in the population of the time. Of course there is no clear evidence on the point; but the rapid rate of progression of suicide during the present century, since statistical returns have been established, may not unjustly be taken to indicate that the proportion, before these returns were in existence, must have been very low indeed. That proportion may be taken to indicate the feeblest expression of the automatic necessity which, according to the social scientists, obliges a certain number of the members of every community to kill themselves each year; for we may safely believe that the persons who committed suicide in those days, with the consequences which then attached to their act, must have been animated by an altogether irresistible need.

So far, then, the suicides of our great-grandfathers may be regarded as unavoidable and unexaggerated social phenomena, as predestined elements of the fate of the period, and as involving but little responsibility to the actors in them. There were no more of them than there must have been and ought to have been. All that could be justly said of them was, "It is written."

But now we have changed all that. Now we are killing ourselves beyond all pretence of necessity. Now suicide has ceased to be exclusively a result of social laws; it has become also an unforced personal manifestation. And this brings us at last to the essence of the whole subject; here we touch upon the springs which have thrust our nineteenth century into a fever of self-murder, which looks to be as virulent as any of the previous attacks of it from which the world has suffered; here we reach the moral of our story. Why do we people of to-day kill ourselves with such unjustifiable and such wasteful extravagance? The leading components of the answer can, as has been already said, be indicated without hesitation.

Suicide has always divided itself into two clearly-defined categories; it has either been provoked by an enthusiasm of religious duty, or facilitated by the absence of all religious sentiment whatever. The Celts who burnt themselves in an osier idol, the Hindus who cast themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, were types of the first of these two divisions; the Romans who fell on to their swords from *tædium vitæ*, the Greek islanders who took poison as soon as they were sixty in order to leave enough food for their juniors, were members of the second section. Whatever be the divergences of accidental personal motives, we cannot get away from the cardinal principle that people kill themselves, necessarily, either because they imagine that they please their God by doing so—or because, recognising, for the moment at all events, no God at all, they think only of their own satisfaction. No intermediate state is logically conceivable. This being the law of the case—and that it is so can scarcely be denied—it follows, obligatorily, that so long as confidence in a God who is supposed to forbid suicide remains in general force, very few people will take the risk of voluntarily disobeying the injunctions of that God. But it also follows, quite as obligatorily, that when the trust in any God at all is becoming every day more rare, when the number of persons who respect any religious behests whatever is perpetually diminishing, the disposition to act on personal inclinations acquires new power, and the temptation to leave the passions unchecked becomes more difficult to resist. And this is especially true as regards the poorer and less disciplined layers of society, which constitute everywhere the vast majority. Such is the constant theory. What is the present practice?

Europeans, as a whole, have a good deal less faith now than they possessed a century ago. Having less faith, they have less observance—that is to say, less obedience, and consequently less patience. They have acquired, in religious matters, an independence of both thought and action at which their fathers would have gazed with astonished fear. A large and increasing number of them not only resist all authority in religion, not only repudiate all guidance in matters of doctrine, but go further still and reject all religion whatever. We do not ask whether they are right or wrong; we are here con-

sidering suicide, not tenets; we are concerned exclusively with the fact itself in its bearing on suicide—and from that limited point of view, the result of their loss of faith is, that the God who was said to prohibit suicide has ceased to be a God for them, and that suicide being no longer interdicted by any power they respect, has become once more, in their eyes, a permissible solution for the difficulties of life.

We need not encumber the question with any specific applications of this general truth. It lies outside nationalities and creeds; it is not English and Protestant, any more than it is Spanish and Catholic, or German and free-thinking. It is human and universal. Suicide is increasing because religion is diminishing; and it is for this reason that our special English form of objection to self-killing, on the ground that it is an impiety, is so useful and so practical.

It is not altogether impossible that the simultaneous growth of the political idea of liberty may have aided to push on, in certain minds, the notion that suicide is one of the rights of man. But as there are, thus far, no statistics of the political opinions of persons who kill themselves, we can offer no evidence on the point, and are content to hope that the list would not contain more Liberals than Conservatives, and that Radicals do not hang themselves with the sole purpose of proving that they are free. The change which has taken place in the religious aspects of thought suffices, by itself, to explain the modern growth of suicide; the removal of religious hindrances in both highly educated and lowly educated consciences (especially in the latter) is incontestably emancipating Europe from restraint in this matter of suicide, as in a good many others, and is leading a perpetually augmenting quantity of us to pitch away our lives as if we were throwing halfpence to a beggar.

But this removal of religious hindrances has not grown up by itself. It is in no way a product of spontaneous generation. It has been, in part, a consequence of the resolute reaction towards liberty, and of the fierce revolt against all the forms of oppression of thought, which have so nobly distinguished the last hundred years; but it has also been, in a still larger degree, a result of the development amongst the lower classes of a hatred of moral control in any shape; and that hatred of control has sprung from a political education, which again, in its turn, has been rendered possible by the spread of the power of reading. Turn it as we will, the whole actual movement of Europe (with the single exception of Russia, where other and purely local causes are at work) comes back obstinately, in all its lower forms, to its one real source, the extension of schooling. The reading of the people of the Continent means, in most cases, not useful knowledge, but unhealthy knowledge; not the knowledge which aids a man to rise, but the knowledge which provokes him to hate the man who has risen; not the knowledge which elevates and serves, but the knowledge which embitters and discontents. Yet even that knowledge is better than no knowledge at all—for, at all events, it is strengthening men by making them think, though it be falsely; and furthermore, we have the resource of hoping, while we look at it with regret, that it will some day change its shape—that it will become transformed hereafter into an accepted guide to wholesomer convictions and to higher uses.

Meanwhile, however, it is what it is; and we have to accept it as

it is; for it is incontestably better, in the interests of the world and of our age, to possess the knowledge, sophistical as it is, at the price of the suicide, than to suppress the suicide, insensate as it is, at the price of the knowledge. After all, more than a hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants of Europe can read and write—while, thus far, only sixty thousand of them are proved to kill themselves each year; the numerical advantage remains, therefore, in favour of reading.

But still, though we may, philosophically and practically, take this large view of the case as a whole, it cannot be denied, all the same, that it would be a good thing if we could in any way persuade Europe to kill itself a little less. The example of the Russians, who do not practise suicide because they cannot read, is of no service in the matter, —firstly, because we wish to maintain reading at any cost; secondly, because, if they have not ordinary suicide, they have a special form of it which is proper to themselves — they have Nihilism, which is suicide without death. Slavery, not schooling, has led them to that, so they lie outside the subject. It is not from their example that we shall learn anything useful. We must look elsewhere for hope. If suicide can be lessened at all (which for the present seems a good deal more than doubtful), it will be by directing reading rather than by attacking it; and it is too soon to try that yet. Meanwhile we must persuade ourselves that we are passing through a phase which, possibly, will cure itself. The real point for the moment is, what can be done in the interval? Religion will in no way help, as it used to do, for, in its great European sense, its power is gone. Catholicism is no longer able to be an oppressor, and it has not yet consented to become a friend. So, as we are in reality powerless, we must either fold our hands and look on, or we must appeal to quacks. Now it does so happen that the biggest quacks of our epoch are just now hunting about for a patient; the self-made doctors who profess to cure all social difficulties by "morals without religion," cannot, assuredly, desire a better chance than this one. If, by preaching "pure lay morality," they can stop the growing propensity to suicide, they will have made a first step towards proving that there is something in their physic. They have a fair field for the attempt, for they are turning religion out of the school in so many countries that they have few competitors to contend with. Let them try their hand and show us what they can effect in this useful and practical direction, to "secularise virtue," as M. Jules Ferry brags he is doing.

It is in no way because suicide is wrong that we want to see it curtailed a little; its wrongness is the personal affair of the individual who commits it: and furthermore it would be most unjust and illogical to pretend that it is always necessarily wrong; for not only is it estimated by the professors as a compulsory outcome, within certain limits, of all society, whether civilised or uncivilised, but it merits also to be regarded by all of us in many of its realisations, with the compassionate, lenient half-indulgence which we usually accord to well-intentioned follies. And even if it were a hundred times more wrong than it is, our objection to its present luxuriance would have nothing to do with either the religious or the merely virtuous aspect of the case: they are based exclusively on governmental and educational grounds, for the reason that the present conformation of so-

is an altogether new one—a product of the action of education; it is proper to our day—it is induced by the particular conditions of training which are now, for the first time, being applied in Europe. That training has served, thus far, to bring about not only independence, but also a certain destructiveness and subversiveness, in which suicide finds a natural place. It seem ridiculous for Governments to have to confess that they cannot persuade their people not to kill themselves with wasteful abundance; but there is the fact—they cannot.

And yet it is evident that deterring causes are still available, for they are continuing to act upon women with marked effect. Hope and fear are still operating on our wives and daughters, and are holding them back from too much suicide; and however improbable it may appear at this moment that working men can be led to give much of their reading or much of their thoughts to the study of self-restraint, it would still be folly to suppose that hope and fear have ceased to be permanent institutions, affecting men as well as women—or that the populations of Denmark, Saxony, and Prussia are irretrievably delivered up to steadfast self-killing on the largest scale in Europe.

And we are all the more justified in imagining this, for the reason that, notwithstanding the largeness of their present practice of suicide, nations do seem to be a little ashamed of it. If they were not so, they would all assuredly have constituted a name of their own for it. But they have done nothing of the sort; they have contented themselves with describing it by composite words. No national, home-grown appellation for it exists anywhere. The term by which it is designated, whether it be self-murder or suicide, or any other, is never a pure national substantive; it is always a manufactured mixture. The word suicide itself, which is now so largely adopted, is not only of foreign origin, but is also of quite recent fabrication; it was invented by the Abbé Desfontaines. Does not this universal absence of a proper name for suicide indicate a sort of unconscious disavowal of it? If vocabularies are bashful about it, if no tongue has cared to hatch a local designation for it, may we not infer that, with all its prosperity, there has always been an unbidden shrinking from it? Silence is an argument, and here we have the most vigorous of all silences—the silence of languages. Such is the treatment which this strange process has received. It is an outcast from speech. And yet this unnamed exploit stands in between the two great joint principles which dominate humanity—attachment to life and the desire to be happy; it puts an end to life in order to be happy; it contradicts the natural rule that life should be spent in struggling against death; it dares to apply to men a procedure so contrary to instinct that no dumb animal can be led to it. In the days when people killed themselves so grandly that, in their vanity, they exclaimed, "Let us make death proud to take us," there was no local name for what they did. Even in the rare great cases, in which it may be said with truth, "*la vie est un opprobre et la mort est un devoir*," there is still no national title for self-killing. Of all the stigmas which have attached to it, there is not one more real.

FISHING AND FISHING LITERATURE.

LET those abuse the practice of field-sports who will, it is a question of the feelings, not of reasoning. We believe that Providence knew what it was about when it implanted an ardent devotion to the chase in the bosoms of most lovers of the country. The passion of hunting up wild things, and following them in their haunts in woodland, hedgerow, and rush-grown pool, is never more intense than in innocent childhood; though it is confirmed into a rooted habit of life with the scientific successes of youth and manhood. It would be hard upon us if, in a more advanced state of civilisation, we had to renounce the recreations of the virtuous savage.

And although we cannot see ourselves as others see us, or judge ourselves as our posterity will judge us, it is our opinion that in indulgence in various sports, we Englishmen of this present generation must have nearly hit off the happy mean. Some of our tolerated amusements may still be open to objections; but, generally speaking, a healthy sentiment draws the line between "field-sports," properly so called, and their bastard kindred, where the victim had no chance and his pluck was cruelly *exploitée* by his persecutors.

Say the fox has a *mauvais quart d'heure* after the exhilarating edge has been taken off his first burst of excitement, and he finds that he is really racing for his life. Up to that time, and with the exception of an occasional breather, the sly and jovial freebooter has been living on the fat of the land. Of what a sum of sorrows has he not been the cause in the course of his cruel maraudings on the neighbouring poultry-yards and rabbit-burrows! How many melancholy bereavements have been laid to his door! His nocturnal trail has been strewed with tattered plumage, and there is a very Gehenna of bleaching bones round the earths where he relaxes towards the gloaming among his ravenous cubs. At last the hour of retribution has come—and who shall say that he has not been working for his fate? Had it not been for the *gourmandise* that had sleeked his coat and thickened his wind, he might have carried off his brush undraggled with all the honours of the chase. As it is, the pace and scent have been so good, that his sufferings are at an end before he has well realised them. He has died the death that would have been desired by his human counterparts — our Scotch Highland caterans and Border reivers—and has breathed his last in the throbbings of mad excitement, in place of wasting away in slow inanition when his strength has failed and his jaws are fangless. We have far more sympathy for the innocent hare, tossed over in the teeth of the remorseless greyhounds. But there too, after all, the end came quick; and up to the moment when she was seen squatting in her form, her hours had been gliding by in blissful unconsciousness of the tragedy in which she was so soon to figure. While, on the other hand, the rattling gallops after the hounds, the long days on the breezy down among the coursers, have spared more pain to many gentlemen of the field than any amount of physic or mineral waters. Who can say how many latent diseases have been indefinitely staved off, if not eradicated?

We know that that gallant veteran, who groaned heavily in spirit in the early morning as he painfully raised his rheumatic limb towards the stirrup, swung himself from the saddle in the afternoon a different creature, after the "sharp sweating in his clothes." While as for fishing, to come back to our *moutons*, the "cruelty" in fishing scarcely deserves consideration. We do not go so far as to say, with some enthusiasts, that a fish is the livelier for the hook he carries away, and that it tickles his palate at meal-times like pickles or Worcester sauce. But we are persuaded that the inconvenience it causes him must be infinitesimal, since the smart no more interferes with his appetite than the burn of a *chili* on the palate of an epicure. Every angler must remember instances in his personal experience when the fish he has played, having broken his line, has come to a change of flies on the second time of asking, as if ten minutes' tumbling on the hook against the stream had merely put a keener edge on his voracity.

So we cast considerations of morbid sentimentality to the winds, and write of angling from the sportsman's point of view. A contemplative recreation, some people love to call it. Well, a contemplative recreation it is; nor is it a slight charm about it when the fish are shy to be wooed, and you are wandering through the woodlands by the rippling water, that you may abandon yourself to reflection in the interludes of working, and draw profitable inspirations from the beauties of nature. Always supposing, that is to say, that you do not let your wits go a-wool-gathering from your immediate business; for you should make each cast as if the odds were in favour of a rise—and moonstruck abstraction is fatal to heavy baskets. But there are anglers and anglers, as there are streams and streams, from the swift-rushing Spey or the treacherous Findhorn, to the waters of the Midland shires, that go softly over bottoms of mud between borders of willows. A contemplative recreation, you say! We put it to any man who boasts himself a good all-round sportsman, what are the moments of most thrilling excitement he ever experienced in his life. He has felt the beating of his heart come suddenly to a stand-still as he crawled upon the antlers of a "stag of ten" showing over the heather hillock in the corry, when the gusty breezes threatened to betray him, and he was listening for the warning crow of the grouse-cock. He has felt his blood at the boiling-point in bitter January, as he laid the broad pastures behind him in the grass counties, and went clearing the ox-fences and crashing through the bullfinches, as the pack that might have been covered with a waggon-tilt were carrying the burning scent heart-high. For aught we know, he may have stood face to face with the crouching tiger; or he may have slipped "by the skin of his teeth" through the hug of a "grizzly." But in these last situations the sensations though sharp enough, must be short, and we should fancy that the horror predominates over pleasure in them. While in the struggle with the salmon in the rapid stream, the prolonged and pleasurable excitement after the first moment of rapturous assurance, goes on growing in intensity through minutes that may extend themselves into hours. There may be the piquancy, too, of some dash of danger, in the reckless gymnastics you may be forced to perform between the depths of the pools, and the cliffs that overhang them; while faculties already strained to

the uttermost are wrought on by alternations of fear and hope, till the contest comes to an end in one way or another.

Take a single reminiscence among the many that memory lightly recalls. It was on the first day of one of your fishing seasons, when, hurrying away from work, worries, and late hours in town, you had gone to the Highlands, brimming over with expectation, and in the spirits of a schoolboy broken loose for the holidays. Had your spirits been less exuberant, they might have been dashed by the news that welcomed you to your lonely lodge in the wilderness. The river was running low after a portentous period of drought. Some of the surest pools were scarcely worth the trouble of casting over; and through the limpid waters of the soft-murmuring stream you could almost "prospect" the gravelly bottom for yourself, and see that the favourite "seats" of the fish were untenanted. The best rods had done little or nothing for a fortnight or more; even your opposite neighbour The M'Closkey, renowned far and wide among the heroes of the angle, had renounced his efforts in despair, and gone in for solitary drinking. But after all, nothing venture, nothing have: you had not travelled so far northwards for nothing, and the mere sight of the familiar water sufficed to set your fancy on the *qui vive.* Whether your skill and perseverance be rewarded or no, it is pleasure breathing the fresh air from the hills, and feeling your muscles extend themselves to the play of the rod, as you stretch your shoulders in the loose-sitting shooting-coat. Whatever the condition of the water, the day is all that can be desired: in the meantime there is a canopy of dull grey clouds, though there may be a threatening of sunshine to disperse them later; and the breathings of the south-west wind have brought a light ripple over the pools. Sticking chiefly to the stiller but deeper water, you make your casts with a conscientiousness that does you credit. Persistence, and a patient faith in the rise that may come to you at any moment, are the tests of the good and successful fisherman. But no doubt it is uphill work, that hoping on against discouragement; and you begin, in spite of yourself, to take some interest in surrounding objects, and a trifle less in the fly you are playing more mechanically among the eddies and the back-water. But here you are arrived at the famous "Fairy's Pool," and compelled to pay closer attention; for the drooping birches that strike their roots through the clefts in the rock throw their shadows over your fly-bedecked wideawake, and you must cast a moderately long line underhanded. You are drawing the fly with a gentle twitch in artistic zigzags, behind that jutting black point of rock, where you know there is a favourite "seat" of the salmon. There is a swirl and a surging wave in the pool; the reel spins round in double-quick time, and the line runs out to the whirring music. However long that fish may have been in the river, he is clean as if he were fresh from the sea. You could see the shimmer of the silver scales, as, bending himself like a croquet-hoop in a mighty splash, he vanished again in the depths from which you disturbed him. Salmon-fishing a contemplative amusement indeed!—there is small time for contemplation. Nothing will ever bring that fish to bank but the instincts of long scientific experience, with prompt and decisive

strategy. He is bent upon "breaking" you, and you are bound to humour him while you hold him fast; and humouring him is no such easy matter with the slippery foothold, the lack of elbow-room, and the canopy of drooping birchen boughs overhead. Yet the triumph of tasting blood, in the circumstances, at your very first venture on the water! And already there is a spectator of your prowess on the opposite shore, in the person of the head-keeper of your neighbour's shootings.

Duncan is moved with envy, and sneeringly critical; and by way of calming your nerves, when so much depends on coolness, your own attendant has forgotten his self-restraint, and is shouting out unheeded counsels. As to the fish, to all appearance he is quite capable of taking care of himself. He made his rush in most serious earnest; and it is to be hoped that he is securely hooked. But your fly is small, and the casting-line fine, both having been chosen in consideration of the lowness of the river. A slack in the line, a slight friction on the stones on the rugged bottom, and all may be lost, honour included. And your antagonist would appear to be as wily as he is powerful. After that first movement of natural irritation, and the rush that tested the strength of your hold, he has dived calmly into the depths, where he has gone to working quietly at extrication. To your gentle tightening of the strain, he opposes a sturdy, passive resistance. "Keep those reel-steps of yours till you next take the floor to the pipes, Donald, and favour him with a stone judiciously thrown." Ha! he may be a sagacious fish, but he is by no means a sullen one. He had hoped to get rid of his silent sorrow without having to shift his comfortable quarters; but now, as you mean fighting, you shall have it. He makes a shoot like a submerged torpedo, straight at your boots. As the hob-nails slip about on the moss-grown boulder, your heart jumps towards your throat, and you feel for a moment that all must be over. But when persistence in his strategy might have saved him, he changes it; and you can straighten the rod that was hampered by the trees, and haul in the line through the rings in a handful. For out he goes again to mid-stream, turning the silvery wheel in showers of waterworks, while in each of his swift revolutions you seem to shave a catastrophe. He is bent apparently on going back to the sea: he makes a resolute dart for the channel, where the pool, breaking into a stream, flows swiftly down the incline of a shelving staircase. There is nothing for it but to let him go, or to follow. A contemplative amusement! There is little time for meditation, though you never needed more the inspiration of thought. You are plunging to mid-thigh in the rushing water, seeking a doubtful foothold where you may—doing your best with your heavy rod with one hand, while clinging to the slippery cliffs with the other; struggling forward somehow with the shoulders uppermost, and breathing hard all the time, like a hunted otter. Were you ever conscious of a more blissful sensation of relief than when, safely landed on the smooth sward lower down, you have a reach of comparatively uncheckered water before you with shelving gravel in that tiny bay? If line and hook will only hold, there should be but one conclusion now to the hard-fought battle, and it is on that strip of yellow beach you mean to land him. A gallant fish he is, and makes more than one

desperate rally, but he can by no means avoid his destiny. Answering to steady, irresistible persuasion, he is being manœuvred in easy beauty-curves towards the bank, with an occasional wallop of unavailing remonstrance; and Donald, bending over the stream in an attitude of sanguinary expectation, has driven home the clip behind his shoulder. "'Deed, sir, she's a fine fush, whatever," is his remark, as he stoops to relieve "her" lovingly of the hook. And then he calls your attention to how near a thing it was. For the hook has worked a fissure in the lip, and merely holds by the skin; and the line has been frayed below the shank to something like threads of gossamer. For a spirit so courageous, what end could have been more becoming? so that there is but the faintest tinge of compassion to dash the exhilaration of the triumph.

So much for the excitements of the sport; but there are anglers and anglers, as we observed before, and we may turn by way of contrast to scenes of calmer enjoyment, when the name of the "gentle craft" becomes more appropriate. For one man who has killed salmon in the Scottish and Scandinavian rivers, there are hundreds of skilful brothers of the angle who have never cast a fly save in streams we might call Cockney. Masters of their branch of the craft they often are, and almost invariably passionate enthusiasts. No men are better versed in the times and the seasons: no men have more inexhaustible stores of patience; have a more intimate acquaintance with local entomology, natural and artificial; can handle the rod and line more deftly; and are more fertile in ingenious devices to bring suspicious victims to their lure. And such men are often tied fast by professional pursuits, and have seldom *carte blanche* for fishing in good water. When they do go on a visit to some friend in the country, or get a day's permission in some carefully-preserved stretch of stream, how they do enjoy and make the most of it!—all the more, however, if they are at home in the neighbourhood, and have marked the great fish feeding placidly of an evening on the insects that tumble in from the banks and the tree-roots.

It is no easy matter anywhere to beguile those sated epicures, and in popular streams that are free for a trifle to all comers, it is the next thing to an impossibility. We used to know one particular river-trout who went far towards making the fortune of a large hotel in a village some twenty miles from London. It was very much a repetition of Lord Lytton's story of John Burley and his one-eyed perch in 'My Novel.' True, the situation of the hotel was charming; with a mighty horse-chestnut before the door, coming out towards the middle of spring in a flush of pink-and-white blossom, and overhanging a picturesque old bridge, and a strip of miniature meadow enamelled with cowslips. But the most generous patrons of the establishment, of a Sunday, were the admirers of that corpulent trout whose fame had spread far and near. The good genius of the flourishing house, he was always at home in the limited domains, and yet nobody knew exactly where to have him. Now he was under this stone, now behind that other one; and again he would be lazily flipping his fins among the roots of the alder over the way. So the banks were planted thickly with respectable gentlemen of various conditions, though all of the City. Some were in the full swing of business through the week; others had retired to suburban villas,

and were killing time, on a competency. Those were usually attired in glossy broadcloth; these in tweeds of fantastic patterns. Each had an elaborate apparatus of rods, &c., with a formidable basket, though the door of the inn was almost within arm's-length. Jealousy was out of the question; for though all of them professed to be sanguine in the extreme, nobody in his heart believed in a capture. On the contrary, they struck up close friendships on the strength of their common failures; they formed themselves into informal clubs for lunching and dining purposes; they called for bottle after bottle of fruity port, and bathed, metaphorically speaking, in brimmers of brandy and soda-water. Some of them took a rather unfair advantage, lingering on till the middle of the week; and while nobody lost by that ungenerous assiduity, the landlord gained enormously. It was a dark day for him when that trout mysteriously disappeared: some people said it was owing to the machinations of a poaching ostler, who had been dismissed at the request of a keeper in the neighbourhood. Yet for long the Cockney fishermen came back, hoping against hope, whipping the water indefatigably as ever; and even after the conviction of their loss became irresistible, the tradition of that trout continued to draw through a couple of seasons while it was gradually fading.

That was of course an extreme case, so far as the odds against the fisherman were concerned. We may picture him rather on a soft May day, when he is turned loose upon the private fishing in one of the beautiful English parks. The day is cloudy, and there is a gentle westerly breeze; and all nature is rejoicing after some recent showers. Our friend is early afoot; and the dews and the light rain-drops lie thick upon grass and bracken. He steers straight for the stream by a side path under the trees, the fallow deer scarcely taking the trouble to trot out of his way. The rooks are clamouring and circling round the elms overhead, and jackdaws and starlings are almost as vociferous, as they flutter in and out of the holes in the hawthorn boles. The rabbits, scared from the finish of the morning meal, go scuttling into their burrows in the banks; and thrushes, blackbirds, and finches, when they are not singing, are busied over nest-building and domestic duties. In the balmy fragrance of a morning like that, the mere sense of life and movement is enjoyable; but though the angler may be a lover of nature in proper time and place, now his gratitude for the pleasures she bestows upon him is unconscious. His eyes and his thoughts are fixed on those clumps of willow that mark the course of the winding stream. He will have more leisure to appreciate the beauties of nature when the fishes shall leave off feeding towards noon. In the meantime, his hopes rise high as he catches sight of the river. Both in fulness and colour it seems in prime condition. His hands tremble with pleasurable excitement as he puts his rod together—not a very long one, and somewhat stiff. The tapering horse-hair is a masterpiece of delicate twisting; the tough casting-line, of a tinge the colour of the water, is a miracle of fineness; the flies, tempered of well-proved material, are something in size between midges and mosquitoes. Having taken a general survey of the scene of operations, he goes stealthily to his work, as if he were stalking deer. Standing well back from the bank, so that no line of his shadow may fall

on the water, he makes his quick casts up the stream, letting the flies drop down like thistle-down. He never cares to dwell on the cast or play his flies; for he knows well that if the trout do not come at the first offer, it is seldom worth while to press it. Very frequently it is a most difficult and delicate bit of work to touch the surface at the likely-looking spot where experience tells him his friends should be at home. Sometimes, to make assurance of lightness doubly sure, he pitches the fly against some hanging stump, letting it drop naturally back in a gentle ricochet, just as its living prototype might be supposed to do. And even if the trout be in a taking humour, and if weather and water be all that can be desired, he may have to labour on long enough without having his patience rewarded. There is no accounting in any circumstances for the caprices of fish; though in a stream like this, meandering through wormy, beetly, and fly-haunted meadow-land, their coyness is not difficult to account for. But then, on the other hand, they may waken up of a sudden to a voracity that is at least equally inexplicable. Then the alderman-like fish will make a plunge at the line, with the snap of a bull-dog and the greed of starvation; and though you must make hay while the sun shines—or, more strictly speaking, while it is not shining—you may fill your basket first. For after having played, and killed, and lost, with a fair proportion of cases of "hanging up" upon the willow-boughs, and breaking the line on submerged snags, the clouds are rolled aside in a burst of sunshine. Then it will be the wisdom of the angler to adjourn for luncheon, subsequently flirting with the beauties of nature through the afternoon, in anticipation of fresh successes in the evening. And after a light and early breakfast, and with the appetite for which you have been honestly toiling, the sight of those speckled prizes of yours may be the best of sauces for the meal; though, for ourselves, we should care but little to see them served at it, since low-country trout are apt, both in savour and complexion, to remind one unpleasantly of their native mud.

It is very different with the firm-fleshed fish you take from the chilly waters of lochs in the north, or from the bright gravelly bottoms of the swift-rushing streams—fish that gladden alike the eye of the artist and the soul of the *gourmet*, to say nothing of his palate. The vivid tinges of colouring range from delicate pink, through blushing carmine, to flaming rose-colour. No need to seek the flavouring in the cruets—*vide* Mrs Poyser. Serve simply, like crimped and curdy salmon, in the water in which the fish has been boiled; add at the utmost a touch of vinegar, and possibly the faintest *soupçon* of ketchup, to elicit without stifling the native essences. Nor is it the mere reminiscences of *gourmandise* that warm the imagination in recalling the simple but exquisite banquets at which these trout may have figured. Pink firm flesh means glorious scenery, and a strength of play out of all proportion to the size. Sometimes you have the strength and the size combined, as in the fierce rush of the *salmo ferox* of Loch Awe when it pleases the savage tyrant of the waters to come upon the feed, somewhere between the depths and the shallows. But then you are prepared for the best or the worst; the minnow is attached to tackle of unimpeachable strength; it is a case of "pull devil, pull baker,' and science is in some measure in suspension when the prey has been

fairly hooked. We talk rather of killing what are pigmies by comparison, but who afford very fine sport nevertheless, and with briefer intervals of wearisome expectation; pigmies, that is to say, perhaps running on the average from three-quarters of a pound to a couple of pounds.

For ourselves, we never greatly cared for loch-fishing. There is something depressing in being cramped between thwarts and benches, that reminds one of those sufferings at sea you may have read of, in the boats of the Bounty or on the rafts of the Medusa. So there is in casting over the surface of a sheet of water where the topography of the lower regions may be as a sealed-up chart to everybody except the fisherman who acts as the pilot. And yet it may be agreeable enough by way of variety. We have pleasant memories of cruises in the bays of Loch Awe, in the days when it was far less fished than at present, and where the long odds were against your finding the fishing-ground preoccupied, even if you did not get up overnight and stand out to sea in the darkness. We have pleasant memories, too, of expeditions to mountain lakelets in the countries of Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu; or to localities more remote from the tread of the tourist, in the less hospitable wilds of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. Half the fun of those rough-and-ready trips often lay in the preliminary excitement as to how you were to find the means of getting afloat. Throwing the longest line to any purpose from the shores was made impracticable by the fringes of rushes that sheltered the broods of wild-duck and water-hen. The crazy craft you found to launch, often sorely wanted coopering, and you embarked yourself with your belongings on the off-chance of a swim and a shipwreck.

We used to envy the luxurious independence of a friend who drove about in a boat of his own, mounted break-fashion upon wheels, the light carriage being constructed of tough hickory-wood warranted to stand any amount of trackless jolting. Until, on one occasion, being caught by a gust down a gully, the break-boat and its contents came to a sudden capsize; and the proud owner, being saved, with the sacrifice of his property, by a dangerous swimming-bout across the loch before the storm, condemned his craft forthwith. We do not say that these carriage-boats may not be constructed so as to be safe and reasonably commodious. St John made his tour in Sutherlandshire in one of them. We merely record a fact which disenchanted us of any special hankering after them. And to return to our loch-fishing, some of our most agreeable memories associate themselves with long days upon Loch Leven. Now, as they tell us, the loch is *exploitée* by fishing-clubs, who put forth in fleets each day through the season. Then, there were but a couple of boats available on the water, one of these belonging to the proprietor, and the other to the "tacksman" of his fishings. Perhaps the pike were less persistently netted down than they might have been; but the trout must have been all the heavier on that account; and surely they were less shy than they have since become. We know that, wind and weather permitting, we used to make highly satisfactory baskets. And at the risk of being called dog-in-the-mangerish, we maintain that it was a pleasure to have the pick of the expanse before you. The whole circuit of the loch is classic ground, and you might steep your soul in romantic associations while

relaxing from your labours on the best of the fishing-ground. Now you were within easy hail of the old castle, on the very spot where the boat with muffled oars stole in under cover of the night to rescue Queen Mary and her ladies. There Roland Græme—or the little Douglas—consigned the castle keys to the keeping of the kelpies; and thence you looked across to the picturesque village, where the page, having broken away from the Chamberlain, met Seyton at the mountebank's, among the frolics of the fair. Now you were at anchor off the islet of St Serf; and now you were drifting beneath the brow of Benarty; while scarcely a height in the sub-Highland landscape around you but had been touched by the wand of the Wizard of the North. And if a man have a soul above so many pound weight by the weighing-machine, the romance of such associations goes for much in trout-fishing.

There is the romance of scenery too, which is often the romance of desolation, when the trout, though many, are so small as to be a mere pretext for the excursion—as when you follow up some mountain-burn flowing down through the moors—possibly tumbling in cascades over stony staircases, or growling and murmuring between the banks it has mined, under leafy arcades of tangled vegetation. Colquhoun, in his 'The Moor and the Loch,' will tell you how you have often to scramble up its course upon hands and knees—how, here and there, where you find tolerable footing and some shoulder-room, you must still make your casts, half doubled up, with the shortest and stiffest of rods, and a mere fag-end of casting-line. Very probably, though you have rather a distaste for bait-fishing, you had better discard the fly for the worm. But the yellow-bellied little fellows come leaping up so keenly, in flashes of brightness, through the brown of the peat-coloured fluid, that you are ceaselessly occupied in pulling them out. It is a relief, no doubt, to straighten your back on some tiny patch of verdant sward; but when you have got your breath again, and the aching has died out of your muscles, you are only too eager to go back to the work. Then there is "guddling"—that delight of one's happy boyhood — a passion which, like that of birds'-nesting, sticks to us in maturer manhood. A useful art is guddling on occasions. More than once have we eked out the meagre commissariat of some out-of-the-way inn, by stripping off coat and shoes and stockings, and going to work in the adjacent brook. You mark the trout shoot under the stone in mid-stream, and there you circumvent him with a hand on either side—tickling him gently, if he eludes all but your finger-tips, till you persuade him to subside, in a delicious intoxication, into your clutch; or you have thrust your arm into the winding hole under the bank, at the risk of provoking the bite of a water-rat, and find you have introduced yourself to a happy family of fishes, which you draw forth successively in assorted sizes. That is charming sport for a warm summer-day — when the silvery stream has shrunk down in its stony bed, and the coolness of the water is an agreeable relief from the oppressive temperature of the thundery atmosphere. Or you may be tempted to go "pot-hunting" in another form. You have shot the moors, towards the beginning of September, somewhat hard; or the weather has been wet and windy, and the birds are packing and shy. By way of variety, you may go otter-fishing in some of the mountain lakelets, and a dish of fish of any

kind will be by no means unwelcome. A poaching piece of mechanism that otter is: yet if it were more freely used it would be all the better; for the small trout multiply marvellously, though it is hard to tell how they feed and fatten; and if they must sometimes suffer from hunger, they enjoy a blissful immunity from pike. The tarn lies high among mists and clouds, and far above the level of the sweet hill-pastures, among the stone-strewn slopes of the straggling brown heather. Insects of any kind are scarce; you seldom hear the hum of the bee, and never see the flutter of the butterfly. As you adjust the otter and unroll the lines, you hear nothing but the twitter of some moorland bird, the crow of the grouse-cock, or the harsh croak of the raven. You set your board afloat before the breeze, among the cold shadows cast by the clouds on the dark-brown ripple of the wavelets. But as the long trail of flies drags slowly out, the whole finny population awakens to the sense of an unwonted excitement. The phenomenon of a flight of flies, all of them most inviting to eat, stirs it up by shoals in jealous rivalry. There is a line of popples and bursting bubbles on the broken water; tiny heads come to the surface, and seem to knock together; there are conglomerations and disturbances here and there. When you haul in, which you may do very speedily, you find you have made what in point of numbers may be almost called a miraculous draught of fishes. Hardly a hook but has attached its greedy place-hunter; and time after time you may send out your snares with the certainty of equal success.

Then there is fishing in the streams of the Continent. We can say nothing here of sport in Scandinavia or our North American Dominion, which opens a wide range of subjects in itself. But the ordinary tourist on the Continent who has time to spare, will do well to add a rod to his baggage. He can never tell where he may find an off-day's amusement; and angling may often be made an object for the walk, which it prolongs in a pleasant, dawdling fashion. A so-called fishing-tour may be indifferently successful; but it should take one through pretty and unfamiliar scenery, which is seldom visited, save on some pretext of the kind. The scenery and the weather often conspire to give you a singularly enjoyable day; and to tell the truth, you must count on their assistance. For so far as our experience goes, much of the most inviting-looking Continental fishing is apt to prove a delusion. We have followed faithfully in the steps of fly-fishers who have published glowing descriptions of most satisfactory achievements among the rivers and brooks of Normandy and Brittany. Nothing could be more tempting than the water, in its alternation of stream and pool. But as matter of fact, even when we have whipped those very mill-tails which had been embalmed in the pages that had invited us thither even when we did not draw them altogether blank, they fell far short of our sanguine anticipations. Still we have generally found trout enough to keep our spirits up, and to induce us to persevere in our adventurous quest; while there were almost always coarser fish to fall back upon. The grayling, which abound in many places, and especially in the Swiss and German rivers, are arch-deceivers. They resent the prick of the hook with a determination which leaves little to desire: for an instant you are cheered by the idea that you have a heavy and lively trout. But their

energies seem to evaporate in one desperate wallop; and then you haul in the grey-backed sluggard with a dull drag, hand over hand. It is a nuisance for their foreign visitors, that of late years both Frenchmen and Belgians are becoming alive to the profit of preserving their water, when they do not take to fishing on their own account; while the peasants and the loafers from the small towns are become accomplished poachers both with net and line.

In the Black Forest of Baden and Würtemburg, in the Saltzkammergut and the Bavarian uplands, in Tyrol and in Styria, there is still magnificent trout-fishing to be had. But the days are gone when the unfriended traveller might take a night's lodging in any country inn, and fish each bewitching bit of water that took his fancy. Now the best of the more accessible rivers are preserved, and unless you are provided with good introductions, or put up in some hotel where the landlord is a fishing lessee, you might much better have left your rod at home. But when one has the luck to come in for a spell of good spring-fishing in these parts, there are few things more exhilarating; and for the *malade imaginaire* or the over-fagged brain-toiler, it is worth any quantity of mineral waters, to say nothing of medicines. Take the Traun, near Ischl, by way of example, made famous in its lower waters beneath the Traunsee by the philosopher-fisherman, Sir Humphrey Davy. Foremost, perhaps, among its peers, it is to our mind the most enchanting of the many enchanting streams that flow through the loveliest scenery of Southern Germany. And if you are in love with creature comforts, not to say luxuries, you can hardly be established in better quarters than a river-side hotel in the Bath of Ischl, before it is crowded by the *beau monde* from Vienna. Nowhere does the virgin spring show more coquettishly, or array herself in garments of more vivid green. The very river, purified by its passage through mountain lakes of unknown depth, comes down in a rush of brilliant emerald, flashing back the light from the changing facets, as it breaks against its banks and the stones in its bed. Yet its emerald tints scarcely show more brilliantly than the verdure on the woods and meadows all around you, when they are sparkling in the dewy lustre of the morning. Dew or no dew—there is almost a superfluity of moisture in those parts in the summer or spring, which accounts for the magnificent luxuriance of landscapes that rejoice in the frequent rainfall. Here the Traun runs between broad stretches of meadow, dotted over with homesteads embowered in orchards, among paddocks, over which the mighty walnuts throw a shade through the sultriest hours of the sunniest afternoon. There, in the angle of that sharp bend, where the stream is turned by jutting precipices, rises the brown-shingle spire of the village church over the roofs of the cottages that are clustered among fruit-trees. Sometimes the rocks close in upon the river, and under the boughs that cast their black shadows over the water you scramble from shelf to shelf, cushioned over with mosses and lichens, or carpeted in glowing patterns of wild flowers, where the thin coating of soil has changed the cliff into hanging gardens. There are sundry deep pools or pots in the backwater, formed by the bends of the banks, where you may see, if you peer cautiously over the brink, grayling that have grown to portentous size. By drawing back and casting a long line in faith, when

those pools are rippled by a favourable breeze, you occasionally hook one of the monsters, though you may have to lead him a long way up or down before you find facilities for landing him. But, as we have said, after his first wriggle of disgust the resistance of the grayling is merely passive. It is quite another thing with the Saltzkammergut trout. They have the courage and love of liberty of the sturdy mountaineers who are bred among the surrounding hills and valleys. Nursed in a cold and rapid stream, they seem to be all wires and springs and steel sinews. And when a couple of them chance to have hooked themselves simultaneously—a thing which happens not unfrequently—and when the pair are pulling hard in opposite directions, each doing his utmost to break your line, you might fancy you were battling with a moderate-sized grilse, or that your tackle was the sport of a well-grown young water-baby. On a propitious day, and when in a taking humour, no fish used to rise more freely or more earnestly. But the fisherman's pursuit is proverbially uncertain. At the best of times, from one cause or another, he can never make sure of his luck lasting; and the forest industries of South Germany are often fatal to the best of his sport. You are in the full flush of success, and rejoicing in the growing weight on your shoulders, when a tiny bit of bark goes dancing by, and then another and another. They mean nothing to the uninitiated; but you can read only too clearly the handwriting on the water, and the language is unmistakable. You may swear or lament according to your temperament, but already you are sullenly reeling up your line. Before you have taken the rod to pieces, the bark is followed by twigs and branches, and these are the precursors of a whole avalanche of logs, which come crushing and surging between the brinks, half choking the width of the channel. The woodmen have been opening the sluices of one of the reservoirs in the mountain-gorges, where the piles of chopped wood are dammed back till they are launched for the lakes far below in a rush; and this is the melancholy result. All that can be said is, that it is a catastrophe which is quickly over, and has no deadly consequences. The fish have learned to save themselves under the banks, and the bed of the river is but little disturbed. It is far worse in the streams and burns of the Black Forest. In these the water is likewise dammed back; but when the flood-gates are opened, there is a descent of a long snaky raft, with interminable articulations of the tallest pines loosely lashed together with bark-ropes at the ends. That the monster moves at all, with such seemingly inadequate power, is a miracle. That it frequently jams, and always steers wildly, is inevitable. And then the rudder, formed of a rough section of a tree-trunk, and which is made to act as a drag on occasion, goes rasping and grinding along the bottom, tearing up the stones where the trout ought to shelter; while their refuges under the banks are being torn away and undermined. No wonder that the fish diminish rather than multiply; and that, being perpetually kept in terror of their lives by these periodical disturbances, they are slow to rise and preternaturally shy.

But enough of trouting in the German forests, with all their associations of humming bees and cooing wood-pigeons, of balmy beds of thyme and blooming wild flowers, and the delicious odours of the resin that is distilled from the fir stems in the heat. We must leave those

recollections which seduce us into lingering, and turn to the experiences of more eminent fishing authorities. And writing on fishing in 'Blackwood,' as on so many other subjects, one goes back almost involuntarily to old Christopher North. The Professor was an expert and an enthusiast,—a philosopher, a practical naturalist, and a poet to boot. Some of the brightest passages in his 'Recreations' are those connected with his fishing achievements; and never in the well-timed "daffing" of the 'Noctes' does the old man show to much greater advantage than when bending the long-bow in his merrier moods, provoked thereto by the lively imagination of the Shepherd. Take the 'Recreations;' and there we have an admirable bit from "Our Parish," in which the venerable Christopher becomes little Kit again, and goes back, in poetic descriptions of the moorland landscapes, to his early initiation in the mysteries of a craft to which he took like a Newfoundland puppy to the "Brother Loch."

"But few were the days 'good for the Brother Loch.' Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with one circumnatatory school or other, and to do murderous work among them with the mauk, from the schoolmaster himself inclusive down to the little booby of the lowest form. Not so with trout. We have angled ten hours a-day for half a week (during the vacance) without ever getting a single rise, nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster. Better far from sunrise to sunset never to move a fin, than oh! me miserable! to hook a huge hero with shoulders like a hog—play him till he comes floating side up close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gamboling in the air, while he wallops away back into his native element, and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses at such a moment all that makes life desirable—yet strange! the wretch lives on—and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born. But, thank Heaven, that ghastly fit of fancy is gone by, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days, 'prime for the Brother Loch.' No glare or glitter on the water, no reflection of fleecy clouds, but a black-blue undulating swell, at times turbulent—with now and then a breaking wave—that was the weather in which the giants fed, showing their backs like dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red heckle among your very feet."

Talking of giants and monsters, we have a laughable companion picture in the 'Noctes,' where the Shepherd, posing as a border Baron Munchausen, tells in the richest Doric, and with a marvellous wealth of imagery, how he hooked and killed his "three stane salmon," following him like an otter between land and water in a cork jacket, and finally "gripping" and landing him in his teeth. And the actual incidents of the struggle are made so true to realities that we almost forget we are listening to a rhapsody of the fancy. The sporting Shepherd is in even greater force at a meeting of the worthies of the 'Noctes,' at the appropriate "anglers' retreat" of Tibby Shiel's on St Mary's Loch. The meeting came off, by the way, in late autumn, which made his piscatory finds the more wonderful. Answering to North's inquiry as to what he had been doing, the Shepherd begins his matter-of-fact narrative with a charming affectation of modesty. "No muckle. I left Altrive after breakfast—about nine—and the Douglas burn looking gey tempting, I tried it with the black gnat, and sune creeled some four or five dizzen—the maist o' them sma'—few exceeding a pund." Tiring of

trouting, he had changed his trout-cast for a salmon-fly, and left the Douglas burn for the Yarrow. "I was jist wattin my flee near the edge when a new-run fish, strong as a white horse, rushed at it, and then out o' the water wi' a spring higher than my head." That incident ends, after sundry thrilling vicissitudes in landing the heaviest fish that was ever killed in the Yarrow, when the fortunate captor turns for a change to the loch, and tries the otter. Result—two dozen, the one half the size of herring, the other half the size of haddocks, with one grey trout, as big as a cod. Next, he pays a parenthetical visit to some night lines, pulling up pike and eel alternately, "wi' maist unerrin' regularity of succession," till he could have fancied that "a' the fishy life the water had contained was now wallopin' and wrigglin' in the sudden sunshine of unexpected day."

Experiences like those have never occurred to anybody save men of the Shepherd's poetic fancy, though there are well-authenticated facts on record which sound almost as extraordinary even to the initiated, as when the present Lord Lovat killed in the river of Beauly no fewer than 156 fish in five successive days. And so we leave the realms of the literature of fancy for those of sober fact, albeit not altogether untinged by romance; as in that delightful volume of Scrope's, 'The Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing.' As accomplished an artist with the rod as the rifle, no keener hand ever pursued the noble sport in serene indifference to weather, wettings, and the bitter caprices of the northern climate. A glance over the illustrations is a pleasure in itself, and eminently suggestive besides; for Scrope had enlisted the services of no smaller men than Wilkie, the two Landseers, and Edward Cooke. Their drawings are a panoramic epitome of sport on the border river—for Scrope confines himself entirely to the Tweed; and they embrace all forms of fishing, legitimate, illegitimate, and commercial, with rod, and net, and leister. Here we have a boatful of men "burning the water," their faces and forms lighted up by the ruddy glow of their fire; there you have a group by Wilkie working the drag-net, enthusiasm and the keenest eagerness of expectation expressed in each speaking body and limb, down to the bulging back sinews in their sturdy calves. There a party has pulled ashore after a catch, and the mighty salmon is being scrupulously weighed; and again the angler, after a doubtful fight, under difficulties, sees his line about to be "cut." In the background of all the views is scenery characteristic of the river—a beetling crag, crowned by the ruins of its shattered keep; a snug fishing-box, throwing its smoking chimney-stacks over a bank of wood; or an amphitheatre of bare, bluff hills, broken with patches of furze, and backed up by some well-known group like the Eildons. And the people whose acquaintance we make are just as characteristic as the scenes they figure in. Not to speak of the nobles and lairds, who doubtless deserved the praises they receive by the best of good fellows and even better sportsmen, there are the peasant worthies, who might have led happy but inglorious lives had they not been immortalised in the memoirs of the author of 'Waverley.' There are Tom Purdie and Rob Kerse, who often kept the author company, and of the former of them he tells some capital stories. It is one great charm of the angler's life, the forming fast friendships with men of this kind, when differences of sta-

tion and education have been forgotten in the indulgence of common tastes, and the interchange of common sympathies. Among the many friends Scrope made on the border river was the immortal patron of the Purdies himself. The fifth chapter begins with an eloquent tribute of affectionate admiration to the Tweed, as he knew it before Scott had made it famous, though it was endeared already to the salmon-fisher and the artist. And then he goes on, in a passage that has a melancholy interest still, though doubtless the interest was fresher when it was written forty years ago:—

"Since that time I have seen the cottage of Abbotsford, with its rustic porch, lying peacefully in the haugh between the blue hills, and have listened to the wild rush of the Tweed as it hurried beneath it. As time progressed and as hopes arose, I have seen that cottage converted into a picturesque mansion, with every luxury and comfort attached to it, and have partaken of its hospitality; the unproductive hills I have viewed covered with thriving plantations, and the whole aspect of the county civilised without losing its romantic character. But amidst all these revolutions I have never perceived any change in the mind of him who made them, 'the choice and master-spirit of the age.' There he dwelt in the hearts of the people, diffusing life and happiness around him; he made a home beside the border river, in a country and a nation that have derived benefit from his presence and consequence from his genius."

Figuring in the fictitious character of Harry Otter, Scrope relates a humorous adventure that must have had its counterpart in the lives of most angling novices. He tells how, having turned out with a spick-and-span new rod, exquisite in workmanship and resplendent in varnish, he crowned sundry highly satisfactory exploits by landing a 5-lb. grilse, and that with fragile trout tackle. How, swelling inwardly with intense self-satisfaction, he met a native who might have sat to a painter for Wat Tinlinn, and whose rod, with its makeshift appurtenances, were at least as uncouth as himself. How, condescending graciously to this rough brother of the craft, he was provoked by the *nil admirari* manner of the north-country man, to tantalise him with a display of his booty. And how the borderer, "premeeing" carelessly that he could "speecify" that he had no had muckle luck, made the practical retort to his southern interlocutor of producing a couple of seemingly interminable salmon from the bag that had been half-concealed behind his broad shoulders. That is the sort of irritating adventure that may happen to you, to the latest day of your life. Luck, of course, may always have much to do with success, and you try to lay that soothing unction to your vanity. Moreover, a local man must know his native water, and be more familiar with the flies, and all the rest of it. Nevertheless, there is no getting over the fact that his luck and skill must both be handicapped by his clumsy apparatus, and that if your indifferently-equipped acquaintance has fairly beaten you, it has been in spite of his having been heavily overweighted in that respect. And talking of equipment, one thing strikes us in these pictures in Scrope. A better sportsman never lived, yet he is got up in costume that would stamp a man now as the most unmistakable of cockneys. He fishes the Tweed in a curly-brimmed beaver, in a flowing frock-coat and gracefully-cut white pantaloons descending on highly-polished single-soled boots—in a dress, in short, which would have become

a man who was no great dandy, as he took his walks along the shady side of Pall Mall. We must say that in dressing for our field-sports we are become wiser in our generation; and that coarse home-spun jackets and baggy knickerbockers, deer-stalking wide-awake, and hob-nailed boots, are more graceful "in that connection," as they are undoubtedly more suitable. Mr Scrope's hat must surely have gone flying over his shoulder at each gust of wind that swept down the river; and a driving shower must have soaked him to the skin, unless he were prepared to envelop himself at the shortest notice in wrappings carried by his attendant. Though the sportsman should be made neither of sugar nor salt, speedy saturation on a nipping day in spring seems to us to be a very gratuitous infliction; nor do we see the wisdom of laying in rheumatics and remorse by way of distraction for our declining years.

If Scrope confines his reminiscences to the Tweed, Mr Colquhoun, in his excursions to river and loch, carries us over the length and breadth of Scotland. "Excursion," indeed, is scarcely the word to use, for he has probably rented more shootings and fishings in a greater number of the Scotch counties, in the course of a most active life, than any man living. The publication of a fifth edition of 'The Moor and the Loch,' by the way, is a proof the more of its well-deserved popularity. And we are glad to think that a suggestion of our own, in a former article on that delightful book, may have had its share in inducing the author to prefix to this new edition a very interesting bit of autobiography. It abounds in lively anecdotes of his school-days and early life, especially after joining his regiment—the gallant 33d—then quartered in the wilds of Connaught. The story is everywhere impressed with the author's vigorous individuality; and the Connaught of those unsettled times was by no means an enviable place of residence for a nervous man. Of course, Colquhoun liked it. Yet the young Scot, though generally popular with a peasantry and gentry who delighted in sport, has to tell of more than one hair-breadth escape, when duels were affairs of every-day occurrence, and soldiers were likely to be shot at, on account of the colour of their cloth. We may say of young Colquhoun,

> "Alike to him . . .
> . . . the brand, the bridle, and the oar;"

as he was as much at home in a boat as in the saddle, and has more than one memorable feat in sea-racing to tell of, when he and his elder brother were pulling in company. But so far as fishing goes, his autobiographical recollections are scattered broadcast over the pages he has consecrated to that branch of sport. We trace him through lowlands and highlands, from fishing quarter to fishing quarter and stream to stream; from the Stinchar in Ayrshire, to the Dee in Aberdeen, and the smaller rivers of the more northerly Highland counties; and as for the lochs, he seems to have tried, in his time, most of those that have more than a local reputation. A pleasanter companion no man need desire; and those stirring exploits of his, which he so vividly records, have been photographed on a singularly retentive memory. But the comprehensiveness and clearness with which he handles his favourite subjects give his volumes a very practical value. As for comprehensiveness, the angler will find hints that may help him in each and all of the localities he is likely to visit, and through every season of the

year; while for clearness and simplicity, Mr Colquhoun is as little given to multiply rules and instructions pharisaically as to embarrass himself with an over-elaborate apparatus. Two or three coils of flies wound round his hat, and composed, of course, like French salad, "after the season," and according to his ample knowledge and experience, serve his turn for any day's angling. He is none of your brilliant theorists and connoisseurs, who have collected, to their own extreme confusion, whole libraries of fishing-books, stuffed with fur, feathers, and tinsel; while you are perpetually coming, in his pages, upon one of those practical maxims that may spare much disappointment to the sensible novice, and set him up with the best second-hand experience. Those passages might be extracted with advantage, and codified, in the shape of a summary, in the Appendix; and we may select a few of them, by way of example. Angling, says Mr Colquhoun, though not precisely in these words, is emphatically a science that must be cultivated by thought and observation, and practised by the exercise of careful induction.

"It is the exact perception of the seats of fish, and where they may shift about, according to the varying moods of the river, that constitutes half the science of angling. As the late eminent Dr Munro used to say of medicine, 'It is but shrewd guessing after all.' Nevertheless, as in physic, the shrewdest guesser is the best physician; so in angling, the shrewdest guesser, if not *always* the ablest, will go far to be the most successful fisher. . . . As to up-stream trouting, many will reject it on account of the perpetual casting it entails. There is this in its favour though, that, in trout-fishing, the more casts the more rises. All good trouters are aware of this, and never put off time by leading their hooks, except in lochs and the still deeps of streams. . . . When the fly is dropped in the *centre of the ring, the instant after the trout has belled up*, it is ten times more likely to rise again than if the fly touched the water at ever so short a distance. . . . Another hint to the young angler is to mind what he is about when he approaches the still deeps of the river. Many are apt to pass them by altogether. . . . Perhaps the best test of a finished performer is the manner in which he fishes these dead, deep places, especially if there is little wind; for they generally harbour the largest and best-fed fish, which are, of course, the most suspicious and difficult to rise."

Fond as Mr Colquhoun is of trout-fishing, he maintains, what few salmon-fishers will dispute, that there is no comparison between its more tranquil pleasures and the excitement of the nobler sport. It is "only the germ of salmon-fishing," he says; and he advises its devotees to "get out of this nursery-fishing and to become salmon-anglers if they can." Of course, the more costly voyage to Corinth is not within the means of everybody; and while all people who have the leisure can compass an occasional week's trouting, a man, to make sure of satisfactory sport with salmon, must have either money or more fortunate friends. As for trouting, Mr Colquhoun comforts those who seldom have access to well-protected water, by pointing out that they will become far more accomplished workmen by fishing ordinary rivers than those that are profusely stocked. He has remarked that men who shoot habitually in preserves are not to be compared, as steady shots, with others who have been in the habit of making wild bags. "The one blazes thoughtlessly away, committing, time after time, the same errors; while the other carefully notes every miss, and endeavours to correct it next opportunity. There is also no doubt that both the angler and the shooter who

have to work and *think* for their sport acquire a self-command and nerve only to be obtained in this school."

Among the liveliest of Mr Colquhoun's cheery reminiscences are those that associate themselves with his summer quarters on the Lyon in Perthshire; and for a picture of fishing under extreme difficulties, there is nothing better than a description of his we have already referred to, of working one of those Highland burns that come brawling down over the rock beneath a tangle of underwood. But perhaps the most dramatic adventure he has put on record is the fight of one of his sons with a heavy salmon, hooked late in the day in a pool of the Stinchar. The action began with "a vindictive plunge" on to the hook, which augured ill for the ultimate success of the fisherman. For—

"To my dismay, I now saw that my son had chosen, by mistake, the lightest reel line in my possession, only intended for sea-trout or grilse, in the clearest water of July! Its length, however, was 100 yards; and having perfect confidence in the skill of the fisherman, I resolved not to flurry him with a warning, but to wait in patience until the prize was either lost or won.

"The fish neither dashed round the pool in terror, nor refused to move in sullen indifference, but with a degree of calm dignity steered along the opposite bank, giving fitfully a revengeful toss which made my heart flutter. Higher, higher, he rowed himself, till he arrived within a few yards of the overhanging trees. If he resolved to pass this barrier, I knew well the alternative was either a broken line to the angler, or a jump to the shoulders in the rapid current. At this crisis the fish was turned by wary coaxing, and brought cautiously down to the deep water where he had been hooked. A new danger was here threatened, for the eddy tree appeared provokingly near, and it was likely the huge fish might strike across the river, twisting the line round its branches. Again he was foiled by the coolness of his tormentor, and the up-stream march was resumed."

The daylight deepened into the gloaming, but happily there were no clouds on the sky, and "to our delight, the glorious red harvest moon rose 'broad' over the brow of the Ayrshire hills." The villagers hearing of the sport going forward, rushed down from their cottages to look on at the fun; and young Mr Colquhoun went on playing his fish for the benefit of a "gallery" of excited peasants, by the brilliant light of "Macfarlane's lantern."

"It was nearly ten o'clock at night before the noble fellow began to show symptoms of yielding. 'Bring a lantern, Sandy, as he can never be gaffed by moonlight.' Sandy was soon ready, and eager with light and steel. The salmon, however, though nearly spent, refused to come within reach of his weapon, and kept lashing the water into foam on the opposite shore. Quick as thought, Sandy dashed across the black stream and reached the fish before he sank. Then poising the lantern for a second, up to his waist in the water, he struck his victim with deadly determination—a pause ensued—the light hissed in the river and was extinguished. Then followed a severe unseen struggle under the darkened bank, when Sandy [plucky fellow that he was], with a grip like a bulldog, dripping from head to foot, crawled from the deep, shouting, 'I hae him noo!'"

The weight of the fish was 25 lb.; and as he was the finest fish killed with the rod that season on the Stinchar, the angler's patience and skill were amply rewarded.

Many admirable books have been written on fishing, with not a few songs, ballads, and idyls, good and bad, indifferent and execrable. The marvel is, that we have no more of them, considering how naturally a

man with a turn for literature seeks sympathies among the reading public in a pursuit that has grown into a passion with himself. We have no idea of running over a roll of names, since we should infallibly make invidious omissions; but there is one that has made its appearance recently, which we would notice before reeling up our article, as being not only among the latest, but among the best of its class. 'My Life as an Angler,' by William Henderson, presented itself with all the advantages of paper, typography, and admirable illustrations; and yet it seems scarcely to have received the welcome it deserved. Many of the views on the Tweed and the Northumbrian and Durham waters recall some of the most picturesque features of the scenery that has been immortalised in Border warfare, and in the spirited old Border ballads. Great part of that country, moreover, like Tweedside and Coquetdale, has been made classic in the lays of the poets of the angle. Nor less attractive are the charming little head-pieces and tail-pieces to the chapters, which blend graceful fancy with realistic truth, while they have much of that characteristic and humorous individuality which distinguished the little masterpieces of Bewick. Mr Henderson, who is now in his sixty-second year, was one of those boys who were born fishermen. "Of all the signs of the Zodiac," as he observes in his opening sentence, "undoubtedly 'the fish with glittering scales' ruled my horoscope." And all through his life, whatever the importunate "distractions" of graver business, he always returned in his ample intervals of leisure with redoubled ardour to his early passion. Like Kit North, he goes back with affectionate enthusiasm to the circumstances of his first becoming possessor of a rod, and the capture of his first fish. How many of his readers could tell stories almost similar—stories defining themselves down to their most minute details, as they take shape and substance from the mists of memory. Prowling along the river-bank in search of minnows, "I came," he says, "upon two boys apparently possessing a joint-interest in a fishing-rod, which was projected over a willow-bush. Youth is a period of freemasonry, and I was soon on good terms with the strangers, who proudly exhibited the results of their sport—three small eels strung upon a willow twig." A not ignoble envy, and the contemplation of the magnificent booty, stirred his small soul to its depths; and so he wheedled a fond mother out of eighteenpence, which he invested in the purchase of a two-piece rod. Nor was it long after that ere he "blooded" the much-valued acquisition, though more by good-luck than skilful management. While playing leap-frog with some companions, they had baited their rods, and stuck them over the stream. The cry arose of a sudden, "There's a bite at Henderson's." "A rush to the river, an anxious pause, a gentle uplifting of the rod, a loud scream of wonder, and backwards I ran, far into the dusty road, dragging a trout, whose weight was at least a pound." Breaking ground, or rather water, with such a monster, was surely an amazing piece of good fortune. The first of our own early prizes must have run ten or a baker's dozen to the pound; and we well remember how the first really satisfactory rise we had set us whipping a bit of stagnant and brackish back-water in the estuary of a northern salmon-river, through the brightest and most unlikely hours of a long summer afternoon. We had had ocular evidence that a

"whopper" had been there, and we were determined to bring him up to the hook again, if indomitable perseverance could do it. That by the way. As for the far happier Master Henderson, in his case, as in our own, the boy became father to the man. As he had whooped and danced like an Indian on the war-path over the victories of his maiden rod and line, so in riper years he settled down into the earnest enthusiasm which made matter for this volume which has taken our fancy. We know the city and county of Durham pretty well—archæologically; we know the county of Northumberland very well—piscatorially; and it is delightful to revisit many a favourite haunt with a guide so intensely sympathetic as Mr Henderson. The very names in his pages are eminently suggestive in one way or another. That first trout of his was taken on the Brancepeth Road, near the romantic tower and park of the old fortress of the Nevilles. He remembers when there were great trout in the Wear under "the Bishop's Corn-mill"—that was before the river of St Cuthbert had been poisoned by mining industry—and one of the first expeditions he describes was to "the beautifully situated village of Rothbury," and the fascinating pools of romantic Coquet, where it rushes past the ruins of Brinkburn Priory. Setting aside considerations of county patriotism, and the pleasant memories of auld lang syne, we do not wonder at Mr Henderson's strong attachment to the streams of the "north countree." Even on casual visitors, with their wild variety of feature and changing play of expression, they invariably exercise a lasting fascination; and the liking that may have originated in legend and song, ripens into affection with personal knowledge. There is the Coquet flowing downwards from Brinkburn through haughs and corn-fields, and hanging copses, and banks of the flowering furze and broom, to the amphitheatre of woods by the hermitage of Warkworth, and the sweep that is dominated by the keep of the Percys; and the Alne, that runs from the brown moorlands, and steals past the ruins of its abbey, over shelving ledges of rock, under sombre bowers of foliage, through the deer-park, and home-park, and fragrant shrubberies of his Grace of Northumberland. As you throw the fly, you look back over your shoulder at the battlements of his castle, with their sentinels of stone. You come on gray farm-steadings in sequestered nooks, only accessible by fords or stepping-stones; and upon mills that, if you may judge by the colouring of their massive walls, must have had their wheels turned by those rushes almost from time immemorial. Not a ford, or pass, or bridge but has been the scene of sharp fighting in the old raiding days; and at least two Scottish monarchs came to grief with their hosts almost within an arrow-flight of Alnwick Castle. The very monks, who owed comparative immunity as much to the secluded situation of their convents as to their sanctity, are said to have been betrayed on more than one occasion by the bells they had tolled prematurely in gratitude for their deliverance from the invader.

But to return to Mr Henderson from a digression into which he has betrayed us. He proceeds to tell how, after confining his sport for several years to the Wear and the Coquet, he went on to wander farther afield, to "the Glen, with its picturesque Bell of Yeavering; the Tweed, dear to the angler as to the poet; the Till, so deadly, for

all it flows so still; the Bowmont, slowly stealing through its peaceful vale; the Eden, tumbling from the rocks of Newton Don—spot blessed alike by fishermen and lovers true; the Breamish, scene of, ah! how many happy hours enshrined in my memory! the Cale, flowing beneath the Dragon's Lair; and the Whiteadder, which, from its long trailing in snake-like coils, first gained its loathsome name." It was in the autumn of 1839—an era in his life—that he first began his acquaintance with the Tweed. It is sadly tantalising to hear of the terms on which a sportsman might get the best of fishing in these unsophisticated days, in the very water which is now the most "fashionable." Mr Henderson, on his arrival, sought out Adam Johnston, who then rented the fishings of Dryburgh and Bemerside. Even then it surprised him to find Adam's charges so moderate. "A day's fishing, including boatman and use of boat, was only 5s. At the present time a rent of £200 a-year, and all attendant expenses, are paid for the water which I was then free to roam over at will." Half-a-dozen years later, with some congenial spirits, he originated a small club, which took the Edenmouth salmon-fishings on a five years' lease. And these Edenmouth fishings included "the far-famed Sprouston Dub, the gem not only of the water, but of the Tweed itself." Thenceforth his sojourns on the Tweed were long and frequent, if not regular; and many are the good days' sport recorded; though, to do him justice, he is most honestly frank in commemorating his failures as well as his successes.

We have left ourselves no space to follow him at any length through the pleasant contents of a volume of which we hope we have given a fair idea. The book, as we have already hinted, must be to a certain extent tantalising,—since good fishing in these parts is far harder to come by than when Mr Henderson was in the heyday of his youth and vigour. Now that railways have been multiplied and hill-roads improved, the great landowners are necessarily become stricter in their preserving, and more chary in giving strangers permission to fish. While farther to the south, in the Durham coal-fields, the miner has been playing the mischief with the limpid streams. Nevertheless we believe that the fishing tourist will still find himself sufficiently rewarded, more especially if he goes decently accredited; and though he may have to look on and long at the pools of the Tweed, and omit the best of the Glen or the Coquet from his pilgrimage, he will, notwithstanding, find angling excitements enough; and he has always the glorious landscapes to fall back upon. For we have written to little purpose if we have not shown that angling may be nearly as often your pretext as your object; and keenly as he may appreciate the triumphs of his sport, the true fisherman can make himself tolerably happy even when fortune has proved persistently unpropitious.

Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine

THE EX-AMÌR YÀKÙB KHAN.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A STAFF OFFICER.

SHERPUR, 1*st April* 1880.

To what extent was the ex-Amìr, Yàkùb Ali Khan, guilty in connection with the outrage on the British Embassy? How was it that, with this point still unascertained, we declared, both by public proclamation and by letters addressed to the Amìr, that Sir F. Roberts's avenging army was advancing with friendly feelings towards the Amìr himself, and for the support of his authority and the maintenance of the British alliance? What led us afterwards to change front in regard to this matter—keep our ally in durance for a long time in his own capital, and finally deport him to India? And lastly, what motives or reasons can have induced his Highness to abdicate altogether, as he certainly did, of his own free, deliberate, and determined purpose, early on the morning of 12th October? The questions just stated are sure to be dealt with by all historians of the events now passing in Afghanistan; and regard must be had to them in forming a final judgment on the policy and course of action adopted by the Government, subsequent to the Cabul massacre and breach of the Treaty of Gandamak. It is of consequence, therefore, to consider the issues raised in the case of Yàkùb Khan, and to explain the grounds upon which the Government dealt with him. The first and most important question connected with the ex-Amìr's conduct is—

I. Up to what point does the guilt of the ex-Amìr show itself in connection with the outrage on the Embassy?

When the ex-Amìr set his seal to the Treaty of Gandamak, he agreed, among other things, to conduct his external relations in accordance with the advice and wishes of the British Government — that is, to enter into no engagements or wars except with our concurrence, receiving from us in return a pledge to support him against foreign aggression with money, arms, or troops, as circumstances might seem, to the authorities of our Government, to require. A further stipulation, it is equally well known, was that a British representative should reside at Kàbul, for whose personal safety the Amìr was to be responsible; and another, that the British Government would not interfere with the internal administration of his Highness's dominions. Here, then, was established, by a few strokes of a pen, political conditions resembling those prevailing in the native States of India, the princes of which, while retaining the direction of their own internal affairs, have surrendered all the functions of international life—that is, can neither make war, nor conclude the simplest treaty with one another, far less, of course, with States outside Hindustan. Does any one suppose that the ex-Amìr, at the time when he signed such a treaty, relished the position in which it placed him, or the prospect which it held out to him? Released at a critical moment by his father from a Kàbul prison, he had been declared Amìr at a time when British columns had the capital at their mercy; and Sher Ali himself was about to throw himself at the feet of a Power that had first duped and

then deserted him. Defeat after defeat had demoralised the standing army of the country. The great chiefs each held his tribe in hand, ready to strike for themselves on the first opportunity, and restore the feudal system of the country to its pristine strength, after the blow which Sher Ali's reorganisation of the army in imitation of European models had inflicted upon it. And Yàkùb Khan, the longer he looked round him, must have seen the more plainly that, left to his own resources, he had no more chance of making good his position as Amìr than of sitting on the throne of England itself. With his father's death at Mazàr-i-Sharìf, in February 1879, his last hopes of help from Russia must have expired. Hence, with every Islamite feeling alive in his heart, and not a whit more inclined than his predecessors had been before him to write himself a vassal, he nevertheless assumed for a season the cloak of duplicity, and, holding out the hand of a wholly interested friendship, came to Gandamak in search of such terms as might prove obtainable. With the disposition to yield one's will, or subordinate one's interests, to another's, as rare as it is even between individual members of the same race and community, how vain to look for anything of the kind when an empire such as ours on the one hand, and a semi-barbarous Islamite sovereign on the other, are the parties concerned! When, in such circumstances, English diplomacy carries, or seems to carry, a point of importance, great credit is not unnaturally ascribed to the successful negotiator. But the true explanation commonly is, either that the knife has been laid to the very throat of the Asiatic, or else that, Parthian-like, he has surrendered a position or two at the beginning of the battle, for the sake of prevailing in the end. Eastern Powers, when seeming to yield, are often in reality as dangerous as the tigers of their own jungles are when wounded. The new Treaty was certainly a hard nut for the Amìr to crack. But the prize was a splendid one; and without seriously bethinking himself of any such apprentice-work as assassination, there were many ways in which his Highness may have hoped to turn the chapter of accidents in his favour, and while retaining the sweets, reject the bitters of the new compact. Members of the "wise after the result" school have pronounced it a grave mistake that our Envoy was sent at such a time, instead of leaving the power of the new Amìr to consolidate itself, undisturbed by the presence of strangers. If, however, the iron had not been struck when it was hot, a thousand excuses would have been urged against the reception of an embassy, when the time came to carry out that provision of the treaty. Given the Treaty—then delay as to one of its most essential points would simply have meant defeat in the moment of victory. If Yàkùb Khan, unsupported by a British Mission, had been assailed, as might easily have happened, by his turbulent chiefs, half-organised forces, or discontented subjects, then an army, and not merely an envoy, would have been needed to set him up again; while, on the other hand, if, without any countenance of the kind from us, his Highness had succeeded in strengthening himself on his own proper lines and foundations, then he would most likely have shown himself just as averse as Sher Ali had been to receive a British officer as Resident.

A paper which appeared in last October's 'Maga' under the heading of "The Cabul Mutiny," described the catastrophe of September 3d in a necessarily general way, only without that fuller knowledge of details which subsequent inquiry on the spot has yielded. According to the view held by the writer of these notes, an event resembling that which actually occurred was only too likely to happen sooner or later, no matter whether his Highness himself had been understood to love or to hate his foreign guests. In the one case his enemies, in the other his friends, would have been too apt to form plans for their destruction; and there was, moreover, the hourly risk in a city like Kàbul, of the representative of a dominant Christian Government falling by the knife or bullet of some fanatic weary of his life, like the wretch—an Afghàn by the way—whose murderous instincts cut short in the Andamans the beneficent career of his Excellency Lord Mayo. As matters turned out, however, before there had been time for any of the more deeply-seated causes inherent in the situation to operate, a more or less fortuitous spark seems to have been what really fired the train. That is, when on the morning of September 3d, about seven o'clock, two or three regiments of the Amìr's personal guards were assembled—unarmed—at the pay-office, for the purpose of their arrears being disbursed to them, and only one month's pay was offered instead of two, the men, to the number of several hundred, broke into mutiny, and after pelting the office with stones, made for the Residency. What induced them to go there, instead of, say, to the Amìr's palace, is not known. Soldiers in circumstances like theirs resemble swarms of bees in the facility with which their movements can be turned from one direction into another. Perhaps the impulse sending them there was a spontaneous one, depending on a crude impression that the British representative would see them righted. Perhaps it was communicated to them by some malicious individuals, whether within or without their own ranks, who foresaw that if they went there a collision would be inevitable. That they cherished at that time no very serious or definite purpose is shown by the fact of their going without their rifles,—just as the ascertained circumstances which led to their going there at all point towards the conclusion that when they rose that morning their minds had at all events not matured any plot against the Envoy.

There is a conflict of testimony at Kàbul as to the reception they met with at the Residency. All agree in this much, however—first, that on reaching it their conduct was extremely violent; secondly, that the Envoy and his staff were inside the Residency at the time; and, thirdly, that when the mutineers began to throw stones and unloose the horses picketed outside, for the purpose doubtless of carrying them off, the Sepoys of the escort, as was their duty, did their best to keep them off. Several witnesses declare that the rioters were fired upon by our Sepoys, and that it was after one or two of their number had been shot down that they left the Residency precincts in a body to fetch their arms. The Amìr's palace was at no great distance off; and no sooner had the soldiers made in the first instance for the Residency, than a bystander ran with the news to his Highness. That the Amìr received the intelligence is not to be

questioned; for he sent Dàùd Shah, one of his generals, to see what was the matter. This officer reached the Residency, it seems, almost during the first blush of the affair—that is, while the mutineers were still without their arms. His authority, however, as will be remembered, was set at naught; and he was hustled, and more or less injured, by the mutineers. This was about eight in the morning. Presently the mutineers returned rifles in hand, and fairly began a sanguinary attack on the whole position, lasting till well on in the afternoon. The number and constitution of the assailants are hard to determine—because, for one thing, they acted more or less under cover of walls and buildings. The probability is, that they consisted of the worst characters of several different regiments, with, naturally, a contingent of city blackguards, attracted by love of bloodshed and the prospect of plunder. At all events, it is certain that the attack was from first to last an unorganised one—that is, one which could have been cut short by a moderate show of force on the part of the Government. During the four or five critical hours that the guests whom he had solemnly undertaken to protect were being destroyed by overwhelming odds under his very eyes, the Amìr made no real attempt to save them. No one can at this date assert that his Highness was under bodily restraint or intimidation at the time; or that he was drugged, or unwell in any way. On the contrary, it is on indisputable record that he was seated during the whole forenoon in the public rooms of his palace, among his official advisers and personal favourites, receiving frequent reports of what was going on, and in fact able to witness the proceedings more or less from his windows. With the exception only of the mutineers, the whole garrison of Kàbul was presumably ready to act as ordered; while two miles off, in Sherpur, lay at least five fresh regiments. On the 24th of the previous July, when the Envoy and suite had made their official entrance into Kàbul, two batteries of the Amìr's artillery, and nine regiments of infantry, had been drawn up in column outside the city, and saluted him, their bands playing the British national anthem as he passed; while, as the city itself was entered, his Highness's heavy battery (18-pounders) had sent out a further salvo of seventeen guns in his honour. Apart, too, from the regular army, there were tribal chiefs then in attendance on the Amìr, whose followers consisted of the very flower of Afghan strength and chivalry. And if any one can believe that with such means at his disposal his Highness could not, had he so pleased, have put his hand, in the space of at most an hour, on a force sufficient for the restoration of order round the Residency, his mind must have lost the power of judging soundly even on plain subjects. It was not, most assuredly, that his Highness underestimated the gravity of the situation. The sustained firing must have told its own tale. And, moreover, he received in the course of the day at least three separate appeals (two of them in writing) for succour, from the members of the Mission themselves. To all such applications he turned practically a deaf ear. Now that we are so strong at Kàbul, many of the natives naturally try to make out that when the crisis was at its height they urged the Amìr to act, and volunteered

their services in the interests of the British. Statements of this kind have, of course, to be received *cum grano*. But his Highness unquestionably should have needed neither the suggestions of others nor their offers of help to make him employ every resource at his command on behalf of those whose lives were in such danger, and whom he had so short a time before entered into a solemn agreement to protect. This he utterly failed to do, and even the dead bodies of our gallant countrymen he suffered to be consigned, after an interval of shameful neglect, to unhonoured graves—the very sites of which remain still undiscovered. The conclusion formed by the writer of these notes on this whole subject is that, while there is no evidence of the Amìr's having directly or indirectly promoted a plan for the removal of our Embassy, yet on the outbreak actually occurring, he doggedly allowed events to take their course, dreading, probably, to side with the foreigners, and hoping that the end of it all would be, not indeed their destruction, but their retreat to their own territory, after the practical lesson which was that day being administered to them by a choice body of "the Faithful."

II. How came it about that our Government, when sending its avenging column towards Kàbul, immediately after the above events, caused the Amìr to be assured that he had nothing to fear personally; and that the British troops were marching to restore his authority, and rescue him from danger, on condition of his acting in accordance with the affirmations just made by him of his innocence, sincerity, and strong reliance on the friendship of England?

The absolute mendacity and duplicity of semi-barbarous peoples are characteristics which all members of more highly cultured races find it difficult, and many of them impossible, to realise. The effect of public opinion on the moral code of a nation or a community is well known. In our own country, for instance, many a man, who would rather cut off his hand than pocket a friend's silver spoon, will borrow a book from him, and quietly add it to his own collection, without much misgiving in his own mind, or the smallest risk of being asked to retire from his club. All the world over, the love of truth is an acquired, not an innate, virtue. It cannot be developed, even in the individual, without a good deal of pains, and the use of judicious methods in his earliest years. And although the quality once produced is doubtless, like so many others, more or less transmissible, yet aberrant specimens, with a tendency to revert to the wild or natural type, are constantly met with, in spite of all that can be done by the truth-loving parents, and by the great public schools and parochial clergy of England, to prevent it. Among Asiatics, however, few have ever even tried to enforce the beauty of truth between man and man. The poet Sadi — the moralist *par excellence* of perhaps the whole Mohammedan world—teaches, in a couplet read by every child among his earliest lessons, that "a lie told for a good purpose is better than the truth spoken for a bad one." And whatever the precise effect of these and similar precepts may be, it is certain that, all over the Eastern world, no practical distinction prevails between truth and falsehood. Mercantile honesty, indeed, abounds—

and there are thousands of Asiatics, who, once they have made a promise, such as can neither be denied nor evaded, will, for their own credit's sake, or from motives of pride, adhere to it, even when they would infinitely rather not; but as for truth and falsehood in the abstract, they are merely regarded as two different instruments in one case—the choice between the two depending wholly on the work in hand.

The temper in which Yàkùb Khan signed the Gandamak Treaty has already been referred to. Its immediate effect upon him personally was to place him in the predicament of a man with one leg in one boat, and the other in another. The more he inclined towards England, the further would Afghanistan fall away from him; while, on the other hand, without some considerable semblance at least of a leaning in the former direction, it was impossible for him to fulfil his new obligations, or win in the end the game which he had sat down to play. A tortuous and trimming policy, such as seems to have well suited his feeble nature, was therefore adopted by him. To Afghans he was an Afghan; and though it was impossible for him even to pretend to be towards Englishmen an Englishman, yet it was essential that he should at all events keep up appearances with them. When, however, the final explosion occurred, he seems early in the day to have arrived, as already shown, at the conclusion that matters had best be left to take their own course; and that if once he were to order his guns to open on men who were clearing his country of infidels, it would be hopeless for him any longer to think of ruling Afghanistan. Similarly, when towards evening it was placed beyond the reach of doubt that our brave countrymen had perished, his Highness wrote a letter to General Roberts, followed up next day by a second letter, giving his own version of what had happened. Translations of the communications referred to will be found at pages 40 and 41 of Blue-book No. 1 of 1880, being "Correspondence relative to the affairs of Affghanistan." Both letters were in the last degree mendacious and misleading. Having first of all, with typical Islamite piety, ascribed to the "divine decree" events for which he himself was entirely responsible, his Highness went on to state that the "fire of disturbance, rebellion, and mutiny had blazed up so that it could be checked or remedied by no kind of means." Also, that "all the troops at Sherpur and Chaman, and the city people in successive crowds, having entered the citadel to plunder the factories, the artillery, and the arsenal, hastened towards the residence of the Envoy." Writing the following day, when of course the Amìr knew perfectly well every particular of what had occurred, he declared himself "besieged, with a few of his attendants and adherents," and unable even to ascertain whether the Envoy had been slain, or been rescued by some one from destruction. In the same veracious epistle, it was further stated that (next to the divine decree) the authors of the catastrophe were a few "evil-disposed and seditious persons who disliked and opposed the alliance and friendship between the two Governments;" that by the murder of the Envoy, the Affghan State had been "destroyed and ruined;" and that, as for himself, he was in the "utmost distress, confined within his house," and hard put to it to defend himself and family. All the troops, the

city people, and the people of the adjacent country, he alleged, "had united in open revolt" against his authority; so that, although he was using every "effort, expedient, and device" in his power to suppress the outbreak, the result was still uncertain. Dàùd Shah (who was, likely enough, lying *perdu*) was, it was next asserted, so badly wounded that he was not expected to live. The kingdom, it was repeated, had been "destroyed," so that the writer of the letter had nothing to look to (after God) except his "friendship and union with the British Government," which he entreated to come forward with such "counsel" as it considered advisable and expedient, for the "extinguishing of the flame of tumult and crime," and the extrication of his Highness from the "circle of fear and peril" in which he described himself, in language almost pathetic, as enclosed.

In truth, the Amìr may be pardoned if the idea seized him that the murder of the Envoy had made things fully as difficult for the British Government as for himself. The worse the picture he could draw of the state of confusion then surrounding him, the better his own chance of being held blameless; and, more important still, the less the likelihood of a British army being sent, with winter so near at hand, into the middle of such a seething, surging country. Hence the game played by him at the juncture in question, the abject posture he assumed, and his extravagant assertions of the cordiality of his friendship with us. In time, perhaps, some of the private letters written by his Highness to his co-religionists in different parts of Afghanistan, informing them of what had occurred at Kàbul, may fall into our hands. The only light on this point which the Blue-book referred to above seems to afford is contained in a telegram (page 47) from Major St John, Kandahàr, reporting that a certain letter, addressed by the Amìr's principal secretary at Kàbul, the day after the outrage, to Sardàr Sher Ali Khan, Governor of Kandahàr, concluded with the significant words that, in order to make the Amìr's letters "fit to be shown," if required, "some words and phrases such as are advisable at such a time" had been "inserted" in them by the secretary (see also pages 59 and 60 of Blue-book). The greatest friend Yàkùb Khan had perhaps in all the world was his kinsman Sardàr Muhammad Hasan Khan, who had been his fellow-captive for several years at Kàbul, and for whose sake, in order to make him Governor of Jalàlàbàd, his Highness had, notwithstanding the tenor and spirit of the Gandamak Treaty, ousted the local governor favoured by the British Government, very soon after the treaty was concluded. This official, it will be remembered, fled from his post, and warmly espoused the side of the insurgents, in December last, during the first burst of excitement produced by, among other causes, the deportation of his patron to India. All important documents he of course carried off with him, or destroyed. If, however, we could but see the letter to him from his bosom-friend the Amìr, to which the following (found among his Highness's papers at Kàbul) was the Sardàr's reply, what a commentary it would form on the letters which the Amìr had at the very same time been inditing at once to the British authorities themselves, and to all Afghan officials who had to transact business with them!—

Translation of letter from Sardàr Muhammad Hasan Khan to his Highness the Amìr, dated Jalàlàbàd, 8th September 1880.

"Your Highness's letter, dated 4th September, which your Highness sent to me by the mail, reached me on 7th instant. I understood its contents, and was pleased. You wrote that, on the day previously, two infantry regiments of the regular army having joined with the people of the city, attacked the house of the British Envoy, and pulling down the gate, and burning it, entered the house; and that the fight continued until seven o'clock; that not a single person of the English escaped, and all of them were killed; that afterwards the night and the day passed quietly; and that all the people of the city and the regular troops settled down. *I was pleased to read your Highness's firmàn.* As soon as it reached me, I sent the information in all directions, and into independent territory; and letters were forwarded to all persons for information. *I hope in God that, through your good fortune, all matters will become easy, and that the enemies of the sacred faith will remain with their heads downwards in the abyss of sorrow and shame.*"

To judge a man by the letters which his friends write to him may not, as a rule, be fair. In the above communication, however, the Amìr's own words as to matters of fact are, according to Eastern usage, quoted *verbatim;* while it is certain that the genial sentiment with which the letter closes would not have been introduced had not the letter under reply revealed a state of mind on his Highness's part the opposite of that put forward in the letters written by him about the same time for the purpose of blindfolding the authorities of our Government.

The Mission had at all events been wiped out. The circumstances were, in their origin, so far accidental as to give the Amìr room to hope that he would be held guiltless. A second Envoy, it may have been pointed out to him, would never be sent to Kàbul without an army at his back; while the moderation which had made us keep our victorious columns at a distance all the previous summer, may easily have been mistaken for timidity on our part, touching the occupation of a capital charged with such dark associations in the minds of Englishmen. In all this his Highness grievously misunderstood the temper of the Anglo-Saxon race. Conservatives and Liberals, not for the first time in history, saw with one eye, and spoke with one voice, the moment the news reached England. And just a week after the outrage, it was telegraphed from London to Calcutta that the "early occupation of Kàbul" was a "necessity;" that the support of her Majesty's Government for "most vigorous action" might be relied on; and that "complete domination at Kàbul" was the first point.

The *magnifique* manner in which this "first point" was gained by the Kuram column within one short month of the receipt of orders from England has been described in various forms already, and is sure to have justice done to it by more systematic writers hereafter. It is with the political, not the military, features of the enterprise that these notes profess to deal. And the more the former are analysed, with the help of the Blue-book lately published, the more apparent does the course of deception practised upon us by the Amìr become. All this is evident enough now. But at the time it was not so; for, in fact, till our troops reached the neighbourhood of Kàbul, there was next to nothing to oppose to the written and oral protestations of loyalty with which the Amìr, and others in

his interests, continued to ply us. To have discredited such assurances altogether would have been a mere prejudging on England's part of one whom she had so short a time previously accepted as an ally. Up to a certain point, therefore, the Amìr had to be taken at his word. It is here worth noting that, not in the most abject and despairing of all his letters was the slightest hint thrown out by his Highness that he would like us to send an *army* for his relief. Though besieged, according to his own (wholly false) statement, in his house, his Highness hoped to "inflict such punishment on the soldiers" as would be "known world-wide;" while the mutineers, he added, would soon "meet with the punishment they deserved," and the "affairs of the country be arranged to the satisfaction of the British Government." For England to have resiled from an attitude of friendship of which his Highness himself remained so tenacious, merely because his honesty and innocence were not beyond the reach of suspicion, would evidently have been far from right. And determined as we were to redress our grievous wrong after our own fashion, and by means at our own command, that was no reason, but the contrary, for our taking up a hostile position towards the Amìr himself. The arguments made use of by the deputation from Kàbul, which waited on General Roberts at Ali Khel in the last week of September, for the purpose of persuading him not to continue his march, will be found summarised on pages 108 to 112 of the Blue-book. A more characteristic piece of Asiatic subtlety has seldom been recorded. Had it only succeeded, it would indeed have been another case of the cutting of the silken handkerchief by Saladin, as described by Scott in 'The Talisman,' as against the cleaving of the bar of iron by Cœur de Lion. But the sword on this occasion proved too much for the scimitar; and the Amìr's *diplomats* were told by General Roberts, in words as studied as their own, that the honour of Old England was at stake, and that to stop the advance of the British columns was impossible. The result, as is well known, was the Amìr's repairing in person to the British camp, on September 27th, and committing himself, apparently with all the apathy of his sluggish nature, to the stream of events against which his utmost endeavours had proved as powerless as those of Canute against the sea's tide.

III. What was the cause of our changed attitude towards the Amìr after Kàbul had become ours?

As long as it was possible to give our ally the benefit of the doubt existing as to his innocence and loyalty, or the reverse, that, as has just been shown, was done, not only in common justice to his Highness himself, but with a view perhaps, more or less, also to the conservation of the Treaty of Gandamak, to which he professed himself still determined to adhere. By degrees, however, as General Roberts's opportunities of judging improved, it became as clear as noonday that the Amìr's statements about his helplessness to save the Embassy were little better than a tissue of falsehoods. That he had in reality more to do with the outrage than has as yet transpired is, of course, not incredible—hardly anything *is* incredible, indeed, in a country like Afghanistan. But nothing short of the strongest evidence would serve to establish so improbable a conclusion; and the *gravamen* of the guilt

which led to his being placed under surveillance, and in the end deported from Afghanistan, amounted in the main only to his having, in the manner explained above, tacitly permitted the affray to proceed, when, as all honest witnesses have testified, it was within his power to stop it before serious consequences had occurred.

IV. What made the Amìr abdicate?

In the end of October, when the news of his Highness's resignation became public, the writer, it so happened, was at Jalàlàbàd, and in frequent personal communication with the local Governor, the above-mentioned Muhammad Hasan Khan. This Sardàr, it may be worth mentioning, refused to believe for one moment that his friend and master had abdicated voluntarily. "*No one,*" he insisted, "*ever willingly surrendered the sovereignty of Afghanistan.*" The same view, it may also be noted, was pointedly stated in a kind of round-robin which was sent to General Roberts last Christmas-day by the leaders of the attack on Sherpur at the time of their dispersion. "The British Government," said the letter alluded to, "imprisoned the Amìr and sent him to India; . . . and issued a proclamation that he had resigned of his own free will." Perhaps it is needless noticing such falsehoods as the above. The answer to them will be found on page 135 of the Afghanistan Blue-book just published. It is not improbable that the Amìr would have been deposed, and sent to India, even had he not resigned, as the proofs of his guilt became daily more and more cogent. It may easily be, also, that a consciousness of this may have influenced him, more or less, in the direction of abdication. But that, whatever the grounds of his action were, that action proceeded from himself alone is not to be doubted. His long course of trimming had come to a pitiful ending. His own efforts to bring our army to a stand by means of misrepresentation, cajolery, and fair promises, had failed as signally as the attempts, made with or without his orders, to cope with it in the field had done. At every point he was a beaten man. The 12th of October was fixed for the British army to make its formal entrance into the Bàlà Hisàr. "With the consent of the Amìr" (by that time a needless formula, surely, but showing how reluctant England was to take the silken glove of gentleness off the iron hand of her strength) a "military governor" of Kàbul was that day to be "appointed, to administer justice, and punish with a strong hand all evil-doers." The evening before, as appears from the Blue-book, General Roberts had invited his Highness to accompany him officially, at ten o'clock next day, in his progress towards the historical fortress of the Afghans. Instead of waiting till ten, however, his Highness presented himself early in the morning, accompanied by only two followers, and stating that he had intended abdicating some time previously, but had "allowed himself to be over-persuaded," declared that, rather than remain ruler of Afghanistan, he would prefer becoming a "grass-cutter in the English camp." Returning at ten o'clock, his Highness firmly adhered to his purpose of for ever leaving Afghanistan,—consenting, however, to be called Amìr until the pleasure of H.E. the Viceroy could be ascertained. Not to dwell on the view already hinted at—as to the sense of guilt and dread of punish-

ment that must have haunted the mind of the truly miserable Amìr —it was clearly an impossibility that, after the events of that 12th of October, he could ever have occupied the seat of Dost Muhammad and Sher Ali. Some time previously (*vide* page 108 of Blue-book), two of his most trusted Sardàrs, whom he had sent, as above noticed, to persuade General Roberts to hold his hand, had plainly stated that "already (23d September 1879) every one in Kàbul regarded the Amìr as an *infidel*, because of the way in which he and his have thrown in their lot with the British Government." At the date when those words were used by the minister, Hahìb Ulla Khàn—the Talleyrand and Machiavelli in one of modern Afghan politics—they certainly deserved to be received with the full measure of allowance requiring to be made for the utterances of Asiatic diplomacy in general. But much had happened between September 23d and October 12th, of a character fitted to give colour to what the Sardàr had said. A British column had advanced, over the bodies of Musalmàns slain in battle, right up to the gates of Kàbul. That very day England's standard was to be hoisted in the Bàlà Hisàr; and the contents of the proclamation about to be made, not being as yet fully known, absurd rumours were afloat as to the vengeance that was to be taken by the British Government before the evening sun should set.

The real origin of all those events, of course, was the way in which the Kàbul Government had suffered an embassy, protected by a solemn treaty, to be butchered. But the untutored mind of Afghanistan saw only this, that the Amìr, by making friends with the English, had brought upon the country a terrible train of evils. If gentleness and moderation on England's part would have kept his Highness steady in his seat, he might have sat in it at this day. His resignation just then added infinitely to the complications of the Kàbul situation from a British point of view, precipitating, in truth, something like a grave political crisis. Hence the extreme reluctance, evinced first of all by General Roberts in submitting, and afterwards by H.E. the Viceroy in accepting, his Highness's resignation. The thing was, however, inevitable; and the Amìr was probably the first to see it. In only one way could matters have been made smooth for him—that is, by England's consenting to be his dupe, even after the truth stood out as clear as the sun; and holding her soldiers in the background, as if they feared to do their own work, suffering a doubtful, and at best contemptible, ally to avenge for her the murder of her Envoy.

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BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.—PART VII.

XXI.—PREPARING FOR THE YERING MEETING—EMIN BEY—FITZGERALD'S SYDNEY ADVENTURE.

STONE'S stay at Mr Gray's station this time was productive of many results. In the first place, he arranged with his future father-in-law to stock the newly-discovered country as soon as possible. His own marriage was to take place in a couple of months' time, and he had promised Bessie a short trip down to Sydney afterwards, to which she looked forward with excited delight. Fitzgerald had also been much oftener at Betyammo since the explorer's return than for some time previously; and on returning to Ungahrun he frequently expatiated on the happiness of the little party at Mr Gray's to John, and sometimes he wondered, musingly, why it was that Phœbe refused all offers of marriage. He thought she was far more suitable for a wife than wild, merry Bessie. He evidently liked riding over to Betyammo very much more than formerly, whatever was the cause.

Stone's description of the country, and of its probable future value, had weighed so strongly with Fitzgerald, that, on his representations, his father had bought a run from one of the explorer's companions. This, while it adjoined the fine downs country belonging to Mr Gray and Stone, was, he thought, although of a poorer character, more suited as a cattle station, from its being timbered and better watered; and it was proposed that John should go up in charge of the cattle to stock it, as a managing partner. The money saved from the wreck which Cosgrove and M'Duff had made of his inheritance, together with his salary since he joined Fitzgerald, formed part of the investing money; and his kind friends gave him liberal terms, and plenty of time to pay off the rest. This was too good an offer to be neglected; and the belief that the station would soon double its value, with the rapidly increasing population of the colony, once more restored his fervent hopes of success in life.

All went merrily, therefore, after Stone's return. Sometimes some of the girls of the neighbourhood, of whom there were not many, would gather at Betyammo, around the bride-elect, excitedly interested in the coming event; and then it curiously happened that a number of gentlemen found that business of importance called them there also, and picnics, junketings of all kinds, and riding parties, were the inevitable consequences.

Great doings were looked forward to at the forthcoming races. The little township of Yering was the headquarters of a very well supported racing club, and the squatters and landowners round about had much pride in boasting that the liberal prizes offered at their meeting had the effect of attracting first-class cracks from Randwick and Homebush.* At the race-ball, which took place there, all the beauty of the district delighted to meet, and it was arranged that this should be Bessie's last public appearance before her marriage. The Ungahrun people had also much interest in the coming struggle.

Fitzgerald had long had a notion

* Noted race-courses in New South Wales.

that his black horse was possessed of a great turn of speed, and John had determined to test his merits thoroughly. With this view he had entered him for the Yering Cup, and another race or two to be contested for at the same time.

The meeting was fast approaching, and every morning at earliest dawn John might be seen with his enthusiastic assistant Tommy, as they gave the animal his morning gallop on a nice level bit of plain just outside the paddock.

"Emin Bey"—for so John had christened him, after one of his heroes, the bold Mameluke, who leaped his charger over the blood-stained walls of the Cairo citadel, to the dizzy plain below—was really a noble creature. His head showed, in the deep cheek, wide forehead and throat, full soft eye, long delicate ears, and general leanness, the unmistakable traces of his sire's Eastern origin. Long-bodied but short-backed, with round, well-sprung barrel and powerful hind-quarters, the veins standing out like network on his shiny satin-like skin, his appearance justified their faith in him. He was perhaps a trifle loose in the couplings, but that, at any rate, was no bar to his travelling qualities; and a glance at the muscular fore-arms, short clean cannon-bones, broad flat hocks, and long lathy, yet iron-sinewed pasterns, assured them that the freedom from work which he had hitherto enjoyed, had materially assisted in developing those powers on which rested their hopes.

Watch him as he stands there, trembling all over with excitement, every nerve quivering; the beautiful creature knows that in another instant he will be eating up the morning air as he tears his lightning path through it.

Tommy mounts lightly, for John has grown much too heavy. Off—away he flies! see how the supple back curves with every stride! He is like a huge greyhound. Here he comes! John times him as he arrives. If he does equally well on Yering course, it will take a good horse to beat him.

Ralf Cosgrove has also an interest in the Yering meeting this year of no common order. His demands upon Messrs Bond and Foreclose during the last two years had been so heavy, that his infuriated father had peremptorily forbidden them to advance one shilling more, and Ralf's affairs looked desperate. Surrounded on all sides by men who understood the art of plucking, in its nicest sense, he could not exist without money. Once that failed, his importance went with it—for Ralf, with all the will in the world, was not possessed of sufficient skill to turn hawk himself. He owed money everywhere. Creditors began to dun him, and at last, at the instigation of his evil genius Cane, he drew a cheque on the station agents, which he signed in imitation of M'Duff's crooked, twig-like characters. It was a capital imitation, and so easy,—the two young men roared at the perfect resemblance. Ralf found no difficulty in writing off one after another of them, and it answered well, for Messrs Bond and Foreclose paid them without scruple. Once more afloat, his usual recklessness returned, until the breakdown of the favourite on Randwick again upset his equilibrium.

He and Cane had some time previously purchased between them a well-known Sydney horse, whose performances, although a shade too slow to secure him first-class honours on the metropolitan turf, were nevertheless considerably better than those of any horse he might expect to contend against at an up-country meeting, and the animal had been bought chiefly with the

view of entering him for the coming Yering races.

Ralf was well acquainted with the capabilities of the various horses in the district; indeed there was only one to fear,—a horse belonging to the Bindarobina station, brought out and raced at the expense of the shareholders in that concern by its aristocratic superintendent.

Cosgrove's affairs were so desperate now that a desperate effort was required to set them straight. To meet the Randwick losses Ralf had been again necessitated to use M'Duff's name—this time to a set of bills which his creditors held in security—the first of them being due a short time after the Yering meeting. Accordingly they resolved to risk all upon the success of their horse.

He couldn't fail. They would take every precaution. The Yering people knew nothing of the thousand and one dodges of the great courses, and Cane and he had not served a long apprenticeship to the craft without profiting by it.

The affairs of the former worthy were quite as desperate as those of his patron. His brutal, domineering vulgarity had made him hated by those whose interests it had formerly been to cultivate his company. Insolent and overbearing, his own proper "crowd" detested him. During the last twelvemonths he had given himself greatly up to drink, which had by no means improved him; and although he had made a cat's-paw of his friend in the matter of forgery, he would not have hesitated in entering upon any desperate attempt to possess himself of funds.

It was at this stage of their history that they started up to Brisbane, and thence made their way to Yering township, with their confidential following of "jock" and stable-helps. Here they took up their residence for the time being, much courted and flattered by Mr Sub-Inspector Dowlan, who felt it quite an honour to walk about with such well-known turfites, and whose cordial sympathy and co-operation they had bought, by taking him, to a certain extent, into their counsels. To his disparaging shrugging of the shoulders and contemptuous nodding of the head they were obliged for much long odds laid against their horse by the confiding sheep and cattle men of the district, who all "knew Dowlan." He was a real good fellow, and would give them the straight tip. He managed, however, to back the Sydney crack quietly, right and left; and as the Bindarobina horse was the favourite of the district, he found not a few takers.

About a fortnight before the races came off, Fitzgerald was called to Sydney to confer on urgent business with his father. It was rather annoying to miss the fun which all looked forward to at Bessie's wedding, and he had also grown much interested in the success of his horse; but it could not be helped. The days spent in Sydney were to him a very weariness of the flesh. He had no sympathies in common with the office, and general pen-and-ink style of men who swarm in every city, and there were but few bushmen in town at this time of the year.

His father and mother occupied a beautiful residence at Pott's Point, looking out on the sea. A charming garden, laid out in terraces decorated with statues, fountains, and shady bowers, ran down to a snug little yacht anchorage, in which a trim, rakish-looking cutter, with an immense tapering mast, rode securely at anchor,—for Mr Fitzgerald, senior, although stiff and well up in years, still retained

that love of outdoor amusements which had ever characterised him.

From the marble-pillared verandah on one side a full view could be had of the harbour right up to the head; and it was a glorious sight, when blowing fresh, to watch the white horses rearing their watery crests as they charged madly into the very heart of the city. On the other side of the house a not less beautiful scene met the gaze. The broad expanse of "Wooloomooloo Bay" ran into the town in the shape of a crescent, of which Pott's Point and another beautiful promontory formed the horns, while still further over lay another yet more lovely little cove, surrounded by the enchanting Botanical Gardens and the pleasure-grounds, from amid which the castellated towers of Government House looked down upon Garden Island, the little island-tower of Fort Denison, and the men-of-war at anchor. On the opposite side of the harbour could be seen the north shore, dotted with handsome villas and gardens, Neutral Bay, and the dark-timbered eminences stretching away towards Middle Harbour. Hundreds of ships lay at anchor; steamers came and went; yachts glided, fairy-like, in and out of the most beautiful nooks, or tacked about with their freight of pleasure-seekers; and a multitude of smaller craft covered the water.

Any man might have enjoyed a stay in such a home, fitted with every comfort, and encircled by troops of friends, but Willie Fitzgerald's tastes did not lie that way. He would not have exchanged one hour of the free, healthy, bush-life for a month of Sydney's delights and dissipations. Obliged by business to stay a certain period in town, he found time hang very heavy on his hands. He wandered into his club and read the papers listlessly, and wandered out again. Sometimes he would stroll along George Street to the "Royal," in the hope of catching a stray bushman down on business like himself, but at this time of year the city was always bare of that lively class. He had, in desperation, commenced a flirtation with one of the fascinating damsels belonging to the bar of that much-frequented establishment, when a trivial event completely changed his thoughts, and gave a new impetus to his existence.

Calling late in the afternoon to pay a farewell visit at the house of a gentleman, with whom, in the course of his business, he had become acquainted, he was shown into a large and tastefully-furnished drawing-room. The chairs, ottomans, and sofas, &c., as well as the window-hangings, were in amber satin. The floor was of inlaid Zürich wood tiles, of particularly fine manufacture, and arranged in carefully chosen colours. Articles of *virtu* of all kinds, Parian marble statues, ormolu clocks, antique vases, ivory carvings, Chinese embroidery, old china, and a thousand and one expensive and useless articles of the Western and Eastern worlds, lay scattered about. An immense window, looking out upon the sheltered cove and the Botanical Gardens, occupied nearly all of one side of the room, the beautiful view being reproduced in huge mirrors, skilfully arranged with that design on the opposite side. Large plate-glass folding-doors led into a spacious and elegantly-fitted-up conservatory, on the third side, the pillared supporters of its roof being twined round with graceful and rare creepers. This tropical display of broad-leafed plants and glorious flowering creepers and shrubs was also made by an ingenious adjustment of mirrors to

multiply its beauties. A few choice landscapes, in oil and water colours, adorned here and there the harmoniously-papered walls, while the ceiling was toned and decorated to match the rest of the apartment.

As Fitzgerald entered, his eye fell upon the figure of a lady standing near the window, gazing upon the calm glassy sea and dark Norfolk pines of the gardens. The flood of evening sunset bathed her figure in light, and, reflected by the mirrored walls, caused the room to shine in a perfect blaze of warm golden light. So deep had been her preoccupation of mind that she did not hear the announcement of his name, and continued her meditations. As Fitzgerald approached he became aware that she was much younger than the lady he had called upon, although her back was as yet turned to him. The figure, though not exactly tall, carried with it an idea of height. The form was exceedingly graceful; and the attitude of pensive thought, as she leant slightly upon a marble pillar of the window, contrasted strongly, as did her dark, quiet dress, with the gorgeous richness of her surroundings.

A premonitory hem from Fitzgerald drew her attention towards him, and as she turned round her great beauty became apparent. The contour of the head was of a purely Grecian type. Large masses of brown hair were done up simply, and formed a great shining knot behind. Her eyes were full and large, and rather oblong, the soft brown pupils relieved by the China-like purity of the white. A delicate bewitching nose, and a pair of arch lips, which ceaselessly formed themselves into those enchanting curves, so common in childhood and so rare in after life, together with rows of little pearly teeth, and a rounded chin in which lurked a roguish dimple, ever and anon appearing to hide itself as quickly, completed an oval face of a loveliness never before observed by the squatter, who stood bewildered.

With perfect self-possession, but quietly, and with a modest, maiden-like grace, the young girl received the stranger, and explained that the lady to whom he was desirous of paying his respects was from home, but would shortly return; and Fitzgerald, more and more struck with the sweet, sad expression of the features, and the composed manner of his entertainer, took advantage of the opportunity to prolong his visit and improve his acquaintance. Her conversation had no less charm for him than her beauty. She spoke of England and its scenery as compared with that of Australia, until Fitzgerald thought it the most delightful place in the world. She praised the beauty of the scene before them, and it instantly acquired tenfold more loveliness than he had noticed in it before. She spoke of Tennyson, and Browning, and Longfellow, and poor Willie Fitzgerald felt himself on unknown ground, and mentally resolved to give up several hours each day to their study. An hour flew past. It was time to go, but he could not wrench himself away. The long dark lashes which fringed the expressive eyes rested on a cheek on which the rich colour, mantling through the dark yet transparent skin, came and went with every emotion. Willie Fitzgerald had discovered a new world in the calm dark depths hidden by those drooping lashes.

The lady not arriving, he was at last obliged, for very shame' sake, to rise and take his departure.

His mind dwelt upon the dark beauty of the young girl he had left. He could not rest. Who was

she? What was her name? Why was it that he only met her on the very last day of his stay in town? He had hated Sydney, and longed for his bush home. Now he would have given the world to stay.

What an ass he had been! Invited over and over again to visit the house he had just left, he had put off doing so until the last moment, and had thrown away chance after chance of seeing the being whom of all others he felt he loved most. He had only seen her for an hour. He would think of her no more. He sought out his old haunts, but could find no peace.

The sad, quiet face with the expressive eyes haunted him. He returned to the house that night, and several times was on the point of ringing the bell and making a second visit, but felt that they would think it strange in him doing so, and he wound up by walking up and down in front of her window. He had to leave next morning early, and did not even know her name. He started once more into town, and searched among the men at the club for one who could give him information on the subject nearest his heart, but without success for some time.

At last one who had overheard him making inquiries remarked, carelessly, "Oh, you mean that pretty, quiet-looking girl at Mrs Berkeley's? She is, I think, some relative of hers. She is a Miss Bouverie, and has only lately come to Sydney."

That was all he learned about one who had made a stronger impression on him than any one ever had done before; and when next morning he stood on the deck of the steamer gazing at Mrs Berkeley's fast receding mansion, he felt he had left his heart behind him.

XXII.—BUSH HOSPITALITY—THE MAN-TRAP—A DANCE IN A WOOL-SHED—THE RACE-BALL.

While at Yering township, Ralf thought proper to take a run over to Cambaranga, to see old M'Duff, and discover if possible whether or not any intimation of the free use which had been made of his name had as yet reached him.

He found the old superintendent raging. His Sydney letters had that day brought him the intelligence; and so much put out was he about the circumstance, that had it not been for the expected visit of a gold-fields' butcher, who was desirous of buying a large number of fat wethers, he would have started down to town at once.

Ralf's heart quaked when he saw the fearful rage and determined anger of the man who had law on his side. He did not dare to think of what might happen should his plans fail, and his bills be presented and left unpaid. He rejoiced that no suspicion of his guilt had crossed old M'Duff's mind, and he hastened back to Yering, more resolved than ever to effect a success, whatever the cost might be.

About a week before the eventful day, John had sent Emin Bey, under the careful charge of Tommy, to a station within a couple of miles of Yering. It was owned by a jolly, bluff, hearty squatter, with a great taste for field-sports of all kinds. His motherly wife, and a large family of sons and daughters, contributed to keep up the reputation which the hospitable establishment had earned for itself, even in this land of unlimited hospitality, and an invitation had been sent to the Betyammo people, together

with those at Ungahrun and Mosquito Creek, begging them to make "Oorgootoolah" their home during the race week.

The Betyammo station seemed the acknowledged rendezvous of all living in that part of the district; and three days before the festival commenced, a large party, who had mustered there, and who, to tell the truth, had been holding a small carnival of kangaroo-hunting, impromptu racing, dancing, croquet, and picnics (the excuse, of course, being Bessie's approaching wedding), set out on horseback for Oorgootoolah. Mr Gray and his wife, indeed, travelled in the buggy, but the younger members of the joyous band preferred the more exciting mode. Much laughing and amusement whiled the time away. The gentlemen rode their finest steeds, and many a one felt a gush of everlasting gratitude, as the hot or wicked-tempered creature under him gave him an opportunity of displaying before the bright though rather critical eyes of the admiring ladies, the art he especially plumed himself on.

A merry laughing throng, they arrived in a body at Oorgootoolah, where the hearty old squatter, with his stalwart sons and bouncing, fresh, happy-faced daughters, received them heartily.

The house was not a large one, and under ordinary circumstances the family were quite sufficient to fill it; but, "God bless me!" cries the large-hearted squatter, "it's made of elastic. There's room for any amount more." Mr and Mrs Gray are accommodated with a chamber, the daughters run off laughing and whispering with Phœbe, Bessie, and the other girls, to some mysterious quarters in the friendly old house; and the men, after turning their horses into the paddock, carry their saddles and valises into a large store prepared for their reception. There is room here for fifty, rolled up on the floor; and should that fail them, there are no end of other places; or the Bush, as a fall back, where, indeed, some of them prefer camping as it is.

John found his horse thriving well under Tommy, who is so careful of him that he will not leave him day or night.

"You see, sir," he explains, "there are no end of loafing vagabonds about that 'ere Yering; who knows but what some of 'em might take it into their heads to get at him?"

"Not much fear of that, Tommy," said John. "Go into the town, my lad, and look about you: the horse is a dark one; no one but ourselves knows anything of what he can do." But Tommy preferred staying with his idol.

"No, no; he wouldn't give any one the chance."

John took a ride in during the course of the day, and found the little place in great excitement. Men from all parts of the district were congregated together, spending money recklessly, and the usual scenes were occurring. He had hardly got off his horse at the door of the hotel, when Dowlan came up to him, in an unusually friendly manner, and offering his hand, winked knowingly. "I say, West" (whispers this in John's ear), "I can put you up to the right thing this time,—give you the straight tip, old man."

John, who detested Dowlan, coolly walked past him. He had learnt to despise the man's venality during the period of his sheep disasters. At that time Dowlan, who, with the district in common, had learnt the story, and who had formerly been a trusted ally of simple-hearted John, had mortally wound-

ed him by cutting him sedulously in public. It was beneath the dignity of the sub-inspector to know a man who "had had losses." He had crawled his way up in "the foorce" to his present distinguished position from obscurity; he could not tarnish its brightness by any act of disinterestedness. Since John had been taken in hand by Fitzgerald, he had steadily endeavoured to propitiate his goodwill, but ineffectually; and Fitzgerald himself, although not so bitter as our hero, had the lowest opinion of him as a cad.

Pocketing the affront, Dowlan once more approached and obtruded himself upon John, who was standing talking to the two Mosquito Creek squatters, offering to introduce him to Ralf and Cane. "Very intimate friends of mine," he added.

John shook his head. "Don't want to know them, thank you," he said, walking away. It was useless. Dowlan turned his attention to others. His voice, with its rich accent, could be heard among the rest, praising loudly the style and action of the Bindarobina horse, as well as those of the district generally.

Much drinking was going on in the bar parlours, and more in the bars. The little township was afflicted with no less than five large public-houses, two of them devoted to the entertainment of the better classes; the others being patronised by the inferior grades.

Having some business at the far end of the long, straggling street—the only one the place could boast of—he had occasiou to pass one of these, the Bushman's Arms, when he heard his name shouted out two or three times in a half-drunken tone, and looking up, he saw his old friend Graham, the Cambaranga overseer, standing on the verandah, which was raised on piles some distance above the ground, swaying unsteadily with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. Two or three dirty-looking fellows were in his company, and the bar looked pretty full of men, more or less under the influence of drink.

Old Graham had long before confided to John his history. It was a common one in Australia. Married to a respectable woman, by whom he had several children, some of them by this time nearly grown up, he was compelled to leave a good situation in the vicinity of a large town, owing to the cursed habit of drinking which he had acquired. A loving husband and a kind father when sober, he became a madman when drunk. Once "on the burst," as he phrased it, money, horses, cows, furniture, even his wife's wearing apparel, went to feed the insatiable and cruel demon who possessed him; and his poor wife, after hard struggling, and battling bravely with her shame and misery, had, for her children's sake, to insist upon his departure.

Being a first-class sheep-overseer, and when away from liquor a highly trustworthy man, he easily got a situation on a station, where, having no opportunities of gratifying his propensity, he was soon able to remit some money to those whom he dearly loved, yet whose blight the cursed habit had made him. He had essayed several times to pay a visit to his loved ones since his banishment, but in vain. The first public-house he came to proved a man-trap which never failed to ensnare the unhappy man, who spent a wild delirious week of excitement, to awaken to a weakened frame and an agonised paroxysm of remorse, compared with which his other sufferings were as nothing. Moneyless and on foot, with trembling limbs and nerves, gazing fear-

fully around him at the dreadful forms stealthily tracking him up, or the gibbering faces, mowing and grinning behind every bush and seated on every tree, he would creep back, abased, wrecked, and shorn of his self-esteem, to commence afresh in desperation, develop afresh into good resolutions, strengthen afresh into firm determination, and succumb at last to the devilish wiles of the soul and body destroyers, who neglected no device to lure him into their nets.

Many were the plans formed by poor old Graham to elude his tempters and succeed in reaching a town. Having, after steady laborious work, once more amassed a good round sum, he would again plan his hitherto unaccomplished home journey. He would travel through the Bush. He would not go along the road. He would not even suffer his eyes to rest on the building containing the liquor which exercised its fearful influence so terribly. Night and day, as the hour of his departure drew nearer, he would scheme and plot. He yearned for home. He purchased his presents for the dear ones over and over again in thought. He even contemplated remaining with them altogether—for, indeed, if he could resist these public-houses on his way down, might he not fairly claim to be reformed? And yet, when the day of settlement came, he would indignantly reject the offer of a cheque payable only in Sydney, where his family lived. That was an insult to him. He could surely take care of the money himself. He wanted to buy some things on the road. Already he felt excited as he prepared for his start. Already his stomach began to burn and gnaw. Already the evil spirit dwelling in that swept and garnished habitation has roused up his seven sleeping brethren, more cunning and devilishly malicious than himself, and who, rushing to their respective posts, stir the senses with insidious suggestions and imaginings. And the great fiend, their master, seizing the opportunity, would (inciting his willing slave by the equally accursed love of money) cause him to employ one of the many devices of which, alas! the poor victim was not even ignorant, so barefaced were they to upset the firmly formed resolutions, and drag him once more, capering in senile folly, to the mouth of the yawning pit.

Managing to keep himself well informed as to the state of his client's finances, the publican would time it exactly that business required his presence in the vicinity. A few pleasant stories, and a drink or two out of the fatal bottle, invariably carried, proved sufficient—the bird was snared; the taste was in his mouth; he was booked. Or he would profess an anxiety to see him, in order that he might settle an account which left some trifling balance to the lost one's credit; or he would give a long price for a horse; or it was some miserable shallow pretext, through the flimsiness of which the unfortunate man could plainly detect the hellish dangers below, and yet which proved strong enough to cage his soul in iron bands.

Thus it ever happened to the poor old man. This time he had exercised a rigorous self-restraint. John had much compassion for him, and supported him to the utmost during his stay at Cambaranga; and old Graham even now, although no longer much in his company, looked upon him as a helper and adviser.

He had been his confidant in this last great effort. For two years the old man had carefully saved. Not a drop of the poison had during that period gone over his lips, and

John actually believed that age had weakened the disease.

He was aware that the old overseer intended making a visit to his family, and he earnestly begged him to allow him to forward his savings, which amounted to nearly two hundred pounds (for Graham was enabled, by shrewd bargaining in horse-flesh, and strict economy, to amass yearly a large sum), to Sydney through the bank,—but no. The old fellow was obstinate on that point; he would put the money himself into his wife's hands, and telling her how he had borne it with him through the manifold temptations of the journey, he would beg her forgiveness with humility.

Accordingly he started, and the reader may imagine the pang it cost our hero when his eye fell on the reeling form of the old man, hiccupping out gleefully in his drunken idiocy, over and over the same two lines of a senseless ballad, his grey beard and shirt-front alike stained and wet with the deleterious compound spilt by his trembling hands.

John jumped on the verandah. Perhaps he thought he might find some one among the crowd who would take the old fellow away. He was well known and very popular in the district, and was instantly assailed by a dozen different individuals, all clamorous to have a drink along with him.

"What are you going to drink, Mr West?"

"Come along, Mr West," another shouted; "I'm a-goin' to shout; what's yours?"

A third inebriated, long-legged, stockman-looking fellow, in boots and breeches, his cabbage-tree hat hanging far back on his head, lurched up, and with maudlin fun in his watery eyes, asked—

"Izay, yunkplo', avyou washyoneck jishmorn?"

John, who had much tact and good-humour when managing men under all circumstances, and never stood on his dignity foolishly, returned laughingly, feeling the part in question—

"I believe I have. Does it look particularly dirty?"

"Not s'hout'shide, yunkplo'; 'shin'shide, I mean. Comenave a b-b-b-ball."

Our hero was not a teetotaller, although a disapprover of the vice of drinking, and the men knew it. He was aware that most of them take a refusal as a direct personal insult; and accordingly, on the principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do, he agreed. "Drinks all round" are ordered for those in the room.

At the well-known sound, the two or three drunken, dirty brutes surrounding old Graham came staggering in.

One of them shouting, "Belly up, boys! I'm in for this good thing," made his way to the bar to be served along with the rest, when the shouter, who was an excellent manly fellow, although unhappily given to drink, and who despised all such loafers, roared out—

"Clearout 'shish yo —— sneaking, loafing deadheads! Cantyoget'nuff oushat poo ole —— oushi?" Then turning to the barman he said, warningly, "Doncgo sherv nono shem spungin shentemin wimymoney, I shust warnyo."

The drink was scarcely down his throat when another rather bumptious and over-familiar style of man staggered up, pretending to be more drunk than he really was. "Issay, young 'un," he said (laying his dirty paws upon John), "will y'ave drink along o' me?"

John refused repeatedly. He didn't like the man or his impudent manner, and turned his back on him.

"You ——, you're too —— proud to drink with a poor man," shouted the enraged ruffian.

John, who was watching a drunken horseman forcing his steed up the steps on to the wooden verandah, on which the hoofs sounded like thunder, took no notice; but one of the crowd, turning roughly on the coarse blackguard, threatened to stuff his fist down his throat, and managed to quieten him, upon which he came up begging John's pardon, and entreating him once more to have a drink, which John once more refused.

All classes of labouring men crowded the building, singing and talking.

A small party of Cambaranga shepherds near John were discussing the merits of their dogs, and one of them had almost succeeded in silencing the rest, when an old grey-headed "superintendent of grass-cutters," an "old hand," broke in—

"Look hyar, matey. I don't call that ere dog o' yourn anything out o' the common, you know. Now I had a dog as was a dog. I had to take a small lot o' sheep once from Jeeburrina on the Darling, about three hundred miles away to another station, all by myself, you know, and I had the dog with me. Well, when I got within a hundred miles o' home, I goes on ahead, and by-and-by the dog brings home the monkeys. Well, mates, I counts 'em. There was two short. 'Spanker,' says I, 'where is the odd two, old man?' He looks at me and wags his blessed old tail, and away he slithers. In a day or two he comes back with a couple of sheepskins. *The beggar had killed them on the road for rations, and brought the skins to show it was all regular fair and square.*"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd. "Good for you, Yorkey."

"Have another drink, boys," says the chuckling old hand.

Old Graham had meantime staggered into the room, and was vainly essaying to string a few words together consecutively, but the paralysed brain and swollen tongue refused their duty. He was quite aware of John's identity; but beyond that his reason refused to carry him.

Observing among the crowd one whom he knew to be a sober man, comparatively speaking, John drew him on one side, and asked if he could manage to get the overseer away, promising to reward him liberally.

"It's a difficult job," said the man. "He has been carrying on awful for the last ten days. I was doing a job of bush-work here, and I see'd him when he first come'd up. He wouldn't touch nothing; and the publican, he comes up and wishes him good-day, and talks so —— politeful to him, and asks if he mightn't have the pleasure of a drink in his company. And the old un, I could see, was burning inside; but he sez 'No! I'm agoin' home to my wife and kids this time,—first time for nigh on twelve years.'

"'Well,' sez the publican, 'here's success to the journey, and the missis, and the young ones;—you won't refuse that? I'll bring it out to you,—you needn't get off your horse,' he sez. And then he watched the poor old —— drain it up to the last drop, and kept him yarning until it commenced a-workin' on him, and by-and-by the old fool gets off, and hitches up his horse, and goes inside.

"Well, afore night, old Graham was as drunk as ever he was in his life; and I see'd him pulling out a handful of cheques, and heerd him a-sayin to the publican, as he handed them across the bar, 'Take care o'

my money for me.' How much it was, I dunno; but it looked a good bit, and since then he hasn't been sober for an hour together. He have been a-shoutin' shampain all round for days. He'll kill hisself this time, I do believe," continued the man. "He had a bad fit of the devils last night." John hereupon arranged that the speaker should endeavour to coax Graham away, and look after him, promising him a five-pound note should he succeed in getting him sober, and wages during the time spent in recovering him,—and with a heavy heart he left the den of death.

On finishing his business, and returning up the street, he fell in with the Barham Downs Super, walking, as usual, with his inseparable companion, the gentleman in charge of Bindarobina, and Dowlan. They were about visiting the Bindarobina horse, Sir Eustace; and on their invitation John proceeded with them to the stables.

Sir Eustace was in a large loose-box; and as his master undid the surcingle, and stripped the clothing off his beautiful form, he uttered a low whine of greeting, rubbing, at the same time, his soft velvet muzzle gently on the familiar shoulder. A more beautiful horse never carried jock to victory; and as the bystanders gazed at him, the conviction was impressed upon them that he "looked a winner all over." He was of a bright bay colour, with a small spot of white on his forehead; standing a trifle lower in front than behind, with a grand shoulder and glorious propelling-power. His lean head bore gameness unmistakably stamped upon it.

"He's a knowing old rascal," said his doting master. "He knows quite well that he is going to race soon, and he loves it. We never require to muzzle him before the race day. He is quite aware when the struggle is to come off, from having his racing-plates put on, getting his mane plaited, and doing no work the previous day; and he wouldn't touch a bite for anything. What a surpriser these Sydney fellows will get! They think nothing can touch their horse. I am going to send this fellow down to Randwick next spring."

John had no idea that the horse was really so good. He had heard much talk about him, but had set a great deal down to "blowing."

"How will your horse shape alongside, West?" asked the Bindarobina man.

"Well," returned the latter, "I certainly did not expect him to have to travel in such company, I confess; but although untried, he is, I think, a good horse, and a fast one too."

"Now I'll put you three up to something," said Sir Eustace's owner, confidentially. "We're all old friends; and you, Dowlan, I know, are backing the old horse. The fact is," he continued, looking around and lowering his voice, "this fellow has been doing the same distance every morning as that Sydney horse in a couple of seconds less time, with half a stone to spare on his back—for one of my men has a chum in their stable, and I can depend on what he says."

"By Jove!" ejaculated John, "it's lucky I'm not a betting man."

Dowlan shuddered inwardly as he thought how differently his book looked now. He felt that he had been too cunning, and had overreached himself with a vengeance. Excusing himself on the plea of duty, he hurried off to find Ralf and Cane, in order to communicate to them what he had heard.

"Don't bother yourself," said the latter worthy; "I can put that all square."

"How do you mean?" asked the sub-inspector, anxiously.

"Did you never hear of a horse going wrong?"

"Oh yes—but——"

"But I suppose you would rather lose your money than not," sneered the other.

"I don't see what is to be done."

"I'll tell you what you can do. It's customary, is it not, to station one of your men on duty at the stables the night before the races?"

"It is."

"Well, haven't you got some duffer or drunken devil you can put there to-morrow night, and leave the rest to me?"

Dowlan hesitated. He was not afraid of doing so, but he feared the consequences. Supposing anything went wrong, and his share was discovered; but then, supposing he lost his bets. It was now too late to hedge.

"Well," he answered, "mind, I know nothing; but I'll manage that for you."

So they parted. John returned to his quarters at the hospitable station, where fun and jollity were the order of the day and night. The floor of the wool-shed had been swept clean, and the walls hung with rugs and blankets of various gay colours. Numbers of lamps occupied every available position. These were improvised for the occasion, and really looked elegant. A wide-mouthed French prune-jar of clear glass, half full of bright water, formed the stand; down the mouth of this was inserted the neck of an inverted clear glass whisky-bottle, which had been cut through the middle, and a wire fixed in the cork, which still remained in the whisky-bottle, served to sustain a wick. The inverted half of the whisky-bottle was partly filled with water and partly with strained liquid fat, which of course floated on the water and encompassed the wick. Here the whole party assembled after dinner and danced to the music of an accordion, flute, and violin, the players being members of the orchestra band, hired by the race-ball committee to perform at the great gathering next evening.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, especially for the ladies, who, being much fewer in number than the gentlemen, were consequently in great request. Even the young damsels of eleven and twelve years were eagerly sought after as partners, and picked and chose among their suitors with a discriminating dignity worthy of London *belles*. Old and young, not even excepting Mrs Gray, and their kind though immensely stout hostess, — none of them missed a dance; until the orchestra, fairly overcome with the joint fatigues of eating, drinking, and performing, declared that they must reserve their energies for the following evening.

The next day was spent in a somewhat similar manner to the former one by the men. The ladies, however, had much mysterious confabulation together about dresses, &c. Little knots of them were clustered here and there, discussing matters, or busily at work, until lunch-time; after which, some on horseback and others in buggies, they made their way into the township, where they settled themselves according to invitation, at various friends' houses, or at hotels, to prepare for the ball.

This being the only event of the kind held in the district, and its occurrence being only once a-year, it naturally caused great excitement. For months in advance it was anticipated, and dresses were discussed and prepared by the fair

devotees of Terpsichore; and for months afterwards it served them as a theme of conversation. All the ladies of the neighbourhood attended it, as well as those of the town. It was unfortunately quite impossible to keep the assembly as select as the more aristocratic of the female portion of the community would have wished, on account of their small number as compared with that of the gentlemen; and the success of the affair depending upon the largeness of the attendance, it was arranged that, as usual, one portion of the hall of the court-house in which it was held should be reserved for the "nobs," and the other part for the public generally. Still a line had to be drawn. Discrimination had to be shown somewhere. A number of Chinamen who had induced white women to participate in their joys and sorrows, had settled in the little town, and the committee were sternly severe in refusing to issue cards to the mottled population.

The much-longed-for hour arrived at last. The ladies were dressed with considerable taste, but much diversity existed in the gentlemen's toilets. Some, indeed, appeared in rigorous black; there was also a uniform or two, the resplendent owners of which never failed to secure partners; but others there were who, not having visited town for some years, had long forsworn the ceremonial evening attire, and, unwilling to miss the fun, came in white. All, however, enjoyed themselves greatly. The bar-girls, bullock-drivers' wives, and servants, kept themselves at the lower end of the room, where perhaps the dancing was of a more vigorous and less ceremonious character than that which characterised the other part, still the utmost decorum prevailed; and although some irritation was excited among the more select, owing to the desertion of two or three gentlemen who, after supper, sought relief from the conventionalities of high life among the less fastidious classes, yet everything, on the whole, went off with much success, and the Yering race-ball and its incidents was the subject of many a fair head's thoughts as it sought its pillow for long afterwards.

John left earlier than the rest to attend to his horse. He had not much hope of securing the Yering Cup since his visit to Sir Eustace, but he nevertheless looked forward to a fair chance for the Maiden Plate.

XXIII.—THE RACE—OLD GRAHAM'S FATE.

He was astir early, and after effecting his arrangements, rode into town, followed by Tommy, leading Emin Bey in clothing.

Yering wore its gayest dress. Every one seemed on the spree; and from an early hour saddled horses in groups were hitched up to every door, or stood in stockyards awaiting their riders.

John went straight through to the race-course, which lay about two miles out of town on the other side, and soon the Bey was accommodated with a stall in the shed which ran around the saddling-paddock, among a crowd of others, closely attended by Tommy.

Rumours were flying about that the Bindarobina horse had broken down, but as yet nobody could tell anything with certainty.

Horses in clothing were being led up and down, or ridden gently

by young lads, who strove hard to assume a knowing turfy look. A few of the most enthusiastic sporting men were here and there discussing the qualities of the various competitors, or scrutinising their appearance, or endeavouring to pick up the latest intelligence about them.

Presently the grand stand began to fill, and rumour resolves itself into certainty. Sir Eustace is unfit to run. Gone in one of his feet. Nobody knows exactly what it is. Supposed to have had a sudden strain, or given himself a knock. What a pity, thinks John, that such a noble creature should be crippled! however, it gives him a better chance, and he may yet win the Cup himself.

By-and-by the inhabitants of Yering stream out in a long line, —mostly on horseback, some in buggies, and a few on foot. Who would have believed that there were so many in the little place? Even the blacks are dressed out, for the nonce, in battered old hats and tattered old garments, and hasten to join in the "white-fellows" holiday.

Mr Gray's party have arrived in a buggy, and Bessie is wild with excitement. Phœbe also feels enthusiasm welling up within her; and although, for reasons best known to herself, she does not, like Bessie, wear Fitzgerald's colours—magenta and buff—she is quite as anxious about the Bey's success. Stone is now down in the saddling-paddock talking with John, or some other of his friends; now at Bessie's side giving her information, and taking a manly pride in proclaiming to the assembled multitude the tender relationship about to exist between them.

Dowlan, who is extremely vain, takes advantage of his duty as policeman to display himself to the public, and moves about on a capering horse, smirking to the rich, and growling at the poor. The Clerk of Petty Sessions officiates as Clerk of the Course. He is not much of a sportsman, and he can barely hold on to his quiet cob; but he loves to attire himself once a-year in his red coat, velvet cap, boots, and breeches. This is his gala-day; he has no other opportunity of displaying his glories: during the rest of the year he has to content himself with occasionally donning the scarlet in his own room at night, when Yering is steeped in slumber. As he jogs past, with his toes turned out, and his elbows looking like the handles of a pitcher, his "military" seat is the theme of much jocular comment.

The upright old police magistrate, a very distinguished retired officer, is judge. The stewards bustle about with much importance.

Many of the swell-mob have found their road to this out-of-the-way meeting; and some members of the ring make themselves conspicuous, as, surrounded by a circle of constituents, note-book and pencil in hand, they shout the odds,—Two to one bar one! Two to one bar one! Take the field bar one! —and so on, in their rapid jargon. Nor have the book-makers alone journeyed up to the carcass. Other birds of prey, in the shape of roulette-table owners, thimble-riggers, card-swindlers, and the host of other thieves who ply their calling on the various courses, are busily at work. A few of the fair sex, attended by their cavaliers, have a spurt round the course; a drunken bushman gets a spill off his horse before the crowd, near the grand

stand, and is carried away with a broken collar-bone.

The Yering lawyer, who is by no means a popular individual, drives up the course in his new buggy. He leaves the horses standing in front of the grand stand, while he renews an old-standing acquaintance with "Mr Jas. Hennessey's battle-axe;" but the horses, frightened by the unaccustomed noise, move off. Now they trot. The lawyer rushes out bareheaded, with his tumbler in his hand, shouting to the people to stop them, but no one puts out a hand. Now they canter, with the reins trailing. In vain he runs holloaing; they break into a gallop, which grows into desperate speed. They come to a hurdle. The crowd cheer, and roar out "Over." They take the sticks together in gallant style; but the buggy, smashed to atoms, remains on the other side, and away they go with the pole between them. Hurray! it's only the lawyer's trap. Now a bell rings, and the jocks, with their saddles, &c., over their arms, get weighed; the horses are saddled, and the boys mounted. Once more the bell rings. Now they are led out. Look, there goes one! How the green-and-gold silk jacket shivers as the horse rushes past in his preparatory canter! Here's another. "Oh, what a darling of a horse!" cries Bessie, as a beautiful chestnut filly tears past, ridden by a tiny-looking child in pink and silver. Now some more go to the post. Now they are marshalled. The starter lowers his flag. Off! Away they fly,—there they speed all together. At last they round the corner and come up the straight. The tiny boy, sitting well down, his hands low, occasionally glances warily over his shoulder at his nearest rival, whose horse's head, extended to its utmost, cannot draw up farther than the handsome chestnut's girth. Hark! how the hoofs thunder for a moment as they fly past!

Hurrah! Cheers. A general relief; and as the chestnut with her rider is led a winner past the grand stand, Bessie feels inclined to run down and kiss the child.

"You're better where you are," gravely returns Stone. "He's a perfect young imp."

Now the excitement increases. The Maiden Plate is to be run for. Tommy's youngest brother, Dick, a knowing, cool little fellow, is to steer the Bey to victory if possible; and many an injunction he receives from his big brother, which he faithfully promises to observe.

The weighing is over; the little mite of a saddle is girthed on, its white web bands showing distinctly against the glossy black satin skin. Now the boy is lifted on, and John leads his horse down the course a little, watched by more than one pair of bright eyes, who take an interest in the creature for his master's sake. There he rushes past. "That's the Ungahrun horse—that's Emin Bey," is heard on all sides; and clannish Ungahrun stockmen offer to back him for all they are worth.

Ralf and Cane are also there. They do not intend to race their horse until the morrow, and are engaged at present with their books. Presently Ralf catches sight of Tommy, whom he recognises as a servant of Fitzgerald's, and a memory comes across him. He surely knows that black horse also. He remembers him when a colt, and gets deeply interested. A sinking, foreboding feeling of evil steals over him. He has laid heavily against Emin Bey, chiefly from a feeling of dislike to Fitzgerald.

Listen! The race is an exciting one. "Emin Bey!" "Tropic!" "Antoinette!" "Emin Bey!" "Tropic!" "Emin Bey!" "Emin Bey!" "Emin B-e-e-e-y!" Here they come! The Ungahrun horse has freed himself from his antagonists, and wins in a canter, hard held.

Much acclamation is heard on all sides, and the Ungahrun men are jubilant over the victory of the station horse. Tommy busies himself in rubbing the Bey down, and leads him off home. The Betyammo party are in high spirits, and John is congratulated many times. A few more races are run, and all return to town. The road is a long string of galloping horses—all the Yering fair sex, like most of their sisters in Australia, caring nothing for any other pace. The buggies drive swiftly home, each escorted by two or three sportsmen.

John had observed Sir Eustace's owner and the Barham Downs Super on the course, but he had then no leisure to inquire about the horse's accident. As he now rides up to the stable there is a small crowd round it. The groom is declaiming violently against some person or persons unknown: he is of opinion that his horse has been wilfully hurt, and various opinions are expressed. No one knows exactly what is wrong. It is a hurt in the foot. The noble creature lifts his foot for each one to examine it. He is shorn of his glory. How changed he looks with his piteous expression and his foot held up, shrinking from the smallest touch, from the form which he showed the day before—gallant, bold, and reckless!

"Something seems to have penetrated the foot in a downward direction from the coronet," says John; but he cannot detect an orifice or a drop of blood, yet the hoof is extremely sensitive. It is quite clear that he cannot race tomorrow; if so, and the Sydney horse wins, more money will change hands than has done so on Yering course for many a year.

John rides back to more merry-making; round games are being played, in the soft bright moonlight, on the thick sward. An impromptu dance is got up by some insatiable spirits who are not knocked up with previous exertions, but the turf is scarcely springy enough, and vocal music is tried instead.

John awoke next morning in a state of much anxious excitement. He found that the hopes of his district rested upon the Bey as a last resource, for so firm a favourite was Sir Eustace, that Ralf and Cosgrove got any odds they chose against their horse. Tommy, on the contrary, was perfectly calm. He was quite aware what was to be done, and he felt convinced that the Bey had the right stuff in him. He was indeed so great a believer in the animal, that he would willingly have become a martyr at the stake for the sincerity of his opinion.

The day wore on; the first few races had been run, and now the grand event of the meeting is going to come off—but under very different circumstances to what was expected. It is now almost a foregone conclusion, and ruefully does many a one think of the emptiness which will fill his pocket presently. Besides which, they hate being cleaned out by these Sydney turfites, with their bumptious self-assertion. The Bindarobina man and his friend assist John and Tommy as far as they are able; and if good wishes could make his horse win, theirs

would soon enable him to distance all competitors.

The Sydney crack, Errol, a fine golden-brown horse, the picture of a racer, is being attended to by a party of horsey cads, who pique themselves on their knowledge of town racing, as compared with this Bush affair.

The bell rings—the jocks are weighed; and as it rings again, they make their way to the post. Dick, who has unlimited faith in himself and his horse, sets his face like cast-iron,—he is resolute to uphold the credit of the district. Several other horses are to start also, but none of them have a chance. Errol is a steady, quiet-tempered horse, too honest for the crew who own him. He is ready to start at the word; but Cane knows that Emin Bey's temper is an irritable, nervous one, and his jockey has received instructions to make a false start or two if he can. The Bey is unaccustomed to being checked in this way, and rears the first time in a manner perfectly appalling to behold, while Tommy grinds his teeth and swears inwardly.

The Betyammo party are once more in the grand stand, and the enthusiasm has increased to the highest pitch. Old Mr Gray would sooner than a hundred pounds that the Sydney horse should be beaten. Bessie is breathless, and Phœbe says nothing; but her face is white. The Sydney men make sneering remarks as they stand in a little group, feeling secure of victory.

Off! Away they go at last, on the wings of the wind, with the noise of the whirlwind! They are past. Dead silence reigns.

It is not reality. We are looking at one of the great paintings of the turf. The same scene,—the horses stretched to their utmost, the many-coloured jockeys standing up in their stirrups, their backs bent, their heads low. It seems an age until they turn the far corner. Two are now racing side by side,—the rest are away behind, yet still holding on at their best speed. Now a murmur is heard, and it increases into excited shouts as each second varies the fortunes of the race. The horses are so close together, no one can tell which has the advantage. Roars of encouragement from the backers of both greet the riders. Errol's jock calls upon his horse as he passes the grand stand, and making a determined spurt, the generous steed succeeds in getting a head's length in front of Emin Bey, but only for an instant.

Dick feels what his horse is capable of, and, pulling him together, wakens him up for a final effort, and lands him a victor by a short neck, amid deafening applause from the excited crowd, who toss their hats and helmets into the air and kick them about, shake hands with each other, and cheer as if each one had attained the wish his heart most desired.

Dick receives a perfect ovation as he is led back bareheaded to the scales; and Bessie finds, to her astonishment, in the midst of her smiles, that her face is quite wet; while Phœbe, so pale a minute before, is now as red as any rose. Not less delighted and excited is John, who has his hand nearly wrung off by numerous enthusiastic individuals, who at this moment are ready to devote their lives and fortunes towards sustaining the honour of the district. Tommy takes things more coolly,—he asks a question or two of Dick, and leads the Bey off to be thoroughly strapped and clothed; but to-night in the stables he will throw his arms round his beauty's

neck, and whisper loving words to him, as he makes up his bed with rather more than usual care, in grateful memory of his achievements. Cane is furious.

The race has been so fairly run that there is no chance of protesting against the decision of the judge; and, cursing his horse and its rider, his ill luck, and himself and companion, he seeks consolation in the bottle, assisted by Ralf, who is reduced to despair. He is overwhelmed with the amount of calamity which he feels impending, and the bitterness of defeat has to him an additional poignancy when he thinks of the impending exposure of his frauds in Sydney.

Dowlan as usual has joined the winning side. He has no fear that his share in Sir Eustace's business will come to light, but he has been mixed up in other underhand manœuvres, and he has to crawl through slime, and lie and fawn into the good graces of those to whom his greed and foiled schemes have made him a debtor. He must endeavour to work through somehow, and already he has told a number of stories discreditable to his former associates, placing himself in the light of a victim.

The Barham Downs and Bindarobina men are almost better pleased than if the race had turned out as they had anticipated. Emin Bey's victory has saved them each more money than they could well afford to lose, and as John rides into Yering, they join Mr Gray and Stone and the old honest Oorgootoolah squatter in cheering him loudly. But alas! his pleasure is not unalloyed, for he is informed by the man who has undertaken to look after old Graham, that his charge has been missing since the morning previous.

The old overseer had been seized with a dreadful attack of *delirium tremens* on the evening when John had seen him, and was with much difficulty kept in the house during the night. Towards morning he had grown quieter, and his guardian had left the house in which he was for a short time, to find on his return that the old man was gone. Whither? No one knew. He had searched during the day himself, and having got bushed in the intricacies of a scrub into which the tracks of the missing man had led him, he was unable to report the occurrence sooner.

The police magistrate at once despatched a couple of white constables, with a black tracker, to trace the footsteps from the place where they had last been seen.

John rode home with a depressed mind. As he passed the public-house which had proved "the lion in the old man's path," he saw the publican, a bloated, greasy-faced man, with a villanous, low forehead, and a prize-fighting look, walking up and down the verandah in a "boiled shirt" (old Graham had worn flannel since he left his married home), snowy-white trousers, and carpet slippers, his waist girded with a scarlet sash, narrating with coarse glee to a fellow-poisoner how he had "copped the old —— on the hop," and "lambed him down to rights."

The bar was still thronged, and the effects of the mixture of spirits of wine, blue stone, and tobacco-juice, were to be seen on a miserable wretch who lay stretched in the courtyard, among a heap of broken bottles, empty sardine-tins, and smashed-up boxes.

"I'd like to have the punishing of you," thought our hero. "I'd make you drink a tumblerful of the dregs of one of your own casks every day for a week."

Next morning, on riding into the township to inquire for the poor old man, he found the police magistrate and one or two justices of the peace about starting to hold a magisterial inquiry on his body. He had been found late the night previous, lying perfectly dead in a small gully in the scrub.

John joined the others, and was horror-struck at the sight which presented itself on reaching the place. Graham had evidently been dead nearly two days. He lay on his back, swelled to twice his natural size, his legs and arms drawn up tightly to his body, one hand clenching a butcher's knife. His eyes glared awfully. His mouth was open, out of which protruded a swollen tongue, the centre of a thick mass of crawling, creeping, burrowing, white maggots, some of which occasionally tumbled over the swollen blue lips, and rolled along the long grey beard. On opening his shirt a similarly disgusting sight was to be observed,—hatfuls of the hateful creatures were to be seen under his arms, while millions of fearful-looking flies buzzed around him. About his neck, a cord, to which was suspended a small bag, cut deeply into the swollen flesh. This, on being opened, was found to contain, wrapped in numerous folds of paper and oilskin, three or four locks of light-brown hair, and one long tress of a darker shade.

Alas, poor Graham! the adder that stung thee was of thine own fostering.

Owing to the decomposed state of the body, no further examination was effected, and the inquiry came to an end, all being satisfied that drink alone had brought about the dreadful results.

Another piece of intelligence was made public during the day. On applying poultices to Sir Eustace's wounded foot, the broken end of a strong darning-needle was discovered and extracted, upon which the animal became very much easier. Suspicion pointed to the Sydney men, but nothing was certain.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

THE new Government has assumed the reins of power. It is the Ministry of 1874 revived, with the exclusion of Lord Cardwell, Mr Lowe, and Mr Stansfeld, and the introduction of new men in the persons of Mr Chamberlain (who obtains a seat in the Cabinet), Mr Fawcett, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr Mundella. Its *personnel*, therefore, calls for no special remark, as it is only what was expected, and what the late elections clearly required. Its policy, as regards home legislation, will probably not be clearly developed till next year, when we may expect that united display of Liberal and Radical fireworks of which Lord Beaconsfield is said to have spoken. In the meanwhile party spirit is necessarily somewhat in abeyance. The new Ministers require time to comprehend and master their position. The Opposition, however confident in its policy and indignant at the manner in which its recent defeat was achieved, will nevertheless award the usual forbearance to its successors; and as regards the outside public, there is always a disposition, especially after a protracted tenure of office by one set of Ministers, to acquiesce in a change, and to hope, till undeceived by experience, that new energy and vigour will be infused into the public service.

The exponents of what is called "destructive Radicalism" have for the time forced themselves into Ministerial offices, and the Conservative party will doubtless maintain an attitude of measured but effective opposition. Its unity and unbroken confidence in its illustrious leader will secure to it considerable influence over the policy and legislation of the country. There are already indications that a moderate, steady, and patriotic course of conduct will promote a gradual and perhaps a speedy reaction from the ill-regulated enthusiasm which the accidents of the hour produced or increased at the general election. Oxford, Sandwich, and the Wigtown Burghs have already, in less than a month, decisively reversed their previous decisions. Mr Gladstone himself has shown the most eager desire to disavow all responsibility for the unmeasured invectives and accusations which he used so lately in order to stir popular feeling. His first acts as a Minister are to adopt the Treaty of Berlin and the policy of his rival; to retract, and apologise for, what he now calls his unfounded misapprehensions; and to direct his activities into the field of finance. He has handed over the direction of foreign policy, whether in Europe or in Asia, to the hands of Lords Granville and Hartington. Those statesmen observed, if we set aside Lord Hartington's electioneering speeches, due moderation in the discharge of their Opposition duties, and have announced that the ends which they have in view are the same as those of Lord Beaconsfield. They are, moreover, the representatives of the old Whig party, whose policy in regard to Turkey did not differ from our own in times past, although the deplorable manner in which effect was sought to be given to it landed us in the Crimean war, with its serious sacrifices of blood and treasure. We may be permitted to hope that, with these statesmen, it will be a difference in the mode of execution rather than in actual policy. Moreover, the policy of Lord

Beaconsfield, so far as regards the larger features of the Eastern Question, has been tolerably completed. Nothing is left for his successors but to carry out some of the minor but no doubt difficult details. If they bring, as we hope they will, reasonable prudence and skill to the conduct of affairs, it may well be that a change of men, and the new impulses which belong to a new Administration, anxious to distinguish itself, and free from the fetters of antecedents, may be of service in expediting the fulfilment of treaty obligations. There are, however, considerable elements of disturbance. Good intentions will not excuse the bungling which lands us in a civil war or fresh Muscovite interposition. The Ministry will be judged by the event. They will be held responsible for their conduct and their policy; but we are quite sure that they will not be thwarted, misrepresented, and vilified. The Conservative party will abstain from factious opposition, and give to the Government a united and patriotic support so long as they endeavour to maintain the interests and position of the country. The exclusively Russian element of the whole business—far the most important—has been settled; and it will be unpardonable mismanagement if this Albanian difficulty develops serious international controversy. We shall now see what results will follow from Liberal statesmanship when applied to this Eastern Question, after Russia has withdrawn exhausted from the field. Already there are projects of Russian military occupation in the wind. Then comes the suggestion of joint occupation, with its insuperable difficulties; then of occupation by a single Power, a mere European mandatory, who will take all the risk and burden, and be denounced as an ambitious disturber in consequence. Meanwhile the Albanians are said to be 30,000 strong, with an impregnable position. The problem is to carry out the cession of their land, now under the government of the Sultan, to the Prince of Montenegro; and to effect the transfer without a war or hostile occupation. "Hands off," while these free states develop their liberties, is now (polemically, not officially) declared to be the motto for England. The notion seems to be that Austrians and Turks are to fold their hands, while Greeks, Albanians, Servians, Bulgarians, and Wallachians are to lay aside all rivalries and hatreds, and peacefully develop self-government and liberty in a paradise of peace. The watch-dog is barking night and day, and doubtless the Balkan peninsula will, under the joyful sounds, gladly shake itself free of past ages, and live happily ever after. The real difficulties of the position will now become more apparent to her Majesty's late Opposition; and fortunate will it be if barking does not give place to something worse than abject apologies. Civil war or absolute failure are not unlikely results from the encouragement to violence which has been openly given; from the hostility to all existing authority and binding engagements which has been far too loudly expressed.

The Circular Note of the British Cabinet invites, as we understand, concerted action, or pressure, or influence on the part of the Powers in reference to the Montenegrin, Greek, and Armenian questions; and it does not pretend to adopt any course which shall be outside the Treaty of Berlin. That famous settlement will be, and is, cordially adopted by the new Government, which, as every one out of Bedlam foresaw, shrinks from the terrible responsibility of repudiating it, or

of in any way weakening or denying its force and obligation. All that Mr Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt and Mr Chamberlain have said in denunciation of it has served the purpose of winning derisive laughter from public meetings and votes at the poll, and we may now clear their lucubrations out of the way of English policy as so much rubbish. The dismal prophecies of failure are all forgotten, and the whole episode in our party history will serve only to degrade the characters of some of our public men, and to illustrate how easily a considerable portion of the people may be gulled by those who understand the art of doing so. For ourselves, we have the satisfaction that the cordial adoption of the foreign policy of the late Government is, after all, the inevitable triumph of common-sense. The one vindication of that policy on which we always insisted was, that it was inevitable and necessary. No alternative policy was ever submitted to either House of Parliament. As regards the three details to which the action of the new Government is directed, all the Powers except Turkey had assented to the international commission proposed by the late Government to settle the question of the Greek frontier. If the new Ministers can succeed in bringing about its settlement, and in inducing the Turkish Government to bear in mind that article of the Treaty which relates to the reform in the administration of Armenia, and to the provision of security against the Kurds and Circassians, they will achieve a considerable success. And so also with regard to the Montenegrins, we can only hope that the advent of a new Ministry in England will not tend to increase the gravity of the position.

The object of both the present and the late Administration is essentially the same—to carry out the Treaty of Berlin, and complete the settlement effected two years ago.

The new Government has a variety of circumstances in its favour, while those which in any way aggravate its difficulties spring entirely from the conduct of some of its members, and particularly of its chief. There is a general opinion throughout Europe that, now that Russia has been driven off the field, effectual action of some kind within the Sultan's dominions must be resorted to. To substitute, wherever Turkish co-operation is required for the purpose of carrying out Treaty arrangements, some agency which will be equally efficacious, is no easy task. Unquestioning faith in Russian virtue must give way to a more prudential fear of driving the Ottoman Government into an alliance with its northern neighbour, which will have very different ends in view from those of liberty and philanthropy. Mr Goschen is said to aim at an International Administrative Commission, which he desires that some other Power—France or Italy—would propose, that we might support it. Towards some such arrangement events have been undoubtedly moving, for the Porte does nothing. Not merely have the Greek and Montenegrin frontiers remained as they were, in spite of the Berlin Treaty; but nothing has been heard of the reforms, the special commissions, the financial improvements which were to be introduced in both the European and Asiatic provinces. The establishment, however, of such an international commission will be a work of enormous difficulty. Whether the Porte will peacefully accept such a scheme at the hands of Mr Gladstone, or whether Austria, after the manner in which she

has been handled by our Prime Minister for her beneficent work in Bosnia, will undertake further responsibilities, remains to be seen. It is much easier to put in motion revolutionary agencies in the Balkans, than those which are conservative or reconstructive. There are, as every one knows, plenty of the former in operation, from the Slavic committees, extolled by O. K. in her recent work, down to the committees of the Italia Irredenta; and the one object of all is to accelerate the dissolution of the Ottoman empire. They are just as hostile to Austria as they are to the Sultan, and it is quite possible that Albania may be the field upon which Austria and Italy (with the unofficial support of Russia) may strive for mastery, or at least for the extension of influence. The stimulus to actual disturbance which would be afforded by a complete change of attitude on the part of this country, in accordance with Mr Gladstone's reckless speeches, may yet be lessened. But that his advent to power will increase the difficulties of those on whom the responsibility rests of finding a *modus vivendi* between the jealous races of the Balkan peninsula, few will deny. It, however, pleased the British constituencies in their wisdom to place him there, and we can only hope that an effective security for peace may be found in the moderation of his colleagues and of the other signatory Powers. We shall watch with interest the way in which this International Administrative Commission is worked out. The Ministry start with this in their favour, that public expectation pointed out that something must be done. They will at all events have the fairest of play at home, for the present Opposition will disdain to follow the example of its predecessors. The difficulties which await them are far less than those which their predecessors have had to deal with, and have successfully surmounted.

In Afghanistan, the power of Great Britain has been felt, and every stronghold of the enemy reduced into possession before the present Government acceded to office. The memories of 1842 have been completely obliterated, and the task devolving on the new Government is to develop the policy of the Treaty of Gandamak and retire from Afghanistan as soon as its affairs are settled. Here, again, the course marked out by their predecessors must be followed by the new Ministry, in spite of every denunciation to which they have lent themselves, and in spite of Mr Chamberlain's well-known proposal to abandon the late acquisitions. In one respect they have a chance of distinguishing their policy as their own. Mr Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr Fawcett, and if we remember right, others also, stoutly inveighed against the expediency and the justice of saddling India with the whole cost of the war. We shall watch with interest to see whether, even in this comparatively small particular, they are true to the pledges which they have given. The Indian Government has provided already six millions for the war expenditure. There is an admitted deficiency of at least four millions more, and there are sure to be supplemental estimates. Is India to provide the whole of this for a war which the late Government declared to be imperial, and the present advisers of the Crown have condemned as unjust and unnecessary? We shall see. A new loan has already been issued in Calcutta to meet the cost of productive public works, which will cover more than half of the deficit. It seems to us that unless the new Government largely sup-

plement the Indian Exchequer, the refusal will be tantamount to a confession that no faith should ever be reposed in the protestations of public men. The matter is of far more importance as regards personal character, than as affecting by a few millions the condition of either the English or the Indian treasuries.

The appointment of Lord Ripon to the Viceroyalty is one which took the country by surprise. He is one of those who are described in Mr Gladstone's pamphlet on the "Vatican Decrees" as having "renounced his mental and moral freedom, and placed his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another." But that, of course, is a small matter. Such a charge may round a period in a pamphlet, but imputes no sort of disqualification for the discharge of the very highest political duties! Unfortunately Lord Ripon has never been regarded as, in any sense of the word, a strong man. He presided over the negotiations which terminated in the Alabama capitulation. He is again placed in a position which will need considerable strength of will, judgment, and self-reliance. The policy upon which we are all bent is to secure the advantage and authority which we have already obtained, and at the same time to observe the spirit of the Treaty of Gandamak. The men who favour the extension of Anglo-Indian dominion to the Oxus, or even beyond Candahar, and the men who are eager, from the fear of financial difficulty, to abandon the advantages which we have already secured, must both be firmly held in check, and the policy of Gandamak steadily carried into effect. Whether Lord Ripon is the right man in the right place time will show. The power of the Afghans is broken; and though the resettlement of the country is a work of enormous difficulty, it does not follow that the establishment of British authority is an inevitable necessity. The dominion of Dost Mohamed will, in all probability, be broken up, and the establishment of a friendly and independent, perhaps protected state, at Candahar, may prove an efficient guarantee for border tranquillity. At all events, the scientific frontier and the gates of India are ours, and the new Administration will not dare to abandon them.

There will evidently be the greatest need of a strong and influential Opposition during the next few years. It would be ungracious thus early in their career to invite attention to the wide differences of opinion between the different sects of the Liberal party and of the Cabinet. The duty of the Conservative party will be to co-operate with that portion of the Ministerialists who will maintain the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, unite firmness with conciliation towards Ireland, and moderate the ardour of their more enthusiastic allies. It is our belief that the Conservative party will exercise considerable influence in the ensuing Parliament.

They represent, notwithstanding their rout at the last election, a formidable minority in the country, which slight causes may at any time convert into a majority. As Lord George Hamilton pointed out, 2500 votes carried 58 seats, counting 116 on a division. There are many constituencies in which parties are so evenly balanced, that a very small percentage turns the scale. Mr Droop wrote to the 'Times' to explain that, from tables which he had constructed, he found that, in 1868, 93 seats were won by less than five per cent of those voting—viz., 46 Conservative and 47 Liberal seats; and that in 1874 96 seats were disposed of by

equally small majorities—viz., 46 Conservative seats and 50 Liberal. It may or may not be unsatisfactory that electoral instability promises to be the rule under the present *régime*. It certainly prevents Ministries from growing too old in office. It imposes upon leading statesmen the duty of moderation, and of preserving the continuity of national policy free from the sudden and somewhat violent changes which the electoral fluctuations might at first sight appear to necessitate. Extreme measures on the part of an Administration may provoke reprisals when the inevitable reaction comes. Ruthless opposition, it seems, will not materially lessen the chance of victory at the polls; but its true penalty will be the complete loss of influence during the currency of a particular Parliament, and the legacy of difficulty which it provides for its authors.

The Conservative Opposition will be compact, united, and fairly numerous. In many respects it will have the advantage of the Liberal Opposition in the last Parliament; which, as a party, possessed less influence over the course of policy and legislation than has belonged to it at any time since 1830. The resignation of the leadership by Mr Gladstone, and his subsequent continuance in active public life, with a policy disapproved by one half of the party, proved fatal to its authority. Moreover, the country was absolutely weary of the excessive legislation, economy, and timidity of the Government which, in 1874, it displaced. The Conservatives will have none of these difficulties to contend with. It is true that they have been defeated, but their policy remains. Mr Gladstone's Government fell from the weight of its own unpopularity. Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry succumbed to a violent and factitious agitation, carried on in a mode never before witnessed, and sure to provoke that reaction which always awaits unscrupulous misrepresentation. Mr Gladstone's triumph, great as it is, rests upon the evanescent popularity which attended a very great personal achievement. When it is discovered that the hero was a man entirely carried away by the excitement which he himself occasioned; that all his most memorable sayings and demonstrations of hostility were mere exaggerations, to be explained and atoned for; and that the very policy and treaty which he denounced are at once accepted as the basis on which his Ministry acts,—it would be a libel on public justice to doubt that his conduct will be an eventual source of embarrassment, reaction, and defeat.

> "Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
> As the weird women promised,"

is the first note of congratulation on a tremendous personal triumph.

> "But, I fear,
> Thou play'dst most foully for't,"

is the inevitable after-thought. Incessant, exaggerated, and unscrupulous denunciation is a very efficient agency in the midst of a general election, after a period of considerable commercial and agricultural depression, and whilst the public mind is disposed, from the very length of a successful tenure of office, to wish for a change. But in order to test their probable effect, in the long-run, on the opinion of the country, and on Mr Gladstone's reputation, we must not merely contrast the censure of the Treaty of Berlin with its subsequent adoption, but we must place Mr Gladstone's vehement hostility to Austria and the Austrian empire side by side with his apologetic recanta-

tion and his patriarchal blessing upon Austrian policy and acts.

"I will tell you," said Mr Gladstone on his arrival at Edinburgh, when opening his great electoral campaign, "another advantage of the present Administration. They are supported by several foreign Governments. Did you read in the London papers within the last few weeks an account of the energetic support they derived from the Emperor of Austria? Did you see that the Emperor of Austria sent for the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, and told him that a pestilent person, a certain individual named Mr Gladstone, was a man who did not approve the foreign policy of Austria; and how anxious he was—so the Emperor of Austria was condescendingly pleased to say—for the guidance of the British people and of the electors of Mid-Lothian,—how anxious he was that you should, all of you, give your votes in a way to maintain the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield? Well, gentlemen, if you approve the foreign policy of Austria, the foreign policy that Austria has usually pursued, I advise you to do that very thing; if you want to have an Austrian foreign policy dominant in the councils of this country, give your votes as the Emperor of Austria recommends. What has that policy of Austria been? I do not say that Austria is incurable. I hope that it will yet be cured, because it has got better institutions at home, and I heartily wish it well, if it makes honest attempts to confront its difficulties. Yet I must look to what that policy has been. Austria has ever been the unflinching foe of freedom in every country of Europe. Russia, I am sorry to say, has been the foe of freedom too; but in Russia there is one exception. Russia has been the friend of Slavonic freedom; but Austria has never been the friend even of Slavonic freedom. Austria trampled Italy under foot; Austria resisted the unity of Germany; Austria did all she could to prevent the creation of Belgium; Austria never lifted a finger for the regeneration and constitution of Greece. There is not an instance, there is not a spot upon the whole map where you can lay your finger and say, 'There Austria did good.' I speak of its general policy; I speak of its general tendency. I do not abandon the hope of improvement in the future; but we must look to the past and to the present for the guidance of our judgments at this moment. And in the Congress of Berlin Austria resisted the extension of freedom, and did not promote it: and therefore I say, that if you want the spirit of Austria to inspire the councils of this country, in Heaven's name take the Emperor's counsel and advice; and I advise you to lift the Austrian flag when you go about your purposes of canvass or of public meeting."

To ordinary minds this is round flagrant abuse, which leaves no loophole of escape. It is "painful and wounding" language, which astounded Europe and gravely injured the feelings of the Austrian Government and people. It was wholly inconsistent with what was due to a great Power, the oldest ally of England, at the moment engaged in cordial co-operation with us to insure the permanence of a pacific settlement in the south-east of Europe. It was uncalled for if true. It was absolutely atrocious, on the part of an ex-Prime Minister, if unfounded and false. Language more calculated to produce international ill-feeling and hostility it is impossible to imagine. The famous speech in favour of Jefferson Davis, couched in exactly the same spirit of easy rhapsody about freedom, laid the foundation of that ill-feeling with America which culminated in the Alabama arbitration.

To prevent any possibility of mistake as to his meaning, Mr Gladstone, at Gorebridge, from the pulpit of the United Presbyterian church, a second time declared himself to be "in direct conflict with Austria;" and proceeded:—

"In the case of Greece, Italy, and Belgium, her whole influence had un-

fortunately been used on behalf of arbitrary power against freedom. He had read in the newspapers that the men of Austria were indignant at his so-called attack on the Emperor and the country of Austria, and it was said that they could not understand his abuse of the oldest Continental ally of England. If Austria desired to shut his mouth, they could do it by simply ceasing to cherish schemes adverse to the freedom of other people."

And in the very next sentence, he denounced the Conservative party for having rallied round Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury with a zeal which Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington never commanded; and appealed from it to the broad unconquerable power of the national will to prevent the sacrifice of the liberties of the nation, and to vindicate the national honour and sense of freedom.

We have in this instance supplied to us, by the indignant orator himself, the true method of appraising the intrinsic worth of his most fiery invectives. He admits almost in so many words that they are resorted to simply to influence the popular mind on the eve of a general election. Their truth is a matter of secondary concern. That is allowed to rest, notwithstanding its deep political importance, on secondary evidence, the falsity of which could easily be dispelled by an assurance which, Mr Gladstone says, that either from his misfortune or his fault, he omitted to obtain. The force of indiscretion, of unprincipled disregard of national welfare, could go no further. However, this is the man whom the constituencies in their wisdom have called to the head of affairs, and who has assumed the temporary guardianship, as he calls it, of the infant Administration, whose infancy is already stained with the vices of its progenitor. The Postmaster-General has had to retract and apologise for adopting in office his chief's incurable habit of unfounded accusations; the Home Secretary has, by the loss of his seat at Oxford, paid the penalty of unrestrained licence of speech.

This is the mode in which this unexampled episode in our international relations is supposed to be for the present terminated. On the 4th May — the day after the first Cabinet Council held by the new Ministry—Mr Gladstone addressed to the Austrian Ambassador, Count Károlyi, "in consequence," as Lord Granville says, "of previous oral and written communications," a letter which was almost as astounding in the abject form of its apologies as the original invective. The British Government and nation had given no cause of offence to Austria or to her Emperor. An English statesman out of office, but who held the position of past and future Prime Minister, indulged, for party purposes, and in order to vilify his opponents and secure votes, in language which set at nought all restraint of truth and decency. As might have been expected, he has been compelled to apologise, in terms which, however humiliating to himself, are strictly commensurate with the offence. Austria is the ally and friend of England. Our interests in the south-east of Europe are very similar; and the very same considerations which compelled Mr Gladstone's change of front, with regard to the foreign policy of our own country, and compelled the adoption of the Treaty of Berlin, "to the letter and the complete spirit," also compelled a recognition of the wisdom and justice of recent Austrian policy.

The language, however, employed by Mr Gladstone, taken in connection with the complete change of front with regard to the Treaty

of Berlin and our own foreign policy, is of the utmost importance as a virtual confession of the grave misrepresentations and the calumnious imputations which form the basis upon which the recent verdict of the nation was obtained. Mr Gladstone, in this letter, calls his diatribes and outspoken specific accusation by the generic name of "polemical language," and coolly announces that the moment he obtained office he resolved neither to repeat nor to defend it. No man with a less exuberant sense of his own immaculate virtue could have put his name to such a confession without a sense of personal and political disgrace. No one less capable of persuading himself that all things are justifiable to gain a desired end would have rendered such a confession necessary. It is not an ordinary case of heedless or extravagant assertion. The subject was one of vital importance, as it bears on the foreign relations of England at a most difficult conjuncture, and upon the peace of Europe. So far from justifying his language he announces that he "at all times has particularly and heartily wished well to Austria in the performance of the arduous task of consolidating the empire." The scorn and contumely expressed in the county of Mid-Lothian are exchanged for—"I feel a cordial respect for the efforts of the Emperor, and I trust that their complete success may honourably and nobly mark his reign." He attributes his "painful and wounding" animadversions to *unfounded* apprehensions that Austria would play a part in the Balkan peninsula hostile to the freedom of the emancipated populations. And he "wholly banishes from his mind" the terms of censure which he had used, expressing his "serious concern" that he should have been led to use them. Public duty has compelled the Prime Minister to retract, and apologise for, the false accusations and the unfounded vituperation which he had directed against Austria. The remonstrances of the Austrian Government, the projected withdrawal of Count Károlyi, and possibly the representations of Lord Granville and the first Cabinet Council, have effected a signal triumph of political justice as regards one of the Governments engaged in the arduous task of solving the great Eastern Question. It is too much to expect that a similar retractation and apology will, in words at least, be addressed to the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. The claims of justice will, however, we have not the slightest doubt, be speedily vindicated. The sincere but unspoken amends of a deliberate adoption of his policy and his treaty will be ample compensation for the virulent misrepresentation upon which a transient triumph and a fleeting popularity have been secured. It was endured in silence at the time, and it will be exposed beyond dispute by the course of events.

Mr Gladstone's invectives against the Treaty of Berlin and the foreign policy both of Lord Beaconsfield and Austria were such a prominent feature at the recent election, that their admitted falsity goes far to invalidate the result and to weaken the moral authority of this Parliament. The excitement which they occasioned, and which overbore the calmer judgment which had previously prevailed, as well as the opinion of the great mass of educated people, will necessarily be short-lived. His invectives had no influence on his own party—they were disregarded by the electors during the decisive contests which took place early in the year at Liverpool and Southwark. Upon the result of those contests they

had no influence whatever. His victory during the unprecedented excitement of the general election was won in spite of the known sympathies and approval by a large portion of the Liberal party, including some of its more influential statesmen, of the policy of the late Government. The circumstances under which it was obtained were unfortunately those of long-continued depression and suffering. The previous Administration had been more than six years in office. The necessity for opposing Russian aggression had passed away with the withdrawal of the Russian troops beyond the Pruth. The power of invective over public meetings is far more sustained than the effect of even the most skilful defence. Besides, the effect of Mr Gladstone's vituperation was to force upon the Ministerialists an anti-Russian tone in their self-vindication long after the necessity for hostility to Russia had passed away. One thing, however, is clear from the subsequent apologies and statement of Ministerial policy, that whatever effect is to be attributed to the recent national decision, it is not one which means a disapproval of the policy hitherto pursued; or the deliberate adoption of an essentially different attitude towards Continental Powers.

In the presence of an adverse decision, the Conservative party may derive considerable moral influence from the circumstance that the foreign policy which they have inaugurated is one which their successors have no alternative but to pursue; and that in proportion as they pursue it skilfully and successfully peace will be maintained and confirmed. As regards the extent of the majority against us, that under the ballot is an insufficient criterion of the nature of the political change which the elections effect. A few seats more or less depend on the accidents of organisation, and on very trifling majorities, or on the mere contagion of example. The circumstances of each dissolution must be considered. Those of 1874 and 1880 agree in one respect, that they decisively transferred political power. But they totally differ in many material incidents. The Gladstone Government had steadily lost ground in Parliament and the country. Not merely had by-elections reduced their majority from 116 to 66, but the Administration, after two years or less of office, was never supported by a united party, and at last experienced the defeat of one of its principal measures. Incessant attacks were directed against it, in and out of Parliament, by those who, while nominal supporters, declared that its authority was gone and its unpopularity deserved. Apologists have since described the process which it underwent as that of "spending" its majority. Friends and foes alike, though in different language, have admitted that it was an exhausted Administration, that its time was up and its power was gone, and that it had exhibited the symptoms of decay in a marked degree. But with regard to Lord Beaconsfield's Administration the case was altogether different. While Mr Gladstone was urged on to dissolve by repeated defeats at by-elections, Lord Beaconsfield was influenced in the same direction by repeated victories. His Ministry was apparently in its full vigour to the last. His majority was untouched. On all-important occasions it was largely augmented from the ranks of his opponents. Parliament and the country rallied to his support; the most incessant vituperation failed of its intended effect. When he finally appealed to the country, his popularity was at its height at

home, and his influence was undiminished abroad. The result followed—equally astonishing to foes as to friends—that he was ruthlessly dismissed from power. The fall of the Government has been invested with a sort of dramatic interest by the vituperative energies of Mr Gladstone. Its real causes we have already sufficiently indicated. Though public opinion and the constituencies supported it strenuously and to the last, yet when it voluntarily proclaimed, by the fact of dissolution, that its work was completed, the task of administration was immediately transferred to other hands. We entirely deny that this is a decision which either the Government or the Conservative party should regard with useless repining or indignant remonstrance. The past six years have been a proud epoch in the history of the Conservative party. England has experienced during that time a steady and capable administration of its affairs. While trade has been severely depressed and distress generally experienced, the country has been entirely free from agitation or disturbance. England has resumed her former place amongst foreign nations, cordially welcomed as a chief guarantor of peace and of treaty observance. She has been called upon to deal with the great Eastern Question. By one of the most celebrated treaties in history she has secured without war a great international settlement. Russian aggression has been visibly repelled, and the Powers of Europe have been guided to a joint action relative to the affairs of the South-east, the populations of which have been, by the same instrument, guaranteed as much of liberty and improved administration as their character and circumstances permit. The late Ministry quitted office, having finished a gigantic undertaking sufficient to have overthrown or irreparably weakened most of the Ministries which we have known. It proved that it was fully equal to the task of government during times of extraordinary difficulty, and could command to the last increasing support and confidence. It carries with it into Opposition the prestige of a great official success, the authority of a long experience, and the sympathy which, as soon as the tumult of the electoral battle is over, will, by inevitable reaction, arise from exaggerated censure and an unmerited fall.

The strength of the Opposition will lie in the soundness of the policy which they inaugurated whilst in office, in their union, and in their moderation. What are called the unfulfilled portions of the Treaty of Berlin—that is, the completion of the internal arrangements within the limits of the Turkish empire, such as the cessions to Greece and Montenegro, and the reforms in Armenian and other provincial administrations—will supply a Liberal Government with something to do, and in the difficulties inseparable from the task, they will meet with no factious disturbance from their opponents. If they can deal with those urgent questions better than their predecessors, by all means let them try, and Conservatives will gladly congratulate them on their success. We cannot say that we are sanguine of the result. Turkish maladministration was not cured or diminished by any Liberal interference in the years between 1856 and 1874. Still it may well be that the new Ministry may be able to speak more peremptorily to the Turks, and may re-establish cordial relations with Russia more speedily, than those who have borne the brunt of the recent troubles. We cannot forget that, except when Russia is

pursuing her traditional schemes of ambition and territorial annexation in the south-east of Europe, there are no questions which need arouse antagonism between Russia and England in Europe. Except that we are bound to secure our Indian frontiers to the extent that Russia shall not be able, by arms or intrigue, to weaken our position there, we have the authority of Mr Disraeli's speech of 1875 for saying that there is ample room in Asia for Russia and England to pursue their separate destinies. One result of the incessant vituperation to which the late Government was exposed was to compel its most distinguished members—Lord Salisbury for instance, at Manchester, and Mr Cross recently in his election speeches—to recount, time after time, the steps which had to be taken to resist the designs of the military portion of Russia, and cut down the Treaty of San Stefano to proportions acceptable to Europe. The recitals were generally confined to matters with which the public were already familiar; but obviously they were due to the exigencies of our party life, and not well calculated to restore international cordiality. The late Ministry may have been, and doubtless were, anxious to act in the spirit so well expressed by the First Lord of the Admiralty at the beginning of the year.

"Do not let it be supposed," said he, "that her Majesty's Government have any hostility against Russia. We have no desire whatever to have any other relations than those of the most perfect amity with Russia. There is no portion of the territory of Russia which we covet. There is no portion of the legitimate influence of Russia which we desire to decrease. There is no portion of the trade of Russia or the commerce of Russia that we desire to interfere with. The greatest desire of this country must be that a vast empire like Russia shall be prosperous, shall be contented, shall be well governed, and at peace with itself."

The consequences of the national decision will depend entirely upon the wisdom, moderation, and strength of the Liberal leaders. There ought to be no difficulty, having regard to the declared opinions of Lord Hartington and other leaders, in dealing with Irish disaffection, and with parliamentary obstruction at the hands either of English or Irish members. Domestic legislation will be entirely in their own hands. The cautious financial estimates which were made by Sir Stafford Northcote, the disappearance of the deficit about which so much rhetoric has been expended, and the expected return of prosperity, will all tend to make the financial labours of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer remarkably light. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the next few years may be years of plenty, and that those who have borne the heat and burden of adversity may have the satisfaction that it is theirs to surmount difficulties, while their rivals live at ease and plume themselves upon their superior luck and their superior management. But with regard to foreign policy, the new Government succeeds to a heritage of peace, a reconstituted Europe. In the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, they have an international settlement which every nation of Europe accepts and has loyally carried into effect. So long as it endures, peace is secured. There is to all appearance no fear of its failing, so long as it is clearly understood that Great Britain favours its continuance and is opposed to those intrigues and jealousies which might operate to undermine it. It devolves on the new Government of England to forget their conduct in opposition, and to throw all their influence

and energies into the scale to uphold the great international settlement at Berlin. Hostility to that treaty which aims at its material infraction means war, or the imminent risk of war. What may be the effect of Mr Gladstone's accession upon the restless Slavs on the confines of Austria and Turkey remains to be seen. It will inevitably increase the anxieties of those on the spot, to whom the renewal of disturbances brings immediate suffering. But we who are further off, and are chiefly concerned with the maintenance of the general peace, may hope that what has occurred since the elections will lessen Mr Gladstone's influence for mischief, and that the traditions which still influence the Liberal leaders will secure the loyalty of Great Britain to her treaty, "to the letter and the complete spirit." If the meaning of "hands off" is that it is a menace to Austria, intended as a notice to her, notwithstanding the letter to Count Károlyi, to quit possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, she may possibly remember that the watch-dog which barks is one which has always failed to bite; and that the temporary outburst of Mr Gladstone's popularity is an episode in our national life, and does not imply the reversal of the mature judgment of the nation.

It is, however, useless to speculate upon the future. We hope that common-sense will prevail, and the anxieties occasioned by the late Opposition be allayed by the conduct of the new Ministers. The result of the dissolution, however, must be accepted as proof, by the very uncertainty which attended it, that Lord Beaconsfield was perfectly right in not dissolving immediately after his return from Berlin. Half the electors, in all probability, never heard of the Treaty or of the Eastern Question. To have concluded an arrangement of that kind, and then to have staked his power to insist on its due execution on the uncertain chances of a general election, would have been a breach of faith with the signatory Powers. It was essential for his own fame, and for that of his Government, to postpone the dissolution till the execution of the Treaty was reasonably complete. Probably the better course, in a party point of view, would have been to have allowed the ordinary Budget arrangements to be made, and to have dissolved after the harvest, which may chance to be a favourable one. But Liverpool and Southwark were strong arguments in the other direction, and an equally unfavourable result in the autumn would have been attributed to a reaction which it was imprudent to await.

The Queen's Speech under the new Government, as regards our Turkish, Afghan, and South African policy, might have been framed by their predecessors. It appears that the South African policy of the late Government has also been accepted by their successors, and Sir Bartle Frere is not to be recalled, in spite of the severe censure passed upon him by individual members of the Ministry, and their unanimous vote last year in favour of that step. The candid critics of the Ministry below the gangway are already beginning to make their voices heard. Mr Courtney declares that "this doctrine of accepted facts might probably have influenced the language of some candidates at the general election, and also the votes of some of the electors." We like to listen to a discontented Liberal. The air of gentle melancholy in which he asks, Can these things really be? is very amusing. Mr Courtney's peroration was like an oasis in the desert of recent Liberal declamation. An oasis is a green

spot, and Mr Courtney must be a very green spot if the surprise and dismay depicted in the following passage are really sincere:—

"He was wholly at a loss to understand why the Prime Minister had retired from the declaration he made in Mid-Lothian."

Mr Courtney is new to the House of Commons and to public life; and he is soon at a loss. If he is going to be embarrassed every time Mr Gladstone retires in the manner described, his position will be a very painful one. As we read the letter to Count Károlyi, Mr Courtney may give up all expectation of seeing Mr Gladstone defend or maintain any single thing he has said. Evidently Mr Courtney does not in the least understand "polemical language;" and in his embarrassment he appeals to the new members.

"There were many new Liberal members in that House, and he asked them whether they had not in their election addresses and speeches denounced the conduct of the late Government with regard to South Africa. He asked them further, whether they did not feel embarassment now that they were in the House of Commons at finding the grounds on which they appealed to the confidence of the electors taken away from them by the action of the present Government. They were now asked to support in Parliament that which they condemned and denounced in the country. Very few of them had seen the last three elections without feelings of anxiety and concern. He did not like to see these big turnover majorities; they were unpleasant; they showed great instability in the public mind: but he asked whether they could expect any other result if they made an appeal to the people on one ground, and having got into power forgot all their pledges and deserted that ground."

If all this astonishment is genuine, we can only compliment Mr Courtney on his honesty at the expense of his intelligence. But for Mr Courtney's speech we should have thought that no one in his senses expected the Government to adopt any other course, and if he yielded a temporary credence to statements made "in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," he has only himself to blame. It is an odd claim to the confidence of the new members, to *pose* before them as such an exceedingly young bird as to be caught by all the chaff that has been thrown about in the county of Mid-Lothian.

The Queen's Speech, taken in conjunction with the statements of Ministers, points to new action in furtherance of the policy of the late Government and of the fulfilment of their treaty. The larger question of European international relations having been settled, Russia withdrawn beyond the Pruth, Austria placed in a dominant position in the Balkans, the boundaries of the Sultan's empire defined, and the principles upon which its reorganisation is to proceed settled, the new Government adopts the whole arrangement, to the letter and in spirit, and forthwith proceeds to invite collective European pressure on the Porte, in order to carry out the details of reorganisation. We heartily wish them success. If they attain it, they will reap considerable credit. If they fail, and by mismanagement or impatience reopen old controversies, and retard instead of promote the execution of the Treaty, they will be held responsible. They come into office pledged —if polemical language can be said, after our recent experience of it, to pledge men to anything—to active measures, and even to immediate activity. If their collective European pressure fails, and their International Commission proves abortive, what then? Lord Granville says:—

"A short time ago I pointed out to the Turkish ambassador the extreme danger to the Turkish Government of neglecting the fulfilment of those conditions of the Treaty, and at the same time I told him I abstained from anything like threatening language, but I hoped he would impress on his Government that if we were obliged to give an intimation, which we trusted would not be necessary, we should not fail to carry that intimation out."

It is impossible to over-rate the gravity of this language. The Government, as appears from this as well as other passages in Lord Granville's speech, evidently contemplate active measures, and trust that the action, when it comes, will be that of united Europe. Mr Goschen replaces Sir Henry Layard in order to execute this policy. The Eastern Question, accordingly, enters upon a new phase. Foreign politics will not be for some time to come in the condition of Pericles's women, never mentioned and hardly thought of. It is an adventurous scheme, which aims at the complete fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin, and the whole country will watch with interest the mode and the spirit in which it is carried out. Far be it from us to grudge them any prospect of success. Her Majesty's Speech regards the fulfilment of that Treaty "as essential for the avoidance of further complications in the East;" and if the new Government can effect that fulfilment without creating in the attempt, whether it succeeds or fails, greater complications than those which they wish to avoid, they will achieve considerable distinction. And in that attempt they will not be thwarted by the Opposition, however unskilful they may show themselves; but by all constitutional methods they will be criticised and held responsible. The initiative rests with them, and the consequences will lie at their door. The manner in which her Majesty's Government have adopted the Treaty of Berlin, and have finally resolved to aim at its complete execution, was all that was wanted to vindicate the character of that instrument as one of the greatest and most beneficent international settlements ever devised by the united authority of Europe. The share which Lord Beaconsfield and his Administration had in negotiating and executing that Treaty has given to the late Cabinet European and historic fame; and the prestige which successful statesmanship always confers, will increase the influence of the Conservative party. The new Government succeeds to the benefit of that settlement, and of the increased estimation which England has derived from the manner in which it was effected. Mr Gladstone's own position in reference to it is seen in his letter to Count Károlyi, has been painted by his own language, and is touchingly illustrated by his entreaty on the first night of the session: "Do not let the consequences of controversies that are gone by be unnecessarily imported into the questions that are to come." He says that "we never dissembled the fact, but, on the contrary, were too glad to acknowledge that great things for human happiness, and for the relief of human misery, were accomplished through the Treaty of Berlin." And further on he alludes to the "unquestionable truth that many great and valuable provisions were promulgated to the world on that authority." Yet from a thousand platforms this Treaty has been denounced, and its failure predicted and gloated over. The fact is, that polemical language is false language, and those who were induced by it to ridicule and censure this celebrated instrument now stand re-

vealed as the dupes of men who flatly refuse to be responsible for what they have said.

As regards the future, Mr Gladstone is much more chary of resorting to force against the Sultan than he was when he urged on the late Government to wring the neck of Turkish power on the Bosphorus. We are now told, and we are glad to learn it, that "her Majesty's Government are a great deal too conscious of the gravity of all the principles, and of all the results involved in such an idea, to come to any conclusion of that kind, or to entertain any question of that kind, except when they are in the fullest possession of all the circumstances." We are also glad to learn on the same authority, though we are very doubtful what significance we should attach to the statement, that the new Government "do not desire to see foreign influences established in Turkey," and believe that "the supremacy of the Sultan may even play a useful part in the exclusion of other influences." Why, this is our old friend "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire," decked out in a new garment and presented to those enthusiastic gentlemen who desire that India may perish rather than Sodom be restored. The late Government, it appears, by their Anglo-Turkish convention and its stipulations for reformed administration in the Asiatic provinces, actually inspired the idea that the full sovereignty of the Sultan would thereby be invaded. It will be for the hero of St James's Hall conference to dispel the mischievous and unworthy delusion.

We may conclude by saying that a more sorry spectacle than we have recently witnessed has never engaged our attention. The whirligig of time will bring its revenges, and public justice will be certain in the end to mete out its rewards. Meanwhile the attention of the country will be fastened upon what goes on in Turkey, and we trust that the measures of the Government will not again involve that country in disaster and confusion, and undo the admittedly beneficent work of the recent Treaty. It is permissible to hope for the best, and we are convinced that the Powers of Europe cling to the maintenance of peace on the basis of that Treaty which Mr Gladstone's Government has unreservedly accepted. But a new spirit has been infused into English action. No protests, and no letters of apologies will serve to allay the suspicions of English hostility, which Austria and the Porte must, after all that has passed, necessarily entertain. The diminished cordiality of the two Powers on the spot is supposed to be the first step towards the concerted action of Europe; and while the introduction of any new and efficient agency is as doubtful as ever it has been, encouragement has been given to disturbance, British influence has been sensibly diminished, and the two Governments in charge have been assailed with every species of invective and abuse.

CONSERVATIVE REORGANISATION.

THE smoke of the electoral battle has by this time cleared away, and the political victory of Liberalism, or, as we would prefer to call it, the defeat of Conservatism, has been complete. There is no sort of use in attempting to disguise the truth —the Liberals have retrieved their defeat of 1874, and have scored the second game in the rubber. For the moment, the Tory party have only to "pay and look pleasant" to the best of their ability. But, to pursue our metaphor further, whist-players will remember that one more deal has still to be decided; and it is the obvious duty of the representatives of the Conservative party to lose no time in considering how the next hand can be played to best advantage.

There are not wanting indications that a fresh appeal to the country must take place within a comparatively short space of time. It is not our purpose in this article to dilate on our grounds for such a belief, or to speculate as to the exact moment when the next dissolution will occur. But there are a few salient points worthy of recapitulation, and worthy to be borne in mind by every man who takes an active part in the working of Conservative electoral machinery.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the new Prime Minister is a man already over seventy years of age—a man undoubtedly of enormous strength and energy, but still an old man who has taken upon himself the almost Herculean task (at his age) of combining the offices of Premier, of Leader of the House of Commons, and of Chancellor of the Exchequer. And without wishing aught but health and strength to Mr Gladstone personally, no reasonable man can exclude from the category of possibilities that of his break-down under these accumulated responsibilities.

Should such an event take place, can it be said that Mr Gladstone's mantle could fall undisputedly on the shoulders of any one of his lieutenants? Ominous murmurings from both Whigs and Radicals greeted the formation of the present Cabinet. The latter party were successful in imposing Mr Chamberlain on Mr Gladstone; but even so, it is an open secret that they regard themselves as staved off with but the barest justice. On the other hand, the Whigs submitted with reluctance to Mr Gladstone's Premiership; they regard Mr Chamberlain's presence in the Cabinet with ill-concealed jealousy, and are little likely to favour the introduction into the Cabinet of a further Radical element. The Prime Minister's personal ascendancy has alone temporarily compressed into quietude these seething dissensions, which his retirement or death would at once let loose, and which would in all human probability speedily prove fatal to the stability of the Ministry he would leave behind him.

In the second place, we have to consider the dangers to the Government which must necessarily arise from their own strength. The famous exclamation of 1832, "We are too strong," might well be placarded up as a *memento mori* in the Cabinet room of No. 10 Downing Street. Roughly speaking, the Liberal party number some 410 in the present House of Commons against 240 Conservatives; or, if we deduct 30 Parnellites, the Ministerialists will still count on a normal majority of about 130 votes.

The bulk of the Home-Rulers have always been, and are, the natural allies of the Liberal party. Whilst the Conservatives were in office they maintained a show of independence, with the idea, presumably, that they might thereby gain something for Ireland which might not be granted to professed opponents. But the great majority of these gentlemen steadily opposed the late Administration on all divisions of importance; and the section led by Mr Shaw are amongst the warmest flatterers of the capacity of the new Government.

Given, then, an overwhelming majority, it is clear that a Liberal Prime Minister must set it to work, even at the risk of "spending" it. Mr Gladstone, and still more, a man of lesser prestige, is somewhat in the position of a necromancer who has made a bargain with a fiend, by which the bargainer becomes a victim to the demon should he fail to keep him actively employed.

Crotcheteers abound in the Liberal ranks; and their crotchets, though momentarily abandoned for the sake of defeating Lord Beaconsfield, must and will reappear. The inevitable rejection, by responsible Ministers of the Crown, of the bulk of private members' pet projects, creates soreness, lukewarmness, or even open hostility on the part of their sponsors; and the formation of Caves of Adullam is the logical sequence.

Lastly, there are the measures to which the new Government is positively pledged to be considered; and for the purpose of this article, one only need be referred to, namely, the extension of the county franchise and its almost necessary corollary or complement — viz., a measure for the redistribution of seats. Whether any such measure will be hinted at in the Queen's Speech, the writer of this article is at the moment of writing unable to say, but it is avowedly a part of the Liberal programme. Assuming, however, that the official zeal for this particular item has waxed cold, it yet cannot be ultimately shirked. It may be postponed until after the census has been taken next year; but should the session of 1882, at latest, be opened without the promise of a measure dealing with the subject, the Government will go far to alienate the support of the so-called "earnest Liberals" as distinguished from the "Rest-and-be-thankful fifteen hundred a-year faction."

It is of course needless to remind our readers that the passage of an Act materially altering the electoral qualifications of voters in Great Britain necessitates, according to all precedent, an immediate appeal to the new constituencies; and this brings us at once to the consideration of how to improve our position before the country, electorally, against the time when the day of battle comes. Conservatives must not forget that the odds against them will be in some respects far heavier next election than they were in 1880. Redistribution of seats is a marvellously comprehensive term—and skilled agents can manipulate the grouping of small boroughs, or the rearrangement of borough boundaries, to a formidable extent. Nor can it be doubted that the present Government will do all in their power to secure, first, that the farmer's vote shall be swamped by that of the labourer; and secondly, that the agricultural interest generally shall be counterbalanced, or somewhat more, by the suburban artisan voter. The Conservatives' difficulties are therefore greatly enhanced, and the solution of the problem to be set to them is rendered far more troublesome than heretofore; but all the more will

their success be creditable if in face of these obstacles they achieve that triumph which we still believe to be attainable.

The first thing then to be done is to consider what were the weak joints in our harness this last spring; and nine men out of every ten will at once admit that our radical fault was the want of contact between the Conservative metropolitan headquarters and the provincial agents of the party. The Tories are, happily, not of the same breed as the Carthaginians of old; and no one wishes to throw the responsibility of our recent defeat on the gentlemen at St Stephen's who laboured hard, though unsuccessfully, to secure the triumph at the polls of Lord Beaconsfield's Government. But though we do not wish to crucify our defeated generals, the fact remains that their strategy has failed; and that we must change our order of battle before accepting a renewed contest.

Looking at the matter calmly, how is it possible, after all, for any gentleman, necessarily resident in London, to hold in his hands the threads that move constituencies from the north of Scotland to the south of England? How can a Londoner keep his finger perpetually on the pulse of each borough and county throughout the United Kingdom? How can he know the increase or decrease of the local popularity of Liberalism and Conservatism, or it may be, and often is, of the popularity of the local champions of the two causes? The central agent of either party endeavours, of course, to secure the services of a trustworthy agent in each constituency. But this arrangement is neither economical nor satisfactory. It necessitates the employment of a vast staff of gentlemen, and it has a tendency to stifle general political interest in district affairs. For example, we will say that within a given area there is a wealthy and populous constituency, A, and two or three minor places, B, C, and D. Now it constantly is the case that there exists an organisation in A, or that there are inhabitants of A through whose instrumentality the political affairs of B, C, and D could be far better regulated than by a demi-semi-informed central London agency, and perhaps a local lawyer or merchant. The case of the successful application of the Birmingham machinery to several other constituencies during the recent election, is a case distinctly in point. But whilst we admit, from a mere electioneering agent's point of view, the success of the Caucus at the recent election, we would never counsel the adoption of that system by the Conservative party. An ounce of experience is worth pounds of theory; and we need only refer to the shameless bribery and corruption incident on all contested elections in the United States where "Caucus is king." It is sheer nonsense to suppose that an ordinary elector will take as much interest in the choice of a "Three Hundred"—to which body his political conscience is to be henceforth bound — as he will manifest in the direct election of his parliamentary representative. If the Caucus really becomes an integral part of our electoral system, its principal effect will be to retard the education of the people. Aspiring local magnates will seek election to the wire-pulling body, and Tom, Dick, and Harry will either vote blindly for the Caucus nominee, without troubling themselves as to his views on the questions of the day; or else, if they revolt from the idea of dictation, they may reject the very best and

most eligible of candidates simply *because* he is the nominee of the Caucus, and may prefer to him some mere agitator or wind-bag. We must seek some more practical method of reorganisation, and it appears to us that some such scheme as the following is feasible.

Great Britain and Ireland should be divided into a certain number of Areas comprising two, three, or more counties each, as may be deemed advisable.

Central Committees should be formed in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, respectively; and these committees should consist of gentlemen selected by the various Area Committees. The Area Committees should, in their turn, be chosen by the representatives of every constituency included in the district. For instance, say that Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, and Somerset, were to form one area, each constituency in the district would send a representative to the Area Committee, who would then select representatives from amongst themselves to serve on the London Central Committee. Meetings of the Area Committees would be held at different places in their district; and to each district should be allotted a really good secretary, who should be liberally paid, and whose whole time should be devoted to the work of his district. The advantages to be derived from such an organisation appear to us to be obvious. The Area Committee, which would be formed of representatives from each constituency, would be able to exercise its influence and apply its organisation impartially to each constituency within its radius. At present local jealousies are so common that it frequently happens that Liberals or Conservatives in a small borough would rather lose the seat than invoke outside help. But if they are made a part of a great electoral machine, and can feel that if the other constituencies of the district have a voice in their electoral transactions, they themselves have as potent a voice in those of their neighbours, this local jealousy may be expected to disappear.

From an economical point of view, too, the adoption of such a system would be manifest. Each district would have a highly-trained staff of election managers, and the whole district machinery would be available for isolated elections caused by casual vacancies whilst Parliament was in session. We should like to see a common district election fund, to which each constituency, or its representative, should subscribe, on a scale proportioned to the importance of the place.

There must be many instances of great waste of money and power. Take the case of a division of county where there may have been no contest since the Reform Bill—yet the sitting members have to pay a considerable sum for registration annually, and to retain a professional agent who has grown grey without seeing a contest. On the other hand, within that division may be a borough where a hard struggle is being perpetually waged. Why should not the county agent's services supplement those of the local borough agent, and thus lighten the latter's work and the candidate's expenses? We do not wish to plunder county members for the benefit of their borough *confrères*, but Conservatives must remember, first, that no Conservative Ministry is numerically possible without our holding a large number of borough seats; and secondly, that our borough members are usually poorer than their county brethren.

Through these committees, and especially through their secretaries, the central manager of the party

in London could, with infinitely less trouble than at present, get at the knowledge of the existing state of public feeling in the different parts of the kingdom, and their organisation would materially help him in the promotion of public meetings or demonstrations, and the perfection of preparations for an election. In the secretary to each Area, the London manager would have an intelligent and confidential agent, and a man whose services, as a paid official, could be invoked at all seasons, and to any extent. The London manager would thus be in far more real and direct contact with each constituency than he can at present hope to be; and his personal influence, by being brought into closer connection with the representatives of the Area Committees at the Central Committee meetings, would be largely extended, and become similar to that exercised by the Whip over the members of Parliament of his way of thinking. It is needless to add that, to secure such personal influence, it would be necessary for the Conservative party to select as London agent a gentleman of high ability and of eminent social position. The office of manager would be at least as important as that of Secretary to the Treasury; and it would be eminently advantageous that the gentleman who might hold it should be of social position enough to mix on even terms with the wealthy and titled members of the party whose active support it is so essential to procure.

Some other far from unimportant benefits to be derived from the establishment of the committees above suggested are the increased facilities which they would afford for the canvass of out-voters—an intensely laborious process, and but too often neglected nowadays. The establishment, moreover, of a more regular electoral system, would, as we have endeavoured to show, be conducive to economy; at all events, to the clearing up of some of the mysteries attaching to "election expenses," —unpleasantly familiar even in constituencies hitherto unsmirched by petitions. Finally, in arguing for the establishment of some such system as we have endeavoured roughly to sketch out, we would remind our Conservative readers of two facts. First, our present machinery has failed to meet the recent strain upon it; secondly, if, as is wellnigh certain, a far heavier strain is at hand in the shape of enlarged constituencies, redistributed seats—possibly equal electoral districts—what reasonable chance is there that our present isolated Conservative Associations, scattered here and there over the country, can make headway against the Radical tide? Surely there never was a case to which the old fable of the bundle of sticks might, with more justice, be applied.

Hitherto, in dealing with the subject of Conservative reorganisation, we have confined ourselves to the question of the improvement of its electoral machinery; but as no machine, however perfect, can work without fuel, we propose to say a few words in conclusion on some other essential points in this great work. Our total defeat at the polls may prove to have been a blessing in disguise, if, by its magnitude, it arouses the party from its habitual apathy. Notwithstanding Radical sneers, we believe that the Conservative party numbers in its ranks fully as many men of high intellectual ability as its opponents; and, unquestionably, a far larger number of men of good if not brilliant abilities. Yet, excepting at election times, scarcely

an effort is ever made by the leaders of the Conservative party to set before the masses, publicly and intelligently, the reasons for the political faith they themselves hold. Liberal members of Parliament stump the country from morn to eve—the erection of a new pump at Little Pedlington has of late years been an event of sufficient national importance to warrant some Right Honourable Liberal in denouncing the foreign policy of her Majesty's late advisers — the whole country has been flooded with *brochures* and pamphlets; and assiduous court has been paid to the provincial press. We cannot deny to these tactics the merit of success; and we must consider how they may be best encountered and defeated in future years.

To do this, the weapons of the late Opposition must be turned against themselves—and a system should be established whereby the secretaries to the various Areas should be required to furnish to the Central London Committee monthly accounts, not only of the general state of political feeling in their respective districts, but also special reports as to local opinion on the merits or demerits of whatever measure may be before Parliament; and they should also take note of any special charges or attacks made by the local Liberal party against the Conservatives which may require authoritative explanation or contradiction.

Finally, it is essential to pay increased attention to the press, especially to the Conservative provincial press. The Tory party labour under the peculiar disadvantage that their principles do not allow them to indulge in the scurrilous personalities which too often are the prominent feature of the minor Radical newspapers. We are far from imputing to the great Manchester, Leeds, or Birmingham papers, the indulgence in such degrading means of political warfare; but in many lesser towns, vulgar abuse of royalty, aristocracy, culture and refinement, are the Radical editor's main stock-in-trade. The perusal of this sort of language has on the partially educated artisan the deleterious effect of moral dram-drinking; and as Conservatives are precluded from the employment of corresponding means of defence, they can only neutralise the evil effect of this style of writing by offering to the working man, in a *cheap* form, newspapers containing more news than their opponents' organs, and really well-written leading articles. We do not plead for a multitude of such local papers; but for large papers with correspondents everywhere, with ample telegraphic and general news, and with skilled editors and leader-writers. It is impossible to suppose that a wealthy and cultured party like the Conservative party cannot find both the men and the money to organise such an enterprise; and we believe that, even from a purely financial point of view, the scheme promises a brilliant success.

Our recommendations, then, are briefly to be summed up under three heads. First, the complete overhauling of the machinery of our electoral associations; secondly, increased attention on the part of the Conservative chiefs (by which we do not so much mean ex-Cabinet Ministers, and the like, as ordinary members of Parliament and influential local gentlemen) to the political education of the rank and file; and thirdly, a greater development of the diurnal influence wielded by the press.

We hail with satisfaction the proof afforded by the great representative meeting of the Conservative party at Bridgewater House

that the leaders of the party are now thoroughly alive to the necessity that exists for a fundamental change in our organisation.

With such a change, there is no constituency where ultimate success need be deemed impossible. Take Westminster for instance. Up to the year 1868 it was looked upon as hopelessly Radical; it is now an almost impregnable Conservative stronghold. The change has been brought about by sheer hard work at, and close attention to, the dry details of electoral management. Would not Mr Smith, Westminster's distinguished representative, be ready and willing to serve his party by giving them the benefit of his advice as to how to effect a similar transformation in other cities? We believe that if a few of our most expert and practised election managers would but combine their ideas and experience, we should see the example set by Westminster and the City of London followed, in a few years, throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

Faint-hearted Conservatives must remember that even our present great defeat can be retrieved by the transfer of some five per cent Liberal votes to our own cause. It cannot but be within the resources of political science to win over that number of men from a cause the ultra-Radicalism of which becomes daily more apparent. Now is the moment to set to work. The Oxford election is our first encouraging omen, followed by the victory at Sandwich, and the defeat of the Scotch Lord Advocate in the Wigtown Burghs. Secondly, we may expect other Conservative abstentionists to imitate the good example set by Lord Carnarvon, and to return in the hour of adversity to the party, some of whose deeds they dissented from in prosperity. The imperious character of the new Prime Minister, and the corresponding tone already adopted by some of his subordinates, warrant the belief that his present Administration, like his last, intend to ride rough-shod over the scruples of all who shall presume to differ from them. Interests may again expect to be harassed; and "plundering and blundering" will be again the Liberal Ministry's motto. Let us make those words its epitaph. We have sufficient time before us in which thoroughly to organise ourselves; but none to waste. We have confidence in our leaders, who have had the opportunity during the past six years of showing themselves capable of conducting the affairs of State. We have the sympathy and good wishes of every country in Europe, with the exception of despotic Russia. *Sursum corda* should be our battle-cry; and if we have but faith and perseverance, there is no reason why the next general election should not see the constitutional party return again to power, with an even more decisive majority than it possessed in 1874.

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